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CASANOVA'S ADVENTURES IN WARSAW.

From the German.

[John James Casanova de Seingalt, a man well known to the literary world in general, and to that of Germany in particular, and brother to John Casanova, Director of the Royal Academy of Arts at Dresden, was born at Venice in the year 1725. The number of his works, and the versatility of his talents, alike render him celebrated, no less than his singular adventures and extensive travels; either fortune or inclination having led him, not only to visit, but almost to naturalize himself, in Italy, Spain, France, England, Russia, Turkey, Germany, and Poland. He died at the close of the last century, at Dux, in Bohemia, after filling, for several years, the situation of Librarian to the Count Von Waldstein. The following is EXTRACTED FROM HIS OWN Memoirs of his Life.]

ABOUT the latter end of October, 1765, I arrived from Petersburg at Warsaw, where a series of circumstances gradually led to that event which has rendered my stay in this town a remarkable epoch of my life. Having provided myself with a carriage and a laquais de place, which I hired for the month, as these things are indispensable to a stranger in Warsaw, I drove to pay my respects to Prince Adam Czartorinsky, Governor (or, as it was then called in Poland, General) of Podolia, to whom I had brought a letter from the English Ambassador at the Court of Russia. I found him in a room, which served at once for library and bedchamber,

sitting at a large table covered with writings and printed papers, and surrounded by about forty or fifty persons. My letter was a long one. The Prince read it through, and then said to me, expressing himself very elegantly in French: "The person who introduces you possesses my unlimited esteem; at this moment I am unfortunately occupied with affairs of importance, but I shall be happy to have the honour of seeing you this evening, provided you are not better engaged." I returned to my carriage, and drove to the palace of Prince Sulkowsky, who had lately been appointed Ambassador to the Court of Louis the Fifteenth, and was shortly going to take possession of his post. I found him just setting off to visit the School of Cadets. He, however, read through my letter, and said: "We have much to discuss together. Will you have the goodness to dine with me at four o'clock, *provided you are not better engaged?*" I accepted the invitation, and had now only to consider about the best mode of passing away the intervening time. My servant had told me that an opera was rehearsing, to which any one might be admitted. Thither I repaired, and, alike unknowing and unknown, amused myself for three hours. The dancers and singers all delighted me, but more particularly one of the former, named Catani, a Milanese, of whom I had already heard much, as well as of her countryman Tomatis, who directed the Opera Buffa, and

had found means to secure to himself the possession of the above-mentioned figurante. Without being remarkably excellent in the execution of any particular steps, this Catani performed all the principal parts. Applause was showered upon her from all quarters, and by none was it more liberally bestowed than by the Russian Ambassador, Prince Repnin, who was here looked up to as a sort of sovereign. At four o'clock I found myself seated at the table of Prince Sulkowsky. He talked on every possible subject, excepting on those with which I was conversant. His favourite topics were politics and commerce. The less competent he found me to vie with him, the more was he inclined to shine; and, I believe, I established myself in his good opinion by the silent admiration in which I sat and listened. Since *I was not better engaged*, (this, I found, was the favourite phrase of all great people,) I went in the evening to Prince Adam Czartorinsky's. He presented me, by name, to the whole company, introducing them in like manner to me. They consisted of the Prince, Bishop Krasinsky, the Grand Notary Razewusky, the Woiwode of Wilna, (Oginsky,) General Romihen, and two others, whose names have escaped my memory. In about a quarter of an hour, a remarkably fine-looking man entered the room. All the company rose up; Prince Adam named me to the new-comer, and said to me, in a tone of the most perfect indifference, "It is the King." This mode of presenting a stranger to a Sovereign is, certainly, not one likely to awe the senses by an overpowering impression of the dignity of Majesty; yet, when taken by surprise in this manner, it requires some presence of mind to recover one's self. Though, at first, almost inclined to imagine only a joke might be intended, I did not permit myself to give way to the suspicion, but was on the point of bending my knee, when his Majesty, with the utmost affability, offered me his hand, and allowed me to kiss it. Before he had time to proceed in engaging me in conversation, Prince Adam presented him with the letter of the English Ambassador, with whom, it appeared, he was acquainted. The condescending mon-

arch, after having read the letter, (during all which time he remained standing,) asked me a variety of questions chiefly relating to the Empress of Russia, and the most remarkable personages around her throne. On this subject I was able to impart a good deal of information, to which the King listened with great apparent interest. Supper was soon after announced, and the King, who had not ceased to discourse with me, led me to table, and placed me at his right hand. Every one ate heartily, excepting the King, who appeared to have no appetite, and myself, who, even had I not dined with Prince Sulkowsky, should not have had any either, so fully was I satisfied with the honour of being the person on whose conversation the attention of the whole company seemed to rest. After supper, the King still continued his remarks upon what I had been saying, conversing in the most affable and pleasing manner, and told me, on retiring, he hoped to see me every day at Court. On taking leave of Prince Adam, he told me, if I wished to be introduced to his father, I must wait upon him the following morning at eleven o'clock.

The King of Poland was of the middle size, and well proportioned. Handsome, in the general acceptance of the word, he could scarcely be called; but his physiognomy was expressive and engaging. When silent, his countenance might almost appear melancholy; but as soon as he began to speak, nothing could be more animated than his eloquence; and, when the occasion called it forth, he found of humour, which never failed to communicate hilarity to all his hearers. I returned to my hotel, as may easily be imagined, highly flattered with the favourable auspices under which I had made my debut. At the appointed hour, the following morning, I made the acquaintance of a very remarkable personage—the old Prince Czartorinsky, the stately Woiwode of Russia. I found him in his dressing-gown, surrounded by a number of nobility, all in the national costume, wearing boots and mustachios, and having their heads bare, and shaven. He himself stood, speaking sometimes to one, and sometimes to another, in a grave, yet af-

fable manner. As soon as his son, who had previously mentioned my intended visit, announced me by name, the Woiwode turned towards me, and addressed me in a tone equally removed from haughtiness and from familiarity. Though not strictly handsome, he had a good countenance, a fine tone of voice, and an easy, unaffected mode of expressing himself. His manners were by no means repulsive, nor yet too encouraging; so that, by preserving this medium, he was the better enabled to form an estimate of the true characters of those with whom he associated. Having heard that my object in visiting Russia had been merely my own amusement, and a desire to acquire some knowledge of a court life, he told me he supposed the same reasons had led me to Warsaw, and proffered his services with regard to any acquaintances I might wish to form; adding, that as his family was small, he hoped I would consider his table as my own, whenever I was disengaged. After this, he retired behind a screen to finish his toilette, and then re-appeared, dressed in the uniform of his regiment, with a long light wig, in the French fashion, according to the costume of the late Augustus the Third. He then made his bow to the company, and retreated to an inner apartment, which was occupied by his wife, who was just recovering from a fit of illness. In order to marry this lady, he had renounced the cross of Malta, and fought a duel with pistols, on horseback; she having promised him her hand, on condition of his being successful enough to kill his rival. Prince Adam and his sister were the issue of this union. This Prince, Woiwode of Russia, and his brother, High Chancellor of Lithuania, had, by means of court intrigues, sown the first seeds of those dissensions which a short time before had agitated Poland, and, assisted by the countenance and protection of Russia, had elevated to the throne their young nephew, Stanislaus Poniatowsky, who, during a previous mission to Petersburg, had established himself in the good graces of the Empress. This measure was, however, accomplished without its being necessary to dethrone the reign-

ing King, who was judicious enough to die a short time previous to its execution.

Warsaw was now particularly brilliant; full of bustle and gaiety, in preparation for the approaching Diet. On repairing, at dinner-time, to the Woiwode's palace, I found three tables spread out, each containing from thirty to forty covers; and this, I was told, was the case every day. The luxury of Court was nothing in comparison with that which reigned in the palace of the princely Woiwode of Russia. Prince Adam told me I must always establish myself at his father's own table:—he presented me to his sister, the beautiful Princess Lubomirsky, and to several Woiwodes and Starostes. In less than a fortnight I was on a footing of intimacy in all the principal houses, and invited to every one of the dinners and balls, which were daily given by one or other of the nobility. The narrowness of my finances forbade my indulging in play, and obliged me to practise the strictest economy. I therefore made arrangements accordingly, for the disposal of my time; passing my mornings in the library of the Bishop of Kiew, and my afternoons in playing trisette with the Grand Woiwode, who seemed to prefer me to any one else for a partner. Yet, notwithstanding all my management and self-denial, at the expiration of three months my means began to fail me, and I had even contracted debts. The expenses of lodgings, equipage, two servants, and the style of dress I found necessary, had completely exhausted my resources, and I looked around me, and found no remedy. I was fully determined not to disclose my situation to any one, from the conviction, that whoever applies to a rich man for assistance of this nature, loses his esteem if it is granted, and incurs his contempt if it is refused. My good fortune, however, put me in possession of four hundred ducats, in a very unexpected manner. A Mrs Smith, who was allowed by the King to reside in the palace, invited me one evening to supper, to meet his Majesty. The rest of the company consisted of the good Bishop Krasinsky, the Abbe Gigiotti, and a few others, not un-

versed in Italian literature. The King, always fond of talking, well read, and a better classical scholar than most princes, related various anecdotes of the ancient Roman authors, at the same time quoting writers and manuscripts, at the mention of which I could only remain silent, as they probably existed no where but in his own imagination. Every one talked excepting myself, who, having had no dinner, really ate heartily, from actual hunger, and only spoke when absolutely necessary, and that in as few words as possible. The Abbé, in order to try my powers, turned the conversation upon Horace, whom I began to eulogize, particularly admiring his talent for delicate irony. The King desired an instance of this; to which I replied, that many might be quoted, but that the following was a case in point, which appeared to me particularly elegant and well turned: "Coram rege," says the poet, "de paupertate tacentes plus quam poscentes ferent." "That is very true," said the King, laughing; on which Mrs Smith begged of the Bishop to translate the passage. He complied, in the following words: "He who mentions not his poverty in the presence of the King, will profit more than he who speaks of it." The lady declared she could discover nothing satirical in this. I, having already said so much, now remained silent. The King changed the subject, and began talking of Ariosto, saying he should like to study him with me. I bowed, and answered in the words of Horace, "Tempora quaeram!" The next morning, on returning from mass, the generous and too-ill-fated Stanislaus presented me his hand, at the same time giving me a little packet, and saying, "Remember Horace, and do not mention this to any one." Its contents, I found, were four hundred ducats, and I was thus enabled to discharge my debts. From this time I became an almost daily attendant in the King's dressing-room, where, while completing his toilette, he was fond of conversing with those who had no affairs to transact with him, but merely sought his amusement. Nothing more, however, was said of Ariosto. The King understood Italian, yet

not sufficiently well to sustain a conversation, and still less to be able to enter into the beauties of this great poet.

The brilliance of Warsaw had now risen to its height. People flocked from all quarters to behold the favoured mortal, who, at his birth, had so little prospect of ever ascending a throne. The King made a point of showing himself to every one; and was even displeased if he knew of any stranger being in Warsaw without having seen him. No introduction was necessary; any one might appear at Court; and the King was frequently the first to address those persons who were unknown to him.

January was now drawing to a close; and, about this time, I had a dream, which has proved a very remarkable one. I dreamed that I was sitting at table with a party of distinguished persons, when one of the guests threw a bottle in my face, with so much violence that I was instantly covered with blood; that I ran the aggressor through the body, threw myself into my carriage, and left the place. This was the whole of the dream; and an accident, which happened to me on the following day, recalled it very forcibly to my recollection. Prince Charles of Courland had been for some days in Warsaw, and had insisted on my accompanying him to dinner at Count Poninsky's, who was then Grand Marshal, and soon afterwards became Prince, but in a few years was banished, and came to an untimely end. His house was magnificent, and his family agreeable; but I had always avoided making his acquaintance, as he was no favourite with the King and his party. Dinner was about half over, when a bottle of champagne burst, without being touched by any one. A piece of the glass struck me in the forehead, cut open a vein, and my face, my clothes, and the table, were instantly deluged with blood. This caused a general commotion. My wound was, however, quickly bound up, and we sat down again to finish our dinner. This circumstance made a very strong impression upon me, not from its own importance, but from its singular connection with my dream, which, but for this curious coincidence, I

never should have thought of again. In a similar situation, many persons would, I dare say, have related their dream to the company; but this I avoided doing, both at the time, and ever since, thinking it might only subject me to the imputation of superstitious weakness. I even began to think it scarcely worth regarding, since the most remarkable part of the whole dream was yet unfulfilled; but this, however, came to pass also, about two months afterwards.

An opera dancer, whose name was Binetti, and whom I had known some time before in London, came to Warsaw with her husband, (a dancer also,) on her way from Vienna to Petersburg, and was very well received by the public. This I heard at the Woiwode's, from the King's own mouth; and, moreover, that he meant to engage her, for the sum of a thousand ducats, to remain a week at Warsaw. Impatient to see her, and to impart such agreeable tidings, I lost no time in paying a visit to her hotel. Equally astonished at seeing me in Warsaw, and at hearing the news of the thousand ducats, she hastened to inform her husband, who, as well as herself, seemed to doubt the truth of what I told them, till their incredulity was put an end to by the entrance of Prince Poniatowsky, who came to announce the King's wishes, and soon settled the whole affair. Tomatis, on whom the arrangement of the ballet devolved, spared neither pains nor expense to merit the approbation of his generous master; and both the newcomers met with so much applause, that they were eventually engaged for a whole year. This gave high offence to Catani, since Binetti's success eclipsed her own, and deprived her of many adorers; while Tomatis complained of the endless vexations occasioned him by the enmity of the fair rivals. Binetti, meanwhile, in less than a fortnight, was in possession of a house fitted up in the most sumptuous style, a quantity of plate, a luxurious kitchen, a choicely-stored cellar, and shoals of admirers, amongst whom were conspicuous the Stolicz Moszczinsky, and the High Chamberlain Branicki, the last of whom occupied apartments in the palace, close to those of the King.

From this time forward, the critics of the pit were divided into two parties. In spite of the extraordinary talents of the favourite, Catani could not be induced to give up to her. She therefore danced in the first ballet, and Binetti in the second. Whoever applauded the one, instantly stopped, and even turned away, on the appearance of the other. For old-acquaintance's sake, I should have become a champion of Binetti's, but the whole family of the Czartorinskys, and all their connections and adherents, were on the side of Catani, and Prince Lubomirsky, in particular, was her most zealous admirer. I therefore could not have given up Catani, and joined the party of her rival, without incurring the displeasure of all those to whom I owed the most. This drew upon me the bitterest reproaches from Binetti. She even required that I should cease to frequent the theatre, and threatened Tomatis with a vengeance which should make him repent the affronts he showed her. This threat was expressed only in general terms; but she soon began to make poor Tomatis feel the consequences of her hatred. The most devoted of her lovers was Xavier Branicki, Grand Chamberlain, Knight of the White Eagle, colonel of a regiment of Uhlans, a friend of the King's, and a man both young and engaging; who, after having served six years in France, was now just returned from Berlin, where he had been negotiating affairs between the new King of Poland and Frederick the Second. To him Binetti confided her chagrins, conjuring him to revenge the injuries she endured from Tomatis, who, by her own account, neglected no opportunity of treating her with indignity. The Count, it appears, must have promised, not only to avenge her wrongs, when occasion should occur, but even to create a pretence for doing so; and singular enough was the expedient which the Pole resorted to for this purpose. On the 20th of February, Branicki went to the theatre, and, at the close of the second ballet, contrary to his custom, he paid a visit to Catani in her box. She was changing her dress, and had no one with her but Tomatis. Both of them concluded that

Branicki must have quarrelled with Binetti, and now wished to afford Catani an opportunity for triumphing over her rival, on which, however, she set very little value, yet did not fail to receive, with all due politeness, a man whom it would have been highly impolitic to treat with any mark of disrespect. The piece being ended, and Catani ready to return home, Branicki politely offered her his arm, leading her to her carriage, which had already drawn up, and leaving Tomatis to follow. I was standing at the door, waiting for my carriage, as the snow was falling in large flakes. Catani came down; the coach-door was opened; she got in, and Branicki followed, while Tomatis stood by, immoveable with astonishment. "Get into my carriage, and drive after us," called out the Grand Chamberlain. Tomatis replied, he would enter no carriage but his own, and begged the Count would have the goodness to alight. "Go on," said Branicki to the coachman. Tomatis, however, ordered him to stop, and the man obeyed his master. The Grand Chamberlain, being now compelled to alight, ordered his hussar to give the uncivil Tomatis a box on the ear; which command was so promptly and literally executed, that the poor man had no time to think of his sword, with which he might have defended himself from such injurious treatment. This, however, he did not do, but got into his carriage, and drove home, where, it is probable, the digestion of the box on the ear might somewhat interfere with the enjoyment of his evening repast. I had been invited to sup with him, but, after witnessing the insult he had undergone, I felt little inclination to do so, and therefore returned to my lodgings in an ill humour, and feeling pretty well convinced that a very little would have sufficed to draw the same indignity upon myself.

The next day this affair was the discussion of the whole town. Tomatis kept the house for a fortnight, and applied, in vain, to the King, and all his patrons, for satisfaction. The King himself was at a loss what redress to award to the Italian, as Branicki maintained he had only requited one affront by another. To-

matris told me, in confidence, he knew of one effectual method of revenging himself, but that, having laid out forty thousand ducats upon the last ballet, the loss of this sum must be taken into consideration before he adopted a measure which would oblige him to fly the kingdom. His only consolations were the attentions of his friends amongst the great, who now treated him with redoubled distinction; and the favour bestowed on him by the King, who, whether at table, at the theatre, or the promenade, never failed to notice him in the most gracious manner. Binetti alone enjoyed her triumph undisturbed, and took care to show her exultation whenever I happened to meet with her. This, however, occurred but rarely. I was now employed in writing for the King, and had some hopes of being appointed his chief secretary; at other times I had to play trisette with the Woiwode, and to pay my devoirs to the Princess, his daughter, who seemed to take pleasure in my society. On the 4th of March, the day preceding the name-day of the King's eldest brother, the High Chamberlain, Casimir Poniatowsky, there was a grand dinner at Court, at which I was present. When every one was rising, after dinner, the King asked me if I intended going to the Opera, where a piece was to be represented, for the first time, in the Polish language. So great a novelty interested every one, yet could not have the same attractions for me, as I did not understand Polish. This I told the King, who replied, that I must not let this reason deter me, but ought to give it a trial, and must come into his box. I bowed, and obeyed; and, during the performance, stood behind the King's chair. After the second Act, a ballet was given, in which the King was so much pleased with the dancing of Casacci, a Piedmontese, as to clap his hands, a very unusual mark of favour. I was not at all acquainted with Casacci, and the day I dined with Count Poninsky, he had reproached me for visiting all the other dancers, without introducing myself to her. I therefore was tempted, after the ballet, to leave the royal box, and pay a visit to Casacci, in order to com-

pliment her on the high honour the King had paid her. On my way to her box, I had to pass by that of Binetti; and, as the door was open, I stopped there for a moment. Immediately after, Count Branicki entered; and he being her acknowledged admirer, I bowed, made way for him, and repaired to the box of Casacci, who was surprised at seeing me, and gently reproached me for never having visited her before. Just as I was making her the most violent protestations of admiration, Branicki entered. A few moments before, I had left him with Binetti: it was therefore plain that he had followed me, but for what reason I was at a loss to imagine, unless he wished to seek a quarrel with me. Bininski, the lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, accompanied him. I rose up, on their entrance, not only from politeness, but because I was really going to leave the box. Branicki, however, stopped me, saying, "I have interrupted you, Sir—you seem to be a lover of this lady's?" "I think her most charming," I replied; "is not your Excellency of the same opinion?" "Undoubtedly," said he; "and, what is more, I am her lover, and I will not brook a rival!" I answered, that, knowing this, I should not think of visiting her again. "You yield to me, then?" said he. "Most certainly," I replied; "who would not yield to a person like your Excellency?" Upon this, he addressed me in terms too gross either to be borne or repeated. "This is rather too much," said I, quitting the box, looking him full in the face, and pointing to my sword. Three or four officers witnessed the whole transaction. I had not got four steps from the box, before I heard myself honoured with the appellation of Venetian poltroon. "In the field, not in the theatre, a Venetian poltroon may, perhaps, make a Polish bravo change his tone," said I, turning back, and then proceeding towards the great staircase which led to the street. There I waited for a quarter of an hour, in the expectation of seeing Branicki. Not being deterred by Tomatis's fear of losing forty thousand ducats, I should have compelled him to draw his sword on the

spot. He, however, did not make his appearance; and, being almost petrified, I called my servants, and ordered them to drive to the Grand Woiwode's, where the King had himself told me he intended to sup. When quietly seated in my carriage, I turned over in my mind all that had passed, and could not help congratulating myself that I had not drawn my sword in the box, and that I had waited in vain for Branicki, at the entrance of the theatre, since Bininski being with him, with a sabre at his side, I should have had very little chance of escaping with life. The Poles, notwithstanding the polished manners they have adopted, do not belie their ancient origin. At meals, in battle, or in anger, they are still Sarmatians and Dacians, whenever what they call *friendship* is brought into action. That one man should singly oppose another, and that it should not be permissible for numbers to rush forward and massacre one individual, is what they cannot comprehend. I saw plainly that Branicki had been urged to follow me by Binetti, and that he had intended for me a similar treatment with that of Tomatis. The box on the ear, indeed, I could scarcely have been expected to endure; but the difference in the insult was not great, and three officers had seen it offered to me. My nature revolted at the idea of bearing this calmly. Something must be done. But what? Complete satisfaction was necessary; mediation was not to be thought of. In this frame of mind, I arrived at the Woiwode's, determined to disclose the whole affair to the King, and appeal to him for redress. The Woiwode, on seeing me, slightly reproached me for having kept him waiting so long, and we sat down, as usual, to trisettes. I was his partner; and having played two games, and lost them both, he took me to task for the blunders I had committed, and asked me where were my thoughts? "Four miles from here*, your Highness," said I; upon which he answered, "When a person plays

* German miles are here alluded to, one of which is equal to about five English.

trisetette with a man like myself, who has no other object in it than amusement, he should not allow his thoughts to wander four miles from the game." So saying, he threw away the cards, and began pacing up and down the room. I was much annoyed, and walked to the fireplace, consoling myself with thinking that the King would soon arrive; but, in about a quarter of an hour, the Chamberlain Pernigoti entered, to give notice that his Majesty was prevented from coming. This was like a dagger to my heart; but still I repressed my feelings. Supper was placed, and I took my usual seat, at the left of the Woiwode. We were eighteen or twenty in number; the Woiwode scarcely spoke to me, and the dishes passed me untouched. Before the repast was ended, Prince Gaspar Lubomirsky, a general in the Russian service, came in, and seated himself just opposite to me, at the other end of the table. On seeing me, he began, very audibly, expressing his regrets for what had passed. "I am sorry for you," said he, "but Branicki had drank a great deal too much, and no man of honour could feel compromised by what was said by a person in his condition." "What has happened?" "What is the matter?" were the general questions. I answered not a word. Lubomirsky was appealed to for explanation; but he replied, that since I chose to be silent, he must be the same. The Woiwode looked grave, and asked me kindly what had occurred between Branicki and myself? "When supper is over, my Prince," I replied, "I will give you, in private, a true account of all that has happened." Indifferent subjects were talked of during the rest of the meal, and when all the company arose, I followed the Woiwode to the little door through which he usually retired to his chamber, where, in five or six minutes, I related to him the whole affair. He sighed, sympathized with me, and said I had indeed reason enough to wander four miles from the card-table. "I beseech your Highness," said I, "to assist me with your counsel." "In these sort of affairs it is impossible to interfere," he replied; "either much must be done, or nothing."

So saying, he retreated to his chamber. I put on my pelisse, got into my carriage, drove home, and slept six hours. Waking at five o'clock in the morning, I debated in my mind what course I ought to pursue. Much, or nothing! The *nothing* I rejected; I must therefore decide for the *much*; and, consequently, either kill Branicki, or oblige *him* to kill *me*, provided he would honour me so far as to fight with me. Should he insult me, by refusing this, nothing remained but to assassinate him, though, in doing this, I exposed myself to the risk of perishing by the hand of the executioner. My resolution was fixed. The duel must take place four miles from Warsaw, since the Starostei embraced a circuit of this extent around the town; and those who fought within the limits were amenable to a capital punishment. I therefore, with all due forms of politeness, wrote a challenge to Branicki, which I will here transcribe:

5th March 1776, 5 o'clock A.M.

NOBLE SIR!

Yesterday evening, your Excellency was pleased to insult me, without having either right or cause for doing so. I have reason to believe that I am in your way, and that you would willingly dismiss me from the ranks of the living. I have both power and inclination for giving your Excellency an opportunity to do so. Have the goodness to convey me in your carriage to a place, where, in conformity to the laws of Poland, you would be safe from punishment, should I be destined to fall, and where, in like manner, I should be in security, should Heaven favour me so far as to allow me to kill your Excellency. The high sense I entertain of your magnanimity induces me, noble Sir, to make you this proposition.

I have the honour to remain,

Your Excellency's

Most devoted and obedient Servant,

CASANOVA.

An hour before day-break, I sent my servant with this note to the Count's apartments in the palace, (which, as I before observed, were contiguous to those of the king,) de-

siring him to give it into his own hand, and to wait for an answer. In half an hour I received one to the following effect :

SIR,

I ACCEPT your proposal, but request you will have the goodness to say at what hour I am to have the honour of seeing you.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

BRANICKI,
Grand Chamberlain.

Delighted with my good fortune, I lost no time in answering, that I would wait upon him at six o'clock the following morning, for the purpose of ending our quarrel in some place of security. He replied, that I must appoint the weapons and the place, and that the whole thing must be settled that very day. Upon this I sent him the measure of my sword, which was two-and-thirty inches, still leaving to him the choice of the ground, provided it were beyond the limits of the Starostei. Immediately after, I received the following note :

I SHALL consider it as a favour, if you will take the trouble of coming to me immediately. I send my carriage to fetch you ; and have the honour to remain, &c. &c.

BRANICKI.

To this I replied very briefly, that business obliged me to remain at home the whole day ; and as I was quite determined not to enter his house, unless it were on the road to the place where we were to fight, he must excuse me for sending back his carriage. An hour after, came the Count himself, leaving his attendants without, while he entered my chamber ; and sending away three or four persons who were with me on business, he then locked the door, and took his station beside me on the bed, on which I was sitting at my writing. As I could not well understand the meaning of all this, I laid hold of a pair of pocket pistols, which lay upon my toilette. " I am not come here," said he, " with the intention of murdering you, but merely to give you notice, that when I accept a challenge, I never defer its execution to the following day.

We must therefore fight to-day, or never."

" To day it is impossible," I replied ; " Wednesday is post-day, and I have something to finish, which I must deliver to the King."

" You can deliver it to him after we have fought," said he ; " believe me, there is no danger of your being killed ; and should you fall, the King would forgive you. When one is once dead, reproaches cannot harm one."

" But I have got my will to make," said I.

" Your will, too ! Then you are really afraid of dying ! Make yourself easy—you need not make your will for fifty years to come."

" But what objection," said I, " can your Excellency have to putting off the duel till to-morrow ?"

" A very clear one ; because we should both be put under arrest to-day, by order of the King."

" That cannot be," I replied, " unless you have given his Majesty intimation of the affair."

" I ! You make me laugh—I know pretty well what is fit to be done on these occasions. You have not called me out in vain. I will give you satisfaction to-day, or never."

" Very well, then. I have this duel too much at heart to afford you any pretext for withdrawing from it. Come and fetch me, therefore, but not till after dinner, as I shall require to be fortified for the occasion."

" With pleasure—I shall sup after the duel. Apropos—what was your meaning in sending me the measure of your sword ? I intend to fight with pistols ; with those whom I do not know, I never make use of the sword."

" How do you mean those whom you do not know ? I can call twenty people in Warsaw to witness that I am no adept in fighting. I do not like to fight with pistols, and you cannot oblige me to it. Here is your own letter, in which you leave the choice of the weapons to me."

" That is true enough ; strictly speaking, you are in the right, as I see I *did* leave the choice with you. But you are too much a man of the world, not to consent to the pistols, when I tell you this will really be doing me a favour. It is the least

complaisance you can show me. In reality, there is less danger with pistols, as the shot seldom takes effect; and if mine misses, I give you my word we will fight with swords, as long as ever you wish. Will you then do me this favour?"

"You speak so eloquently, I quite delight in listening to you, and I really am happy to be able to afford you this barbarous enjoyment, in which, after all, I perhaps may somewhat participate myself. I therefore agree to the change you propose, but only on these conditions: You shall bring two pistols, both of which must be loaded in my presence, and I must take my choice. If we miss our aim, we will then fight with swords till one of us bleeds, but no longer. If this satisfies you, all is settled, as I am prepared for everything, even for death. Come and fetch me at three o'clock, and we will choose a place where the aria of justice cannot reach us."

"Very good," said he; "you are really a man worth knowing. You

must allow me to embrace you, but give me your word of honour not to say a syllable of this to any one. Should it transpire, we are inevitably arrested."

"How can you imagine I would incur such a risk, when I would willingly walk ten miles to acquire the honour you are going to confer upon me?"

"So much the better—the thing is then settled. We meet again at three o'clock."

As soon as he had left me, I sealed up all the King's papers, and sent for Campioni, the opera dancer, a man in whom I knew I might confide. "You will give me back this packet in the evening," said I, "if I am then alive; if not, carry it to the King, and explain the circumstances of the case; but bear in mind, that I am for ever dishonoured, if a word of this transpires beforehand, and that any indiscretion on your part would make me your most inveterate enemy."

(To be concluded in our next.)

CHARACTERS OMITTED IN CRABBE'S PARISH REGISTER

No. II.

Register of Births—The Surgeon's Apprentice

SOME say my pen on woe delights to dwell,
The crimes and sufferings of mankind to tell;
More light, I own—more pleasing were the theme
To paint the world as youthful lovers dream;
But truth requires, that, with impartial hand,
I take my facts as they recorded stand:
My present extracts I with grief relate,
The truth confirm, that Folly makes our Fate.
With giddy head, light heart, and wayward mind,
We plunging sink, and call our star unkind.
Again I dip my warning pen, to shew
What sad misfortunes from our follies flow.

John Marshall was a sprightly, thoughtless boy
His days were pleasure, and his nights were joy.
In Fashion's train a sprucely-scented fool,
He squird the ladies ere he left the school;
In dress a fop—to fiddle, dance, and sing—
To run the round in fluttering Pleasure's ring—
To smile, and prattle nonsense with the fair—
For these he liv'd, and had no other care:
From what the world calls vice, the lad was free,
Was not licentious, nor a debauchee;
But he in trifling pass'd his time away,
For ever thoughtless, and for ever gay;



Behind a surgeon's counter, novels read—
Shut shop—went out—at two, came home to bed.

Kate Logan bloom'd—a beauty of sixteen,
And was—what girls in nonage oft are seen.
In short, the maiden was John's counterpart,
Her head as empty, and as light her heart ;
She dress'd, she flirted, flutter'd on the wing,
A gaudy butterfly, in early spring ;
Unapprehensive of the April storm,
That yet might come, to spoil her slender form.
Her father's house was just across the street ;
And from the window oft their eyes would meet ;
He gaz'd delighted on the lovely fair,
And she admir'd his gait and graceful air :
He sent a ticket to an annual ball,
Her heart exulted at the welcome call :
How slowly pass'd the lingering hours away,
Till came the dear, the long-expected day !
She gaz'd around her in the crowded room,
On every side a blaze of youthful bloom ;
Delight and envy whirl'd her teeming brain ;
But John's attentions sooth'd her mental pain ;
He led her out, to join a country-dance,
They pair'd and cross'd, exchanging glance for glance ;
With fairy lightness, gliding o'er the floor,
She ne'er had felt such dear delight before ;
Beaux ogled, smil'd, and bow'd on every side,
She simper'd, blush'd, and spread her triumphs wide :
Well did her cheek and sparkling eyes impart
The foolish fluttering of her little heart.
John led her home—next morning made his call—
Discuss'd the pleasures of the festive ball ;
The mother soon invited him to tea,
Next daily visits follow'd, frank and free :
He in the parlour chatted, laugh'd and talk'd,
And then, with Kate, alone in twilight walk'd.
With fond romantic girls, and giddy boys,
Love seems a paradise of fairy joys ;
And, to secure a lease of bliss for life,
They blindly hasten to be man and wife :
So thought and felt, so acted John and Kate,
Resolv'd to wed, and rush upon their fate
Both parents tried their ardour to restrain,
But found all counsel and remonstrance vain ;
For when the fond impatient lovers felt,
That nought the stubborn parents' hearts would melt,
To reach the promis'd land they changed the scene,
And tied the mystic knot at Gretna Green !
The sun of love ne'er shed a brighter noon,
Than the rich splendour of their honey-moon ;
Entranced the pair in necromantic bower,
Without a thought beyond the present hour,
They home return'd, and, kneeling, were forgiven ;
That cloud dispell'd from their connubial heaven,
Another came they could not turn aside,
How they should for their future wants provide.
The parents tried to make the best of bad,
And took a shop, therein to fix the lad ;
Above the door a gilded mortar placed,
The window shelves with colour'd water graced,

Invited all, who held their lives in care,
 To purchase physic, health, and safety there.
 The field was narrow—John, unknown to fame,
 His rival thriving, and had gain'd a name ;
 John's custom little, and his practice less,
 Kate kill'd his languor in a game at chess ;
 Then they would fondle, trifle, flirt, and toy ;
 But sweets too luscious still the soonest cloy :
 And daily groping in an empty till,
 Was not the way life's growing cares to kill ;
 Yet Love, intent his drooping mind to cheer,
 Gave hopes a father's name would glad his ear ;
 These hopes fulfill'd, with joyous heart he saw,
 He kiss'd his son and Katherine, in the straw ;
 " His lovely cherub, with his mother's smile,"
 He cried, " will now life's languid hours beguile."
 A month or two both parents hugg'd the boy,
 As Miss her doll, or any darling toy ;
 But soon they found him turn'd a squalling brat,
 Whose cries and clamour spoil'd their fondling chat

If mortals laugh, or cry, or wake, or sleep,
 The wheels of time their constant motion keep :
 Slow o'er their heads another year has pass'd,
 And Poverty's dark shades were thickening fast.
 John found that Katherine's cheek had lost its bloom ;
 And on his brow she mark'd the low'ring gloom ;
 On love they once could breakfast, dine, and sup,
 But found it now an almost empty cup.
 She sigh'd and wept ; John frown'd and rail'd at fate,)
 His sidelong glance accusing hapless Kate ;
 And both deplor'd their folly, when too late.
 While they with want, and growing coldness strove.
 A daughter came, a second pledge of love ;
 But credit gone—accounts and bills unpaid,
 Their ruin could no longer be delay'd,
 What could he do ? or whither steer his course ?
 A Greenland whale-ship seem'd his best resource
 He sail'd to lasting day, and polar frost ;
 By icebergs crush'd, the hapless ship was lost !
 On board a vessel bound for Aberdeen,
 The shipwreck'd crew forsook the dreary scene :
 O'ercome with travel, hunger, care, and pain,
 And cloth'd in rags, John found his home again .
 And came in time an infant boy to bring,
 For holy unction, from the sacred spring :
 Before the font he stood, with aspect wild ;
 I mourn'd the parents, while I bless'd the child !
 Ah ! how unlike the giddy, thoughtless pair,
 When John was gay, and Kate a blooming fair !
 His mirth forgot, her blushing beauty fled,
 They hide their sorrows in an humble shed.

Such are the ~~women~~ by childish folly wrought ;
 Such is experience—Ah ! too dearly bought !
 To cool the fever of the youthful brain,
 Ye fond and thoughtless, read—let me not sing in vain

Register of Marriages.—Widow Wilmot.

THE prudent surgeon, with a tender heart,
 In danger's hour performs a painful part ;

With daring hand, essays his nicest skill,
 Unknowing whether he shall cure or kill :
 But there are others, in a different sphere,
 Who, if in duty's track they onward steer,
 Must often ponder, and proceed with pain,
 Then grieve, to find they've thought and toil'd in vain.

The faithful shepherd, who his flock would guide,
 Must, for their safety, with their food provide ;
 With watchful eye, and arm in duty bold,
 From foul infection must preserve the fold :
 In barren wastes if they, untended, stray,
 They fall the victims of the beasts of prey ;
 Or, faint with hunger, in the desert die,
 The guilty shepherd loitering careless by.
 But he may err, by too much care and toil ;
 For there is danger in too rank a soil ;
 Disease will often from indulgence rise,
 Too flowery pastures, and too humid skies ;
 Thus some, neglected, mourn their hapless lot,
 And others, fed to foul repletion, rot.
 Hence judgment ever should with care unite,
 In all who wish to guide their flocks aright ;
 But stragglers still their wayward course will hold,
 Leap o'er the fence, and wander from the fold.
 —Enough—I check my moralising strain ;
 For shepherds watch, and parsons preach in vain.

Dame Wilmot was a farmer's widow meek,
 The rose of summer faded on her cheek ;
 But still the lustre of her sparkling eye
 Seem'd like the sun in autumn's cloudless sky ;
 Ten times had winter howl'd around her head,
 Since David Wilmot mingled with the dead ;
 His call was sudden, and his death deplor'd,
 The rich esteem'd him, and the poor ador'd ;
 Of gentle manners, independent mind,
 His hand was liberal, and his heart was kind ;
 The counsellor of youth, the friend of age,
 His name was blazon'd fair on virtue's page ;
 And in my flock, when David Wilmot died,
 I felt a blank not easily supplied.
 He left one son, his cultur'd farm to heir,
 A minor still, besides three daughters fair,
 In nonage all, left to no guardian's trust ;
 For he was hurried to his kindred dust ;
 But he died well, as Cits and Bankers say,
 And left his family in a thriving way ;
 His farm well stock'd, with store of treasur'd wealth.
 The children stout, the widow rich in health :
 Dame Wilmot (ever seen, in wedded life,
 The careful mother and the bustling wife,)
 Sat with her children, plunged in grief profound ,
 But Time, that brings a balm for every wound,
 Remov'd the load which press'd upon her mind,
 And bade her live for those still left behind ;
 She wip'd her tears, the rising sigh suppress'd,
 For business, with its crowding cares, distress'd
 Her debts discharged, and each incumbrance clear'd.
 Beyond her hopes the surplus stock appear'd ;
 And still she hop'd, beneath her guardian charge,
 To see each annual balance yet enlarge.

For this she rose with morning's earliest light,
 Her eye was everywhere till closing night ;
 Whether the summer scorcht'd, or winter froze,
 The first to rise, the last to seek repose.
 Thus time stole on, and John, her only son,
 Had reach'd the long-wish'd age of twenty-one ;
 And, farther, her maternal heart to cheer,
 Her daughters now in beauty's bloom appear,
 But few without a sigh have power resign'd ;
 It sheds a secret pleasure o'er the mind ;
 From Dowager Queen, down to the yeoman's dame,
 The joy is equal, and the sigh the same ;
 And widow Wilmot, stript of her command,
 Laid down the reins with cold, reluctant hand ;
 Her daughters, too, were grown like may-poles tall ;
 She felt her pleasure with their romping pall ;
 She thought it strange " Mamma" from such to hear.
 And " Mother" was as hateful to her ear ;
 Erewhile, the maidens were her joy and pride ;
 But now, she loath'd to find them at her side ;
 Thus housewives say, at seasons huns are seen
 To peck and chace their chickens from the green .
 For though Dame Wilmot's fortieth year was past,
 She round her still a twinkling eye could cast.
 Ten years of widowhood had stole behind,
 And no such dreams disturb'd the woman's mind ,
 But she was then employ'd in worldly care ;
 She now was idle, and had cash to spare ;
 And Fancy will the vacant mind employ,
 In fairy dreams of fond ideal joy ;
 Can paint anew youth's dear empyrean'd reign.
 And whisper—We can live it o'er again.
 So thought Dame Wilmot, when her mirror shew'd
 A cheek, where late and lingering beauty glow'd :
 'Twas not, 'tis true, the blush that youth bestows—
 The glowing richness of the half-blown rose ;
 But while she gaz'd, she thought her face might charm.
 And dreams of former days would all her bosom warm.

Frank Dickson was a father's only child,
 And born when fortune's sun serenely smil'd ;
 Parental fondness, to each failing blind,
 Believ'd that pertness spoke superior mind ;
 Indulg'd, caress'd, the lad was sent to school,
 And from the college came, not quite a fool :
 For he could Logic chop, and Latin speak,
 And read my weekly text in pot-hook Greek .
 He every Sunday sought the house of pray'r,
 And most devout was his appearance there ;
 In penitential chaunt, or cheerful song,
 His voice resounded o'er th' assembled throng .
 In *this* it rose, with full-ton'd, mellow swell,
 In *that*, with melting cadence, softly fell ;
 And then, so much expression in his face,
 He seem'd a pattern in our holy place.
 Few could with him in form and mien compare,
 His stature tall, and graceful was his air ;
 No essenced fop, his dress was neat and trim,
 His shoulders broad, full chest, and well-turn'd limb .
 The piercing lustre of his keen dark eye
 Was like the bird's that braves the sun-bright sky ;

Of smooth address, and eloquent of tongue—
To these externals add—the lad was young.
Such was Frank Dickson forty years ago ;
What he is now, some future page may show.

Dame Wilmot met him in a joyous hour,
When jest and frolic flew with licens'd power ;
'Twas at a wedding-feast, where all were gay,
Courtship and love the topics of the day :
He was engaging, courteously polite ;
And unperceiv'd stole on the shades of night :
With mirth surrounded, and the circling glass,
The light-wing'd hours like minutes o'er us pass ;
The purple tide flows brisk in ev'ry vein,
And Prudence rules the tongue with slacken'd rein
Frank saw the widow safe to her abode ;
And some folks say they linger'd on the road—
Why should I here prolong my limping strain ?
Each with the other pleas'd, they met again.
On Rumour's wings the tale was blaz'd abroad—
I paus'd, and felt, the duty which I ow'd
As shepherd, placed o'er all my flock to watch,
Bade me prevent this wild, preposterous match.
I sought the widow, and with plainness spoke—
She thank'd me kindly—said 'twas all a joke ;
But though her tongue the gossip tale denied,
I mark'd a blush which Nature could not hide ;
Methought her sparkling eyes, too, seem'd to say,
" Preach as you please ! I will my heart obey !"

Frank well was skill'd in flattery's pleasing art,
And knew the way to win a widow's heart ;
She might assume the matron's stately pride,
But had no fears—no virgin blush to hide ;
Ere long, Love found them in a melting mood—
And they before me at the altar stood !

Love, said I ?—'twas a passion less sublime !
In both a folly, bordering on a crime ;
For since his reign on earth was first begun,
Love never match'd the mother with the son.
I grant, where principle and prudence meet,
The bridegroom virtuous, and the bride discreet,
That both may lead a calm and easy life ;
But not what Nature meant for man and wife !

She blush'd and simper'd, as her hand he took ;
But careless ease was in her bridegroom's look ;
I mark'd with sorrow his indifferent air,
While I, with fervour, pour'd the nuptial pray'r :
'Twas not, indeed, the pray'r of faith with me—
From what I saw—I fear'd for what might be !
And when the bride was from the altar led,
I thought Misfortune hover'd o'er her head.

The torch of Hymen gleam'd, and both were bless'd ;
He of a wife and treasure'd wealth possess'd ;
Fond and confiding in the favour'd youth,
She trusted all to honour, love, and truth ;
Gold, bills, and bonds, all given to his control—
The longest liver to possess the whole.
Two months, or so, young Four-and-twenty's arms
Were fondly clasp'd round Five-and-forty's charms ;

And Mrs Dickson bask'd in fairy bower,
 Her dotting love still kinder every hour.
 Time fann'd her flame, but cool'd her husband's down ;
 By bus'ness call'd, he oftener went to town ;
 But still the fire would in her bosom burn,
 As sad she sigh'd, and watch'd his late return.

One year of love had scarce their union crown'd,
 When Frank at home, by day, was seldom found ;
 While ev'ry art in vain Dame Dickson tried,
 She simper'd, ogled, reason'd, smil'd, and sigh'd.
 At morn he left her, with a careless air,
 Abroad to roam, but seldom told her where ;
 And she would mope alone till past midnight,
 Sometimes would sit till morn's returning light ;
 Then would she heave the sad, reproachful sigh,
 The big tear trembling in her downcast eye ;
 While Frank, with countenance compos'd and cool,
 Would calmly say, she was a snivelling fool.

When man and wife in bitter words reply,
 Respect will cease, and cold contempt is nigh ;
 Then slighted Love—if Love has e'er been there,
 Takes leave for ever of the hapless pair ;
 And in his place fell Jealousy succeeds,
 Whose fangs strike deeper, as the victim bleeds :
 The deadly venom fir'd Dame Dickson's breast,
 And every glance the demon's power confess'd :
 Thus, while she felt her heart with anguish wrung,
 Reproach flow'd copious from her fluent tongue.
 Frank felt he had no measures now to keep,
 And, all unmov'd, beheld his partner weep ;
 For ever set his mild domestic sun—
 Her sullen gloom and stormy rage to shun,
 With sensual bliss he sooth'd his sordid soul,
 The gambler's table, and the toper's bowl ;
 And beauty, more congenial to his mind,
 A syren fair, whose smile was ever kind.

His slighted wife thus shunn'd, despis'd, and scorn'd,
 Now rav'd in frenzy, now in anguish mourn'd,
 And sigh'd, impatient, for the welcome hour,
 When death should free her from a tyrant's power.
 Nor less the husband's anxious wish to part,
 He hop'd that pride and scorn would break her heart.

But both were doom'd their folly to deplore ;
 And, thirty years of sin and suffering o'er,
 Dame Dickson's weary head was laid at rest,
 And Frank his freedom and her wealth possess'd—
 His future fate may afterwards appear
 Amidst the annals of some later year.

Register of Burials.—Andrew Darling.

THAT green sod covers Andrew Darling's head,
 For whom no sigh was heav'd, no tear was shed ;
 His rich relations, in the parish round,
 On him had, like his early fortunes, frown'd.
 At school, it by the teacher was confess'd,
 Of all his scholars, Andrew read the best ;

On Ovid, Horace, and the Mantuan bard,
 He ponder'd nightly, with a fond regard.
 When call'd to join his father on the farm,
 He thought with rapture on "each rural charm ;"
 But Andrew's father farm'd by other rules
 Than Virgil's Georgics, and the classic schools :
 Thus, sire and son opinion would divide,
 And still with Andrew, Maro must decide ;
 Their wranglings oft to keen contention led ;
 But other whims soon fill'd the scholar's head.

He met Bell Modely at the village fair,
 A sprightly damsel, with a jaunty air ;
 Her eyes were bright, good nature in her face,
 Each motion easy, and she danced with grace ;
 Her slender ancle, in silk stocking neat,
 As o'er the floor she tripp'd, with fairy feet,
 With fascination fix'd the scholar's gaze,
 As light she bounded through the mirthful maze.
 With hinds and village-maids, of manners free,
 Restraint was banish'd—all was jollity :
 But Bell in modesty superior shone ;
 In dress and manners graceful, mov'd alone.
 She was a wench of admiration vain,
 Her pride, to have some dangles in her train ;
 The more the better, was her maxim still ;
 Her beauty lur'd them ; and the maid had skill
 To kindle hopes, and still preserve her heart ;
 The fire she felt not she could well impart,
 For she could ogle, trifle, smile, and toy,
 Now blushing fondness, next reserv'd and coy ;
 Could lure the bashful and restrain the bold,
 And over both her sure dominion hold :
 Such was the flirt, the gay, but cold coquette,
 Who now had Andrew in her silken net.
 He watch'd her motions—join'd her on the road,
 While every nerve with tingling rapture glow'd ;
 And begg'd the happiness her steps to tend,
 And sec her safely to her journey's end.
 With well-feign'd modesty, and virgin pride,
 She long refus'd—reluctantly complied ;
 'Twas three long miles ; he thought them scarcely one,
 And deeply sigh'd to find his pleasure done.
 How long they stood, while parting at the stile—
 How soft her blush—how sweet her dimpling smile,
 He never told, and none was witness there ;
 Home he return'd—to dream, but not despair.
 No longer now was lofty Virgil read—
 Bell Modely, love, and Ovid fill'd his head ;
 And while behind the trenching plough he strode,
 Romantic scenes and sunbright halos glow'd ;
 Above, around him, Fancy's magic wand
 Led him in Love's delightful fairy land !
 Still it was but the fever of the brain,
 His heart, untouch'd, had never felt the pain.
 Such is the passion love-sick boys affect ;
 The reins of Fancy laid on Folly's neck,
 Away she canters, in a devious track,
 The giddy boy light bounding on her back ;
 Till in the wild-goose chase, begun to tire,
 She founderd, falls, and flings him in the mire.

Thus Andrew rode, careering on his way,
 While Love's Elysium fair before him lay ;
 Bell Modely's eye the bright, the polar star,
 To guide his course, through trackless fields afar.
 Love in his head, and Ovid on his tongue;
 His passion in poetic strains was sung ;
 The song display'd his memory's treasur'd store,
 A splendid mass of mythologic lore ;
 And there, above each fair of classic fame,
 In sounding verse, stood Bella Modely's name—
 As Hebe lovely, with Minerva's air,
 Chaste as Diana, and as Venus fair !
 Could she resist such soft and flattering lays,
 Or scorn a lover who in verse could praise ?
 Though Bell thought reading but romantic stuff—
 Herself the subject—these were well enough !
 Yet had they flow'd to some sweet rural air,
The Cottage Maid, or Jockey to the Fair,
 Her name might then have o'er the parish rung—
 Her praise the theme of every ploughman's tongue !
 So thought the fair ; but on her poet smil'd ;
 He sigh'd, she blush'd, and all his doubts beguil'd.
 Again Love led him on the joyous way,
 When golden twilight gleam'd her parting ray :
 As Andrew lightly cross'd the woodland sere,
 The sound of secret converse echoed near ;
 As on his ear the murmur'd whisper fell,
 He paus'd and listen'd—sure 'twas lovely Bell !
 Light o'er the gras, with stealing steps he trod.
 Then, cautious, crept along the flow'ry sod ;
 Beneath a shrub, in silent ambush laid,
 He saw before him, in the secret shade,
 Bell Modely lean on farmer Barton's breast,
 His brawny arm around her slender waist :
 He twin'd a ribbon in her flowing hair,
 And softly said, " Now, hear me, lovely fair !
 Like Andrew Darling, I cannot rehearse
 Your matchless charms, and praise in sounding verse,
 But I can love—and now, these charms to deck,
 Come, let me bind this trinket round your neck ;
 And when you see it in the morning shine,
 Say which becomes you—Andrew's gift, or mine ?
 Her slender neck the glittering toy embraced ;
 Her braided hair his figur'd ribbon graced ;
 She smil'd—he did—what Andrew never dar'd—
 And on her ripe lip found his rich reward !
 Then with a sigh, " Could I like Andrew sing,
 Your name, my love, should o'er our vallies ring !"
 " Speak not of him ! I loathe his name to hear !
 His rhyming nonsense pains my wearied ear—
 I read it once, before 'twas seen by you—
 And never since, nor e'er intend to do !
 Then tease me not with him—a boy from school !
 He's poor—a pedant—poet—and a fool !"

Contempt, like water, cools the fiercest flame,
 And Andrew sicken'd at Miss Modely's name :
 But still the scholar's head was far from sound,
 And beauty's glance was sure his peace to wound.
 He saw Eliza—sought her heart to gain—
 But not by song, and soft Ovidian strain :

He tried, with studious care, her taste to find,
 What present most would please the fair one's mind :
 She was a dreamer—and a lottery prize—
 A thousand pounds, in sleep, had bless'd her eyes—
 And she was sure her dreams were always true—
 But niggard Fate forbade her fortune to pursue.

The hint was plain—a ticket Andrew bought,
 A free-will offering to Love's altar brought :
 As Bishops blush when they refuse a see,
 Or Lawyers leering at the golden fee ;
 So blush'd Eliza, simper'd, smil'd, and took
 The gift of Fortune with delighted look ;
 And said, with pleasure sparkling in her eyes,
 " Dear Sir, 'tis mutual, whether blank or prize."
 " No—this, or that—your heart, your hand is mine !
 To these my hopes, my wishes I confine—
 In wealth or poverty you are my bride ;
 And death alone our hearts shall e'er divide !"

Time speeds along, and Fortune's wheel goes round—
 The ticket's drawn—a prize !—ten thousand pounds !
 On wings of Love delighted Andrew flew,
 The gate of Eden opening on his view ;
 " Come, generous friend !" she cried, " receive your part."
 " No—all is mine, in lov'd Eliza's heart !"
 " What !—have it all ?" with playful smile she said ;
 " Yes," Andrew cried, and clasp'd the blushing maid ;
 " Come, name the day that shall our hands unite !"
 She tapp'd his cheek, and said, " No—not to-night !"
 Love led him to Eliza twice a-week,
 And still he saw fresh roses on her cheek ;
 But ere a month—a little month had fled,
 Dick Trap Eliza to the altar led !
 This was too much, and more than man could bear,
 And Andrew roam'd, his heart indifferent where ;
 But studied so to steer his wayward flight,
 That woman's smile no more should blast his sight .
 Then in resentment for his fate severe,
 * Enroll'd himself a British Grenadier—
 Cross'd the Atlantic—with the Yankees fought,
 And toil'd, and bled, and barren laurels sought ;
 But step-dame Fortune ever prov'd unkind,
 He home return'd, but left a leg behind !

A hut he rear'd, deep in the heathy glen,
 Sequester'd far from the abodes of men ;
 His Chelsea pension all his wants supplied—
 For independence was his boasted pride :
 By labour form'd, and unremitting toil,
 A little garden graced the ugen't soil,
 In which his vegetable store was seen,
 The swelling cabbage, and the colewort green ;
 Potatoes clustering round the genial root,
 Carrots and parsnips rich, that downward shoot.
 This cultur'd spot, with Nature's bounty stor'd,
 Spread wealth and plenty on his homely board :
 A ditch and fence the whole encompass'd round,
 With verdant twigs of pliant osiers grown'd ;
 Of these, with cunning hand, he baskets made,
 A skilful artist in his humble trade ;

So neat, so light, he found a brisk demand,
 And constant labour for his thrifty hand ;
 For workshop, kitchen, bed-room, parlour, hall,
 His hut, twelve feet by twenty, serv'd for all ;
 One window glaz'd, four little panes display'd,
 A boarded wicket sometimes lent its aid ;
 A crazy chair and stool, a truckle bed,
 Beneath with straw, above with rug o'erspread ;
 A deal-board shelf the cupboard's place supplied,
 And pendant hung, by twisted osiers tied.
 No Sunday suit was in his wardrobe found ;
 His dress the same, each varying season round ;
 His jerkin patch'd, the lapse of time had scorn'd,
 A cat-skin cap his shaggy brows adorn'd ;
 With thick, black, bristling beard, and visage grim,
 He hopp'd to market, with his wooden limb.
 His neighbours smil'd and pitied—strangers gaz'd,
 And all agreed that Andrew's wits were craz'd ;
 For dark misanthropy had chill'd his mind,
 But chief, his hatred swell'd at womankind :
 No female form durst enter Andrew's door,
 Nor woman's work supply his scanty store !

When Death's cold hand lay heavy on his breast,
 Old Bridget came, and kind, her cordials press'd ;
 With indignation in his death-glaz'd eye,
 " Begone !" he cried ; " leave me in peace to die !
 And if you wish my troubled spirit rest,
 Let none of female kind my corpse molest !
 For long has woman craz'd this aching head—
 Let not her meddling hands disturb me dead !"
 She press'd the cup—with red resentment fir'd,
 He, writhing, gasp'd—and, with a groan, expir'd.

So liv'd neglected, and so died forlorn,
 The dupe of fancied love, and woman's scorn :
 In youth, a weak, romantic, hot-brain'd fool,
 Of vain coquettes and sordid minds the tool ;
 In age, a misanthrope—his passions' slave—
 Despis'd in life—forgotten in the grave !

THE FINE ARTS IN LONDON.—PART II.

Spring Exhibitions.

Somerset House.

A. I THINK a second visit to this most pleasant of in-door lounges is always more productive of amusement than the first. Perhaps about a tenth part of the pictures here are well worth looking at ; and, of this tenth part, one-half, at least, consists of those smaller and more unending works which we are apt to pass over in the crowd, heat, and that usually prevail during a few days of exhibition. In fact, I'm afraid it must be admitted, the art is at present in that state

of elegant mediocrity during which this less ambitious class of pictures will always be found to include the greatest comparative degree of merit. Let us, at all events, see whether this is not true with regard to the present collection, which must, I suppose, be taken as a fair criterion of the actual state of the art ; and, to this end, let us not range about in an *ad libitum* movement, as we did on our first visit, but " commence au commencement " and, in proof of my position, look at these three little pictures im-

mediately following each other (7, 8, and 9). The first, "Cupid sheltering his darling from an approaching storm," is not good for much, to be sure; for Etty, though he delights in Cupids, always makes them of the *cut-breed*, and dresses them in figured muslin scarfs bought in Oxford-Street, and wings stolen from Pidcock's menagerie of strange birds: but still there is a poetical feeling and fancy about his works, which would redeem greater mistakes than these. No. 8. "The Fortune-teller," by Leaky, is a very sweet, silent, and unaffected little picture; such an one as Robert Bloomfield would have produced, if he had addicted himself to painting instead of poetry. There is not much force either of expression or colouring; but there is not any exaggeration of either. The story is naturally, and therefore plainly and pleasingly told. If it does not stir the imagination, like a strain of lofty music, it does what is, in many cases, infinitely better, by

"Piping a simple song to thinking hearts."

The next picture, No. 9. "The Gazette," by R. Farrier, is still better in the same class. The subject of it is too feelingly described, (I suppose by the painter himself,) to be lost in an exhibition-catalogue. Let us pay him the compliment of extracting it into our C. P. books:

"A nation's greenest laurels are entwined
With cypress that o'erhangs the social
hearth,

And casts a shade, too deep to be dispell'd
By all the glare of victory:—poor recompense!

A public triumph for a broken heart!

MS.

This is indeed a very delicate and touching little picture, full of the simple and quiet pathos of nature and of truth. There is no violence of action, no extravagance of passion. The poor pale and bereaved daughter is sitting silently beside her neglected wheel; and the aged mother is holding her hand, and looking in her face, watching the "natural tears" as they take their course, but too wise, as well as too kind, to interrupt them. The expression of the daughter's face is exquisite; and the

picture is really a very sweet little work.

B. I don't know how it is; but I think that a work of this kind produces a much more beneficial, as well as permanent effect, when met with in a lively and bustling scene like that by which we are surrounded, than when we see it alone, and have an opportunity of dwelling on its character at leisure.

A. This is natural, and as it should be. A little stray snow-drop, withering on its broken stem, in the midst of a bed of gay, flaunting tulips, is a more touching symbol of grief and decay, than the same flower fading away by itself in a secluded corner. But be pleased to remember, that we are not in the Forest of Ardenness, and consequently have no time for moralizing. Let us pass on to that delightful out-of-door scene by Collins (33). It breathes a pleasant coolness all about it, that almost counteracts the heating effect of yonder "Portrait of a Gentleman;" and smells of the country more sweetly than that knot of elderly ladies do of lavender water. This "View of Clovelly, North Devon," (60,) by the same artist, is equally natural and effective. Certainly, for purity and truth of effect, we have no one superior to Collins, in the very limited sphere to which he chooses to confine himself. Do look, in passing, at these breathing, speaking, and thinking portraits, by Lawrence. I never see a picture by this admirable artist, without lamenting that he should be nothing but a portrait painter; but I greatly question whether he would thank me for my commiseration. His mind is, I dare say, by this time, "subdued to the quality of what it works in:" a happy consummation, which has, no doubt, been hastened by the circumstance of his being able to gain more by half-a-dozen dashes of his pencil, in his present line of employment, than he could by as many hard days work in other. What might not his magic pencil have made of such subjects as these:—"Ariel released by Prospero," (72); "Caliban teased by the Spirits of Prospero," (76); and " Manfred and the Witch of the Alps," (108),—all by the generally pleasing, sometimes poetical, but always feeble

and unimpassioned Howard? Truly, my delicate Ariel, "to make gape the pine, and let thee out," by employing two sturdy, strong-backed porters to split it in two, is to perform the job rather after the fashion of a carpenter than a magician; and that all-intellectual being, the Witch of the Alps, (to couple whose name even with thine, as a kindred spirit, is not to profane thee,) is but poorly typified by a pretty smpleton in a muslin morning-gown. I wish we could have shown you better examples than these are of what Howard is capable of; but his subjects have here been beyond him—and whom are they *not* beyond? They are, in fact, beyond his art!

There is great skill of composition, much knowledge of colouring, and finishing almost equal to Wouverman's, in these battle-pieces by Cooper (120 and 124); but what can this artist find in such subjects to attract and fix him, as they seem exclusively to do? Why does he not, as he may, strike out a line of painting that would be new to this country, and certainly much more valuable, as well as various, than this which he has chosen—a line which should be to this country exactly what that of Wouverman's was to his? These everlasting battles are as tedious in painting as they are in poetry, and are totally unfit for either, except as an occasional contrast to something else. If we *must* have something connected with battles and blood, let it be such as this by Mulready—"The Convalescent" (135). The expression of the wounded soldier, come out into the fields to breathe the fresh air, after his long confinement, is exquisite. The rest of the picture is not near so good; and the quarrelling boys are quite out of place.

B. There seems *something* in this little picture, (141,) though it is difficult to tell exactly what, without an explanatory key. That fat gallant, of a "certain age," stooping to pick up the dropped fan of the infinitely indifferent lady, is very richly done; and the half-satisfied, half-pleading air of the youthful suitor (for such he seems to be) on the other side, is exceedingly good. What does the picture profess to be?

A. "The Rivals," by Leslie, a young American artist, of great promise, who seems to possess a very elegant taste, a pleasant fancy, and an easy and clever hand. I am sorry to find, on referring to the list of names, that this is the only picture he exhibits this year. It is a pleasant one; but greatly inferior to his "May-day in the reign of Elizabeth," and his "Sir Roger de Coverley and the Spectator going to Church in the Country." We must do Mr Howard the justice not to pass over this "Portrait of Edward the First, from the best existing documents." It is a very sober, and, at the same time, masterly and characteristic work. But look at yonder sparkling and speaking scene by A. E. Chalon, from "Les Precieuses Ridicules." That impudently confident air of the Mock-Marquis speaking his own ridiculous impromptu, and the prodigiously pretty admiration and wonderment of Cathos, exclaiming, "Ah! mon Dieu! voila qui est poussé dans le dernier galant!" are delightfully spirited and true; but the deprecating look of Madelon is not near so good. To those who are not acquainted with the scene in question, it will naturally be supposed that Mascarille is making violent love to *her*, and that she is *crying* it, as in duty bound.

I quite forget whether we particularly noticed this picture of Thomson's when we were here before. Do but repeat the passage of the Tempest from which it is taken, and then say who shall dare to put such a scene on any canvas, less transparent and ethereal than that omnipotent artist, Imagination, is accustomed to use on such occasions:

Fer. Where should this music be?
If the air, or the earth?

I hear it now above me!

Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,

And say what thou se'st yonder.

Mir. What is it? A spirit!

Such scenes as these are not to be realised on mortal canvas; and I question whether it is not worse than idle to attempt it. The best that can be done, is to give us something in exchange for Shakespeare; and who

would part with *his* gifts in exchange for any thing else that can be offered? By the bye, this realising the pictures, which our imagination has attempted to create for itself, has been more successfully practised by Daniel, in his Indian views, than by any one else that I remember. He is the only painter who does not give us something different from what we happen to *expect*, under circumstances that we have never actually witnessed any thing like. In the scenes which he professes to represent, we expect a sky and atmosphere of molten gold—a soil with the heat almost visibly steaming up through it—lank, attenuated figures, that seem to be melted away to mere anatomies—trees with their leaves receding up to the top of their long, thin stems, as if to get as far as they can from hot earth, and catch a breath of cool air;—all these we expect, and are not disappointed. In fact, there is a unity and consistency of effect in Daniel's Indian scenes, which evince a true feeling for what is required from his art, and an admirable skill in producing this desideratum.—We must not quit this room without looking at this scene from Lear, by H. H. Briggs. It strikes me as being one of the very best scenes of the kind I ever remember, as far as relates to individual expression, especially in the two daughters—for the Lear himself necessarily baffles all attempt at delineation. The impudently scornful boldness of the one daughter, and the dull, dogged mixture of wickedness and stupidity in the other, are capital. I confidently anticipate from this picture, that Mr Briggs will, before long, produce something much better than we have yet had from him.

B. I'm afraid, if we are to see any of the other spring exhibitions to-day, we must not give any more time to this room, or do more than take a very hasty glance at the others.

A. There are two or three pictures in this next room that I must point out to you, as among the very best in the collection. Bayham Abbey, by Collins, (208,) we must merely glance at, as we would at a lovely little view presented to us for a moment, by the road side, through an opening in the hedge-row; the charm-

ing "Portrait of Miss Stephens" we must greet with a delighted smile of recognition, as if we were passing her at a crowded "at home!"; and Pickergill's Cupid—somewhat in the style of Sir Joshua's Puck,—we may give a familiar nod to—which we should not dare to do, if he came near to our ideal of the god who bears that name. But Clint's portrait of Miss Foote, as Maria Darlington, (251,) we must not pass over so cavalierly. "Miss Foote" it may be, perhaps; but not "as Maria Darlington," certainly, or as any other of her stage characters. In fact, if this is really a likeness of Miss Foote herself, farewell that beautiful vision which has haunted me for years past, and may I never see the portrait of a stage beauty again! for this is no more like *my* Miss Foote, than—

B. Pray whose is this clever and pleasing picture of the Dancing Bear? (264).

A. Thank you for stopping me, even though you use a dancing bear for the purpose, for I should never have been able to stop myself on that theme; but really, when one has been treasuring up an ideal image of this kind, to have it assailed and put to flight by a common-place reality, like the one before us, is—

B. But these three portraits in character, (272)—pray who may they be?

A. Why, those are Mrs Davenport, Blanchard, and Miss M. Tree, by the same artist; and, to say the truth, they in some degree make up for his failure in Miss Foote—for I must hope that it is a failure. Miss Tree's likeness is a pleasing, but by no means a spirited one, of that gentlest of ladies—that half-realization of the Violas, the Ophelias, and the Imogens of Shakespeare; and the other two portraits are still better. But let me now direct your attention to this, in many respects, admirable picture by Ripplingille, (276,) "A Recruiting Party." There are two or three figures in this picture not unworthy of Wilkie; and one that, for exquisitely natural and appropriate expression, has not been surpassed even by him. I mean the female standing behind the lad who seems on the point of accepting the

proffered *bounty*. She is urging him not to accept it; but by her air, manner, and look, it is evident she has lost that claim to be heard which she once possessed. This figure is altogether one of the happiest conceptions, happily executed, that ever I remember to have seen. The cunning, hard-featured, glib-tongued sergeant, is also capital. The picture is too much crowded, and there are ill-painted as well as superfluous parts in it; but it is a work of great talent, and among the very best in the present collection.

Descend we now this (to me,) magic staircase, (passing by the lower-rooms, which are filled with portraits, and consequently offer nothing of particular interest, except to the painters and the painted)—and let us make the best of our way to Pall-Mall, where we shall find a miscellaneous collection from the old masters; unless you think we shall not be giving either a fair chance, in thus transferring our attention immediately from one to the other.

B. Why, the said old masters will, at all events, not have reason to complain; and the modern ones have *had* their meed of admiration from us, and we cannot resume it, even if we would. The latter, too, cannot accuse us of being *critical* towards them, unless the seeking for nothing but subjects of commendation be criticism; and I don't think it is so defined in any dictionary extant.

A. Why, the truth is, in asking you to accompany me on this occasion, my object has been to promote our mutual amusement; and it is for this reason that I took you to the Modern School of Art first. *Au reste*, as to the character of an instructor, I utterly disclaim it; and as to what the artists themselves may think of my remarks, if they should happen to over-hear them—if they are pleased by any of them, I shall be glad—and if they are angry, I shall care very little about the matter. But yonder is

The British Institution.

The building is, as you see, a very unpretending one; but I can promise you that it has "that within which passeth shew." If the present age had nothing to congratulate itself on

exclusively, except the possession of the works of the old painters, in the state in which they exist at this moment, *that* alone would be a sufficient subject for pride and exultation. A century ago these works did not exist in that mellowed perfection which they do now; and, what is much more to the purpose, they were not then duly appreciated: for what we do not know the value of, we do not virtually possess. And a century hence, it is appalling to think that these glories will probably have changed, or passed away; for, in point of age, the greatest of them must be considered as having reached their grand climacteric, and as verging towards decay. But whether it is to happen one century hence, or ten, certain it is, that one day or other, the wonders of Michael Angelo, the glories of Raphael, the splendors of Rubens, and the ineffable expressions of Correggio, will exist but in words, and their names will have become at once "a beauty and a mystery," like those of Apelles, Zeuxis, Timanthes, and Parrhasius. When this time shall arrive—

B. But, my good friend, see—we are arrived at the door of the gallery; so a truce to your reflections, and let us enter.

A. You do quite right to "interrupt me in my expedition," when I embark in such speculations as the aforesaid; for though I have a great notion that they are my *forte*, (and in fact they *are* as it regards myself,) yet I am perfectly willing to believe that they are my foible, as it respects others. At all events, to look at the works of these painters, is even better than to talk or think about them.

This collection is, in all respects, strikingly inferior to many that have preceded it: in the highest class of the art, it offers very few examples indeed that are worth particular attention. But yet, as a whole, it is very rich and valuable; and in some of the secondary classes of the art, it presents examples of absolute perfection. I take these two landscapes—the one by Both, (129,) and the other by Cuyp, (128,) to be as fine, in their way, as Correggio's Madonnas. Indeed they are, to the *expression* of external nature, exactly what these latter are to that of mind, as seen in

the "human face divine." There is an ineffable something radiating from both, which it is as impossible to describe, as it is *not* to feel. Here are two others, by the same masters, (155, 156,) which are truly exquisite. The moonlight view, in particular, by Cuyp, is the most successful attempt I have ever seen in this very difficult line. This collection is more rich in landscapes than in any other class of pictures; and accordingly we have the rough rurality of Hobbema; the elaborate truth and crispness of Ruysdael; the tender sweetness of Paul Potter; the brilliant lightness of Pynacker and Wynants; and the feminine softness and richness of Wouvermans and K. Du Jardin, in all their perfection. We have also an opportunity of advantageously contrasting these with the rich wildness and force of Salvator, and the classical ideality of Gaspar Poussin. But our time warns us, that we must be content to admire all these silently as we pass along, and must pay our more particular regards to works of a higher and rarer, but perhaps not a more delightful and useful class. And, first, if you would gain a perfect notion of what the Venetian school aimed at, and was capable of, (I mean in single figures of this kind,) let me desire you to look, or rather to *gaze*, at that exquisite creation by Paul Veronese, (173.) "*Woman playing on a lute.*" *Woman*, indeed! By luckily leaving out the article, the catalogue-maker has accidentally hit on a fit mode of describing this lovely picture, which has sufficient of ideality to keep it from seeming a portrait; and yet enough of individuality to prevent it from escaping into the world of imagination, which is not its fit home. It addresses itself to the senses alone, and is intended to do so; but it addresses them through the medium of the imagination, and therefore does not disturb or corrupt them. This is, as a single figure, the best work of Paul Veronese that I have ever seen; the flesh is equal to Titian's, and there is a sweetness and a grace about the attitude and expression, added to a total absence of all pretence and affectation, which are the very perfection of the art, in works of this peculiar class and school. I

don't know when I have seen a picture that has made so strong and delightful an impression upon me as this has. I shall possess it all my life, just as actually, to all valuable purposes, as if I had bought and paid for it, and had it hanging up in my study.

You must know, I have been here several times before; so that we do not need to look about for the pictures that seem to me most worthy your attention, as I can take you up to them at once. And see—if you would study the effects of high genius employing itself on insignificant trifles, you have here an opportunity of doing so, in this very curious and striking little picture by Correggio, "*The Mule,*" (63). The objects, you see, merely consist of a loaded mule, and two muleteers in conversation together; and yet, from this simple subject, the hand of genius has contrived to elicit, or rather has not been able to avoid eliciting, a grandeur and a gusto, that a common hand could not have produced from the highest and most imaginative one. Something of the same kind is observable in this sketch by Rubens, (111). It consists but of a few scratches and marks of the pencil on the bare canvas; and yet it includes more life and spirit than half the modern works that have cost weeks and months to elaborate and complete them. Probably this is one of those sketches which Rubens used to put into the hands of his pupils to copy, and dead colour in, and which he afterwards gave the finishing touches to. Nothing but the supposition that this was his practice, with respect to a vast number of the pictures which pass under his name, can account for the existence of such a multiplicity of them as are to be met with in different parts of Europe. This copy, by the same master, of Titian's celebrated picture, the *Discovery of Calisto*, is chiefly valuable for the curious specimen it affords of a mixture of the two, so different, and indeed totally opposite, styles of these masters. By Rembrandt, we have nothing very striking in this collection, except these two or three admirable portraits, and this gorgeous effect of light, in *Belshazzar's feast*, (21). The picture is, no doubt,

highly valuable as a remarkable specimen of his style; but it is far from being either poetical or impressive, which such a subject is bound to be.

This St John, by Guido, (24,) is chiefly remarkable as a departure from the usual style of that exquisite artist, who was content, in most instances, to sacrifice vigorous passion to grace and tenderness of expression. This is the only picture we have by Guido. By Murillo, here are too tolerably good pictures, St Francis at prayer, (55,) and St Francis in extacy, (61,) but they afford but a very indifferent notion of the peculiar manner of that charming painter. The cherubs, floating in the air like scattered rose-leaves, produce a delightful effect; but the principal figures contain little to admire or remember. Neither is this, Claude, (60,) which is the only one in the collection, a favourable specimen of that artist's divine creations. No one could have produced this picture except him; but if most of his works were not infinitely finer than this, he would not have deserved, or enjoyed, the reputation he does. Of the Florentine and Bolognese schools, we have little that calls for particular notice; though this portrait of Guercino, by himself, (2,) is interesting; and these three, by Domenichino, St Catherine, (9,) St Agnes, (56,) and St Jerome, (59,) are not without a certain characteristic power of style, which is, however, more striking and remarkable than it is impressive or natural. Here are three very favourable examples of Carlo Dolce's manner, A Magdalene, (16,) St John writing the Revelations, (77,) and St Mathew writing the Gospel, (80). The St John is certainly a very fine, rich, and harmonious work, fuller of character and passion than this painter's usually are, and most brilliantly coloured, and elaborately, but not finically, finished. It is one of his very best works. Here are also some exquisite specimens of the Dutch school, particularly Teniers. The Village Feast, (20,) and the Merry Making, (124,) are most choice and valuable works, full of nature and truth, and colouring (particularly the latter) with admirable clearness, sweetness, and transparency. By J. and A. Ostade,

also, here are two of the finest and richest gems I have almost ever seen from these artists. A Traveller at a Cottage-door, (30,) by J. Ostade; and the Chemist in his Laboratory, (33,) by A. Ostade; both inimitable in their way, for richness of colouring and truth, and distinctness of touch. Here is also an exquisite little piece by Maes, a Female listening, (6;) and another by Metgn, a Man playing on a Violoncello, (73). There is something very curious in the effect produced on the mind of the spectator by these exceedingly high-finished pictures; and something the nature of which has not yet been satisfactorily explained: for to say that the pleasure we derive from them arises from a sense of the difficulty overcome in producing them, is not getting to the root of the question. The truth is, these men possessed *genius*, and we cannot contemplate the works of genius, of whatever kind or degree, without feeling an inward satisfaction at the possible powers and perfections of our common nature. Does this get any nearer to "the heart of the mystery," think you?

B. Why, no!—I'm afraid not. And, to tell you the truth, I think it exceedingly immaterial, in all cases, and mischievous in many, to investigate very closely into the sources of our pleasure—at least, so long as we are capable of partaking in it. When we find ourselves no longer susceptible of enjoyment, from the sources whence we have been accustomed to derive it, it is at least excusable, and it may be beneficial, to enquire into the nature of our past pleasure, and endeavour to trace its spring. But it is time enough to begin to philosophize when we have ceased to feel; and I question whether we *can* feel and philosophize at the same time.

A. By the bye, our time warns us, that we must cease either to feel or philosophize, for the present. We will, therefore, just take a glance at these tolerably good French copies, from Raphael's four celebrated and magnificent works, known by the name of the "*Madonna de la Pesce*," "*the Spasimo*"—the Holy Family called "*the Pearl*"—and "*the Salutation*." The originals are at pre-

sent in possession of the King of Spain, and these copies were made in Paris for the Duke of Wellington, when the pictures were there. There is a rawness about the colouring, and a hardness about the outlines, which take very much from the general effect; but the infinite grandeur and grace, and the miraculous expressions of the originals, are not ill preserved. At all events, for those who have not seen, or cannot see, the wonderful originals themselves, it is a great treat to be able to contemplate faithful copies of them, as the lover, in the absence of his mistress, delights to hang over her portrait. For power and splendour of general effect, the Spasimo is certainly the finest of these pictures; and perhaps it is the grandest of Raphael's works in oil, next to the Transfiguration. But for harmonious grace and majesty, the "Madonna de la Pesce" is not inferior to any thing in existence.

We will now reluctantly take our leave of this delightful Exhibition; and as it would certainly be doing injustice to any modern works, to visit them with those splendid ones immediately in our recollection, we will defer seeing them till another and more appropriate opportunity.

In the mean time, we may do well to take a look at the casts, &c. which Mr Day has lately brought from Rome, as there are very few of them, and they are of a character to fall in with our present impressions and feelings.

Casts, &c. from Rome.

A. I think you cannot gain a better idea of the peculiar character of each of these admirable works, Canova's Group of the Graces, and Michel Angelo's Statue of one of the Medici Family, from the Tomb at Florence, (for to my mind this statue is inferior to the more celebrated "Moses,") than by looking alternately from one to the other, and comparing and contrasting them together. The one breathes forth an air of simple and severe grandeur, which is in the highest degree appropriate and impressive; while the other is clothed in a halo of grace and tenderness, which seems to radiate from it, and blend itself with

all things around. The Moses is doubtless an extraordinary work; but I cannot think that it quite deserves the reputation it bears. It seems to me to indicate more of physical than moral power. This cast from a statue of Jonah is also highly curious and interesting, if, as is said, the original was done by Raphael. There is undoubtedly a considerable degree of *expression* in this work; enough to warrant the belief of its proceeding from the hand of that wonderful artist, who could not touch out the branch of a tree, or a fold of drapery, without infusing that quality into them.

We will now part for the present, not without the hope, on my part, of our meeting again; at least if our doing so seems likely to afford you amusement.

HALIDON HILL: A DRAMATIC SKETCH,
FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY. BY SIR
WALTER SCOTT, BART. EDINBURGH,
CONSTABLE & CO. 1822.

It has been often said by critics and others, and, we think, truly, that if the great opprobrium of modern literature—the apparent decay of the dramatic art, notwithstanding the repeated attempts of men of great genius and name—was to be effaced by any living poet, it was by Sir Walter Scott. Profoundly learned in our national history, fertile beyond that of most other countries in subjects eminently fitted for the drama; gifted with a versatility of powers that has thrown the other poets and writers of his time comparatively into the shade; endowed with that universal knowledge of human character, however modified by habit, education, profession, prejudice, religion, or country, which has enabled him, not merely to *describe* human actions, but to *represent* human agents in the perfect verisimilitude of actual existence, with their distinctive passions, vices, frailties, foibles, follies, virtues, and excellencies; and intimately acquainted with the peculiar language in which the different ranks of men are accustomed to give expression to their feelings and thoughts with the most eloquent effect; it cannot surely be matter of surprise,

that the public should have looked forward, with the most confident augury, to some such attempt as that on which we have now the pleasure of felicitating our readers. "*Halidon Hill*," however, is a mere experiment, or feeling of his way, on the part of this highly-gifted man. It is a "*Dramatic Sketch*," in two acts; and, though the author has as rigidly adhered to the unities of time, place, and action, as Lord Byron, enlightened by his new-found deference for Aristotle, could possibly have desired, he has positively declared that it is not meant for representation, and that, should any be made "to produce it in action, (as has happened in similar cases,) it shall be solely at the peril of those who make such an experiment."

In a pretty long extract from Pinkerton, containing the description of the battle of Homildon Hill, which Sir Walter has given in his Preface, we discover, not only the germ of the plot, but many of the incidents—particularly the reconciliation of Swinton and Gordon, between whose respective houses a deadly feud had existed—the honour of knighthood conferred on the latter, at his own earnest request, by Swinton, immediately prior to the battle—and the Spartan devotion with which these brave knights afterwards rushed to combat and a glorious death—which the author has introduced in his drama, with such admirable effect. But, with infinite taste and judgment, he has transferred the scene of action from Homildon to Halidon Hill: "For this," says he, "there was an obvious reason, for who would again venture to introduce upon the scene the celebrated Hotspur, who commanded the English at the former battle? There are, however, several coincidences, which may reconcile even the severer antiquary to the substitution of Halidon Hill for Homildon. A Scottish army was defeated by the English on both occasions, and under nearly the same circumstances of address on the part of the victors, and mismanagement on that of the vanquished, for the English long-bow decided the day in both cases. In both cases, also, a Gordon was left on the field of battle; and at Halidon. as at Homil-

don, the Scots were commanded by an ill-fated representative of the great house of Douglas." We are also informed, that "the tradition of the Swinton family, which still survives in a lineal descent, and to which the author has the honour to be related, avers, that the Swinton who fell at Homildon (in the manner narrated by Pinkerton) had slain Gordon's father; which," he adds, "seems sufficient ground for adopting that circumstance into the following *Dramatic Sketch*, though it is rendered improbable by other authorities." So much seemed necessary to be premised, in order to give the reader a clear and distinct perception of what is to follow. Without further preface, we shall therefore proceed to lay before our readers as extended a view of the piece as our compressed limits will possibly admit; satisfied that, by following this course, we shall discharge our duty more acceptably, than if we presented to the public the most ingenious and elaborate discussion which even the Prince of Critics himself could write on the subject.

The first scene—the northern side of Halidon—is introduced with a dialogue between De Vipont, a brave Templar, who, for twelve years, had served as a soldier in Palestine, and the Prior of Maison-Dieu. In the disorganization which seems to pervade the Scottish host, the experienced eye of the Knight of the Cross discovers much to justify the most gloomy forebodings, and to cast "ominous conjecture on the whole success." Nor are these fearful anticipations lessened by a closer survey, which reveals to him the melancholy fact, that the Regent's army consisted almost entirely of youthful and inexperienced, though brave soldiers; the flower of the Scottish nobility having fallen in their domestic conflicts, during his absence in Palestine,—and left him almost without an acquaintance.

Vipont. 'Tis scarce twelve years
Since I left Scotland for the wars of Palestine,
And then the flower of all the Scottish nobles
Were known to me; and I, in my degree,
Not all unknown to them.

Prior. Alas ! there have been changes
since that time ;
The Royal Bruce, with Randolph, Doug-
las, Grahame,
Then shook in field the banners which
now moulder
Over their graves i' the chancel.
Vipont. And thence comes it,
That while I look'd on many a well-known
crest
And blazon'd shield, as hitherward we
came,
The faces of the Barons who display'd them
Were all unknown to me. Brave youths
they seem'd ;
Yet, surely fitter to adorn the tilt-yard,
Than to be leaders of a war. Their fol-
lowers,
Young like themselves, seem, like them-
selves, unpractis'd—
Look at their battle-rank.

Prior. I cannot gaze on't with un-
dazzled eye,
So thick the rays dart back from shield
and helmet,
And sword and battle-axe, and spear and
pennon.
Sure 'tis a gallant show ! The Bruce
himself
Hath often conquer'd at the head of fewer
And more appointed followers.
Vipont. Ay, but 'twas Bruce that led
them. Reverend Father,
'Tis not the falchion's weight decides a
combat ;
It is the strong and skilful hand that
wields it.
Ill fate, that we should lack the noble King,
And all his champions now ! Time call'd
them not,
For when I parted hence for Palestine,
The brow of most were free from grizzled
hair.

Prior. Too true, alas ! but well you
know, in Scotland,
Few hairs are silver'd underneath the hel-
met ;
'Tis cowl-like mine which hide them.
'Mongst the laity,
War's the rash reaper, who thrusts in his
sickle
Before the grain is white. In threescore
years
And ten, which I have seen, I have out-
liv'd
Well nigh two generations of our nobles.
The race which holds you summit is the
third.

While his mind is full of these me-
lancholy reflections, Sir Alan Swin-
ton, a brave and veteran warrior, to
whom he had been formerly known,
enters, attended by his squire, Rey-
nald, and a few others, and instantly

recognizes the Templar, whom he
greeted with the most cordial welcome.
De Vipont, however, remarks the
sadly diminished number of Swin-
ton's followers, (sixty spears,) who,
when he had left Scotland for the
Holy Land, had amounted to a
thousand fighting men. The expla-
nation of this reduction of power and
force, as given by the gallant old pa-
triot and soldier, (for, notwithstand-
ing his full participation in the feel-
ings and feuds of the time, he was
both,) presents a remarkable picture
of the lawless violence and disorder
that prevailed to such a lamentable
extent during those heroic and chi-
valrous ages.

Swinton. Symon de Vipont, thou dost
see them all
That Swinton's bugle-horn can call to
battle,
However loud it rings. 'There's not a boy
Left in my halls, whose arm has strength
enough
To bear a sword—there's not a man be-
hind,
However old, who moves without a staff.
Striplings and greybeards, every one is
here,
And here all should be—Scotland needs
them all ;
And more and better men, were each a
Hercules,
And yonder handful centuplied.

Vipont. A thousand followers—such,
with friends and kinsmen,
Allies and vassals, thou wert wont to lead—
A thousand followers shrunk to sixty lances
In twelve years' space !—And thy brave
sons, Sir Alan,
Alas ! I fear to ask.

Swinton. All slain, De Vipont. In my
empty home
A puny babe lisps to a widow'd mother,
“ Where is my grandsire ? wherefore do
you weep ? ”
But for that prattler Lyulph's house is
heirless.
I'm an old oak, from which the foresters
Have hew'd four goodly boughs, and left
beside me
Only a sapling, which the fawn may crush
As he springs over it.

Vipont. All slain—alas !

Swinton. Ay, all, De Vipont, and their
attributes,
John with the Long Sword—Archibald
with the Axe—
Richard the Ready—and my youngest
darling,
My Fair-hair'd William—do but now sur-
vive

In measures which the grey-hair'd minstrels sing,
When they make maidens weep.

Vipont. Since thou dost weep, their death is unaveng'd?

Swinton. Templar, what think'st thou me?—See yonder rock,

From which the fountain gushes—is it less

Compact of adamant, though waters flow from it?

Firm hearts have moister eyes.—They are aveng'd;

I wept not till they were—till the proud Gordon

Had with his life-blood dyed my father's sword,

In guerdon that he thinn'd my father's lineage,

And then I wept my sons; and, as the Gordon

Lay at my feet, there was a tear for him, Which mingled with the rest.—We had been friends,

Had shar'd the banquet and the chase together,

Fought side by side,—and our first cause of strife,

Woe to the pride of both, was but a light one.

Vipont. You are at feud, then, with the mighty Gordon?

Swinton. At deadly feud. Here in this Border-land,

Where the sire's quarrels descend upon the son,

As due a part of his inheritance,

As the strong castle and the ancient blazon,

Where private Vengeance holds the scales of Justice,

Weighing each drop of blood as scrupulously

As Jews or Lombards balance silver pence,

Not in this land, 'twixt Solway and Saint Abb's,

Rages a bitterer feud than mine and their's, The Swinton and the Gordon.

Vipont. You, with some threescore lances—and the Gordon

Leading a thousand followers.

Swinton. You rate him far too low. Since you sought Palestine,

He hath had grants of baronies and lordships

In the far-distant North. A thousand horse His southern friends and vassals always number'd.

Add Badenoch kerne, and horse from Dee and Spey,

He'll count a thousand more.—And now, De Vipont,

If the *Born-heads*, seem in your eyes less worthy,

For lack of followers—seek yonder stan-

The bounding Stag, with a brave host around it;

There the young Gordon makes his earliest field,

And pants to win his spurs. His father's friend,

As well as mine, thou wert—go, join his pennon,

And grace him with thy presence.

Although, in former times, he had been the common friend of the Swinton and the Gordon, De Vipont rejects the advice of the aged and generous warrior, and nobly declares, that he

Joins on this field the banner of the two Which hath the smallest following:

but, while Swinton is applauding

——the generous Knight, who gave up all, Leading and lordship, in a heathen land To fight a Christian soldier,

a pursuivant enters to summon the "Knights to council." Swinton immediately prepares to obey; but, lest he should seem to

——wake civil strife, or tempt the Gordon With aught that's like defiance,

doffs his casque, and furls his pennon. Gordon, a mere youth, had never seen Swinton—the knight who had made him fatherless; and De Vipont, fearful of a sudden rencontre between Gordon, bound by the laws of that barbarous age, to revenge his father's murder, and the heroic but terrible Swinton, equally renowned for uncommon bravery and personal strength, and whose "bloody mace" had been so often wielded with irresistible destruction in the combat, proceeds before, in order, if possible, by prudence and persuasion, to prepare Gordon for the inevitable meeting at council, or to take measures to prevent the explosion of his filial but unfleshed courage.

The second scene opens with the Council of the Scottish Nobles and Chiefs, called, upon the emergency, by the Regent Douglas. Here all is confusion, jealousy, rivalry, and keen and vehement altercation, each man thinking, not of the formidable and disciplined enemy whom they were so soon to engage in the desperate strife of battle, but of his own private feuds, antipathies, claims, and pretensions. To such a height was this

violent debate carried, that Lennox, a renowned Scottish Chief and veteran warrior, becomes infected with the fatal spirit of discord; which leads Swinton, who was standing apart uncovered, (the Council was held on the Hill before the Regent's tent,) to remark:—

Discretion hath forsaken Lennox too!
The wisdom he was forty years in gathering
Has left him in an instant. 'Tis contagious
Even to frenzy.

This disgraceful and ominous scene being prolonged, Swinton can no longer contain himself, and, muttering to himself, "Nay, even a stone would speak," thus addresses the Regent:—

May't please your Grace,
And your's, great Lords, to hear an old man's counsel,
That has seen fights enow. These open bickerings
Dishearten all our host. If that your Grace,
With these great Earls and Lords, must needs debate,
Let the clos'd tent conceal your disagreement;
Else 'twill be said, Ill fares it with the flock,
If shepherds wrangle when the wolf is nigh.

To this suggestion the Regent scornfully assents, but in the most sarcastic manner excludes Swinton, while he invites young Gordon, "whose high rank and numerous following give him a seat, though yet unknighthed." This invitation the latter modestly declines, but is singularly struck with the majestic and commanding appearance of the old Knight, whose name he had not yet learned—and thus speaks:—

Gordon (observing Swinton).
That helmetless old Knight, his giant stature,
His awful accents of rebuke and wisdom,
Have caught my fancy strangely. He doth seem
Like to some vision'd form which I have dream'd of,
But never saw with waking eyes till now.
I will accost him.

Vipont. Pray you, do not so;
Anon I'll give you reason why you should not.

There's other work in hand——

Gordon. I will but ask his name.
There's in his presence

Something that works upon me like a spell,

Or like the feeling made my childish ear
Dote upon tales of superstitious dread,
Attracting while they chill'd my heart
with fear.

Now, born the Gordon, I do feel right well

I'm bound to fear nought earthly—and I fear nought.

I'll know who this man is——

[*Accosts Swinton.*

Sir Knight, I pray you, of your gentle courtesy,

To tell your honour'd name. I am ashamed,

Being unknown in arms, to say that mine
Is Adam Gordon.

Swinton, (shakes emotion, but instantly subdues it).

It is a name that soundeth in my ear
Like to a death-knell—ay, and like the call

Of the shrill trumpet to the mortal lists;
Yet 'tis a name which ne'er hath been
dishonour'd,

And never will, I trust—most surely never

By such a youth as thou.

Gordon. There's a mysterious courtesy in this,

And yet it yields no answer to my question.
I trust, you hold the Gordon not unworthy

To know the name he asks?

Swinton. Worthy of all that openness and honour

May shew to friend or foe—but, for my name,

Vipont will shew it you; and, if it sound
Harsh in your ear, remember that it knells there

But at your own request. This day, at least,

Though seldom wont to keep it in concealment,

As there's no cause I should, you had not heard it.

Gordon. This strange——

Vipont. The mystery is needful. Follow me.

Gordon follows De Vipont; but when he learns whom he had accosted, rushes back sword in hand, to encounter Swinton, and is, with extreme difficulty—partly by entreaty, and partly by force—withheld by the Templar, from the unequal, but not doubtful contest. Maxwell, in the meanwhile, enters from the Regent's

tent, and informs them that the debate still continues

As wild, as if the very wind and sea
With every breeze and every billow
battled
For their precedence.

On this, Swinton, unmindful of the insult he had just received from the Regent,—and in the trying hour of discord and danger, thinking only of his beloved country, exclaims:—

Most sure they are possess'd ! Some evil spirit,
To mock their valour, robs them of discretion.
Fie, fie, upon't !—O that Dunfermline's tomb
Could render up The Bruce ! that Spain's red shore
Could give us back the good Lord James of Douglas !
Or the fierce Randolph, with his voice of terror,
Were here to awe these brawlers to submission !

While Swinton is engaged in colloquy with Maxwell, Gordon steadily peruses him, and is awe-struck with his Herculean form, “stately port,” and warrior aspect.

Gordon. I see the giant form which all men speak of,
The stately port—but not the sullen eye,
Not the blood-thirsty look, that should belong
To him that made me orphan. I shall need
To name my father twice, ere I can strike
At such grey hairs, and face of such command ;
Yet my hand clenches on my falchion-hilt,
In token he shall die.

Vipont. Need I again remind you, that the place

Permits not private quarrel ?

Gordon. I'm calm. I will not seek—
nay, I will shun it—
And yet methinks that such debate's the fashion.

You've heard how taunts, reproaches, and the lie,
The lie itself, hath flown from mouth to mouth ;

As if a band of peasants were disputing
About a foot-ball match, rather than
Chiefs

Were ordering a battle. I am young,
And lack experience ; tell me, brave De Vipont,

Is such the fashion of your wars in Palestine ?

Vipont. Such it at times hath been ;
and then the Cross
Hath sunk before the Crescent. Heaven's cause

Won us not victory where wisdom was not.—

Behold yon English host come slowly on,
With equal front, rank marshall'd upon rank,

As if one spirit ruled one moving body ;
The leaders, in their places, each prepar'd
To charge, support, and rally, as the fortune

Of changeful battle needs :—then look on ours,

Broken, disjointed, as the tumbling surges
Which the winds wake at random. Look on both,

And dread the issue ;—yet there might be succour.

In the midst of his musings and reflections, however, he notices, as the Templar had formerly done, the fewness of Swinton's following, and, while he is impressed with a sentiment of deep melancholy, as he witnesses the relics of a goodly band, the greater part of which had been mowed down by the sword of intestine broil, in the disastrous contests of their rival houses, the strong feelings of nature, kindled by the spirit of the times, burst forth with almost overmastering power.

These, then, are his,—the relics of his power ;

Yet worth an host of ordinary men.—

And I must slay my country's sagest leader,

And crush by numbers that determin'd handful,

When most my country needs their practice's aid,

Or men will say, “There goes degenerate Gordon ;

His father's blood is on the Swinton's sword,

And his is in his scabbard !”

Our attention is now recalled to the Council, where the Regent, to allay the heats that had arisen, is forced to have recourse to the desperate expedient of referring the places of the respective contending Chiefs to the arbitration of chance : on which Sir Alan Swinton exclaims apart :—

O sage discipline,
That leaves to chance the marshalling of a battle.

In this fearful exigency, when, as too often happened before, the irre-

sistible valour of the Scots was neutralised by the madness and folly of their leaders, Gordon, moved by De Vipont, magnanimously steps forward, and calls upon the Swinton to "speak for king and country's sake:" to which appeal he replies,

Nay, if that voice command me, speak I will;
It sounds as if the dead laid charge on me.

Reckless of the taunts and sneers of the Regent, whose imbecility, folly, and delirium, are painted in strong colours, and who, as we have already seen, had indirectly, but pointedly, excluded Swinton from the Council of War in the tent; remembering, in the hour of his country's need, nothing personal to himself; and supported by Lennox, Maxwell, and Johnstone, whom the Regent might not openly oppose, he resolutely steps forward, and the following is what passes between Sir Alan and the proud, infatuated, but gallant Douglas:—

Regent. Where's your impatience now?
Late you were all for battle, would not hear
Ourself pronounce a word—and now you gaze
On yon old warrior, in his antique armour,
As if he were arisen from the dead,
To bring us Bruce's counsel for the battle.

Swinton. 'Tis a proud word to speak;
but he who fought
Long under Robert Bruce, may something guess,
Without communication with the dead,
At what he would have counsel'd—Bruce had bidden ye
Review your battle-order, marshall'd broadly
Here on the bare hill-side, and bidden you mark
Yon clouds of Southern arches, bearing down
To the green meadow-lands which stretch beneath—
The Bruce had warn'd you, not a shaft to-day
But shall find mark within a Scottish bosom,
If thus our field be order'd. The callow boys,
Who draw but four-foot bows, shall gall our front,
While on our mainward, and upon the rear,
The cloth-yard shafts shall fall like death's own darts,

And, though blind men discharge them, find a mark.

Thus shall we die the death of slaughter'd deer,
Which, driven into the toils, are shot at ease

By boys and women, while they toss aloft
All idly and in vain their branchy horns,
As we shall shake our unavailing spears.

Regent. Tush, tell not me! If their shot fall like hail,

Our men have Milan coats to bear it out.
Swinton. Never did armourer temper steel on stithy

That made sure fence against an English arrow;

A cobweb gossamer were guard as good
Against a wasp-sting.

Regent. Who fears a wasp-sting?

Swinton. I, my Lord, fear none;
Yet should a wise man brush the insect off,
Or he may smart for it.

Regent. We'll keep the hill; it is the vantage ground

When the main battle joins.

Swinton. It ne'er will join, while their light archery
Can foil our spear-men and our barbed horse.

To hope Piantagenet would seek close combat

When he can conquer riskless, is to deem
Sagacious Edward simpler than a babe
In battle-knowledge. Keep the hill, my Lord,

With the main body, if it is your pleasure;
But let a body of your chosen horse
Make execution on yon waspish archers.
I've done such work before, and love it well;

If 'tis your pleasure to give me the leading,
The darnes of Sherwood, Inglewood, and Weardale,

Shall sit in widowhood, and long for venison,

And long in vain. Whoe'er remembers Bannockburn,—

And when shall Scotsman, till the last loud trumpet,

Forget that stirring word!—knows that great battle

Even thus was fought and won.

Lennox. This is the shortest road to bandy blows;

For when the hills step forth and bows go back,

Then is the moment that our hardy spear-men,

With their strong bodies, and their stubborn hearts,

And limbs well knit by mountain exercise,
At the close tug shall foil the short-breathed Southron.

Swinton. I do not say the field will thus be won;

The English host is numerous, brave, and loyal;

Their Monarch most accomplish'd in war's art,

Skill'd, resolute, and wary—

Regent. And if your scheme secure not victory,

What does it promise us?

Swinton. This much at least,—

Darkling we shall not die; the peasant's shaft,

Loosen'd perchance without an aim or purpose,

Shall not drink up the life-blood we derive
From those famed ancestors, who made
their breasts

This frontier's barrier for a thousand years.

We'll meet these Southron bravely hand to hand,

And eye to eye, and weapon against weapon;

Each man who falls shall see the foe who strikes him.

While our good blades are faithful to the hilt,

And our good hands to these good blades are faithful,

Blow shall meet blow, and none fall un-avenged—

We shall not bleed alone.

Regent. And thus is all

Your wisdom hath devised?

Swinton. Not all; for I would pray you, noble Lords,

(If one, among the guilty guiltiest, might),
For this one day to charm to ten hours rest

The never-dying worm of deadly feud,
That gnaws our vexed heart—think no

one foe
Save Edward and his host—days will re-
main,

Ay, days by far too many will remain.
To avenge old feuds or struggles for pre-
cedence;—

Let this one day be Scotland's.—For my-
self,

If there is any here may claim from me
(As well may chance) a debt of blood and
hatred,

My life is his to-morrow unresisting,
So he to-day will let me do the best

That my old arm may achieve for the
dear country

That's mother to us both.

While Swinton is uttering these

last emphatic words, Gordon betrays symptom of the most deep-felt emotion; but when commanded by the Regent to stand forth and receive knighthood, he resolutely declines the intended honour, unless from "another sword;" kneels to Sir Alan Swinton; and, agreeably to the

usages of chivalry, craves, and obtains, that honour from him, as at once "the best knight and sagest leader." Incensed at the implied reflection on himself, the Regent re-viles him as "a degenerate boy," and reminds him that his father's blood was on Swinton's sword. To this Gordon indignantly answers

Gordon (starting up.)

Shame be on him who speaks such shame-ful word!

Shame be on him, whose tongue would sow dissension,

When most the time demands that na-
tive Scotsmen

Forget each private wrong!

The Regent continues to give vent to his sarcasms at the reconciliation of Gordon and Swinton, and treats, with the most contemptuous scorn, the proposal of the latter to charge at the head of the cavalry, and disperse the English archers—by far the most formidable part of their array—as King Robert Bruce had done at Bannockburn. Foiled in his attempt, to carry into effect the only plan that could save the Scottish army, circumstanced as they were, from destruction, Swinton, with that generous devotion of which Scottish History furnishes many bright examples, resolved to smother his personal feelings, and to perform to his country the only service she would now accept at his hands, namely, to open the path to victory by his sword, or to die like a brave knight in the foremost ranks of the battle. At this critical moment, Gordon, who was standing close by, appears wrapt in profound thought,—and De Vipont asks him,

Vipont (to Gordon.)

What ails thee, noble youth? What means this pause?—

Thou dost not rue thy generosity?

Gordon. I have been hurried on by a strong impulse,

Like to a bark that scuds before the storm,
Till driven upon some strange and dis-
tant coast,

Which never pilot dream'd of.—Have I not forgiven?

And am I not still fatherless?

Swinton. Gordon, no;

For while we live, I am a father to thee.

Gordon. Thou, Swinton?—no!—that cannot, cannot be.

Swinton. Then change the phrase,
and say, that while we live,

Gordon shall be my son.—If thou art fatherless,
 Am I not childless too? Bethink thee;
 Gordon,
 Our death-feud was not like the household fire,
 Which the poor peasant hides among its embers,
 To smoulder on, and wait a time for waking.
 Ours was the conflagration of the forest,
 Which, in its fury, spares nor sprout nor stem,
 Hoar oak nor sapling—not to be extinguish'd,
 Till Heaven, in mercy, sends down all her waters.
 But, once subdued, its flame is quench'd for ever;
 And Spring shall hide the track of devastation,
 With foliage and with flowers.—Give me thy hand.

To this appeal Gordon exclaims, "my hand and heart!—and freely now, to fight!" They accordingly gird themselves up for the combat; and just as Swinton was preparing to turn to advantage the post in the rear—which had in scorn been assigned to his and Gordon's vassals—by descending the hill obliquely, he feels the want of a skilful and trusty guide. Hardly had the knight expressed his wish, when up starts from a thicket, where he had been concealed, Hab Hattely, a border moss-trooper, whose neck Sir Alan had for some time "destined to the dodder'd oak" before his castle, for the besetting sin of the age—cattle-stealing. The brigand (as the fashionable phrase goes,) promptly offers his services to conduct this gallant handful to the destined point; and we need hardly say that they are cheerfully accepted. Swinton immediately puts himself under the guidance of honest Hab, and gives the following orders:

Aye, let all follow—but in silence follow,
 Scare not the hare that's couchant on her form—
 The couchant from her nest—brush not, if possible,
 The dew-drop from the spray—
 Let no one whisper, until I cry, "Havoe!"
 Then shout as loud's ye will.—On, on, brave Hab;
 On, thou false thief, but yet most faithful Scotsman!

The second Act opens with a scene in front of the position of the English main body, and King Edward, attended by Baliol, soon enters. The colloquy, of course, turns on the approaching battle, and opinions, highly characteristic of the different English Nobles, are respectively given on the condition and leaders of the Scottish Host. Among other circumstances, the King states incidentally, that at Weardale he had escaped almost by a miracle from the death-dealing iron mace of Swinton, who at midnight had burst into his tent, and would have slain him on the spot, but for the timely and unexpected gallantry of his chaplain, who, snatching a weapon, exposed himself to inevitable death to afford his royal master time to escape. Anon, however, the combat commences, and, as had been foreseen and foretold by Swinton, a shower of arrows from the English long-bows deals unrevenged death along the Scottish line. The men fall like stricken deer, their hot valour serving only to goad them to impatience and frenzy; and the whole army is thrown into irretrievable confusion, although the main body of the English had never been engaged.

The scene now changes to that part of the field where Gordon and Swinton, having skirted the side of the hill, and descended into the meadow, were engaged in a desperate struggle with overwhelming numbers. So powerful was the impression they had made on the English line, however, that, had the jealousy and infatuation of the Regent suffered him to send them timely succour, Plantagenet might have sustained a reverse as complete as that at Bannockburn, and been compelled to turn his bridle southward somewhat sooner than he had reckoned on. Fortunately for Edward, some evil spirit seemed to have taken possession of Douglas, who remained on the hill, a quiet spectator of the self-immolation of these heroic men, whose chivalrous valour gave him the only chance of victory.

In this trying moment, when even the firmest resolution might have given way, and the stoutest heart failed, Swinton, ever equal to himself and the emergency in which fate

had placed him, resorts to a generous stratagem to save the son of his ancient enemy. He orders the Gordon to spur to the Regent, and shew the instant need of succour. But Gordon disdains to save himself thus, and, although he had only a few moments before revealed to Swinton that he was betrothed to a lady of high rank and family in the North, exclaims,

No, thou wilt not command me seek my safety,—

For such is thy kind meaning,—at the expense

Of the last hope which Heaven reserves for Scotland.

While I abide, no follower of mine

Will turn his rein for life; but were I gone,

What power can stay them? and, our band dispers'd,

What swords shall for an instant stem yon host,

And save the latest chance of victory?

We are now carried to another part of the field, where Swinton enters, followed by the moss-trooper, who soon expiates a life of crime by an honourable death in defence of his country. Fate and Fortune declare against Scotland,—and Swinton, wounded and overpowered, exclaims,

All are cut down—the reapers have pass'd o'er us,

And hie to distant harvest.—My toil's over;

There lies my sickle. [*dropping his sword,*]

Hand of mine again

Shall never, never wield it.

Gordon tenderly bewails the fate of his gallant leader, who, though life was ebbing fast, continued to listen with intense emotion to every sound and symptom of the battle,—like the brave and chivalrous Wolfe, when mortally wounded on the Heights of Abraham. Death, however, was not sweetened to Swinton, as to Wolfe, and we may add, to Moore, by the assurance that the arms of his country were victorious;—and he receives the dreadful but not unlooked-for intelligence, that “all is lost!”—His last words are finely characteristic:

Rashness, and cowardice, and secret treason,

Combine to ruin us; and our hot valour,

Devoid of discipline, is madmen's strength,
More fatal unto friends than enemies!
I'm glad that these dim eyes shall see no more on't.—

Let thy hand close them, Gordon—I will think

My fair-hair'd William renders me that office.

Gordon and De Vipont immediately rush on the English line, and are both made prisoners, the former being mortally wounded; and when Plantagenet, who immediately comes up, asks what he can do “to honour bravery even in an enemy?” Gordon proudly answers,

Nothing but this:

Let not base Baliol, with his touch or look,

Profane my corpse or Swinton's. I've some breath still,

Enough to say—Scotland—Elizabeth.

De Vipont, the Templar, alone survives; and when reproached by Edward for bearing arms against a Christian King, contrary to the vows of his order, magnanimously retorts,

I was a Scotsman ere I was a Templar.

“Halidon Hill” is inscribed to Joanna Baillie, “at whose instance the task was undertaken,” as it should seem from the Advertisement, for the purpose of contributing to a miscellany projected by that celebrated lady; “but, instead of being confined to a scene or two, as was intended, the work gradually swelled to the size of an independent publication.”

In this powerful “Sketch” (if so it must be called,) we have met with little on which even the most malignant of our professional Zoili could fix his critical talons. The following is the only uncouth and cacophonous line in the whole work; we know not how the supplemental syllable escaped the nice and delicate ear of Sir Walter:

And thieving Armandale to see such misrule.

The shower of arrows poured into the Scottish line is thus described by Percy:

The thick volley

Darkens the air, and hides the sun from us.

This is certainly a violent simile:—we could wish the author had avoided it.

Our general opinion of the texture, management, and denouement of the plot, may be gathered from the tenor of our analysis; and those of our readers who have accompanied us thus far, will be able to judge whether the few observations we have yet to subjoin are justified by the complexion and merits of the performance under review. The character of Swinton is obviously a favourite with the author; to which circumstance we are probably indebted for the strong relief in which it is given, and the perfect verisimilitude which belongs to it. The stately, commanding figure, of the veteran warrior, whom, by the illusion of his art, the author has placed in veritable presentment before us;—his venerable age, superior prowess, and intuitive decision;—the broils in which he had engaged, the misfortunes he had suffered, and the intrepid fortitude with which he sustained them,—together with that vigorous control of temper, not to be shaken even by unmerited contumely and insult;—these qualities, grouped and embodied in one and the same character, render it morally impossible that we should not at once sympathize and admire. The inherent force of his character is finely illustrated in the effect produced upon Lord Gordon, by the first appearance of the man “who had made him fatherless.” He is overawed, and confesses himself conscious of a feeling of involuntary respect. In his youth, Sir Alan had but too deeply embarked in the stormy commotions of that rude and barbarous age: “But,” as my Lord of Byron says,

But Time, which brings all beings to their level,

And sharp Adversity, will teach at last Man,—and, as we would hope,—perhaps the devil,

That neither of their intellects are vast:

While youth's hot wishes in our red veins revel,

We know not this—the blood flows on too fast;

But as the torrent widens towards the ocean,

We ponder deeply on each past emotion!

Young Gordon is a chip of the same block with Swinton; differing from him only in degree, as the sapling differs from the gnarled oak, which the storms and tempests of ages have only rooted firmer and deeper in the soil. Inexperienced as a soldier, his last act of patriotic self-immolation proves that he was endowed with the hereditary valour of his race; while his whole conduct indicates a mind that had risen superior to the deepest and darkest prejudices of his age and country. Never, surely, was any thing more finely or beautifully imagined than the reply which he makes to the proffered generosity of the haughty and victorious Plantagenet.

What judgment that class of critics (a pretty large one, we presume,) who pronounce a verdict without the ceremony of a trial, and condemn, that they may get credit for the penetration and sagacity which should have led them to acquit, may condescend to “give out” on the dramatic effect of the “Sketch” before us, we will not be bold enough to conjecture: for our own parts, and, as far as we can trust to our feelings and our understanding—in this instance, perfectly in unison—we would say, that it appears to us to be of the very highest description, and, in this age of dramatic degeneracy, almost unique. And if there be any one who can read the Swinton's description of the entire desolation brought on his house and name by his feuds with the Gordons, or the death-scene where the young sprout and the venerable stem—the aged warrior and his youthful friend—lie side by side, the victims at once of jealousy and the most uncompromising devotion to their country's cause;—we say, if there be any one can read these passages without the most deep-felt emotion, we protest he must be composed of sterner stuff than we can boast of,—and, farther, that we do not envy him the possession of such happy insensibility! We could wish also, to dilate on the character of the brave Templar, De Vipont,—but we must have done.—“Halidon Hill” will add to the fame even of Sir Walter Scott!!!

WHAT SHALL I WRITE?

"It is a moral impossibility," said I, as I was sipping my chocolate, "to live another day without writing. I must be in print"—and I looked half mournfully, and half rejoicingly, on the last Number of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, which lay on the chimney-piece. I took it up for the twentieth time—I looked over its lovely clear large print—I rung the bell, and the place of the chocolate pan was supplied by my neat ebony inkstand, and hot-pressed letter-paper. To be in print, it is necessary to write—to write, it is necessary to have a subject; I bit my pen, played with my watch-chain, drew heads on the paper. "What the devil *shall* I write about?"

It is the most disagreeable thing in the world; when the imagination is galloping to the goal of undying fame, spurred on by the idea of future honour, and the inprimatur of Messrs Constable, to be retarded in our progress, by the impertinent realities of drawing forth, line after line, and sentence after sentence, and blotting out, time after time, our ill-digested crudities, without being able to please even one's self. I was ready to give the thing up, and with it all my hopes and all my fears of literary praise or censure. I walked about the room—looked out of the window—wondered what ailed me—had nearly sent "my article" to Hades;—but here other considerations had interfered. I pictured to myself the rewards of literary labour, the veneration with which I should be looked upon, the more respectful bow, and more graceful move, with which my male and female acquaintances would strive to do honour to the "writer in *The Edinburgh*,"—then the astonishment, the half incredulous envy of my intimates. I thought of my triumph, when, sauntering up to some friend, I should stroke my chin, adjust my cravat—"Ah! how d'ye do, Will?—how are you?—seen the *Magazines*?—What d'ye think?—Tell you a secret—I have—ha—give me a pinch of snuff—I—I write for '*The Edinburgh*.'"

Rap, rap, rap—"Good Heaven! what demon thunders at the gate?"

Mr C—— and Mr Scarlett Sir,—"

"Shew them in." "What d'ye think I'm doing?" I said to my friends as they entered. "Couldn't tell—writing a Sonnet to Miss T——'s eyebrow, perhaps, or ending an epistle to the widow?" "Hang you! joking—you're utterly wrong—I'm writing for '*The Edinburgh*—What say your Lordships?" "The thing is impossible," said Scarlett. "Thyself shall see the article," and I turned round, to fulfil my promise, when it struck me that my article was as yet but a thing of futurity, a mere idea—that I had not written a word. Scarlett laughed, and C—— looked "unutterable things." "Well, but lend me some assistance—give me a subject—what shall I write about?—here have I been this hour and a-half tormenting my goose-quill, and spoiling my yellow paper to no mortal purpose, experiencing

—'The shifts and turns,

The expedients and inventions multiform,
To which the mind resorts in chase of terms,

Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win"—

which, though Cowper calls them pleasant, are pleasures, it seems, which only poets know; for I, in my prosaic labours, find but little pleasure in them. But come, now for your answer." "A subject, man!" said Scarlett; "why, subjects are as plentiful as twenty-penny nails. Write on old bachelors, and your own feelings and experience will inspire you. Well, well, I see by the falling of your 'critical eyebrow,' the subject likes you not: write on love, on the propriety of courting widows—or"— "This is no answer, thou unfeeling man," I returned, interrupting his infernal prattle; "I want a good, excellent, fruitful subject, becoming such a Magazine; speak, pronounce, demonstrate." "Be patient, most excellent Scriblerus," cried C——; "you require much—a good subject." Suppose we say 'On the moral duties of unmarried men.' An excellent subject we will furnish you with, when the good one is digested; and as for the fruitful subject, write '*An Essay on Hot-houses*,' in imitation of *Semples*' '*On Gardens*.' Are you answered?" "Or suppose, as you keep a diary," added Scarlett, "you give some ex-

tracts from it; they will no doubt be edifying in the extreme. Here it is," he continued, seizing, *vi et armis*, on my red Morocco-covered journal—"Zounds! here's my own name; I have at least a right to see this," and he read on—

"Wednesday 3d. Rode out with Scarlett—went three miles at an easy canter—thought I was improving in horsemanship—lost my stirrup, and swung over;—as I was falling, caught hold of S——'s head, and knocked off his hat. Second thought—thought I was *not* improving. Scarlett grumbled, and said my saddle looked like a mule. Didn't take—Mem. To ask Whistlercraft what he meant—"

"Bravo! excellent! this will do; you need no other subject," roared both my friends; "so good-morning: we shall see you to-night at Lellon's," and so they left me to my meditations. They are two excellent fellows, and I know none that I prefer to them, or that have more good qualities. C—— is such a man as one would wish to call a friend. Warm hearted and cool headed, the impetuosities of his genius are held in due subjection by the clearness of his judgment. Though somewhat reserved in company, it is only needful to overcome his backwardness, to be delighted and surprised by his conversation. To a fund of good sense and correct ideas, called into constant exertion by acute and diligent observation, he adds a facility of apthess and allusion which is astonishing—the fruit of a deep acquaintance with, and recollection of the beauties of the best writers in every department of literature. Among our early authors in particular, (that wide, and, till late, neglected field of research and pleasure), he is, in the most literal sense of the phrase, "at home." Familiar with their times, their manners, their acquisitions in learning and science, he enters into their feelings with a fellowship and congeniality of sentiment, unknown to a mere modern man. The result of his studies and requirements is, that whatever subject he handles, he is always himself; having always his treasures at command, he can convert them to any use he pleases, and clothes his thoughts in colours, which set off

their native beauties to still greater advantage. Over whatever he writes is spread a bright gleam of intelligence, penetrating with acuteness resembling intuition into the causes of events and phenomena, and seizing with inconceivable rapidity on the links of a chain of reasoning, which astonishes while it convinces. His writings are the conclusions of frequent examination and deep research, and everywhere show the masterly and delicate hand of a scholar and a gentleman.

Will Scarlett is a different, not opposite, character. Younger than C——, and without so great a command over himself, his inclinations not seldom get the upper hand of his discretion. More formed for society, he possesses far more general attraction than his friend. Naturally gay, he brings mirth and cheerfulness with him, and is therefore every where a welcome visitor. But this is merely the outward ornament that covers the nobler stuff within; for his intellectual powers make him no less admired among his studious associates, than his handsome person (of which, by the way, I imagine Will is by no means insensible,) and conversational talents among the ladies and his lighter acquaintances.

I dwell with peculiar delight upon the recollection of the dinner I had with C——. It was the first time I had been quietly seated in conversation with him; and I had for some time previous enjoyed the anticipation of the feast. C——, Scarlett, and myself, formed the whole of the company; and with those two I enjoyed ten times the pleasure which I have ever felt in large and formal parties. The room was an old-fashioned apartment, with carved oak wainscoating, blackened with age; a blazing fire roared up the chimney, forming a pleasant contrast to the howling of the wind without, (for it was a dull November night). What real comfortable pleasure it was, after dinner, to sit by the hearth, and, while we discoursed, to sip our host's port, while the rich rough flavour of the Falernian was reasoned by the genuine attic of C——'s conversation! It was impossible not to think of the "*dissolve frigus*," &c. of Horace. These are the delightful hours, that,

like good wine, charm not only in present enjoyment, but leave a flavour behind them—hours that we recur to again and again, with unalloyed pleasure. It is in reminiscences like these that we feel the full force of the poet's words,

—“Hoc est
Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui—”

Over the chimney-piece hung a portrait of old Izaak Watson* ; and it does one good to contemplate his countenance, and compare the free, open-hearted, hospitable character of the frank old Angler, with the precise, cold-blooded generation of everyday beings that swarm around us—mere motes in the sunshine—“*fruges consumere nati*.” Let wits talk as they like about a rod, with a fish at one end, and a fool at the other ; the idea that a man like this thought such an amusement not unworthy of devoting his leisure to, ought at least to establish a title to respect for all anglers, and for an art itself, which, however men's taste may differ, has been the occasion of a work that every one, to whom the expression of goodness of feeling, and generosity of disposition, and purity and chastity of style, are sources of pleasure, will read with delight and advantage to himself, and feelings of admiration and esteem towards the author.

But, in the name of all the Nine, where am I running ? or what am I about ? Digression upon digression—friends—dinners—Horace—Walton—and anglers ! Restrain yourself, my good Sir, or I would not give a fillip for your chance of seeing your-

* I am fond of portraits of men who have made themselves worthy of remembrance. These lines of Rogers's I always read with peculiar pleasure, and they may be well introduced here.—

“ Ah ! most that art my grateful rapture calls,
Which breathes a soul into the silent walls ;
Which gathers round the wise of every tongue,
All, on whose words departed nations hung ;
Still prompt to charm with many a converse sweet,
Guides in the world, companions in retreat.”

self in the types of Messrs Ruthven. Why, the thing is a mere digression altogether, (and perhaps many of us, if we examined, might find the occupations of the greater part of our lives digressions.) and my time is expired—my paper is full—and my article is written before I have found an answer to my question—“What shall I write ?”

LAMIA.

THE LITERARY LEGACY.

No. VII.

MR EDITOR,

I REALLY cannot express myself in language sufficiently grateful for your kindness unto me, and therefore decline making the attempt ; but in order that you may be enabled to ascertain how the inner man was affected, when I felt myself, through the medium of your gentlemanly influence, standing, as it were, like Saul amongst the people, I flew to my escritoir, and dismissed that lying old proverb from my collection, “ Little doth the poor man good, and as little he gets.”

I do assure you, Sir, that the appointment has added a full inch to my altitude. *Consul* to the *Blue-Stocking Club* of our Scotch Metropolis, is an honour that none of my family ever presumed to aim at ; and though I certainly feel diffident of my abilities, an ailment that all ingenious young men complain of, when called to officiate in public, yet can I safely lay my hand on my heart and declare, that there is not an individual in these realms more sincerely attached to the fair sisterhood than myself, *ergo*, none more deserving of its confidence. I am quite delighted with the *costume* which their ladyships have commanded me to assume in public. True blue hose with scarlet gussets—blessed be the fingers that knitted them ! and the plaid too, a real *Stuart*—the dear tartan that puts my blood up, when I ponder on the past, and compels me to exclaim, “ Would to God I had been a *man* in the year Forty-five.” May I have grace, Mr Editor, to wear it as becomes my station ! Your valuable present, my dear Sir, in return, I presume, for the small sample of Mrs Connel's loving kindness.

came safe to hand. Allow me to declare, that I never so much as contemplated an equivalent, much less a forty-and-four-fold return. The *skate* is indeed most excellent, and he who makes wry faces at the grey-beard of *Fairtosh*, "may gravels round his bladder wrench;" but the poetic curse will neither affect me nor mine. Every one of my literary friends—and, thank God, they are both many and respectable—to whom I have sent *slices* of the one, and *soups* of the other, speak highly indeed of their superexcellencies, not only verbally, but also under hand and scal. By the bye, I have just received a note from one of the brotherhood, a gentleman to whom I have the honour of being slightly known, and whose good graces I sought to cultivate wth a *slice* and a *soup*. The language, Mr Editor, is hostile, and seems to indicate that the writer has evil designs in his head against your person. I therefore embrace the earliest opportunity of warning you, my good Sir, to be on your guard, and keep a sharp look-out.

Mayhap you would like to see a fair transcript of the billet in question. I anticipate your wish. Here it is:

"Mr *Thingumby*, of the 'GUARDIAN,' returns his best thanks to Mr Killigrew, and begs leave to acknowledge the sovereign efficacy of *skate* and *whisky*, in all cases of mental depression and physical debility. Mr T. 'lang'd for skate to mak' him wanton,' to a certainty. The main-spring of his mind had so completely lost its elasticity, that he actually found himself under the painful necessity of hammering his *leading* articles to the tune of "Ten dull syllables in one dull line;" a melody of itself amply sufficient to mar the sale of every Journal in town, the Guardian excepted, whose main stays, thank God! are the poulterer, cheesemonger, tobacconist, and Buttock-o'-Beefchop. But if his mental system was an object of commiseration, the physical powers were also to be pitied. Mr T. had a strong political antipathy to a certain North Country gentleman, Mr Editor of 'The Edinburgh,' by name, and longed mightily to floor him. He accordingly made it his business to foregather with the said

man of letters, called him a *Whig*, and set to; but such was the imbecility of both soul and body, that Mr T.'s fist positively bounded from the fellow's ribs like a spittle off a tailor's goose; and, what was altogether insufferable, the defendant actually stood stock still all the while, winking to his companions, and laughing in his sleeve at the impotent assailant.

"But Mr T. is determined to have another *bout*. He has put himself in a course of *training*, dismissed all manner of *callipash* from his table, and strictly adheres to a skate and whisky diet, the most effective of all renovators. Will friend Killigrew have the goodness to send him another *wing*, and a soup-mair o' *yon*? The last slice and the last noggin are before him. Mr T. feels confident that the boon will be cheerfully granted, well knowing that his friend's philanthropy never was appealed to in vain by a fellow-creature in distress."

On perusing *Thingumby's* note, I besecch you, my valued friend, to be calm, and upbraid me not with the heinous crime of supplying the enemy with ammunition. Most solemnly do I protest, that the man's enmity was unknown to me when I unwittingly complimented him with a portion of your good cheer, and further, that I knew no more of his being a literary *bruiser* than the child unborn. But I will lock my cupboard, and withhold his supplies. In case you should happen, Mr Editor, to foregather with the man, and it is not at all unlikely, for he hath said, in the pride of his heart, "I will have another *bout*," let me entreat you, my good friend, to keep your temper as heretofore, and abstain from the shedding of blood. Oh, Sir, it is a frightful colour to smear the conscience with. I knew two young gentlemen who filled no less than fourteen families with doleful forebodings, merely through suffering their wrath to get the better of their discretion. They paid their addresses to the same lady, they set off to visit her at the same hour, they travelled abreast on the same road, and conversed on various subjects. On striking into the avenue that led to her father's house, they espied Miss Bridget coming down the foot-way,

and she them. Would to Heaven it had been otherwise ordained! The giddy, light-headed girl, being full of frolic, waved her handkerchief, and cried aloud, or rather chanted, for she possessed an exceeding fine voice, "Black bird, white bird, wha will tig me first?" and away they went, like a couple of greyhounds from the slip. The foremost dashed his foot against a stone, and down he went, breadth and length, in a glaur dub. The hindmost tumbled over him, and fractured his nose. Then did their evil stars begin to shed baleful influence. Broken nose blamed his bemired rival, called him a spavined cuissar, and kicked his breech. This, of course, was not to be endured. Bad words begot worse, seconds were named, and pistols spoken of—but, softly, where am I going? By jing! I had almost forgot my promise, notwithstanding the second canto of Mrs Dorothy's wrapper-rhyme lays at my elbow; I therefore do myself the honour of presenting it.

THE GYRE CARLINE.

(Continued.)

THEY bauldly arose our gausie Gudewife,
Wi' the fire slaught in her e'e,
"That e'er sic a crew shoud' breed i' the
land,
The mair is the shame," quoth she.
"Our black-hooded Friars, and grey-hood-
ed Friars,
As thrang as the sea wash'd sand,
Lie down i' the bield o' our bonniest
bowers,
And feed on the fat o' the land.
"And warlocks and witches, roaming at
will,
Elve-shooting our sheep and kye,
And making grey naigs o' our bonniest
bairns,
Curse light on their souls! say I."
The father devoutly coost up his een,
And faulding his hands, quoth he,
"Awa, awa, thou evil woman,
Wi' thine awsome blasphemie.
"The flood of iniquity thou hast pour'd
out,
Might bring on the godliest land
More terrible curses than Moses shook
Frae his wonder-working wand;
"And cause thee to graze, like the Vaunt-
er of old,
Among the nowt on the brae,

Yet, nevertheless, wi' the choicest good
Thine evil will I repay.

"His wits I'll restore to thine only son,
And open his death-seal'd e'e,
And cause him, wi' joyfu' and gladden'd
heart,
To minister unto me."

Wi' that frae his wallet a bottle he took,
Baith sonsie and sleek to see,
And made o' the comeliest Kendal *Ben**
E'er came from the South Countrie.

"This holy vessel containeth," quo' he,
"The sweat o' a sainted sage,
Wha ran a devout and a godly race,
And died in a good old age.

"But when his remains on the hallow'd
bier
Were moving towards the grave,
A demon o' darkness stood on the knowe
And drew his ungodly glaive.

"Syne yell'd to his black and accursed
crew,
The bier to encompass round,
And seize on the bones o' the blessed auld
man,
Ere they rested on holy ground.

"Adown the brae, wi' an eldritch shout,
The legion o' fiends halloo'd,
Some gnashing their teeth, and ithers a
flood

O' the bleeczing brunstane spued.

"And as the faith o' the terrified Monks
Dissolv'd in a shriek o' fear,
And as they shaw'd to the rampant foe
The brawus o' a cowardly rear,

"The servants o' Satan boldly advanced,
And fiercely to work they fell,
Like fire-brand fiends, on the blessed prey,
Wi' horrid and hideous yell.

"But the mighty saint arose in his shroud
Wi' a rood o' the genuine tree,
And soon made the bauldest tak' to the
bent,
He fought sae couragouslie.

"And owre the *Lang Moor* the infernal
host
So hotly he did pursue,
That a' the heath hang wi' his precious
sweat,
Like blobs o' the simmer dew.

"In triumph, the brave and victorious
man
Return'd ere the sun went down,

* Kendal, in Westmorland, has been
long famed for the excellence of its *Ben*,
or sole leather.

Syne quietly gaed awa to his grave,
Where snugly he sleeps, and soun'.

"But the faithful arose, and trail'd owre
the moor

His hallowed winding sheet,
And into a vessel, unfashion'd by hands,
They wrung out the blessed sweat.

"Its manifold virtues never decay,
Nor lessens its ancient guage,
But still holds out, like the widow's oil-
cruise,
Enduring from age to age.

"It brightens our glimmering een when
we doze

I' the maze o' monastic lear,
It gladdens our souls, when wasted and
worn

Wi' fasting and fervent prayer.

"And nought i' the land is fitter, I ween,
Nor better devis'd can be,
To heeze the heart o' a dying saint
On the bourn of eternitie.

"Bring hither a quegh," quo' the douce
auld man,

And stroak'd his beard sae grey,
Syne pour'd out the cordial, lucent, I
ween,

As the balmy dewes of May.

The cup wasna weel frae the young mil-
ler's lps

When his blood began to thowe,
And his cauld heart, in its joyless hool,
Was warm'd wi' the kindest glow.

The next made his een like twa comely
stars,

I' the bree o' the winter night,
Fu' bonnie beam on his kith and kin,
Wi' a pure and a sparkling light.

But when that the sonsie third he had
toom'd

O' its holy and precious brie,

"The better o't never was barrel'd," he
cried,

"By the brewsters o' Burgundie :

"For lo, it descends, like the summer
shower,

On parch'd and on thirsty plains,
I feel the warmth o' its generous worth
Approaching my verra reins.

"And O the effects o' its matchless
might

Are greater than tongue can tell !
My heart is sae heez'd, I could bang the
whole hyke,

And touze auld Maggie hersel *.

"And now I'll relate, wi' a faithfu' tongue,
The feats o' that dreadfu' night,
The pranks that were play'd, and the
cantrips cast,
By the new moon's lancesome light.

"Among the whins, wi' an uncannie tow,
The Jezabel tether'd me,
Where monie a steed to the sea-fowls'
scream

Was snoring fu' piteouslie †.

"And doubtless they'd been by the bel-
dames bewitch'd,
As dozing and slumbering they lay,
For the lids o' their een, and their senses
were seal'd,

Though they sobbed and shook wi' dis-
may.

"And sae did my banes ; for I ne'er was
sae scaur'd

Since the blessed hour I was born,
When squadrons o' carlines alighted, like
craws,

On the rigs o' the new-sawn corn.

"Down loup'd *Nause Neiven*, wha wick-
edly waw'd

On the rigging o' Twynholm mill,
Till auld *Miller Donaldson* coost aff his
sark,

And danced on the sheeling hill.

"Down lap *Nicky Hcron*, wha purr'd on
the hearth

To the howdie at Auchincairn,
Till the waeifu' gudwife sipped a' the het
yill,

And smother'd a braw knave bairn.

"Then, scooping the lift, on a green broom
cove,

Came *Jenny McClure* o' Troqueer,
Wha sat wi' her *pluff* on the hemlock
knowe,

And shook *Davie Halliday's* bier.

knowledge, though slender enough, was
amply sufficient to impose on ignorant
credulity. The good fathers of those
days, it seems, were wont to administer
spiritual consolation to all such as were
afflicted with mental lassitude, from a
leather bottle, curiously decorated with
hieroglyphical devices,—and very gravely
attributed the flow of animal spirits, usu-
ally succeeding the doze, to supernatural
causes.

† It would appear that these hag-
ridden unfortunates had been transformed
into quadrupeds by the enemy when fast
asleep. Not so our intelligent and very
circumstantial narrator, whose optics were
only beginning to close when Maggie
shook her *bridle of power*, otherwise, in
all probability this interesting tale would
never have seen the light.

* Distillation, saith a curious old tradi-
tion still to be met with in some parts of
Galloway, was first practised in Scotland
by the primitive *Devotees*, whose chemical

"And auld *Luckie Oliver* lap frae the lift,
Whase graceless glainour, I ween,
Gaur'd *Dominie Gordon* sing bawdy sangs
To the souter on Faern's e'en.

"I gaz'd wi' dismay on the horrible crew,
Whase graceless faces I kend,
Till terror took hault o' my tottering banes,
And bristled my mane on end.

"But O how I shook i' the throes o' affright,
Like the leaves o' Balachan-Linn,
When on the sca-beuch, frae a stalwart
steed,
Alighted the *Gyre Carline* !

"She came frae the west, on the deep-
sobbing wind,
Array'd i' the gaudiest gear,
And round her the warlocks o' wide Gal-
lowa'
Were yellochan awfu' to hear.

"The gathering wave o' her withering
hand,
The frightfu' flare o' her een,
Will aye scare my rest, like the Spedling's
ghaist
That howls on the castle green."

I will do my endeavours to furbish up another canto of this old legend for your next publication—a task, by the bye, that is far from being bairns' play, owing to the tattered condition of Mrs Dorothy's wrappers; and, with respect to Miss Dinwoodie, for whose personal safety you seem to be in the fidgets, please to inform all inquiring friends, that she is in Christian hands, if we may give credit to the continuation of her story herewith inclosed. With best love to the whole literary corps, I remain,

My dear Sir,

Yours for ever and ever,

SAML. KILLIGREW.

London, 1822.

THE BRIDE OF BALACHAN.

(Concluded.)

Gallowa' Tam rides far and near,
There's nane can grathe in siccan gear;
The loons cry out wha sing the psalm,
"Room on the stool for Gallowa' Tam."
Old Song.

THE female heart, owing to its affinity for the balms and wormwoods that sweeten and embitter life, is a curiosity that every author worthy of perusal delights to analyze; and were it not that I have other fish to fry,

most assuredly would I set about beseeching mankind to discard laughter and lamentation altogether from the catalogue of their worldly duties, and leave sorrowing and rejoicing entirely to the ladies. Grief sparkles to the best advantage in the eye of an amiable woman, and joy is the most worthy of being so called when brightening a fair face. But any man, with half an eye, may perceive that I have already too many irons in the fire, and that it will require my very best exertion to hammer them all in a workmanlike manner. Such being the fact, I must of necessity abandon the notion of writing an essay on gentle hearts for the present, and diligently attend to my anvil. So here it goes! John Dinwoodie and his wife were much to be pitied. A beloved daughter, in whom their tenderest hopes were fondly treasured up, was missing, under circumstances that rendered the case peculiarly distressing. Their only son had rode away, for the avowed purpose of seeking his sister where haply she might be found, and his long absence gave rise to many unpleasant remarks. Wattie Shaw, the ploughman, returned about midnight from a fruitless search, with many strange reports of the Elf-knowe affair, which he solemnly declared were passing for sterling currency in every village he visited,—the most prominent of which was thus related by Walter: "When passing through *Clachancaulzie*, I rode up to a wheen folk assembled before the smithy-door to make inquiries; but no sooner did I mention Balachan Grange, than the whole of them held up their hands, tauld a most frightfu' story about Aggie and the Elf-knowe, and speered if it was really true that the fairies had flown awa wi' her? 'That's beyond a' manner o' doubt,' quo' the smith's wife; 'for a certain person o' my acquaintance foregathered wi' a wayfaring man wha had been an eye-witness to the whole transaction frae first to last, and he confirmed every syllable o' the tale that *Johnny Swingletree* tauld in our smithy about the young woman. The bridal folk, it wou'd appear, were delving awa i' the consciousness o' their ain strength, for not one o' them had a Bible in his

pouch to keep the elves in awe that dwalt i' the knowe; and just when they had gotten a deil's dizen o' sods flaed, and that's thirteen, the fairy pipes began to play, the green swaird shivered like the hide o' a naig beast when the clegs vex him, shook the whole posse o' howkers aff their legs, and the heels-owre-head tumbling that ensued was truly frightfu'. But the mischief didna end there. The enchanted knowe continued to heave and writhe, and shake its sides i' the throes o' travail, until it perfectly burst like a bewitched haggis; and the hubbub o' voices, mingled wi' a' sorts o' music, that arose frae its shuddering ruins, and smote the stoutest heart wi' dismay, was altogether untholcable. Then did the assailants begin to suspect that they had gotten the wrang sow b' the lug. Before ye cou'd ha'e playt that, quo' Brunty's wife, clapping her twa hands thegither, 'the eldritch din became doubly terrific, and myriads o' wee fingers and thumbs alighted on the naked parts o' their flesh. Haffits were buffeted, lugs nipped, and noses wrung in abundance. The yells o' the lads, and the skirls o' the lasses, were distinctly heard a' the gate at Closeburn Kirk. But the bridegroom, poor fellow, was dealt wi' in a still more extraordinary manner. Twa grimy hands, wi' lang black claws, gripped him hard and fast, and skelped the waefu' lad wi' his ain *taves* until he was baith black and blue.' " Wattie Shaw enumerated no less than eleven editions of this very singular story that he had fallen in with on his route, all differing from each other, in some respects, as to minor particulars, though the leading features, generally speaking, were much alike; and should my worthy readers not feel inclined to marvel at these trifling facts, the short space of time in which so many curious tales were manufactured, will certainly induce them to lift up their eyes, and pass a fine encomium on the inventive powers of our Scottish peasantry. For my own part, I candidly acknowledge, and without a morsel of egotism, that there is not a fellow in all the dale more capable of covering a sheet of foolscap with literary balderdash than myself, and yet do I most humbly

declare, that the Elf-knowe fracas was completely clothed in legendary weeds, and sent into the wide world to shift for itself, before I possibly could have supplied it with that first of requisites—a shirt. But, as Wattie Shaw very judiciously observed, " 'Most assuredly, he that hath wings revealed the matter' in a state o' primitive simplicity, and it travelled awa, no doubt, without even the semblance o' a fig-leaf, until the women, and more especially the auld ancs, spun a coat o' many colours out o' their ain noddles to cover its nakedness. Whatever town I rode through, they were assembled in clusters, a' gabbling at ance about Aggie and the Elf-knowe, and running through ither, just like a wheen adders making a bead. The deil a bit o' me can believe," continued Wattie, " that there's a better set o' wives under the canopy o' the heavens than our ain for contriving queer stories." Aye, aye, Walter, the auld wives o' merry auld Scotland are qucer auld wives—that's all. But the idea of having their names, and likewise those of their children, transmitted to posterity by means of a ludicrous legend, contributed also to the uneasiness of John Dinwoodie and his wife; and witnessing their friends and neighbours gradually departing from a scene where anxiety and vexation had fully superseded bridal gaiety, tended much to embitter their cup of sorrow. They retired to rest, but sleep was afar from their pillow. Mrs Drummond arose on Wednesday morning as usual, and set the house in order. Miss Harriet also bestirred herself at an early hour, and, with the assistance of Jenny Dawson, dismissed the kye, clauted the byre, and laid in a supply of peat-fuel for the day's consumption, whilst Wattie Shaw buried himself in the stable and elsewhere. Mr and Mrs Morrison also made their appearance in due time, and accompanied John Dinwoodie and his wife ben the house, where they found Willie Dandison, Jamie Scott, and Hughie Paisley, in close conversation,—Mrs Simpson and her husband having taken their departure for Toddyburn smithy the preceding evening, escorted by Sandy Watt. What the conversation may have

been between Willie and his two friends, I pretend not to say; though it is more than probable that Linty and the fiddler were comparing notes, and very probably all three of them successively commenting on what they had seen and heard in respect of Miss Dinwoodie's elopement. Be that as it may, the young laird had certainly repented him of his hasty conversion on Tuesday night, if we may be allowed to deduce an opinion from the tenor of his conversation immediately after breakfast; and it would appear, that John Dinwoodie and Nansie had also been tainted with heresy, notwithstanding a coincidence of circumstances induced them to pin their faith to Mrs Simpson's sleeve. Indeed I might quote the words of that worthy couple to prove the correctness of my assertion; but it appears to me, that Willie Dandison's recantation is somewhat more explicit, and therefore do I present it to my readers in preference.

"Notwithstanding a' that has been said," quo' Linty, addresssing himself to the company in general, "I ken na what to think o' this Elf-knowe story. Here's a blooming young woman, i' the prime o' life, gaes out to breathe the morning air, and listen to the laverocks. A green spirit fa's in luvie wi' her; makes his approachs i' the most engaging manner; cuddles her into a Lilliputian, and finally vanishes wi' the fair fruit o' his mysterious address. Now this is a plain statement o' the case, without a single sprig o' decoration; and when either man or mither's son can satisfy my conscience that *material* is capable o' handling *immaterial*, and *vice versa*, then will I believe that Aggie Dinwoodie's awa wi' the fairies;—but the thing's impossible, and therefore canna be done. Depend on't, the lassie was gripped by kirsens'd fingers. Deil a bit o' me can believe, after a', that fairies, and bannies, and so forth, ever dwalt onie where else than in empty heads." "Far be it frae me, Mr Dandison," quo' the miller's wife, "to quarrel wi' ye, because, forsooth, we dinna just agree in opinion; but let me tell ye, Sir, that ministers o' the Presbytery, and elders o' the Kirk o' Scotland, believe i' the fairies; and I ha'e rad a black prented beuk mysel',

that ga'e a true and faithfu' account o' Brownie, or Billie-Blin, as they ca' him in Gallowa', a beuk that might satisfy the most scrupulous conscience as to his being a sojournier i' the land. Besides, there's abundance o' auld folk about Newabbey, wha ha'e seen him as often as they ha'e teeth i' their head, and can also point out his howffs. The very last time I was there on a visit to my gudeman's aunt, she made mention o' an auld barn that Brownie frequented, i' the immediate neighbourhood, and tauld a tale about him that I'll ne'er forget, because it places the most ancient and amiable o' our domestic spirits in sic a gentlemanly point o' view." "About a year or twa before gude King James set his face against glamour, and witchcraft, and evil spirits," quo' Elspeth Morrison, "the laird o' Kinderside's only dochter, and indeed his only bairn, was in great tribulation on account o' an auld moorland warlock that had fa'en in luvie wi' her; and sae greatly dreaded was he, that she durstna for her life deny his suit." It so happened, that the young lady was walking on the loch-side ae simmer night, bewailing the fate that awaited her, when Billie-Blin made his appearance. But I may just as well tell ye the tale as Elspeth tauld it me. It has been busked in rhyme by some body or ither, and begins this gate:

The simmer sun's departing beams
Were streaming owre the fell,
On fair Lochkinder's glossy flood,
Where prancing Kelpie's yell.

On fair Lochkinder's scraggie banks
And braces so green to see,
Where suddenly the mavis staid
On every sprouting tree:
Her vesper sang to hear the wail
Of Katherine Ogilvie.

She lifted up her lovely een,
On gilded cliff and clough,
And every rill its murmur ceas'd,
And hush was every bough.

She open'd her melodious lips,
Ripe as the red herring,
And sweetly fell on echo's ear
The melting minstrelsie:

"Ye gazing deer, that skim the down
And browse in green-wood gay;
Ye merry birds, that wake the moun
And flit from spray to spray,

- "Draw near—and sympathize wi' me,
Ye children o' the wild,
For I am sad, and sick of life,
Affliction's favourite child.
- "In forest green ye freely range
And flit from bough to bough,
Your brided mates ye freely choose,
And sylvan pastures too.
- "Nor aught impedes your rural loves,
Nor aught restrains your joys,
At large ye sip the pure delights,
The bless o' mutual choice :
- "Whilst I, Lochkinder's ae dochter,
Whase woods ye range sae free,
Maun shun the blink o' that sweet star,
Young *Auchindolly's* e'e ;
- "Maun dight my dozing, sleepless een,
The live lang night, I trow,
When faulted in the wizard arms
O' stalwart *Carlinclough*.
- "Full monie a crap o' helmed heads
My father's glaive has shorn,
But *Carlinclough* wou'd mock its might,
And laugh its wrath to scorn.
- "He shakes his nieve in wizard ire,
At Keep and Barbican,
And off they scour, like summer stour,
Before the tempest blawn.
- "His warlock belt, wi' awsom glowr,
Around his head he swings,
And pestilence and sudden skaith
Upon his victim flings.
- "And his pyke-staff, o' Lapland growth,
Inlaid wi' monie a spell,
Ay scaurs my heart, when he draws near
His tale o' love to tell.
- "But I maun climb his bridal bed,
And thole his gruesome love,
Nor daur I wi' a leer presume,
His jealousy to move.
- "And I, Lochkinder's ae dochter,
His wedded wife maun be,
Else a' the ills and waes o' life
Await on mine and me ;
Sae fareweel peace for evermair,"
Quo' Katherine Ogilvie.
- "Now cease to grieve, my winsome dear,"
An eldritch voice did say,
"To sic a fate Kate Ogilvie
Shall never fall a prey.
- "Nor *Carlinclough*, wi' a' his wiles,
Sic maiden treasure win,
Else blame for ay the feckless arm
O' faithfu' *Billy-Blin*."
- The lady Katherine gaz'd around,
Wi' wildly wondering e'e,
And she beheld twa hairy hands
Sprout from the hollow tree.
- And she beheld, wi' shuddering heart,
A head o' matted hair,
And brawny arms and shoulders broad
O' earthly claithing bare.
- And bodey, too, o' goodly growth,
Wi' hairy girdle bound,
Leap lightly from the hollow trunk,
And tumble on the ground.
- But in a trice, wi' active heels,
That shaw'd agilitie,
The hairy elve lap to its legs,
And bow'd right courteously.
- His claiith-yard stature, buirdly back,
And sober landart air,
Tauld Katherine's een, o' starry sheen,
That strength was dwelling there.
- His features full, wi' kindness fraught,
His glinting een also,
Proclaim'd a heart that cou'dna thole
The wail o' maiden woe.
- "Fair ladye," said the tawny elve,
O' visage lank and dun,
"This ancient face has tholed the look
O' monie a simmer sun.
- "These aged hands ha'e swung the flail,
And held the toiling plough,
When yon auld aik an acorn hang
Upon the parent bough.
- "And these twa faithfu' feet ha'e trudg'd
Around the lonesome fauld,
When gude *King Robert* shook his glaive,
And foemen stood appal'd.
- "A faithfu' *Bronnie* ha'e I been
To a' thy bauld forebears,
And wi' thy race ha'e blithely row'd
Adown the stream of years.
- And now thatither Lords maun heir
These antient hills and plains,
And gude Lochkinder's gentle blood
Maun rin in ither veins,
- Ha'e I presum'd, wi' humble heart,
My liege and leal ladye,
To doff the cloak that spirits wear,
And shaw mysel' to thee :
- "To bare mine arm in thy behalf,
Sweet ladye, saft and kind ;
And scaur the waes that haunt thy
And spill thy peace o' mind.
- "Young *Auchindolly* weel deserves
The fairest i' the land,
And he has won thy virgin heart,
And he shall ha'e thy hand.
- Nor shall the skill o' *Carlinclough*
Against his suit prevail,
Though cap-a-pees the wizard woad,
In a' his warlock mail."

"There's a wheen verses here and there that ha'e deserted my memory a'thegither, but I remember the tenor o' them weel enough, and that's the main thing. Brownie tauld Miss Ogilvie, that he had a scheme in contemplation for cutting aff the auld warlock, and that twa o' his spiritual cronies had faithfully promised to lend a helping hand. Wha d'ye think, now, were Billy's confederates?"

"There's dappled *Kelpie* o' the pool,
And *Midge*, the liveliest fay
F'er shook a foot on daisy bloom,
Or lilted rural ay—

Twa sworn associates o' mine,
Of courage staunch and tried,
Nor walls there three more neighbourlie
In Gallowa' sae wide."

"I really ha'e forgotten what passed between Brownie and the young leddy at parting, but it's a matter o' nae consequence. On the bridal morning, Carlinclough's man gaed into the stable to gi'e his master's dappled naig a gude dressing; but he hadna weel began to curry his hide, when the poor fallow was seized wi' a dreadful shivering, that gaur'd his verra knees knock thegither, and the cauld sweat gush frae every pore o' his body.

"After a severe struggle, he contrived to saddle the beast, and bring him out to the close; but without sae meikle as jealousy the trick that had been play't. Carlinclough buckled on his glamour belt, mounted the steed, and set aff for Kinder-side, followed by his man on a black Gallowa', that wasna just what it seemed to be; and if the lad had cause to shake i' the stable, he had also cause to marvel i' the craft.

"Preserve us," cried the wondering groom,
As he rode up behind,
"That courser's hoofs are surely shod
To amble on the wind.

Nor stony ground, nor grassy glebe,
His trackless pressure feels,
Although the vivid flaughts o' fire
Are glinting frae his heels."

"I ha'e infus'd in his brave hoofs
Baith might and mettle too,
And scarcely ha'e they time to touch
The ground," quo' Carlinclough.

And roundly did he speed away
O'er moor and mountain dun,

Till he beheld Lochkinder waves
Glance to the noon-day sun.

Then did his rampant courser bound
At once o'er bank and brake,
Toss his bright mane, wi' hideous yell,
And plunged him in the lake.

"When *Kelpie* had gotten to the verra middle o' Lochkinder, he shook the auld warlock aff his back, and drouked out o' sight among the water-flags; for ye'll please to observe, that he had personated Carlinclough's grey naig. By this time the Loch-side was lined wi' bridal folk and lookers-on frae a' quarters, anxious to see what wou'd become o' the bridegroom. The auld fallow struggled hard for his life, and made a bauld push for the shore, but his hour was come—

He gied a scraigh, an awsome scraigh,
That scaur'd baith young and auld,
And twa black hands down by the heels
'The gasping wizard haul'd."

Mrs Morrison, in all probability, had still a few verses to recite, and, in default of rhyme, it is equally probable that she would have made a very handsome prose apology for the abrupt termination of her truly romantic tale, besides delivering a few comments, by way of illustration, for the benefit of Willie Dandison and others; but Jenny Dawson bounced ben the house in her usual light-headed manner, with a piece of intelligence that diverted the tide of discourse into a quite different channel. "Here's *Randy Meg* and the twa cuddies," quo' Jenny, "coming down the loaning; I suppose she may ca' them to the craft, and tak' up her quarters i' the kiln. There's to be nae clanjamphy there the night, that I ken of, but *hirpling Grizzly* and *Rob's Jack*, the Lochmaben packman."

"Tak' the bairns out o' the panniers, Jenny, my woman," quo' Mr Dinwoodie, "and tether the cuddies, and tell Margaret Marshall to come down the house to me. She's a tinkler-wife, it's true, and uncouth enough at times, baith in her dress and her address; but she ha' gotten a kind, warm heart, and that's what I like aboon a' things,"—an article of which Jenny Dawson herself was also most happily possessed. She flew to the close, handed the young itinerants

on their wicker palanquins, and delivered her message.

Mrs Marshall accepted the invitation, and made her appearance before the gadewife accordingly.—“Come awa’, Margaret,” quo’ Nanse Dinwoodie, “and gi’e me a grip o’ your hand. Oh, woman, little did I expect that my downsitting i’ the house o’ mourning wou’d ha’e been sae unco sudden the last time I saw ye.” “And as little did I trow,” observed Mrs Marshall, “to ha’e found a wet cheek, or a sair heart, at the Grange o’ Balachan, this day. The body, Mrs Dinwoodie, has its ailments, and the mind its troubles to contend wi’. Bodily trouble, when wasting the flesh, is often ill to thole, but mental affliction is much more severe, for it preys on the spirit, and, God knows, ye ha’e got enough o’t. The grey gate that Aggie has gane might bow down a stouter spirit than your’s; and that ye may ha’e strength to walk wi’ an upright heart under the dispensation, and grace to profit by its chastening, is what I’ll petition for, this blessed night, on my bare knees.” Fine words for a tinkler wife! At the close of her speech, John Dinwoodie, somehow or other, felt himself called upon to vindicate his paternal character, and also that of his wife. He accordingly proceeded, in a fine tone of genuine sensibility, to make manifest the purity of their motives for countenancing Gawin’s suit; but every lady and gentleman then present, declared themselves perfectly satisfied on that score, particularly Jamie Scott, who said much in a few words. Miller Morrison also spoke to the purpose, in a neat little oration, teeming with eloquence, and sparkling with brilliancy; and after heartily concurring in all that had fallen from his worthy colleagues, he set about procuring information relative to Miss Dinwoodie’s case, from a quarter that he verily believed was perfectly competent to supply his wants. Thirlam-whairn, like unto myself, put much more confidence in the man of plain plodding experience than ever he could find in his heart to place in the most plausible theorist; and the moment Randy Meg was announced, it struck him most forcibly, that she was a very fit person to consult, be-

ing a woman who had seen the world, and at the same time connected with a portion of the community famed all over Europe for their skill in divination. Full of this conceit, the miller accosted Margaret Marshall in these words, “Ha’e ye onie notion, Meg, how to deal wi’ the fairies when they commit depredations o’ this sort?” “Fairies!” quo’ Meg; “what d’ ye mean, miller? Conversation about inps and elves is a’ verra weel in its season, but I wou’d like to ken what fairies ha’e ado wi’ the trouble that afflicts this house.” Willie Dandison was acute enough to perceive that the tinkler wife had some knowledge of the bride’s route, and, in order to afford Meg an opportunity of communicating what she knew, he thus addressed her: “We’re completely at a stand still, Mrs Marshall. The fairies ha’e enticed awa’ Miss Dinwoodie, and there’s nane o’ us weird enough to break the enchantment that hauds her durance. Ha’e ye onie knowledge o’ the black art?” Randy Meg stared about her like a woman bewitched, not knowing whether Linty was in earnest, until one and all assured her that such really was the prevailing opinion, and marvelled much at her ignorance of Aggie’s exit at the Elf-knowe. “Weel, Sirs,” quo’ Randy Meg Marshall, “I think ye’re a’ demented together. Fairies indeed! she’s aff wi’ GALLOWA’ TAM.” Be it known, gentle reader, that I purposely omit the broken-winded conversation that ensued, not because it is altogether uninteresting, but really I know not how to stick it together. Mrs Marshall was interrupted in her narration no less than seven-and-twenty times and a half, owing, no doubt, to the anxiety of all concerned to possess the particulars sooner than they could possibly cross the threshold of her lips; and were I to put on record every question, cross-question, and reply, that passed between Margaret and her audie blended with portions of the story itself, likely enough my good-natured friend, the reader, might feel himself inclined to twirl up his nose at the higgledy-piggledy hodge-podge. I will therefore, with his permission, insert Meg’s tale at full length, without any digression whatever,

pledging myself, as usual, for the correctness of the version. "When our Johnny and me left the laird o' *Scrubbicraft's* kiln yesterday morning," quo' Mrs Marshall, "and had fairly gotten out o' sight o' the town, we tethered the cuddies, and sat down at the hip o' a hollin bush by the road-side, to satisfy ourself about the settlement we had wi' him, for he's an auld suspicious *hizy-fallow*, and folk o' that denomination, ye ken, are seldom what they shou'd be. The poor woman's meikle to be pitied that's trysted wi' him, but he'll be brought to beuk ane o' thae days, in a manner he little jealouses. Weel, as I was gaun to tell ye, there had been a rinnin score, o' lang standing, between us. Three dizen o' nowt spoons; a dizen and a half o' ram cutties; twa superfine green dividers, chased round the edges; a pair o' woo' cairds, and clasp- ing crockery without end, for the servant lassies just tak' a delight in breaking his ware; forbye twa smoothing-airns and a lug to the kail-pot, constituted the main body o' what we had anent him. *Scrubbicraft* being a beuk-learned man, coost up the accounts his ain gate, paid us plack and penny out o' his ain hand, for he never suffers the gudewife to finger siller, and awa he gaed to flit the fauld, before Johnny and me had gotten the nick-stick thoroughly examined. So we sat down ahint the hollin bush, as I said before, and had just gotten the length o' the woo' cairds, when my gudeman ga'e a bit o' a start, as a body may do when ta'en by surprise, and said unto me, 'Preserve us, Peggy, what's that?' We baith got up, and heard a kind o' scampering down i' the glen, and presently a braid blue bonnet made its appearance among the bushes. Weel, quoth I to myself, a tippeny cat may look, at the king; haith I'll see what's under the canopy before my hunkers salute green grass. We accordingly kept our een on the look-out; and when bonnet, and body, and every thing else, became perfectly manifest, wha shou'd it be but *Gallowa' Tam*, wi' ane o' thae green cavalier cloaks on, riding a bonnie grey naig, and a young lass ahint him.

"I never saw a soupler beast in a'

my travels. Oh! how gallantly he lifted his legs, and stricked hisself on the brae at every spring, just as tho' he had been loup- ing for dear life. His mettle was also without parallel, for we couldna perceive a turned hair on a' his hide. By this, Johnny and me were perfectly satisfied wha the young woman was, for we had seen her face; but the blue riding-habit and beaver hat, together wi' her fine personable shape, were sufficiently kenspeckle, and it was just on my tongue tap, when they approached the hollin bush, to cry out, 'Oh thou base reaver, set down the honest man's bairn this precious moment, or by a' that's gude and sacred I'll brain ye.' But Aggie marr'd the exclamation wi' ane o' her ain. 'Forgudessake, *Tam M' Clellan*, ride at leisure,' quo' Miss Dinwoodie, 'or I'll be aff the beast, as sure as a gun.' 'Haud, ye deevil,' quo' Tam; 'keep your grip, Aggie; deil a dominie shall e'er throw saut i' thy tail.' And awa' he gaed, like a shot, cutting the wind right and left wi' his oak stick, and was out o' sight in a hand-clap. The marrow o' him I never beheld, and I ha'e rode on a cuddy, and cadged horn spoons through the whole south o' Scotland, ever since I was cock-burd high." Reader, a few words at parting, tending to increase thy stock of knowledge, will no doubt be acceptable, so give ear and listen unto me: RANDA MEG'S NARRATIVE IS THE ONLY AUTHENTIC DOCUMENT RELATIVE TO MISS DINWOODIE'S FLOPPMENT THAT EVER YET WAS PUBLISHED!!!

PRESCOT'S PRETENDED REFUTATION OF THE NEWTONIAN PHILOSOPHY.

[The inverted scheme of Copernicus, with the pretended experiments upon which his followers have founded their hypotheses of matter and motion, compared with facts, and with the experience of the senses, and the doctrine of the formation of worlds out of atoms, by the power of Gravity and Attraction, contrasted with the formation of one world by Divine power, as it is revealed in the history of Creation. To which is prefixed, a letter to Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., President of the Royal Society. By B. Prescot. 216 pages.]

THE motives for publishing books are various. Some men write for the purpose of instructing others, some for gain, and some to enforce and diffuse truth; but the motives which this author had for publishing this book, could certainly be none of these. We would gladly suppose that they were pure;—but it displays such a spirit of malignity, in almost every page, mixed with so large a portion of impudent assertion, which the author mistakes for argument, as well as such an abundance of contradiction, which is substituted for reasoning, that the most lenient supposition, as to the motives which gave rise to this mass of crudities, is, that it is the rickety offspring of ignorance and vanity. The grand object which B. Prescot appears to have proposed to himself, was, to reconcile the phenomena of the solar system to appearances, as well as to the Mosaic account of the creation; for he, good man, like some other bigots, supposes them to be at variance. We confess that we are not of this number; and if Mr P. had any scruples on this head, why did he not endeavour to acquire information? Why condemn what he did not understand? Or why hash up for us such a nauseous medley? But he shall tell his own story.

The author begins his book with an unwarrantable artifice, which we must strongly condemn; we allude to the unauthorized use which he has made of the illustrious name of the President of the Royal Society, whom he has satirized by a dedication. The following extract will develop Mr Prescot's design:—speaking of the Newtonian Philosophy, he says “The system of Philosophy in question is, I believe, the only one ever promulgated, in which the aid of the senses has been contemned, and proscribed, for no other reason, than because they constantly bear witness against it. But as in the progress of this delusion, those who make use of their senses may suffer by the arts of those who appear to reject them, it seems high time seriously to enquire, whether the senses and the scriptures are given to deceive us? and whether we are to surrender both, for the sole purpose of allowing philosophers an open field to juggle mankind out of

all that is safe, practical, and useful; and, instead of which, to introduce all sorts of inanities and pernicious romances.”

These are serious musings; but we shall soon perceive what sort of *inanities* and *romances* we are to receive in lieu of those he so scornfully rejects.

“It is further of importance, to enquire whether the great giants and architects of blasphemy are to be flattered, applauded, and raised to honour, while the pignies and retail vendors are to be punished and put down? Above all, it is of great importance, seriously to enquire what power we should look to as the Creator, the Governor and Preserver of the universe? Whether to the imaginary power or powers which philosophers have proudly raised up in the temple of nature; or to the real ONE, which, as the people have been taught to believe, created and sustains all things? Whether princes, governors, magistrates, and people, are to look for safety and protection to the self-moving atoms of Epicurus; the ethereal fire of Toland; the moving and animating powers and spirits of Newton and Laplace; or to the One God revealed to them in the scriptures? Whether we are to believe the dogmas of these philosophers, or the books of Moses and the prophets? And, lastly, whether we are any longer to consider Divine Revelation the main pillar of thrones and governments, and the firm rock upon which to found the stability and prosperity of all nations? Is it not therefore high time to remove the accursed thing from the camp? Until this be done, all attempts to suppress blasphemy will be utterly in vain.” What now has all this *cant* to do with the Newtonian philosophy? When Malevolence cloaks itself in the garb of Religion, merely to suit its own purposes, the practice is diabolical, and deserves to be held up to public detestation. “Many learned and excellent men have clearly seen the fallaciousness of Sir Isaac Newton's principles of creation, and of planetary motion, and likewise the pernicious tendency of his leading doctrines; and they have, from time to time, attempted to introduce other hypotheses of their own, that would

have been more consonant to our senses, and, of course, less contradictory to the sacred writings; but it has been all in vain to attempt to oppose hypothesis to hypothesis * * * * It seems to have been gratuitously admitted, that his system rested upon a mathematical basis; but the truth is, that the foundations of it are altogether imaginary and fallacious; and therefore all his mathematical diagrams and ratios founded thereon are false and delusive." If assertions were proofs, Mr P. would have now made a considerable advance. The elements of Euclid are but the shadow of a shade. Every thing is false and delusive. He goes on. "I have given ample proofs of the pernicious consequences to which the main dogmas of this philosophy inevitably lead: is it not therefore a duty to examine the grounds, if any, upon which they rest? And if they are found to be fallacious, and therefore untenable, is it not likewise a duty to try to substitute something else in the room of them—something with which our reason and the scriptures shall harmonize?" Mr Prescott had much better have given "ample proof" that the *doctrines* are false; after which, the dogmas and their pernicious consequences would have fallen of their own accord. "Under these impressions I have diligently examined the Solar System, which comprehends the Copernican, Keplerian, and Newtonian hypotheses. In this system, every thing is inverted and exaggerated, and my First Book is appropriated to an exposition of the false bases upon which it rests. What I have written, I deem to be quite sufficient for the purpose of holding it up to the scorn and reprobation of every intelligent and reflecting mind. In my Second Book, which I hope soon to have ready for the press, I have formed a system that will neither contradict the scriptures, nor oppose the experience of the senses; one which will prove that there is no occasion for the imaginary expedients of *earthly motion*, incredible distances, magnitudes, and velocities; that wholly dispenses with the mathematical fictions of the theory of gravity, projectile forces, and all the perturbations ascribed to them; that rejects the unfounded

doctrines of void spaces; the deformities of elliptical orbits and oblate spheroids; the superstitious multiplication of imaginary worlds; together with all the inflated rhodomontades of world-destroying and sun-feeding comets." It appears, then, that B. Prescott has been trying *his hand* at world-making; and such things in *him* are by no means impious. No, for his world will not contradict the scriptures—it will be suited to natural appearances, and will not encourage infidelity and blasphemy! Newton's world is a very naughty and wicked world. Towards the latter end of this First Part he has explained his NEW SYSTEM. The atmosphere increases in density, or in buoyancy, as we ascend, and it extends to a very great altitude. In this atmosphere, the sun, moon, planets, and stars, all swim, and are carried round the earth once in twenty-four hours, at small elevations. Moreover, his moon is a congealed globe of water, and his stars and planets *orbs* of ice. We need scarcely inform our readers that they are not inhabited, for even visitors would meet with a cold reception. At page 178, after sneering at telescopes, as only showing *wonders in the sky*, he says, "but in the event of men becoming convinced, as I expect they will, that 'the planets are only congelations of water,' much time and money will be saved." In another place: "Therefore the passage in question, I am of opinion, ought to be read:—'And the orbs of heaven were opened.' Meaning, the *icy shells*, or bodies of the stars. I have read that the Chinese, who are said to be descended from a colony of Egyptians, are even now of opinion, that the stars occasionally dissolve in rain." Other people have read about Jack the Giant-killer, Puss in Boots, and the Sleeping Beauty!!

Speaking of Moses and the Israelites in the wilderness, he observes: "But had he told them that the moon was a *congealed watery substance*, and that it therefore possessed a capability of receiving and transmitting the solar beams by reflection, their understandings would have immediately assented to a thing so reasonable, because it was natural!" Again:—"It appears reasonable that the moon is really a *watery substance*."

from the circumstance of the similarity of her appearance to *white clouds*, or *snow-covered mountains*." Respecting the atmosphere, this, he says, is his belief:—"I consider air to be a simple homogeneous fluid, created quite distinct from water or any other substance. I consider that its pressure apart from motion is equal in all directions; that it gravitates no more downwards than upwards; and that all the changes that are observed in the state of its pressure, are caused by the increase or decrease of motion, heat, or the watery substances which float in it near the surface of the globe. It is owing to its buoyancy that it is capable of sustaining such immense collections of water in a fluid, as well as in a *congelated* state. In this state the buoyant air, in spite of the Newtonian gravity, supports *hail-stones*, until the fire, or electric fluid, as it is called, by rarifying or shaking the air, in which clouds are formed, or suspended, sets their contents at liberty to fall to the ground."

All this, he says, either is proved in this First Part, or *will* be proved in the Second Part, which is forthwith to appear. When this is effected, we cannot but congratulate Mr Prescott on the figure he will make among the learned. Think, gentle reader, how his heart must bound with extatic joy, when he reflects on the revolution which his system is about to make in the minds of men! and that in future we shall not say the Ptolemaic, or the Newtonian—but the *PRISCOTIAN SYSTEM*! Avaunt, then, ye Newtonians, for the system is to hold you up to the "scorn and reprobation" of all mankind, and will reduce your philosophy to merited contempt! How easily does this *genuine* system, invented by B. Prescott, explain all the phenomena in meteorology, which have so long puzzled you! To give only a few instances:—As the moon and stars are formed of *ice*, and the sun is a body of fire, *RAIN* can be nothing but water melted from some one or more of the heavenly bodies; after which it falls in drops to the earth. *SNOW* is only *dust* blown from the moon or stars, and which falls in flakes to the ground. *HAIL* is frozen drops of water, shaken from the clouds by

the electric fluid; sometimes the water is frozen in large pieces of *ice*, and these descend in thunder storms. The disappearance of stars is also easily accounted for; they are all melted away; and the last morsel is the shooting star which we sometimes perceive just before it reaches the earth. In some cases, their places may be supplied by other stars from the milky-way; which may, perhaps, be a reservoir of stars for this purpose.

These applications of Mr Prescott's system are *our own*, and follow as easy corollaries from his general theory. As Mr P. has annihilated gravity, we are, however, considerably puzzled to explain how the rain, and hail, and snow, find their way *DOWN*, having nothing to guide them. Also, as the earth is known to be a globe, and has been sailed round, we cannot imagine why objects do not fall from its opposite side. They can only be kept to the earth by the atmosphere, which may *press*, although it has no weight! We can easily demonstrate, that the air *presses* by the *air-pump*; and if we had Mr Prescott's hand on the receiver, we fancy we could make him *feel it*. The following passages will shew that Mr Prescott possesses a considerable share of what is called *inventive faculty*.

Speaking of Newton: "Whether Sir Isaac Newton was fully aware of the baneful tendency of his system upon shallow and unstable minds, or that he felt conscious that its glaring absurdities would, sooner or later, expose the fable to detection, and consequent ridicule, cannot now be discovered to a certainty. It, however, appears highly probable, that, in the latter part of his life, his mind was not quite so easy and satisfied with this favourite offspring of his brain, as some of his professed admirers would persuade the world to believe." This is a most wonderful discovery, and fully equal to any thing of the kind on record. "We are informed, by his particular friend Mr Conduit, that, a little before his death, he said, 'I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself, in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst

the great ocean of truth lay undiscovered before me." This assertion has been construed, by Newton's friends, into a diffidence of his *great powers*; and as an humble appeal to mankind, to judge with candour respecting any trifling inaccuracies that might be found among the immense number of truths which he had discovered. Mr Prescot thinks differently: he takes the philosopher at his word. "Never, I believe, did the mind of Newton form a more accurate estimate of any thing, than what this single sentence contains respecting the value of his discoveries;—it would really appear from this, that he was conscious of the folly, and, of course, the inutility of his elaborate inanities; indeed, how could it be otherwise, knowing, as he did, that his system had not a *single truth* to support it?" Some of our readers will think, no doubt, that these are impudent assertions. We are of opinion, however, that B. Prescot will feel no such compunctious visitings in his latter days, respecting his *system*; for he is *certain* that his system is true: he will *demonstrate* that the moon and stars are made of *ice*, and that they *float* in the atmosphere! These are not *elaborate inanities*, but sublime truths, worthy the genius of the inventor, who has condescended to present them to the world in the immortal volume now before us.—We cannot withstand the temptation of extracting the following passage:—A "recent publication, by the Rev. Mr Cormouls, (entitled *Eversion*.) reports that Newton, in the latter part of his life, was so uneasy respecting the consequences of his philosophical errors, that he unburthened himself to young Cotes, the mathematician, and was even heard to say, 'When I am gone, Cotes will undeceive the world of a most remarkable error which it labours under.' It is supposed that Cotes stood engaged to conceal it during Newton's life-time; but it so happened, that Cotes died a few years before his *master*; and as probably no other suitable confidant was to be found, the world was left to enjoy the delusion it had, in the face of light, so incautiously embraced." These are falsehoods, insidious and dark. We have seen

Mr Cormouls' book, and remember this, and many more of the like fabrications; one of which is an account of an experiment which the reverend gentleman made on the descent of heavy bodies. "He found," *he says*, "that bodies do not fall so far in a given time as they are said to do by philosophers;" but he perhaps forgot that it was possible to repeat such experiments, as he said he had made: the experiments were repeated, and the falsehood was detected. What motives could induce this man to invent such delusive romances, or what credit can be given to books of this description? Before this fanatical junto set themselves to system-making, we do not recollect that any man had ever mustered impudence enough to malign the moral character of Newton. Who ever dared to accuse him of arrogating to himself *divine honours*? His name had calmly, and unmolestedly, floated down the stream of time; esteemed not only as the greatest, but as one of the best of mankind—not as an Atheist, but as a firm believer in Christianity—not as a sycophant, and a deceiver, but as an honour to human nature, the boast of his country, and the admiration of the world!

Mr Prescot's grand object appears to have been, to destroy the power of gravitation; and to effect it, no matter how, he has collected and exerted all his might. The tides, he thinks, afford him considerable scope for animadversion. He exultingly informs us, that these phenomena do not, in all places, follow the motions of the moon, neither with respect to the heights to which they rise, nor to the time of high water. This is another wonderful discovery; but it, unfortunately for him, happens not to be true. His mode of treating this subject is extremely curious. "But it is most strenuously contended by the mathematical followers of the Keplerian hypothesis, that the agreements of the spring-tides, with the conjunction and opposition of the luminaries, is a decisive proof of the moon's attraction. Does it then naturally follow, because two bodies move in concert, that they must therefore naturally attract each other? Just principles of reasoning do not require

that conclusion. God has providentially appointed, to many parts of the habitable globe, an extraordinary flux of the ocean for several days every fortnight; and the moon, by an exact coincidence of motion, serves as a perpetual index to the tides, whereby mathematicians are enabled, for the benefit of navigation, to calculate, beforehand, the periodical courses and returns of the tides, which otherwise could not be done. As to calculating tide-tables upon what are termed Newtonian principles, it is all a farce, and something worse to pretend to it." What does Mr Prescott mean by the moon being an index to the tides? A clock has an index, which points out the hour of the day, but the index is governed by the clock; the moon, then, is an index to the moon, and the tides are governed by the moon. The first person who clearly pointed out the cause of this phenomenon, and showed its agreement with the motions of the moon, was Newton. The moon had, from time immemorial, been considered as the principal agent in producing motion in the waters of the ocean. Thus, if the tide be now at high-water mark, in any harbour, it will soon begin to subside, and flow regularly back for six hours. It is then at low-water mark. After this it will gradually rise for six hours, and subside again as before. The interval, however, between the flux and reflux, is not exactly six hours, but six hours and a little more than twelve minutes; so that the time of high-water is later, by three quarters of an hour every day, for nearly thirty days, after which it recurs again as before. Now these motions of the tides exactly answer to the motion of the moon, for this luminary rises about three quarters of an hour later every day than on the preceding; and, moving round the earth in this manner, she completes her revolution in about thirty days. Can this perfect harmony of motions then possibly arise from the mere concurrence of fortuitous causes? On the contrary, the coincidences are so complete, and the principles so obvious, that we are compelled to look to the moon as the principal cause of them. Beside, the disturbing forces of the sun and moon

evidently depend on their distances from the earth. The earth moves round the sun in an elliptic orbit, and the perihelion distance is a little after the winter solstice. Now, in winter, the spring-tides are greater than in summer, when the sun is at his greatest distance. In the same manner the moon revolves round the earth in an elliptic orbit, and the greatest tides happen, *ceteris paribus*, when she is nearest to the earth. On these principles, and they are Newton's, tide-tables are calculated, and there is no force in the business. Mr Prescott finds, by a tedious process, that the power of attraction of the sun upon the earth is greater than that of the moon; and on this account, that the tides produced by the sun ought to be greater than those produced by the moon. This, he says, is an important point, and they cannot get over it! Tell it not in Gath—the explanation may be found in almost every book of Astronomy extant: but as Mr Prescott is totally ignorant of every branch of the mathematics, farther than arithmetic, there is no marvel if he can neither understand, nor even read, such explanations. The first principles of every science must first be known; we can then climb, step by step, till we reach the summit. The road is easy, and the horizon bright and clear; but, without first principles, we are like men wandering in a mist, who, mistaking one object for another, are deceived themselves, and then seek to confound others. Mr Prescott's book is really a wonderful book, and his system altogether a wonderful system. The moon, he tells us, is a globe of ice, which reflects to us the light of the sun. Now, on this principle, she being no where opaque, we wonder how he will explain how she puts on such different phases, from the narrow, and almost invisible crescent, to a full round phasis. But this, by the bye, is a very great improvement on the Newtonian moon; for this moon of ice would shine perpetually. We are greatly afraid that this supposition does not agree with the experience of the senses!

One thing we are remarkably curious to ascertain, either from himself or any of his friends, and that

is, whether his moon of ice has any effect upon the weather here; also, if she has any effect upon weak minds, such as we may suppose Mr Prescott or Mr Cormouls to have. We rather suspect that both of them have been for some time in a pretty close contact with lunar influence. We shall also be happy if he will inform us why Venus and Mercury put on phases exactly resembling those of the moon—why Mars is sometimes seen gibbous—and how it happens that bright spots, near his poles, appear and disappear once during every revolution of the planet? We wonder whether Mr Prescott ever took a peep at Jupiter, or Saturn, through a pretty good telescope? If not, he would be very much surprised to see four lucid particles of ice always moving round Jupiter, constantly at the same distance, and always in the same period of time. He is, perhaps, not aware of the existence of this phenomenon. There are also seven satellites, or particles of ice, moving round Saturn, beside a very curious ring, perhaps of ice, forming a most beautiful object. This ring, and satellites, are certainly of no use to the inhabitants of this earth; nevertheless, we should be very sorry if they were to *dissolve in rain*. The earth being the centre of the system, how does it happen that Venus never sets at a period more than three hours after the sun; and that Mercury is *never* seen above two hours after sun-set? How will Mr

Prescott explain the direct and retrograde motions of the planets, which are "natural appearances?"—But enough has been said to convince Mr P., if he be not too far gone, that he had better let such things rest: his knowledge of these subjects is more contemptible than he probably conceives. We would seriously advise him to apply his time, in future, to his day-books and journals, where his talents may be more respectably employed. On carefully examining this book, which is a specimen of West-of-England Philosophy in the Nineteenth Century, we could not avoid smiling at the immense number of learned quotations which the author has raked together, not thinly scattered, to make up a shew, but arranged in deep phalanx, capable of supporting any thing but the shock that is sufficient to overturn a system of the universe. Mr Prescott, we have no doubt, placed great confidence in these quotations, as indications of much learning, and patient research after truth; but the supposition, like his system, is founded in error: for neither these, nor his abominable practice of supporting his vagaries with perverted texts from the sacred writings, nor the name of Sir H. Davy, nor that of the Ministers and other great characters to whom he has sent his performance—no, nor our review, will be able to rescue it from that oblivion to which it is hastening beyond all power of redemption!!

EXTRACTS FROM "DARTMOOR," A PRIZE POEM. BY MRS HEMANS.

[We are permitted to state, that we have been favoured with these "Extracts," by the accomplished lady to whom the Royal Society of Literature have awarded their prize for her poem on "Dartmoor." Fifty copies only were printed, and distributed to the members of the Society; and the following "Extracts" are the sole *authorized* portions of this beautiful descriptive poem which have yet been given to the public. As we have reason to believe that this successful "Prize Poem" will soon be given to the world, along with other pieces from the same delightful pen, we shall reserve, till their appearance, what we would otherwise have been inclined to say of the incomparable author of "The Sceptic," "Wallace," and "The Wife of Hasdrubal."]

Serpulchral Cairns and Druidical Remains on the Moon.

YET, what avails it, though each moss-
grown heap
Still on the waste its lonely vigils keep,
Guarding the dust which slumbers well
beneath,
(Nor needs such care) from each cold sea-
son's breath?

Where is the voice to tell their tale who
rest,
Thus rudely pillow'd, on the desert's
breast?
Doth the sword sleep beside them?—
Hath there been
A sound of battle midst the silent scene

Where now the flocks repose?—Did the
scyth'd car

Here reap its harvest in the ranks of war?
And rise these piles in memory of the slain,
And there combat of the mountain-plain?

It may be thus:—the vestiges of strife,
Around yet lingering, mark the steps of life,
And the rude arrow's barb remains to tell
How by its stroke perchance the mighty
fell,

To be forgotten. Vain the warrior's pride,
The chieftain's power—they had no bard,
and died*.

But other scenes, from their untroubled
sphere,

Th' eternal stars of night have witness'd
here.

There stands an altar of unsculptur'd
stone,

Far on the Moor, a thing of ages gone,
Propp'd on its granite pillars, whence
the rains,

And pure bright dews, have lav'd the
crimson stains

Left by dark rites of blood: for here of
yore,

When the bleak Waste a robe of Forests
wore,

And many a crested oak, which now lies
low,

Wav'd its wild wreath of sacred mistletoe;
Here, at dead midnight, through the
haunted shade,

On Druid harps the quivering moonbeam
play'd,

And spells were breath'd, that fill'd the
deepening gloom

With the pale shadowy people of the
Tomb.

Or, haply, torches waving through the
night,

Bade the red cairn-fires blaze from every
height†.

Like battle-signals, whose unearthly
gleams

Threw o'er the Desert's hundred hills and
streams

Σ

* *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes ilachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.* Hor.

They had no poet, and they died.
Pope's Imitat.

† In some of the Druidical festivals,
fires were lighted on all the cairns and eminences
around, by priests carrying sacred torches. All the
household fires were previously extinguished, and
those who were thought worthy of such a privilege
were allowed to re-light them with a brand
kindled at the consecrated cairn-fire.

A savage grandeur; while the starry skies
Rung with the peal of mystic harmonies,
As the loud harp its deep-ton'd hymns
sent forth

To the storm-ruling Powers, the War-
Gods of the North.

Prisoners of War confined on Dartmoor.

BUT ages roll'd away; and England
stood

With her proud banner streaming o'er
the flood,

And with a lofty calmness in her eye,
And regal in collected Majesty,

To breast the storm of battle. Every
breath

Bore sounds of triumph o'er her own blue
seas;

And other lands, redeem'd and joyous,
drank

The life-blood of her heroes, as they sank
On the red fields they won; whose wild
flowers wave

Now, in luxuriant beauty, o'er their grave.

'Twas then the captives of Britannia's
war,

Here, for their lovely southern climes afar,
In bondage pin'd: the spell-deluded
throng,

Dragg'd at ambition's chariot-wheels so
long,

To die,—because a despot could not clasp
A sceptre, fitted to his boundless grasp.

Yes! they whose march had rock'd the
ancient thrones

And temples of the world; the deepening
tones

Of whose advancing trumpet, from repose
Had startled nations, wakening to their
woes,

Were prisoners here. And there were
some, whose dreams

Were of sweet homes, by chainless mountain-streams,
And of the vine-clad hills, and many a
strain

And festal melody of Loire or Seine;
And of those mothers who had watch'd
and wept,

When on the field th' unshelter'd con-
script slept,

Bath'd with the midnight dews. And
~~some~~ were there,

Of sterner spirits, harden'd by despair,
Who, in their dark imaginings, again

Fir'd the rich palace and the stately fane,
Drank in the victim's shriek as music's
breath,

And liv'd o'er scenes, the festivals of
Death!

And there was mirth too!—strange and
savage mirth,
More fearful far than all the woes of
earth!
The laughter of cold hearts, and scoffs
that spring
From minds to which there is no sacred
thing,
And transient bursts of fierce, exulting
glee,—
The lightning's flash upon its blasted tree!

But still, howe'er the soul's disguise were
worn,
If from wild revelry, or haughty scorn,
Or buoyant hope, it won an outward show,
Slight was the mask, and all beneath it—
woe.

Yet was this all?—amidst the dungeon-
gloom,
The void, the stillness, of the captive's
doom,
Were there no deeper thoughts?—and
that dark Power,
To whom Guilt owes one late, but dread-
ful hour,
The mighty debt through years of crime
delay'd,
But, as the grave's, inevitably paid;
Came he not thither, in his burning force,
The lord, the tamer of dark souls—
Remorse?

Yes! as the night calls forth from sea
and sky,
From breeze and wood, a solemn har-
mony;
Lost, when the swift, triumphant wheels
of day,
In light and sound, are hurrying on their
way;
Thus, from the deep recesses of the heart,
The voice that sleeps, but never dies,
might start,
Call'd up by solitude, each nerve to thrill,
With accents heard not, save when all
is still!
The voice, inaudible, when Havoc's train
Crush'd the red vintage of devoted Spain;
Mute, when Sierras to the war-whoop
rung,
And the broad light of conflagration
sprung,
From the South's marble cities,—hush'd,
midst cries
That told the heavens of mortal agonies;
But gathering silent strength, to wake at
last,
In the concentrated thunders of the Past.

And there, perchance, some long-bewil-
der'd mind
Turn from its lowly sphere, its path con-
fin'd,

Of village duties, in the Alpine glen,
Where Nature cast its lot, 'midst peasant
men;
Drawn to that vortex, whose fierce Ruler,
blent
The earthquake-power of each wild ele-
ment,
To lend the tide which bore his Throne on
high,
One impulse more of desp'rate energy;
Might, when the billow's awful rush was
o'er,
Which toss'd its wreck upon the storm-
beat shore,
Won from its wand'rings past, by suf-
fering tried,
Search'd by remorse, by anguish purified;
Have fix'd at length its troubled hopes
and fears
On the far world, seen brightest through
our tears!
And, in that hour of triumph, or despair,
Whose secrets all must learn, but none
declare,
When, of the things to come a deeper
sense
Fills the rais'd eye of trembling Penitence,
Have turn'd to Him, whose bow is in the
cloud,
Around life's limits gathering as a shroud;
The fearful mysteries of the heart who
knows,
And, by the tempest, calls it to repose.

Who visited that death-bed?—who can
tell,
Its brief sad tale, on which the soul might
dwell,
And learn immortal lessons?—who beheld
The struggling hope, by shame, by doubt
repell'd—
The agony of prayer—the bursting tears,
The dark remembrances of guilty years,
Crowding upon the spirit in their night—
He, through the storm who look'd—and
there was light?

• • • • •

Prospects of Cultivation and Improvement.

YES! let the Waste lift up the exulting
voice!
Let the far-echoing solitudes rejoice!
And thou, lone Moor! where no blithe
reaper's song .
E'er lightly sped the summer hours along,
Bid the wild rivers, from each mountain
source,
Rushing in joy, make music on their
course!
Thou, whose sole records of existence
mark
The scene of barbarous rites, in ages dark,

And of some nameless combat ; Hope's
bright eye
Beams o'er thee, in the light of Prophecy !
Yet shalt thou smile, by busy culture drest,
And the rich harvest wave upon thy
breast ;
Yet shall thy cottages smoke, at dewy morn,
Rise in blue wreaths, above the flower-
ing thorn,
And 'midst thy hamlet shades, the em-
bosom'd spire
Catch from deep-kindling heavens their
earliest fire.

Thee, too, that hour shall bless, the balmy
close
Of Labour's day, the herald of repose,
Which gathers hearts in peace ; while
social Mirth
Basks in the blaze of each free village
hearth ;
While peasant songs are on the joyous
gales,
And merry England's voice floats up from
all her vales.

Yet are there sweeter sounds ; and thou
shalt hear
Such as to Heaven's immortal host are
dear,
Oh ! if there still be melody on earth,
Worthy the sacred bowers where man
had birth,
When angel steps their paths rejoicing
trod,
And the air trembled with the breath of
God ;
It lives in those sweet accents, to the sky,
Borne from the lips of stainless infancy,
When holy strains, from life's pure fount
which sprung,
Breath'd with deep reverence, falter on
its tongue.

And such shall be thy music ! when the
cells,
Where Guilt, the child of hopeless Misery
dwells,
(And, to wild strength by desperation
wrought,
In silence broods o'er many a fearful
thought,)
Resound to Pity's voice ; and childhood
thence,
Ere the cold blight hath reach'd its in-
nocence—
Ere that soft rose-bloom of the soul be
fled,
Which Vice but breathes on, and its hues
are dead ;
Shall, at the call, press forward, to be
made
A glorious offering, meet for Him who
said,

“ Mercy, not sacrifice !” And when, of
old,
Clouds of rich incense from his altars
roll'd,
Dispers'd the smoke of perfumes, and laid
bare
The heart's deep folds, to rend its ho-
mage there !

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH
LIFE, ONE VOLUME 8VO. EDIN-
BURGH, 1822.

ABOUT sixty years ago, the Ger-
man poet *Gesner* published a set of
pastorals, which he called *Idylls*, and
which charmed all the young senti-
mentalists of Britain, as well as Ger-
many. The sentiment, however, was
chiefly calculated to captivate inexpe-
rienced but susceptible minds, who
had never looked at life in the mirror
of Nature, but had admired the flatter-
ing pictures which Romance and Fic-
tion had drawn, without closely exa-
mining their pretensions to inculcate
practical virtue. The sentiment was
what may be termed, if the phrase is
not too coarse for refined ears, rather
of a syrupy kind, which, after no great
space of time, went out of fashion
in Britain, or was confined, at least,
to certain girlish philosophers of the
boarding-school, or to coteries of a
delicate sort, which had not then ac-
quired a title they have since assum-
ed, but on what grounds, or from
what etymology I know not, of *Blue
Stocking* Associations.

The author of these “ Lights and
Shadows” seems to have nearly fol-
lowed the model of *Gesner* ; and he
has published a volume of short sto-
ries, chiefly of a rural kind, descrip-
tive of the scenery and manners of
what his title imports to belong to
Scotland. The justness of this title
may, however, be questioned. The
scenery in some places is indeed Scot-
tish, and carries us among moors,
and rocky banks, and mountain rills ;
but neither the language nor man-
ners are of that country. They are
rural manners, refined and exagger-
ated, but of no particular place or
country, except we should denomi-
nate them Arcadian—an epithet by
which some of the shepherds might
be designated. Rural images, how-
ever, are always pleasing to any one
who has not, in the callosity of am-

bition, or of the desire of amassing wealth, hardened his mind against the impression which, in the language of the Roman poet, the "*vestigia ruris*" produce on the mind. Perhaps this impression is stronger on the inhabitant of a town, whom laborious and unremitting business has long "*in populous city pent*," than on those who often, or occasionally, revisit the country, and mix in its enjoyments or its amusements. He who, day after day, looks only on the black perspective of smoking chimney-tops, or the long dull line of dirty streets, has prospects in his imagination foreign to those of his eyes, and indulges in the abstract ideas of rural felicity—of verdant meadows—of sunny banks, made lively by the chirping grasshopper—of woods, made vocal by the song of the nightingale—of clear blue skies, undimmed by the smoke of towns, and the golden gleam of setting suns brightening the rays of green hills—of village spires, rising over groves of antient elms, or spreading oaks, venerable from the growth of centuries; and all these localities peopled by a race of innocent and guileless people, with all the simplicity of pastoral manners, and all the sober unambitious dignity of patriarchal rule. Such are the pictures drawn by the author of this volume, and, if more beautiful than the truth, they give, in general, a pleasure not damped even by the reflection that such beauty is exaggerated, such manners the creation of the writer. There is an advantage in tales written in this spirit, that they certainly, if not very ill managed, and so improbable as to let down the dreams of imagination into the reality of unbelief, have a moral effect on the mind, and are calculated to smooth the turbulence of passion, to awaken the sentiment of benevolence, to lessen the inordinate value of this world, and, with serious men, to point the hope and anticipate the joys of another. "No man," says an amiable moralist of our own country, "*No man is a villain in castle-building*; nor, when his castle contains other men, does he love to paint them in the dark colours of vice, unless he is one of those moody spirits of whom there are some examples among us, who are at war with them-

selves as well as with the world,—a temper which, in some instances, is combined with powerful talents, calculated, like the fabled powers of evil genii, to pour out misery on the unfortunate beings who come within the reach of their voice.

After what we have said above, we need scarcely add, that the morality of these tales is perfectly pure. But when the key of moral feeling, to use a musical illustration, is pitched too high, it is apt to lose much of its efficacy as an example. People look on it as something too refined for ordinary use, and despairing of being able to attain it, make no exertion to approximate their practice to its theory. This defect, however, is not to be found in all these tales; the one entitled *The Minster's Widow*, for instance, is a plain example of the good effects of the religious principle, of a submission to, and reliance on the goodness of God, giving peace and resignation of a quiet, almost of a happy kind, to a woman tried with severe affliction—the loss, first of an excellent husband, and, after his death, of three excellent sons, whose dutiful affection promised to gild the evening of her days. Her affliction is "not loud, but deep," and to others she does not affect to display or to stifle it; it is of that quiet unobtrusive sort, which sleeps in the bosom of the sufferer, and keeps its silent sorrow sacred to Heaven.

But some of the stories are of a much less gentle sort. *The Covenantanter's Marriage-day* is one of those savage tales which one is unwilling to believe. That British soldiers should imbrue their hands in the blood of two innocent Covenanters, who had that very morning been married on the side of *St Mary's Loch*, amidst the quiet of the solitary scene with which it is surrounded,—one of whom, the bridegroom, had, instead of being guilty of the murder of a ruffian, who had fallen a sacrifice to the vengeance of a party of persecuted Covenanters, done all he could to save his life from their enthusiastic fury,—is such a shock to human feeling, and such a stain to the character of a soldier, that our only way of escaping from its horror, is by having recourse to scepticism, as to its reality or verisimilitude. An illustrious No-

vellist has shewn the Covenanters' character in its darkest shade; and this author has taken a literary revenge on their enemies, by bringing before his reader a band of soldiers, the instruments of their persecution, steeped in the colours of their trade, deaf to the voice of humanity, and ravening, like wolves, in the blood of the harmless peasantry of the West of Scotland. "*Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*" In truth, it is a consolation to disbelieve so savage a recital. This is seemingly an imitation of the German school, where poets love to screw the rack of grief as long as, and sometimes longer, than the soul can bear it.

But these heart-rending stories are not the best of this volume. The gentler distresses of virtue, or even the sufferings of erring sinners, are much more pleasant exhibitions of the human character; and the author has drawn them with a great deal of feeling. *The Sun-set, and Sun-rise, the Lover's last Visit*; and last, though not least, in this line of the milder pathetic, the *Minister's Widow*, are examples of what the author can execute in this way, to melt, not lacerate the hearts of his readers.

We have said above, that the scenery, though professedly Scottish, is not always true to this profession of its locality; but we must except from that many particular passages where the landscape, both in its smiling and its dreary garb, is peculiar to our native country, and gives to the imagination the picture of those sequestered districts which every traveller in Scotland recalls in the strong colours of Nature. Such is the opening passage in the tale called *Moss-side*; and such, also, is the beautiful description of the winter life of the moorland cottager, in the tale called the *Snow-storm*. Nor is the return of the sweet lassie, *Hannah Lee*, amidst the perils of the snow-storm, less appropriate to the situation in which she is placed at night-fall, when "the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home, had been swallowed up by the utter darkness, and she saw nothing but the flakes of snow, intermingled and furiously wafted in the air, close to

her head, when she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl."

We are sorry that the concluding stroke of the author's pencil should have spoiled this natural picture. "So stepped she along, while the snow-diamonds glittered around her feet, and the frost wove a lucid wreath of pearls round her forehead." This is the quaint affected jargon of a milliner's girl, out of place any where, but doubly so amidst a scene of such forlorn distress as poor Hannah's. It is copied, but spoiled in the copy, from Thomson's fine description of the shepherd lost in the snow.

As to the style of this work, however, confessing ourselves rather prejudiced in favour of the old, in comparison with the new school, we think it but fair to allow the reader to judge for himself, by laying before him an extract, to show this author's manner of writing. We are sure that in the following quotation we do him rather more than justice, because it is taken from one of the best of his tales, and exhibits a picture of the most natural and touching kind, expressed in language more simple and less ornamental than almost any other passage we could have selected.

There was no uncontrollable burst of joy in the soul of Allan Bruce, when once more a communication was opened between it and the visible world; for he had learned lessons of humility and temperance in all his emotions during ten years of blindness, in which the hope of light was too faint to deserve the name. He was almost afraid to believe that his sight was restored. Grateful to him was its first uncertain and wavering glimmer, as a draught of water to a wretch in a crowded dungeon. But he knew not whether it was to ripen into the perfect day, or gradually to fade back again into the depth of his former darkness.

But when his Fanny—she on whom he had so loved to look when she was a maiden in her teens, and who would not forsake him in the first misery of that great affliction, but had been overjoyed to link the sweet freedom of her prime to one sitting in perpetual darkness—when she, now a staid and lovely matron, stood before him with a face pale in bliss, and all drenched in the flood-like tears of an insupportable happiness—then truly did he feel what a heaven it was to see! And as he took her to his heart, he gently bent back her head, that he might devour

with his eyes that benign beauty which had for so many years smiled upon him unbeheld, and which, now that he had seen once more, he felt that he could even at that very moment die in peace.

In came with soft steps, one after another, his five loving children, that for the first time they might be seen by their father. The girls advanced timidly, with blushing cheeks and bright shining hair, while the boys went boldly up to his side, and the eldest, looking in his face, exclaimed with a shout of joy, "Our father sees!—our father sees!"—and then, checking his rapture, burst into tears. Many a vision had Allan Bruce framed to himself of the face and figure of one and all of his children. One, he had been told, was like himself—another the image of its mother—and Lucy, he understood, was a blended likeness of them both. But now he looked upon them with the confused and bewildered joy of parental love, seeking to know and distinguish in the light the separate objects towards whom it yearned; and not till they spoke did he know their Christian names. But soon, soon did the sweet faces of all his children seem, to his eyes, to answer well, each in its different loveliness, to the expression of the voices so long familiar to his heart.

We hope to see this writer again appear in the field of elegant fiction, which we think he cannot fail to cultivate with success. Perhaps he might do well to study less ornament in his style, particularly if he paints Scottish manners and Scottish shepherds, whom we like extremely in their plain *groggram*, but think them not near so well arrayed in lace or embroidery.

HORÆ SENILIS.

No. I.

MR EDITOR,

PERHAPS some of the most agreeable moments in the mind of a scholar, are those spent in the retrospection of early studies, in recalling the hours which first opened upon him the treasures of learning, in tracing back his acquaintance with a book to its first commencement in his youth, and in seeking in associations of thought for the causes of that endeared and superadded value, with which a volume is frequently enhanced, from the soft and infused light of other days. For myself,

I can only say, that, when seated at home in my library, and in a contemplative humour, it is in such speculations that I most delight,—it is then

"A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness,"

as I fly back to that period when, uncramped by the restraint of any particular study, and unrestrained by the fetters of academical regimen, the mind was left to traverse the wide domain of literature, and seek amusement in perpetual variety; dipping into the driest, and welcoming the most unpromising topics. With what renewed gust did I range over the contents of a well-fed library, from Rabelais to the fathers; and from Coriat's crudities to the sums of Aquinas and the theological works of Boethius! With what keenness of antiquarianism did I turn over the dusty volumes of Holinshed and Stowe, or linger over the uncouth cuts and thrilling details of Fox's and Clarke's Martyrology! How I delighted to immerse myself in "all such reading as was never read," and neglect the more common and customary paths of everyday reading for the huge folios and quartos, which the sons of this degenerate age can hardly lift, for the miracles of industry which our forefathers have achieved! How happy was I, when only a boy of fifteen, if I could get into a corner with Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, or Sir Walter Raleigh's History, and pounce upon the contents, as a kite pounces upon a sparrow! The writers of the Augustan age I left to the perusal of others, for they were read by every body; solacing myself, in stead, with the poetry of Claudian, Ausonius, Sidonius, Apollinaris, and Prudentius; and the prose of Aulus Gellius, Macrobius, and Ammianus Marcellinus. To me the productions of declining Rome were more valuable than the glories of her zenith. How refreshing to my view were those bulky and endless tomes of commentaries, which the era of the Scaligers and Causabons poured forth! The text of a writer, without its due modicum of annotation, was to me as arid and ungrateful as a plain without a tree. The fathers

were my boon companions; through them I ranged from Hermes to Saxon Bede, passing ever and anon from the pure latinity of Sulpitius Severus, to the sharp and caustic epistles of St. Isidore, and the hard and imbrowned quaintness of Tertullian. How light of heart was I, if at some of those dinners which my father used to give to the reverend sons of the Church, I could amaze them, by hedging in some quotation from the Cassandra of Lycophron, or the Dyonisiaca of Nonnus, and procure the appellation of the Learned boy! What delightful visions of young hope then presented themselves, never, alas! to be realized!

“Quas premit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo.”

One subject, which at that time formed the principal part of my study, and for which I still feel a partiality, which only grows stronger by a lapse of time, was the Old English Drama. At that time, the productions of our Early Dramatists did not excite as much attention as they do at present, and Mr Lamb's specimens had not been the means of introducing them to public notice: I therefore feel some degree of pride in having, as I may truly say, been the first to discover the inexhaustible mine of literary riches, which was concealed in their truly exquisite compositions. The first circumstance which drew my attention to this class of writers I well remember, and if your readers will excuse the egotism which occurs in such frequent reference to myself, I will simply state it:

Passing one vacation in the country with an old maiden lady, a distant relation, when I was yet very young, among the treasures which her library, none of the most capacious, by the bye, afforded, I by chance met with an old copy of Marlowe's Doctor Faustus, a personage whose name had no small attraction to me, from the eager interest with which, in my younger days, I had devoured the adventures of his most extraordinary life and exit. I immediately took possession of it, and carried it with me, for my own private reading, into a small room, which was a kind of *sanctum sanctorum*, and from

which I excluded, without mercy, the *profane* inmates of the house. This little room, which I remember with feelings of fondness and affection, is still present to my mind's eye. Well do I recollect its antique casements and the view it presented into the thickest shrubbery or labyrinth, in which I used to construct my fortifications and retreats, when I assumed the part, and no mean part did I think it then, of the *captain of banditti*. The soft green hue of the trees, forming a pleasing contrast to the neat and unsullied whiteness of the wainscoting, and the kind of fairy prospect which was visible through the boughs of a large oak, which overshadowed this part of the building, I never can forget. To hear the wind gently rustling through the waving branches, “the swallow twittering from her straw-built shed”—it was irresistibly touching! Alas! now that that room and mansion are the property of another, I can almost say to it

“O Domus antiqua quam dispari dominaris domnâ.”

But pardon me for this digression— young as I was, I was able to perceive that the Faustus of Marlowe was a little different from the account of his exploits which had formerly attracted my attention. There was a something of undefined and breathless interest attached to it, which seized a firm hold on my mind, and communicated to it a kind of excitement, which did not cease with the bare perusal of the work that caused it. The continual appearance of the good and bad angels, to exercise their powers of persuasion on the unhappy Faustus; his internal and heart-rending struggles, or, as they may be termed, his agony and bloody sweat; the exultation which he feels, and the consciousness of his own super-human power, and which but lifts him on high for a while, like the waves of a troubled sea, to sink him to the lowest abyss of misery; and the last scene of agonized and maddened humanity,—had so deep an impression upon my feelings, that I have not at this time forgotten their intensity. I have since read the Faustus of Goëthe, but whether it be from the influence of

temporary associations, or from the real inequality of the work, I must say, that it did not operate upon me in any thing like the same powerful degree ; and I cannot but think, that the love-adventure which is there introduced, has the effect of dissipating the peculiar, strange, and extraordinary interest which the fate of Faustus excites ; it throws more of the appearance of earthliness upon the doomed and devoted subject of the prince of hell. In Marlowe, the mind is kept more closely to the hero of the drama ; there is a kind of environing circle around him, which seems to cut off all hope of assistance or escape. The very farcical means themselves have the effect of deepening the horror of the story. The burlesque is like the laugh of a maniac, resounding in the Golgotha, or place of skulls. This dreadful supremacy is only misery carried to an unnatural pitch, and appears, like Luke's iron crown, made to burn the temples on which it reposes. Marlowe has been called no poet : but if there be poetry more surpassingly beautiful than the address of Faustus to Helena, and the noble concluding chorus, which almost puts one in mind of the best of Grecian dramatic writers, I have never had the luck to meet with it.

From the delight which I received in the perusal of this old drama, I was naturally led to seek for others of the same kind. I got possession of Dodsley's Collection of Plays, and went through them with a most laudable diligence. The most tedious and tiresome of them all did not serve to dispirit my resolution ; and at the age which I then was, I cannot help giving myself some credit for such an exertion. After all this, it is perhaps needless to say, that what formed the amusement of my boyhood, has continued till the present hour a source of uninterrupted pleasure.

Your readers will perhaps excuse these egotistical details, and impute them to the chartered garrulity of old age. To be able to forget the present in the past, is a principle which nothing earthly can outweigh ; and those trains of feeling which call forth delight in one, may strike a sympathetic chord in the heart of

another, and recal distant prospects which look from afar, like the sun-gilt pinnacles and steeples of some magnificent city. Happy shall I be, if any thing which I have here written may serve to lead to retrospects which will always certainly be productive of pleasure, and, as such, cannot but be conducive to good.

CRITO.

HORÆ SENILIS.

No. II.

For him was lever han' at his beddes hed,
Twenty bokes cloth'd in blake or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie !
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.

I CERTAINLY so far resemble Chaucer's lene clerk, that a well-filled library is one of my highest treats. I seem to increase in my own estimation, at being admitted to the company of the wise, the learned, and the witty, of all times and all countries,—to listen (though but mentally) to their instructions,—to be the confident of their thoughts, the associate of their enquiries ; and, when thoughts like these press upon me, I am lifted into another and superior sphere. Under the influence of this pleasing Utopian dream, I gaze on the venerable works of antiquity around me, with a pleasing awe, while Fancy would almost persuade me, that, from their embrowned covering, I see, looking out upon the intruder who disturbs their sacred rest, the countenances of the sages whose wisdom lies snugly between two sheepskin-covered pasteboards, a prey to moths, and obscured by cobwebs, save when some literary wanderer like myself draws a volume from the shelf, where it might otherwise have slumbered for ever.

I am sometimes inclined to regret the times when customs and principles, now old and unfashionable, were the current coin of the day ; when the gallant knights and lovely ladies of romance were substantial personages, who might be seen without its being considered that a wonder was abroad, or that the marble sepulchre had yielded up its dead—those times when, if people had not perhaps all the wisdom, or, to speak more properly, the knowledge of the

present erudite generation, the deficiency was counterbalanced by more substantial and comfortable havings. Then the populace were a merry, unlearned, shrewd body, who attended to their business on common days, and rejoiced and played at their accustomed sports on Sundays and holidays. Then each class knew its own station, and hastened not to tread on the heels of the next in rank. Then a yeoman was a yeoman, a gentleman a gentleman, and a nobleman a nobleman; instead of the universal intermingling of ranks—the hotch-pot of precedency, which prevails in these enlightened days.

After all, I should not a whit wonder if our ancestors have been much more favourably pourtrayed than is their due. Notwithstanding my reverence for antiquity, I can imagine a mob of Elizabeth's times, rioting in the streets of London after dark, knocking out the windows of the houses, as the lights of their heads became darkened with liquor—when some event had taken place which did not suit their humours; and I can fancy with tolerable spirit, the appearance of the thieves, bullies, pick-pockets, and rascals of all kinds and sorts, which were wont to parade up and down Paul's Walk, or top the dice, or handle the dagger, as occasion offered, in Whitefriars. Alas! for the glorious days of good Queen Bess!

There are three things in this world which, like a certain king, I do more particularly relish—old books to read—old wine to drink—and old friends to converse with. Indeed the first and the last are in one view the same, for I attach an individual interest to each volume from which I have collected information or amusement; but I would here speak of them separately. I have, then, in that white-washed recess, with the black oak groins supporting its roofs, sat with friends whom I loved—some of whom I have lived to mourn for; yet it is still the same. There are the stained panes meant to represent saints and martyrs; there still the old chesnut waves its branches,—and their solitary nestlings bring back, with more vivid intenseness, those happy days and happy hours, the memory of

which, when the realities are things but of memory, comes back upon our hearts with softened, reflected lustre. The old black tables and shining chairs are the furniture of two centuries since; the inanimate materials are the same; but the soul of friendship and mirth, which gave light to the moments, and wings to the hours, is fled, and I look upon the place, and feel I am alone. Yet there is pleasure in these retrospections, though mournful; and here it is that I resort, when the cares of the world press heavy upon me, and feel myself lightened of half the load, by the sympathy, the association of the spot where

Peaceful Memory loves to dwell,
With her sister Solitude!

What have we here? Ah! my old companion and once daily intimate and adviser, Sir Thomas Browne. Shame on me, that I have suffered thee to lie here untouched and unopened. Let me see—seven—eight—'tis nine months this most excellent volume has lain here—ever since the day I read it with L——: what a crowd of recollections rush upon me!

It was the latter end of August when L—— visited me; he had been on his annual journey to see his sister, and he had passed a week in her cottage, for he was one of the kindest and most affectionate sons or brothers; and when he had paid the tribute of affection to his kindred, his friends were next in his thoughts. Towards evening, we rambled into the library, and taking up our old friend Sir Thomas, we sat down in the recess. The sun was setting, and his rich mellow beams fell upon the floor and table, tinged with the hues of the painted window, and dancing about as the branches of the old chesnut waved to and fro, intercepting part of the light, and throwing about grotesque shadows. We had a bottle of ancient port before us,—it was something more than *quadrimum merum*. We had sat thus twenty times before, and the remembrance of those past times gilded the present with a lovelier tinge of sociality. Then there was the dignified, beautiful, and heart-touching sentiments, and language of the most philanthro-

pic of physicians, whose works lay before us. If any of my readers have not read them, they have a feast in store. If beauty of style and goodness of feeling are interesting to them, they will be delighted with the works—strange and paradoxical as some of the positions contained in them may appear—of this practical lover of toleration, who sympathized with men of all countries and all sects; “neither believing this, because Luther has affirmed it, nor denying that, because Calvin hath disavouched it;” to whom, with more propriety than any writer that I can name, applies the so often quoted “*nihil humanum a me alienum puto*.” Not that he blazes out his love of mankind at every page—not that he makes a boast and a by-word of his humanity; nowhere are we told, in express words, that the author is better or wiser than the rest of his species; but we are told, by the spirit of humanity which breathes through his pages, by the lovely and beautiful touches of natural feeling which burst from him, by the whole strain and tenor of his writings, that he was one who looked upon himself as a citizen of the world, and upon mankind as his brethren—who sympathized deeply in the joys and distresses of his fellows—whose religion, though often mixed with singularity, was pure and humble—and whose views towards his-fellow creatures were founded upon that great rule of moral conduct, “Do unto another as thou would’st he should do unto thee.”

But it is time to bid farewell to the author of the *Religio Medici*, and pass on to other subjects. Suppose we take a stroll through the library. See—here—this is the Theological division which my good ancestors thought proper to heap up, not for the benefit of me, for the volumes are never opened by their unworthy descendant. I care, indeed, very little about the discordant opinions of Theologians, nor do I ever take from the shelf the *Tela Ignea Satanae*, or Montague’s *Treatise on the Invocation of Saints*. We shall therefore direct our attention to something more interesting.

Do you see that little black cupboard, with a crown on the top? that

is filled with works of royal origin, *Βασιλικά*. These are the writings of James the I. of Scotland, the poet and the lover, who spent “the long days and the nightes eke,” in writing verses to celebrate his ladye love; and of James the I. of England, the persecutor of papistry and tobacco, the monarch who was a pedant when he should have been a king, and a squabbling polemic when he should have been a warrior and a statesman. These two are the writings of his less fortunate, but superior son, Charles. They breathe a spirit of loftiness which becomes the subject and the author. I shall not now detain my readers with any remarks on the volume bearing Charles’s name; whether it belong to him or Gauden is not at present to our purpose.

Here are my friends the Old Dramatists—here are the works of those who formerly gave delight to the crowded audiences of a tavern-room or temporary shed. There’s rare James Shirley; Nat. Lee, the awful and solemn webster; the witty, comical, facetiously quick and unparalleled John Lily; the spirited but irregular Chapman; the satirical Marston, Dekker, Greene, Middleton, Bishop Bale, with his seven-in-one mysteries; and sporting Kyd, and Tourneur, of whom, by the way, nobody seems to know any thing. But stay—I shall say nothing new of them, and had therefore better hold my peace. There are plenty of modern eruditi, who

talk of Tonson’s art,
Of Shakespeare’s nature, and of Cowley’s wit;
How Beaumont’s judgment cheek’d
what Fletcher writ.

The poets have ever found a welcome place among my volumes,—not that I choose to encumber myself with the dull, cold verses of Garth, Broom, Blackmore, and the *ὕπερβολαι*, who compose the poetical list from the Restoration to the close of the last century. I dive into those old and neglected fields from which sweets may be gathered, far different from the languid insipidity of such writers as I have mentioned. Of Chaucer it is not necessary to speak; but there are many, almost unknown, in whom the richness of poetry appears. The beautiful and touching simpli-

city of the elder Wyatt—the majestic pinion of Chamberlayne's muse—the far-fetched but glowing and animated conceits, mingled with innumerable beauties of a higher order, of his cotemporary Crashaw—and the graceful fluency of Herrick, have charms of no small power for the lovers of “heaven-born poesy.” But the number of poets who may be called excellent, are, of course, few, and many are around me which do not merit the appellation. Sir Thomas Davies, though elegant, and frequently highly poetical, does not belong to the first class: Du Bartas's “divine” works, as somebody calls them, are pompous and heavy; and wearisome indeed is the lengthy doggerel of Warner's *Albion's England*.

I had much to say on many other poets, and some of our earlier prose writers; but as evening is lending a deeper gloom to the heavy, dark wainscoting of the library, I must leave this collection of

books of all sorts,
Folios, quartos, large and small sorts—

till a future period. And yonder is — coming to partake of my frugal meal, and to ramble in imagination with me over the scenes of our youth. It is a treat I would not miss for the world—*dulce est desipere in loco*.

C R I F O.

MR MILMAN'S *BELSHAZZAR* *.

IN watching the operations of the human mind, we feel that there is a point at which what is in common language called Talent, rises into and assumes the character of Genius. We feel that there is such a point, but we in vain attempt to detect and trace it out. At least, hitherto this has been the case; and it will probably forever remain so, unless we suppose it possible that mind may at some future period be demonstrated to possess similar attributes to those of matter, and become subject to the inventions and discoveries of some

future Galileo. In the mean time, in attending to this curious subject of research, we must be content to weigh and compare actual examples, instead of measuring imaginary distinctions, and constructing uncertain and unsatisfactory theories. It is our opinion, that Poetry is a thing dependent on *kind*, but that the term Genius relates to degree alone; and one of the opinions consequent on the foregoing is, that the former of them may be produced without the presence of the latter; that it very rarely *is* so produced, but that it may be. It strikes us, that a very remarkable illustration of the foregoing position, in both its members, may be found in the works of the elegant and accomplished writer now before us. That the Fall of Jerusalem, and the Martyr of Antioch, are poetry, it would be hypocritical, as well as ungracious and ungrateful, to deny; but we hold it to be equally certain, that the natural powers of their author do not mount to that degree in the scale of the human mind which entitles them to the name of Genius. Perhaps they come nearer to that degree, without reaching it, than those of any other writer who has devoted much of his attention to poetical composition; and their results deserve to rank higher in the class to which they belong, than the productions of any other writer of whose powers the same may be predicated. We have noticed this more particularly than might at first seem necessary, because we think that, while it offers something like a denial to the proposition which is meant to be conveyed in the ancient axiom of “*poeta nascitur, &c.*,” it also affords a most interesting and instructive example of the possible effect of culture on the human intellect. Mr Milman has, in fact, been enabled to take a respectable, and, as we sincerely hope, a permanent rank among the poets of his day, not by nature, but by himself. We would wish it to be understood, however, that we say this chiefly with reference to those works of Mr Milman which have preceded the one the title of which stands at the head of this article. Fazio, (incomparably the best of this author's productions,) is full of cha-

Belshazzar: a Dramatic Poem. By the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.—
Edin Murray, London, 1822.

racter and passion ; and the Fall of Jerusalem, and the Martyr of Antioch, are stately and impressive works : but, in turning our attention to the poem immediately before us, we are reluctantly compelled to confess that it is a comparative failure. Belshazzar is, indeed, far from being without passages of considerable merit ; and had it proceeded from the pen of a new candidate for literary honours, it might have excited much attention, and still more expectation, as an earnest of future excellence. But as the mature work of a tried and matured intellect, we cannot but think that it evinces nothing beyond a graceful mediocrity ; that it includes much more of artifice than of nature and passion ; but little eloquence either of language or versification ; scarcely a single touch of involuntary poetic power ; and, in fact, much more of the confidence of successful authorship, than of any thing else. Two things, however, we are sure of, that if Mr Milman had never produced any thing better than this, he would have gained no higher reputation than his mere professorship would have given him ; and that if he produces one or two more such works, he will speedily lose that rank among his brother poets which he at present holds : for the writer who, on the strength of his acquired reputation, taxes us, both in time and pocket, by means of works inferior to those we are entitled to expect from him, is selling us, not his poetry, but his name, and has consequently no longer a right to enjoy it himself ; and if he should afterwards find that he needs what he has thus parted with, he will at least have all his work to do over again, and may not improbably do it all in vain : for, in the meantime, we (the public) may chance to discover, that he owed his fame more to our zeal to reward even the semblance of merit, than to his possession of the substance ; or, at best, that he gained it more by what he has avoided, than by what he has done.

Though the plot of *Belshazzar* is very simple, including merely the last day of the monarch's life, together with his great feast—the appearance of the prophetic writing—and, finally,

the destruction of his city by the Medes and Persians ; yet, it is expanded to what at last becomes a wearisome length of detail, quite incompatible with that force and distinctness of impression, which should attend the relation of a tale of this kind. This is, however, attempted to be relieved by the introduction of a family of Jewish captives, one of whom, a betrothed bride, is torn away to be sacrificed to the impious rites of Bel the Chaldean god ; but the destructive catastrophe arrives in time to save her from outrage, worse than death. In choosing our extracts from this work, (which, for our own gratification, as well as the reader's, will be the most favourable we can meet with, in the different manners of this writer,) we shall endeavour to interweave them with, and let them follow the course of, the story itself, as related by the poet, and of which we shall give a slight sketch. The poem opens by what appears to us to be a not very judicious introduction of the Destroying Angel of the Lord, hovering over the devoted city, and dooming its fall.

Within the cloud-pavilion of my rest,
Amid the thrones and princedom's that
 await
Their hour of ministration to the Lord,
I heard the summons, and I stood, with
 wings
Outspread for flight, before the Eternal
 Throne.
And, from the unapproached depth of
 light
Wherein the Almighty Father of the
 worlds
Dwells, from seraphic sight by glory
 veil'd,
Came forth the soundless mandate, which
I felt
Within, and sprung upon my obedient
 plumes.
But as I sail'd my long and trackless
 voyage
Down the deep bosom of unbounded space,
The manifest bearer of Almighty wrath,
I saw the Angel of each separate star
Folding his wings in terror o'er his orb
Of golden fire ; and shuddering till I
 pass'd
To pour elsewhere Jehovah's cup of ven-
 geance.
And now I stand upon this world of
 man,
My wonted resting-place. But the world
 Earth !

Thou only dost endure my fatal presence
Undaunted. As of old, I hover o'er
This haughty city of Chaldean Bel,
That not the less pours forth her festal
pomp

To do unholy worship to her gods,
That are not gods, but works of mortal
hands.

Behold ! the Sun hath burst the eastern
gates,
And all his splendour floods the tower'd
walls,

Upon whose wide immeasurable circuit
The harness'd chariots crowd in long ar-
ray.

Down every stately line of pillar'd street,
To each of the hundred brazen gates,
young men,

And flower-crown'd maidens, lead the
mazy dance.

Here the vast palace, whence yon airy
gardens

Spread round, and to the morning airs
hang forth

Their golden fruits and dewy opening
flowers ;

While still the low mists creep in lazy
folds,

O'er the house-tops beneath. In every
court,

Through every portal, throng, in servile
haste,

Captains and nobles. There, before the
temple,

On the far side of wide Euphrates' stream,
The Priests of Bel their impious rite
prepare :

And cymbal clang, and glittering dulci-
mer,

With shrill melodious salutation, hail
The welcome morn, awakening all the
city

To the last dawn that e'er shall gladden
her.

Babylon ! Babylon ! that wak'st in
pride

And glory, but shalt sleep in shapeless
ruin,

Thus, with my broad and overshadowing
wings,

I do embrace thee for mine own ; for-
bidding,

Even at this instant, yon bright orient
sun

To shed his splendours on thy lofty
streets.

Oh, Desolation's sacred place, as now
Thou'rt darken'd, shall the darkness of
the dead

Enwrap thee in its everlasting shade !

Babylon ! Babylon ! upon the wreck
Of that most impious tower your fathers

reared
To scale the crystal battlements of
Heaven,

I set my foot, here take my gloomy rest,
Even till that hour be come, that comes
full soon.

We consider this extract as afford-
ing a fair specimen of Mr Milman's
characteristic manner. The versifi-
cation is, in some parts, (particularly
the beginning,) heavy, awkward, and
monotonous ; and, in others, flowing,
and not unmusical. The language is
proud and pompous, but, at the same
time, cold and common-place ; and
the general effect, which might have
been made highly poetical and im-
pressive, strikes us as being some-
what indistinct and indifferent.

The human part of the action now
opens, before the temple of Bel, where
the priests are waiting the approach
of Belshazzar, who comes to consult
their gods on the issue of the siege
which the Medes and Persians are
laying to his city. Their terror at
the portentous shadow, which is sup-
posed to be cast around by the wings
of the Destroying Angel, is stopped
by the arrival of the King. He
comes, attended by his haughty mo-
ther, Nitocris ; and, however dis-
tasteful it may be to Mr Milman to
be told of any coincidences that may
look like plagiarisms*, we cannot
avoid pointing out a resemblance, in
this part of his work, to Lord By-
ron's *Sardanapalus* and *Salamenes*—
we mean in the remonstrances of Ni-
toeris against the luxurious inactivity
of her son. It must be confessed,
too, that the resemblance shews
greatly to the disadvantage of Mr
Milman.

Kalassan. Great King,
What answer wouldst thou, which such
sumptuous offerings

May not compel ?

Belshazzar. Declare ye to our gods,
Thus saith Belshazzar : Wherefore am I
call'd

The King of Babylon, the scepter'd heir
Of Nabonassar's sway, if still my sight
Must be infested by rebellious arms,
That hem my city round ; and frantic
cries

Of onset, and the braying din of battle
Disturb my sweet and wonted festal songs ?

Nitocris. In the god's name, and in
mine own, I answer !

* See his Preface to this work.

When Nabonassar's heir shall take the sword
 Of Nabonassar in his valiant hand ;
 With the inborn awe of majesty appal
 Into the dust Rebellion's crested front ;
 When for the gliding bark on the smooth waters,
 Whose motion doth but lull his silken couch,
 He mounts the rushing chariot, and in arms
 Asserts himself the lord of human kind.
Sabaris. Will he endure it ?
Nitocris. Oh, my son ! my son !
 Must I repent me of that thrill of joy
 I felt, when round my couch the slaves proclaim'd
 I had brought forth a man into the world,
 A child for empire born, the cradled lord
 Of Nations—oh, my son !—and all the pride
 With which I saw thy fair and open brow
 Expand in beauteous haughtiness, commanding
 Ere thou could'st speak ? And with thy growth,
 thy greatness
 Still ripen'd : like the palm amid the grove
 Thou stood'st, the loftiest, at once, and comeliest
 Of all the sons of men. And must I now
 Wish all my pangs upon a shapeless offspring,
 Or on a soft and dainty maiden wasted,
 That might have been, if not herself, like her
 Thy martial ancestress, Semiramis,
 Mightiest—at least the Mother of the Mighty ?
Belshazzar. Queen of Assyria, Nabonassar's daughter !
 Wife of my royal father, Merodach !
 Greater than all, from whom myself was born !
 The gods that made thee mother of Belshazzar
 Have arm'd thee with a dangerous licence. Thou,
 Secure, may'st utter what from meaner lips
 Had call'd upon the head the indignant sword
 Of Justice. But to thee we deign reply.
 Is't not the charge of the great gods, t' uphold
 The splendour of the world that doth them homage ?
 As soon would they permit the all-glorious sun
 To wither from their palace-vault in heaven,
 As this rich empire from the earth.

This scene closes by the appearance of unfavourable portents, which

Belshazzar disregards, however, and he departs, amid the exulting praises of the priests and people, to show himself on the walls of his city. The scene of the poem then changes, and we are introduced to the Jewish captives, in a dialogue which is a tolerably favourable specimen of Mr Milman's more tender and subdued manner—a manner in which he has sometimes been very successful. In this scene we are also introduced to the prophet Daniel, at least by description. The passage is one of the very best in the poem. It describes the change that has just taken place in his manners and appearance, in consequence of the supposed revelations which have come to him, of the destruction that awaits the devoted city.

Imlah. 'Till but lately he was girt
 With sackcloth, with the meagre hue of fasting
 On his sunk cheek, and ashes on his head ;
 When, lo ! at once he shook from his gray locks
 The attire of woe, and call'd for wine ;
 and since
 He hath gone stately through the wondering streets
 With a sad scorn. Amid the heaven-piercing towers,
 Through cool luxurious courts, and in the shade
 Of summer trees that play o'er crystal fountains,
 He walks, as though he trod o'er moss-grown ruins,
 'Mid the deep desolation of a city
 Already by the Almighty wrath laid waste.
 And sometimes doth he gaze upon the clouds,
 As though he recogniz'd the viewless forms
 Of arm'd destroyers in the silent skies.
 And it is said, that at the dead of night
 He hath pour'd forth thy burden, Babylon,
 And loud proclaim'd the bowing down of Bel,
 The spoiling of the spoiler. Even our lords,
 As conscious of God's glory gathering round him,
 Look on him with a silent awe, nor dare
 To check his motion, or reprove his speech.

This scene, which has little or nothing to do with the progress of the story, but which is yet one of the most pleasing and poetical scenes in the drama, closes with a long hymn sung by the Jewish captives ; and

our attention is again transferred to *Belshazzar*, whom we find attended by his Court, traversing the walls of the city, and looking down with a somewhat unnatural and childish contempt on the myriads of armed foes that encompass it about. The following passage is not without considerable merit; the latter part, in particular, is skilfully versified, which is what can be said of but very few other passages in the work.

Nitocris. Look down! look down!
where, proud of his light conquest,
The Persian rides—it is the youthful
Cyrus;
How skilfully he winds through all the
ranks
His steed, in graceful ease, as though he
sate

Upon a firm-set throne, yet every motion
Obedient to his slack and gentle rein,
As though one will controll'd the steed
and rider!

Now leaps he down, and holds a brief
discourse

With yon helm'd captain; like a stooping
falcon,

Now vaults he to the patient courser's
back.

Happy the mother of that noble youth!

Belshazzar. Now, by great Bel! thou
dost abuse our patience.

Is that the rebel king to whom *Belshazzar*
Should veil his pride, and stoop to be his
foe;

Hun with the brazen arms, that, dimly
bright,

Scaree boast distinction from the meaner
host?

Where are his golden attributes of power,
The glorious ensigns of his sovereignty;
The jewel'd diadem, the ivory sceptre,
The satrap-circled throne, the kneeling
hosts?—

Nitocris. Dost ask, my son, his marks
of sovereignty?

The armies that behold his sign, and trust
Their fate upon the wisdom of his rule,
Confident of accustom'd victory;

The unconquerable valour, the proud love
Of danger, and the scorn of silken ease;
The partnership in suffering and in want,
Even with his meanest follower; the disdain

Of wealth, that wins the spoil but to bestow it,

Content with the renown of conquering
deeds.

In the midst of this scene, the
Jewish maiden, *Benina*, (who is be-
lieved to *Adonijah*;) rushes in, fol-
lowed by the priests of *Bel*, who had

seized her to be the pretended bride
of their idol, but, in fact, to admi-
nister to the impious lusts of the
chief priest, *Kalassan*. At first she
sinks to the earth, overwhelmed with
fear, shame, and horror; but sudden-
ly a momentary sight of the prophet
Daniel rouses and encourages her.

Benina.—Did ye not behold him
Upon the terrace-top? The man of God!
The anointed prophet!

He whose lips

Burn with the fire from heaven! I saw
him, father:

Alone he stood, and, in his proud com-
passion,

Look'd down upon this pomp that blazed
beneath him,

As one that sees a stately funeral.

Like words articulate,

His looks address'd my soul, and said—
Oh, maid,

Be of good cheer—and, like a robe of light,
A rapture fell upon me, and I caught
Contagious scorn of earthly power; and
fear

And bashful shame are gone.

Belshazzar's car, which had been
stopped by this incident, now ad-
vances; and the inspired and devoted
maiden is led away, first uttering
forth a prophetic anticipation of the
events that are at hand. This is one
of the most vigorous and poetical
passages in the work, and we will-
ingly afford it a place among our
extracts.

Go on, in awe

And splendour, radiant as the morning
star,

But as the morning star to be cast down
Into the deep of deeps. Long, long the
Lord

Hath bade his Prophets cry to all the
world,

That Babylon shall cease! Their words
of fire

Flash round my soul, and lighten up the
depths

Of dim futurity! I hear the voice
Of the expecting grave!—I hear abroad

The exultation of unfetter'd earth!—
From east to west they lift their trampled
necks,

Th' indignant nations: earth breaks out
in scorn;

The valleys dance and sing; the moun-
tains shake

Their cedar-crowned tops! The stran-
gers crowd

To gaze upon the howling wilderness,
Where stood the Queen of Nations. Lo!
even now.

Lazy Euphrates rolls his sullen waves
Through wastes, and but reflect his own
thick reeds.

I hear the bitterns shriek, the dragons
cry ;

I see the shadow of the midnight owl
Gliding where now are laughter-echoing
palaces !

O'er the vast plain I see the mighty
tombs

Of kings, in sad and broken whiteness
gleam

Beneath the o'ergrown cypress—but no
tomb

Bears record, Babylon, of thy last lord ;
Even mountains are silent of Belshazzar !

We have now a long scene between Imlah and Naomi, (the parents of Benina,) which is altogether superfluous ; for it not only does not advance the story a single step, but it contains little of either character, passion, or poetry. There is no denying that such scenes are much too frequent in Mr Milman's works, even if there were no other objection to them than the above ; and there is no forgetting that they contribute to lengthen out publications, which would be much too long and too dear, even if they were a great deal more unexceptionable than they are. Indeed, the inordinate price of the late works of this author, added to the frequency of their recurrence, would call for a little severity of criticism upon them, if nothing else did. The volume before us is published at considerably more than half the price of Lord Byron's volume of tragedies, though it contains no more than this one drama ; which is, at the utmost, not longer than the first or second in that volume ; and, if merit were to be made the criterion of price, (which we are aware it cannot,) the difference ought to have been striking indeed on the opposite side ; for, with all its faults, there is no denying that Sardanapalus contains more power, spirit, and poetry, than all Mr Milman's productions put together. It is to be hoped that this short digression from the direct line of our course will not be considered as a departure from our duty ; for certainly the inordinately increasing price of books proceeding from a certain quarter, particularly at a time when all other prices are falling, is a great and crying evil, as it regards

the literary world, and quite as impolitic as it is unjust.

Returning to our examination of the work before us, we now arrive at what is, perhaps, the most vigorous and poetical scene it contains. It is that in which the priests of Bell, having gained possession of the devoted maiden, lead her through the various chambers of the great Temple of their god, and at length leave her alone at the summit of it, to wait his descent and presence. There is a loftiness of character about the following extract which produces a poetical and impressive effect :

Chosen of Bel, thou stand'st within the
Temple,

Within the first and lowest of our Halls,
Yet not least sumptuous. On the jasper
pavement,

Each in his deep alcove, Chaldea's Kings
Stand on their carv'd pedestals. Behold
them !

Their marble brows still wear the con-
scious awe

Of sover' eighty—the mightiest of the dead,
As of the living. Eminent, in the centre,
The golden statue stands of Nabonassar,
That in the plain of Dura, to the sound
Of harp, and lute, and dulcimer, receiv'd
The homage of the world. The Scythian
hulls,

The margin of the Syrian sea, the Isles
Of Ocean, their adoring tribes cast down ;
And the high sun, at noonday, saw no face
Of all mankind turn'd upward from the
dust,

Save the imperial brow of Nabonassar,
That rose in lonely loftiness, as now
Yon awe-crown'd image.

This is the manner in which the various halls or chambers of the Temple are described. In the last of these, which is at the summit, Benina, in a state of mingled fear and confidence, awaits the coming of Kalassan, who appears, for a moment, to lavish his impious admiration on her, and then leaves her alone, to await the appointed hour of midnight, when her pretended marriage with the god is to be completed.

Benina, now left to herself, contemplates the gorgeous scene beneath her, in a strain of rich and high descriptive poetry. If we could have fixed on many such fine passages as the following, we should have spoken in a much less qualified manner than we have felt ourselves obliged to do of this poem, as a whole :

But, lo! what blaze of light beneath me
spreads

O'er the wide city? Like yon galaxy
Above mine head, each long and spacious
street

Becomes a line of silver light, the trees,
In all their silent avenues, break out
In flowers of fire. But chief around the
Palace

Whitens the glowing splendour; every
court

That lay in misty dimness indistinct,
Is traced by pillars and high architraves
Of crystal lamps that tremble in the wind:
Each portal arch gleams like an earthy
rainbow,

And o'er the front spreads an entablature
Of living gems of every hue, so bright,
That the pale Moon, in virgin modesty,
Retreating from the dazzling and the tumult,

Afar upon the distant plain reposes

Her unambitious beams, or on the bosom
Of the blue river, ere it reach the walls.
Hark! too, the sounds of revelry and song
Upon the pinions of the breeze come up
Even to this height. No eye is closed in
sleep;

None in vast Babylon but wakes to joy—
None—none is sad and desolate but I.

Yet over all, I know not whence or how,
A dim oppression loads the air, and sounds
As of vast wings do somewhere seem to
brood

And hover on the winds; and I, that most
Should tremble for myself, the appointed
prey

Of sin, am bow'd, as with enforced com-
passion,

To think on sorrows not my own, to weep
O'er those whose laughter and whose song
upbraids

My prodigality of mis-spent pity.

After an animated chorus, sung by the Babylonian people, in honour of the great festival of their King, we are now introduced to the Hall of Banquet, in which the scene of the hand-writing on the wall takes place. In this scene—which must doubtless be considered as furnishing the *ordeal* of the poet who may choose to write a drama on this subject—we cannot but think Mr Milman has altogether failed. It contains very little of vigorous description, and still less of character and passion, and is, moreover, broken off in the middle, most injudiciously, as we think, for the purpose of carrying the reader back to the summit of the Temple, where enigma is confined. Here, after dis-
ling Benina from her peril, by

calling away Kalassan to attend the King, we are again called back to the Hall of Banquet, where Daniel is introduced, to interpret the writing:

Up the voiceless hall

He moves; nor doth the white and ashen
fear,

That paints all faces, change one line of his.
Audacious slave! walks he erect and firm,
When kings are grovelling on the earth?

—Give place!

Why do ye crowd around him? Back!
I say.

Is your King heard—or hath he ceas'd to
rule?

Daniel having interpreted the fatal words, Belshazzar dismisses him in the following speech; which we give on account of the rich strain of poetry that runs through it, not on account of its being, in the least degree, natural or characteristic from the lips of the insane and insolent tyrant who is made to utter it:

—Go—lead the Hebrew forth, array'd
In the proud robe; let all the city hail
The honour'd of Belshazzar. Oh! not long
Will that imperial name command your
awe!

And, oh! ye bright and festal halls, whose
vaults

Were full of sweet sounds as the summer
groves,

Must ye be changed for chambers, where
no tone

Of music sounds, nor melody of harp,
Or lute, or woman's melting voice?—My
mother!—

And how shall we too meet the coming
ruin?

In arms! thou say'st; but with what
arms, to front

The Invisible, that in the silent air
Wars on us? Shall we seek some place
of silence,

Where the cold cypress shades our Fa-
thers' tombs,

And grow familiar with the abode of
Death?

And yet how calm, how fragrant, how
serene

The night!—When empires fall, and Fate
thrusts down

The monarchs from their ancient thrones,
'tis said,

The dark stars meet, with ominous, hostile
fires;

And the red vault of Heaven flames all
across

With meteors; and the conscious earth
is rock'd;

And foaming rivers burst their shores!
But now,

Save in my soul, there is no prescient
dread :—

Nought but my fear-struck brow is dark
and sad.

All sleeps in moonlight silence : ye can
wave,

Oh happy gardens ! in the cool night airs
Your playful branches ; ye can rise to
Heaven,

And glitter, my unconscious palace-towers ;
No ghding hand, no Prophet's voice, to you
!ath rent the veil that hides the awful
future !

Well, we'll go rest once more on kingly
couches,

My mother, and we'll wake and feel that
earth

Still trembles at our nod, and see the slaves
Reading their fate in our imperial looks !
And then—and then—Ye gods ! that
I had still

Nought but my shuddering and distract-
ing fears ;

That those dread letters might resume
once more

Their dark and unintelligible brightness ;
Or that 'twere o'er, and I and Babylon
Were—what a few short days or hours
will make us !

The poem now hastens to a con-
clusion. The army of the Medes,
having succeeded in turning the
course of the Euphrates, enter the
city, and devote it to the flames.
Benina descends unimpeded from the
Temple, and is rescued from Kalas-
san by the sudden appearance of her
lover, Adonijah ; and Belshazzar and
Nitocris perish together in the streets,
after having witnessed their palaces
in flames, and their temples levelled
with the dust.

The last extract we shall give forms
the concluding passage of the poem,
and describes the death of Belshazzar
and his mother, and the final fulfil-
ment of the doom pronounced on
their city. It is but justice to con-
fess, that the passage exhibits consi-
derable power and pathos, as well as
great descriptive skill :

Adonijah. How like a lioness,
Robb'd of her kingly brood, she glares !
She wipes

From her wan brow the gray discolour'd
locks,

Where used to gleam Assyria's diadem ;
And now and then her tenderest glance
recurs

To him that closer to her bleeding heart
She clasps, as self-reproachful that aught
earthly

Distracts her from her one maternal care.

Imlah. More pale, and more intent, he
looks abroad

Into the ruin, as though he felt a pride
Even in the splendour of the desolation !

Belshazzar. The hand—the unbodied
hand—it moves—look there !

Look where it points !—my beautiful pa-
lace—

Nitocris. Look—

The Temple of great Bel—

Belshazzar. Our halls of joy !

Nitocris. Earth's pride and wonder !

Imlah. Aye, o'er both the fire

Mounts like a conqueror : here, o'er spa-
cious courts,

And avenues of pillars, and long roofs,
From which red streams of molten gold
pour down,

It spreads, till all, like those vast fabrics,
seem

Built of the rich clouds round the setting
sun—

All the wide heavens, one bright and sha-
dowy palace !

But terrible here—th' Almighty's wrath-
ful hand

Every where manifest !—There the tem-
ple stands,

Tower above tower, one pyramid of flame ;
To which those kingly sepulchres by Nile
Were but as hillocks to vast Caucasus !

Aloof, the wreck of Nimrod's impious
tower

Alone is dark ; and something like a cloud,
But gloomier, hovers o'er it. All is mute :

Man's cries, and clashing steel, and bray-
ing trumpet—

The only sound the rushing noise of fire !
Now, hark ! the universal crash—at once
They fall—they sink—

Adonijah. And so do those that rul'd
them !

The Palace, and the Temple, and the race
Of Nationassar, are at once extinct !

Babylon and her kings are fallen for ever !

Imlah. Without a cry, without a groan,
behold them,

Th' Imperial mother and earth-ruling son
Stretch'd out in death ! Nor she without
a gleam

Of joy, expiring with her cheek on his :
Nor he unconscious that with him the
pride

And terror of the world is fallen—th' a-
bode

And throne of universal empire—now
A plain of ashes round the tombless dead !

We now take leave of Mr Milman
for the present, impressed, even by
what we cannot but consider as the

comparatively inferior work before
us, with the highest admiration for
his talents and acquirements, and the

sincerest hope that he may continu-

to delight and instruct us by the employment of them ; but not without the feeling that he might employ them in a course that would be more beneficial to all parties, and in all senses, than the one he has lately chosen. That there are a vast number of scripture subjects which are, abstractedly speaking, in the highest degree susceptible of poetical treatment, no one can doubt ; but it is by no means so certain that they can safely or wisely be so treated, while any others are to be found. We have, all of us, whatever may be our habits of thought and feeling, already acquired certain associations connected with these subjects, which will not bear to be touched and tampered with, even by the most skillful and accomplished hand. However splendid may be the pageant that is placed before us, on occasions of this kind, it is sure to displace one which is probably more splendid, (for there is no poet like the unchecked imagination,) but which is certainly more dear to us than any other that can be made, partly on account of early-acquired habit, and partly from its having been raised and peopled by ourselves. In conclusion, if Mr Milman is not prepared to accept our advice, and abstain from the use of such subjects as these, at least let us earnestly, but respectfully, urge him not to undertake them lightly and hastily ; and, above all, not to believe that he can either maintain or deserve the public favour by any other than the most strenuous exertions. We have, in the beginning of this article, expressed our opinion that he is not one of those poets who write by a kind of inspiration. Such works as he is qualified to produce cannot be thrown off at a heat, or by fits and starts ; they must be deeply pondered on, and carefully and studiously elaborated. Without these precautions, they are very likely to become tedious and unimpressive ; and will, at best, display richness without either choice or rarity, and power, unattended by what ought to be its corresponding effects.

FOREIGN SLAVE TRADE *.

I would not have a SLAVE to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews, bought and sold, have ever earn'd.

* * * * *

'TIS THE CAUSE OF MAN.

There dwell the most forlorn of human-kind,
Immur'd, though unaccus'd, condemn'd untried,
Cruelly spar'd, and hopeless of escape.

COWPER.

THE attention of Parliament having been so recently called to the subject of the FOREIGN SLAVE TRADE, and to the increased and encreasing enormities perpetrated against the ill-fated Africans, under cover of the American, Spanish, Portuguese, and French flags, and in violation of the most solemn Treaties, we deem it a duty, both to Justice and Humanity, to lay before our readers a portion of the authentic information received up to the date of the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, in May 1821, relative to this nefarious traffic ; pledging ourselves, at the same time, to resume the subject as soon as the result of the renewed "Representations and Remonstrances" of our Government to the Five Great Continental Powers, in pursuance of Mr Wilberforce's motion of the 27th June, shall be laid on the table of the House. We enter upon this discussion with the greater earnestness and zeal, because we are convinced that the British public, whose enlightened humanity has never been appealed to in vain, in favour of the suffering and oppressed, are still but imperfectly informed of the horrid atrocities of the Foreign Contraband Slave Trade, openly and daringly carried on, under the flags of Governments bound by the most solemn obligations to abolish for ever, "THAT SCOURGE WHICH," to use the eloquent words of Mr Clark-

* Abstract of the Information recently laid on the table of the House of Commons on the subject of the Slave Trade ; being a Report made by a Committee specially appointed for the purpose, to the Directors of the African Institution, on the 18th of May 1821. London, 1821.

SON, "HAS SO LONG DESOLATED AFRICA, DEGRADED EUROPE, AND AFFLICTED HUMANITY*," but who, with a callous insensibility and atrocious insincerity, incredible, unless confirmed by "proofs as strong as holy writ," have continued to wink at, countenance, or secretly participate in the detestable gains of this inhuman commerce, in the face of their spontaneous Declaration at the Congress of Vienna, the repeated and earnest remonstrances of our Government, and subsequent Treaties, entered into, it would seem, for no other purpose than to lull asleep the vigilant humanity of the British Nation, and enable Contraband Slave-traders, those "Hostes humani generis," to carry on a traffic unparalleled in atrocity and crime!

In the memorable year 1807, Great Britain and America respectively enacted laws, entirely prohibiting and abolishing the Slave Trade, in all its branches; and three years after, Portugal consented "to prescribe local limits to her share of the traffic, in that part of the African Continent which lies to the north of the Equator†." Aided by the belligerent right of search, at that time rigorously enforced by Great Britain, a partial cessation of the Slave Trade took place along a very large portion of the African coast, and scarcely any traces of it remained, from the establishment at Senegal, to the Gold Coast, an extent of about 1400 miles. During this interval of repose, every plea which had formerly been urged by the abettors of the Slave Trade, both within and without the walls of Parliament, was refuted by facts. The western shores of Northern Africa assumed a new and animating aspect. Secured against the inroads of slave-factors and their banditti, the people began to turn their attention to industry and com-

merce; religious knowledge was slowly, but progressively extending; and the demand for slaves, and the importation of arms and ammunition, having simultaneously ceased, the wars of the petty chiefs in the interior, for the purpose of kidnapping, and carrying to the coast, the subjects of their rivals, had also, in a great measure, terminated. An extensive and promising trade in palm-oil, ivory, gold-dust, &c. had commenced, especially with this country; and the wisdom and sound policy of the Abolition had begun to be felt, even by those who had been most hostile to the measure, and upon whom the principles of Justice and Humanity, when urged as arguments in its favour, had failed to make any impression.

In due time, however, the Revolutionary Government of France was overturned, and peace restored to Europe and the world; but, unhappily for suffering Africa, this event, though an unspeakable blessing to the other nations of the earth, proved the commencement of a renewed traffic in human flesh, more ferocious and inhuman in its character, and attended with a more fearful complication of crime and misery, than had ever been known in the worst periods that preceded the era of the Abolition in 1807. The Sovereigns and Ministers, met in Congress at Vienna, published, it is true, a Rescript, denouncing this abominable commerce, in the strongest language, "as odious in itself, and highly repugnant to the principles of religion and nature," and mutually binding themselves, and their respective Governments, to enact such measures as would speedily ensure its complete and final abolition. The result, however, has but too conclusively demonstrated, that this famous Declaration was merely intended to throw dust in the eyes of

* Pamphlet addressed to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, by T. Clarkson, Esq.

† Notwithstanding this "consent" on the part of Portugal, it was not till the 22d of January 1816 that that Power bound itself, *by Treaty*, to abolish the Slave Trade to the north of the Equator, nor till the 28th of July 1817 that it stipulated, within two months after the ratification of the Treaty which was to take place on the 28th of November following, to "promulgate a law prescribing the punishment to be inflicted on such of his subjects as should in future participate in the illicit traffic of slaves." This law, however, was not promulgated till nearly a year after, and might as well have never been promulgated at all, as not a single provision contained in it has ever been enforced, in any one instance, by the Portuguese authorities!!

the friends of humanity throughout Europe, by whose strenuous and united exertions, the Revolutionary Government of France had been mainly overthrown,—and that any ulterior legislative measures, calculated effectually to check this enormous evil, were never seriously contemplated, either by Russia, France, Spain, or Portugal. No sooner, indeed, had peace been restored, and the belligerent right of search necessarily discontinued by the British cruisers, than the slave-traders renewed their diabolical operations, with an appetite sharpened by long abstinence. In particular, the slave-merchants of France, who, from the peculiar position of that country in relation to Great Britain, had, for twenty years and upwards, been excluded from any share in this murderous commerce, immediately recommenced it with incredible vigour and barbarity; and, notwithstanding the Declaration at Vienna, and the pledge given in the Definitive Treaty of the 30th November, 1815,—notwithstanding the subsequent *Ordonnances du Roi*, ostensibly prohibiting all commerce in slaves,—notwithstanding the repeated and earnest remonstrances of our Government, pointing out the daring infractions of the Treaty of 1815, and of the subsequent *Ordonnances*, and recommending the infraction, if not of a *peine infamante*, at least of a *peine correctionnelle*, on all French subjects who should be convicted of slave-dealing,—notwithstanding the repeated assurances of French statesmen, that measures would be taken to bring convicted offenders to justice,—notwithstanding the publication of a most remarkable case of slave-trading in

a respectable Parisian Journal*,—the trade continues to be carried on openly, and without the least disguise, even to this hour; vessels are publicly fitted out, and Slave Adventures undertaken, at Havre, Honfleur, and other places; nor have the French Authorities, in any one instance, interfered to put a stop to those nefarious speculations, or to bring the criminals, whose conviction would have been easy, to justice! During the ten years that elapsed between the Abolition of the Slave Trade, and the restoration of the Settlements at Senegal and Goree to France, no part of Africa, Sierra Leone excepted, had been so little affected with this mighty evil as these Settlements, and the Countries in their more immediate vicinity. The transfer to France took place in January 1817, and the Trade almost immediately appeared in a more malignant and ferocious form than ever. A single year was sufficient to destroy all the good that had been done in ten †, and to plunge the whole adjacent country, to a great extent, in bloodshed and rapine. Gangs of armed plunderers went forth on all sides. Towns and villages were encompassed in the night, set on fire, and the poor wretches, who fled from the conflagration of their dwellings, dragged off manacled to the *Négreries* on the coast, to be sold to the first slave vessel from the West Indies. Nor are these savage practices confined to the districts in question; the Trade is extending itself in every direction; and the cupidity of the native despots, roused and inflamed by the example of the more barbarian French slave-factors, and by the high price given

* The case alluded to is that of *Rodeur*, Boucher, master, of which we will have occasion to speak in the sequel, and the account of which first appeared in a work entitled, “Bibliothèque Opthalmologique, ou Recueil d’Observations sur les Maladies des Yeux, faites à la Clinique de l’Institution Royale des Jeunes Aveugles, par M. Guille, Directeur General et Medecin en Chef de l’Institution Royale de Paris: Avec des Notes, par M. M. Dupuytren, Pariset, &c.”

† How soon the resumption of the Slave Trade caused itself to be perniciously felt on the commerce carried on with the Natives, will appear by the Comparative Statements of Duties collected at the Colony of Sierra Leone. The amount of duties collected from Jan. 1, to Dec. 31, 1818, was £5124.11s.3d; from Jan. 1, to Dec. 31, 1819, they had fallen to £4656.2s.0d; making a decrease in the year 1819 of £467.19s.2d. We have not seen the returns for 1820; but we have heard the deficit was still greater than that of the previous year, with every prospect of still farther declension!

for human beings on the Coast, has carried, and is still carrying farther and farther, fire, sword and desolation, into the Provinces of Central Africa. "But France," says Sir George Collier, in his very able Report, "but France, it is with the deepest regret I mention it, has countenanced and encouraged the Slave Trade, almost beyond estimation or belief. Under pretence of supplying her own Colonies, and furnishing only the means required for their cultivation, she has her flag protected, and British cruisers can only retire when they shall see her ensign: for search being forbidden, power and force become unavailing. Under this security, France is engrossing nearly THE WHOLE OF THE SLAVE TRADE, and she has extended this traffic beyond what can be supposed, but by one who has witnessed it. I exaggerate nothing in saying, that thirty vessels, bearing the colours of France, have nearly at the same time, and within two or three degrees of distance, been employed slaving, without my daring to offer interruption, but at considerable risk. I will add, that in the last twelve months, (1820,) NOT LESS THAN SIXTY THOUSAND AFRICANS HAVE BEEN FORCED FROM THEIR COUNTRY, PRINCIPALLY UNDER THE COLOURS OF FRANCE, most of whom have been distributed between the islands of Martinique, Guadeloupe, and Cuba." Were not these, and many similar facts, as notorious as the sun, and even reluctantly admitted by the French Ministers themselves, when our Ambassador was directed by his Government to remonstrate against such enormous and unheard-of violations of Treaty, they might well seem incredible, or, per-

haps, impossible. But what proves to even more than demonstration—if more were possible—the unblushing hypocrisy and utter faithlessness of the French Government in all their declarations, ordonnances, and mock-measures, for the suppression of the Slave Trade; and that, instead of being discountenanced, it is secretly encouraged by it, is the undoubted fact, that all their local functionaries on the Coast of Africa are personally interested in every cargo of slaves shipped off for the West-India Islands, being either actual partners in the adventure, or receiving a certain sum for their countenance and protection; and that one individual, to whom such infamous connection was brought home by irresistible evidence, was punished, by being forced to retire on a liberal pension!!! Well, therefore, may we lament, in terms of the Resolutions lately submitted to Parliament, that a nation, "eminently favoured by Providence with natural advantages, and among the very foremost in all the distinctions and enjoyments of civilized life, should appear to be the CHIEF AGENT in blasting the opening prospects of civilization, which even Africa had begun to present, and in prolonging the misery and barbarism of that vast Continent*."

After a great deal of negotiation, Spain was at last induced to decree the final abolition of the Slave Trade in all her colonies and dependencies, from and after the 30th of May 1820; and Portugal, which had refused to accede to the Declaration of the Congress of Vienna, anathematising this execrable traffic, was likewise induced, by the Treaty of the 28th of July 1817, ratified on the 28th of

* In his admirable Speech on the occasion of Mr Wilberforce's Motion, Sir James Mackintosh states, that when his noble friend the Duc de Broglie brought the question of the Slave Trade before the French Legislature, and introduced to them the cases of the *Rodeur* and *Jeune Estelle* (of which more in the sequel) and which, "by a singular fatality, appeared to comprise in themselves an epitome of all the misery and wretchedness that were spread over the whole system of the Slave Trade," "he was openly reproached by the Minister of Finance for referring to the Treaties of 1814 and 1815, because they were un-tinational, because they were ratified under unfortunate auspices! The Minister of Finance charged him with not being a Frenchman, because he was not a supporter of the Slave Trade! The Minister of Finance declared, that he was not a friend to his country, because he contended that her flag ought not to cover robbery and murder! The Minister of Finance reprobated his policy, because he was the advocate of humanity and justice—because he defended those principles which it was the greatest and best interest of every country to defend! *En destra, Adieu!*"

November the same year, to suffer herself to be *bribed* by the *conditional* promise of certain commercial advantages*, to abolish the Slave Trade to the north of the Line, and to co-operate with Great Britain, Spain, and the Netherlands, in establishing mixed Commission-Courts at Sierra Leone, and to determine and decide on all cases of *slaving-ships* detained under the qualified right of search, which had also been stipulated for, and acceded to, by the several Powers just mentioned. The instructions issued to these Commissioners do not appear to have been very definite or precise; but if they had served no other purpose, except to bring to light the numerous and flagrant violations of Treaty committed by the subjects of each of the contracting parties, and thereby to destroy every plea of ignorance, and every pretence of subterfuge or evasion, the appointment of these courts would be entitled to hold a distinguished rank among those means provided by Providence for checking the most monstrous and afflicting of all conceivable iniquities,—means which we have no doubt will ultimately be crowned with complete success, notwithstanding the base, malignant, sordid passions, by which this glorious consummation is presently obstructed. These Courts were furnished with a variety of interrogatories to be put to witnesses, and with various forms of declarations, certificates, monitions, oaths, claims, decrees, and other judicial proceedings, with power, when special points arose not provided for in their instructions and official forms, to frame new interrogatories calculated to meet those particular points. When a vessel was condemned, she was to be confiscated, and the slaves emancipated, and delivered over to the authorities of the country; a regular registry of such emancipated slaves to be made and kept by the Commissioners. These Courts were to be established at Sierra Leone, Rio Janeiro, Havannah, and Surinam, each Court being composed of an equal number of British, Portuguese,

Spanish, or Dutch functionaries. With the exception of that established at Sierra Leone, and more immediately under British influence, all the Commission-Courts have been totally useless; not a single condemnation having taken place, either at Rio Janeiro, the Havannah, or Surinam, up to the date of the latest information laid before the Committee in May 1821. This has been produced chiefly by two causes, viz. the want of British cruisers in those parts, ~~where~~, nevertheless, the Slave Trade is carried on to an extent almost incredible, as will appear by and by; and the countenance, and even undisguised protection, afforded to the traffic by the Commissioners, and other functionaries of Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands. Nay, even in Sierra Leone difficulties of no common magnitude have occurred. The foreign part of the Court is by no means hearty in the cause, as the case of Captain Leeke, afterwards to be detailed, will amply show; and “hard swearing,” as it is called, or systematic perjury, being part of the profession of a regular slave-dealer, the means of escape are multiplied by the incredible obstructions thrown in the way of proving facts as clear and notorious as noon-day, and by the narrow construction which the foreign part of the Commission have almost invariably attempted to put upon the provisions of the Treaty.

Of all the Powers who have professed a desire to co-operate with this country, in adopting effectual measures for the suppression and abolition of the Slave Trade, America alone appears to be *sincere*, and to have practically and cordially seconded our strenuous efforts for that purpose. By an Act of Congress of the 20th April 1818, section 8th, it is enacted, “That in all prosecutions under this Act, the defendant or defendants *shall be helden to prove*, that the negro, mulatto, or person of colour, which he or they shall be charged with having brought into the United States, or, with purchasing, holding, or selling, was brought into the United States at least five

* There was some consolation that these advantages (estimated at between £400,000 and £600,000) had not been granted to her, since she had totally failed to perform what she promised.”—*Mr Wilberforce's Speech 27th June 1823.*

YEARS previous to the commencement of such prosecution, or was not brought in, or otherwise disposed of, contrary to the provisions of this Act." This departure from the ordinary principles of jurisprudence, in transferring the *burden of proof* from the *accused* to the *accuser*, was a material point gained, and, of itself alone, would establish the desire of the American Government to afford every facility to the conviction of persons offending against the provisions of the Act, and the *great principle of the abolition*. This is further manifest from the tenor of an additional Act, prohibiting the Slave Trade, passed March 3, 1819, by which the previous Acts are all declared to be in full force; severe penalties superadded to those formerly enforced; a bounty decreed to the officers and crews of the commissioned vessels of the United States, or revenue-cutters, for every negro, mulatto, or person of colour, delivered to the agent duly appointed to receive them; a reward to informers, over and above the portion of the penalties accruing to them by the other provisions of the Act; and a sum not exceeding a hundred thousand dollars, appropriated to carry this law into effect. Nor have the Americans contented themselves with legislating merely. Cruisers have been sent to the coast of Africa—not like those of France, to wink at, countenance, or even protect the nefarious contrabandists, but to detain, and carry to port for adjudication, every vessel, without distinction, bearing the American flag, and found to have slaves on board. In other respects, too, they have zealously seconded the efforts of the British cruisers stationed on that coast, and acting under the Conventions with Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands. It is to be deeply regretted, however, that America has not yet acceded to the principle of a qualified right of reciprocal search,—a principle, without the adoption of which all others, whether viewed as preventive or penal, must in the issue prove wholly nugatory. Last year, indeed, a Committee appointed by the House of Representatives recommended the adoption of this principle; but it would seem, that a strong repugnance

to sanction it in any shape, however qualified, still exists among the people of the United States, from an absurd impression that it would, in some measure, countenance the belligerent right of searching neutrals, a principle of international law which, as is well known, America has always keenly and sensitively opposed. Now, if Great Britain claimed the *sole exercise* of this right, there might, in that case, be good foundation for those fears and jealousies. But it was proposed, from the very beginning, that the right should be equal and reciprocal. And when Britain, the greatest Naval Power upon earth, and certainly not the least jealous of any arrangement that would compromise her maritime rights, or establish a principle dangerous to her naval superiority, proceeded so far as to agree to permit vessels trading under her flag, and suspected of slave-dealing, to be searched, and, if need be, detained by the cruisers of Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands; and when it was always proposed to concede to America the fair, equal, and reciprocal exercise of the same right, there could surely exist no conceivable or tenable analogy between a right so qualified, and in the exercise of which the contracting parties were equally and reciprocally to participate, and the sanction of any belligerent principle justifying one power in searching neutrals;—there could be no danger of establishing a principle of international law, hostile to the maritime rights claimed by the people of America;—there could not, in short, be any thing more absurd and unreasonable, than for America to bogle at a shadow, and refuse her accession to a qualified principle, which, by her admission, would furnish a complete check to an enormous iniquity abhorrent to every doctrine upon which her free Government is founded, and to the sentiments and opinions of the great mass of her enlightened population. What, indeed, can be a stronger inducement to America to renounce these unworthy prejudices, (for they are no better,) than the conclusive fact, admitted with shame by herself, that in face of all the laws she has passed, and the creditable exertions of her ships of war on the African

Coast, the Slave Trade carried on by her citizens, or, at least, under cover of her flag, is hardly inferior to that carried on under the flags either of his *Most Catholic, Most Christian, or Most Faithful Majesty*? So perfectly irresistible do these arguments appear to us, that we agree with Mr Wilberforce in thinking that the American Government cannot long refuse to acquiesce in their validity, and "to exert herself in a cause where the happiness of so many millions is concerned!" If a qualified right of search were once acceded to, in terms of the recommendation of the Committee of the House of Representatives, the objections stated by Mr Rush, in his correspondence with Lord Castlereagh, in December 1818, to the constitution of the Mixed Commission Courts, might easily be got the better of by a new arrangement, equally effective in its operation, and more consentaneous in its character to the views of the American Government, and the fundamental principles of the Union. Till these great objects are attained, and till America and France shall no longer hesitate to go hand in hand with Britain, in a work which justice, humanity, and enlightened policy, unite in recommending to all nations, it is impossible that the Governments of Portugal and Spain should ever be hearty in the cause, or take effectual measures to prohibit a traffic, from which the neighbouring Powers continue to derive a sordid, and inhuman, but extensive advantage. The interesting intelligence recently received from Spain, however, that through the highly laudable efforts of Count Torreno, the Cortes had been induced to pass a law, inflicting an infamous punishment on all Spanish subjects engaged in the Slave Trade, and had determined to treat as felons, punishable with ten years' labour on the public works, persons convicted by the tribunals of this crime, as also to manumit the unfortunate creatures destined to slavery;—must tend greatly to facilitate the necessary future arrangements between this country and America. For "it is in vain for Parliament"—(we use the words of the Marquis of Londonderry on the occasion of

Mr Wilberforce's motion,) "to conceal from themselves, that *all their exertions for the suppression of the Slave Trade must be nugatory*, while America and France are restricted from joining them!" We trust the example of Spain will have its due weight with Portugal, which, in defiance of the most sacred Treaties, and the recent happy change in the character of her Government, still continues to foster a traffic, which, if persevered in, must affix to her name the brand of historical infamy, and entail execration and shame on her latest posterity!

By what quip or cantrip of diplomacy, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, have been permitted to identify their Gothic, dark-lantherned policy, with a question which, in no degree, concerns their secular interests, and which they are too legitimately barbarous to entertain upon arguments and considerations founded on such Revolutionary principles as those of Justice and Humanity, we do not profess ourselves cunning enough to divine; nor should we, perhaps, be much enlightened on this curious matter, were the "Holy Alliance" to put forth another Rescript, like that of Vienna, to be belied, like its predecessor, by their whole future conduct. But what, let us ask, are the facts? Russia has few colonies, and *none* where the labour of *black* slaves could possibly be employed;—she has also *few* ships, and *no* foreign commerce—at least none worth mentioning. What right, then, had *she* to put herself forward as a party in the discussions on the Slave Trade which took place at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, and to oppose her hostile influence and inveterate prejudices to the emancipation of Africa, and the purgation of Europe from one of the foulest crimes ever committed against humanity? What right had she, who, in 1815, had denounced this traffic as "odious in itself, and contrary to the principles of religion and nature," to endeavour, in 1817 and 1818, to resist the only measure—the right of search—by which that traffic could have been successfully abolished? Having no colonies, and consequently no Slave Trade,—how could this right, claimed by the British Plenipotentiaries, even had it

been as malignant in its principle, and as dangerous in its operation, as it is exactly the reverse—how could this right have affected *her* interests? She could not surely imagine that the Slave Trade was to be put down by a few pages neatly written on parchment, even through the magical names of Barclay de Tolly and Pozzo di Borgho were appended: or, if she was insane enough to believe so firmly in the omnipotence of diplomatic parchment,—what right had she to stand forward and throw obstructions in the way of wiser and honester people, who only proposed to take *effectual* measures to do that which she herself had, in the most solemn manner, and in the face of all Europe, sanctioned? But let the reader mark the consistency of Muscovite policy. In 1815, she anathematised the traffic in human flesh, and *seemed* to be so much in earnest, that she declared she would shut her ports against the colonial produce of those nations who should persist in buying, selling, and torturing their fellow-creatures; and in 1819, just four years after this memorable declaration, a tariff* was promulgated, in which the foreign produce of those Powers who had *abolished* the Slave Trade is *virtually excluded*, and the monopoly of the Russian market given to those who had obstinately refused, notwithstanding repeated pledges, to discontinue it. Was not this offering a *premium* for the encouragement of the Slave Trade? Was not this contributing, to the utmost of her power, to support those inhuman monsters who have filled Africa with rapine and murder, and deluged that great Continent with blood? Was not this conduct “*odious in itself, and contrary to every principle of religion and nature?*” Had this hostile and malignant influence been exerted from any principle of interest, however sordid and base, it would have been at least *intelligible*; but as the matter stands, it appears to have proceeded from an innate hatred to every thing that promised to rend asunder the fetters of the slave, and to elevate him one grade in the mighty scale of Humanity, ~~and~~ a hatred so

rooted and deep, that it appears to have been more than a match for the usual principles by which the conduct of Cabinets is guided, and their decisions determined. But still the question returns—upon what known principle of international law could Russia object to the right of search at Aix-la-Chapelle? Every body who has made himself acquainted with the subject, can explain the conduct of France, in refusing her accession to it:—she *has* colonies, by *our* generosity, and the right of search once granted would, in a great measure, have annihilated a traffic, which, in defiance of every obstacle and obligation, she was resolved to foster and encourage. But it could not affect Russia, any more than it could affect the kings of Bavaria or Wirtemberg. How, then, came our Plenipotentiaries to suffer her to interfere at all? We hope Lord Londonderry can explain this—we cannot!

Whatever applies to the case of Russia must, *a fortiori*, be more applicable to that of Austria and Prussia. Where are *their* colonies and fleets to be met with? We say nothing of the moon, having never travelled thither except in imagination; but if she be made of *ice*, as the Liverpool Sage maintains, we fear she would furnish but cold quarters to the sun-burnt children of the torrid zone. Sure we are, however, that, on the surface of this terraqueous globe, neither seaman nor geographer ever met with, or heard of, the fleets or colonies of these *great* powers. Why, then, were they *suffered* to throw their weight, such as it is, into the scale against the poor, oppressed, tortured, enslaved Africans? Where a nation has no *interest*, it can have no *right*. These are equal and reciprocal. We have shewn that Austria and Prussia had no *interest* to be compromised by the abolition; they could, therefore, have no *right* to obstruct or oppose it. Is it not a proof, then, of *imbecility*, on the part of our Government, that they were at all *suffered* to *interfere* in a matter with which they had no manner of concern? We did not consult these

* See the Speech of Sir James Mackintosh, 27th June 1822.

Powers when we issued the orders in Council; nor when we carried into effect the belligerent right of search, and in consequence involved the country in a war with America; nor when we sabred the Reformers at Manchester; nor when we hanged, and then, that the operation might be quite complete, beheaded the *heroes* of Bonnymuir; nor when we appointed Secret Committees; nor when we passed the Six Acts; nor when we legislated for India; nor, in short, when we did any thing which we had deeply and seriously at heart. Now, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, had just as much to do with *one*, or *all*, of these matters, as with the Slave Trade. Whence, then, all this difference in the discussion of *that* question? If Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, and America, abolish that murderous traffic, the natives of Africa run little risk of being dragged into slavery by the subjects and ships of Prussia and Austria. Is Great Britain, then, to be restrained and trammelled, in doing what she is imperiously called upon to perform, in obedience to the just feelings and opinions of her people, by a Divan of Northern Despots, who hate the very semblance and shadow of liberty? We solemnly protest against being thought to insinuate ought against the perfect and entire *sincerity* of our own Government—far from it. Many of Lord Castlereagh's Notes to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, and to the Earl of Clancarty, our Ambassador at the Court of the Netherlands, are masterpieces of forcible, and sometimes *eloquent* reasoning—for even *he* glides into *eloquence* on such an inspiring subject;

and we are quite satisfied that he has done—and, what is more, done zealously and ably—all that REASON or REMONSTRANCE can ever do on the subject. But still his conduct has *not* been satisfactory to the country—and for this best of all reasons, that he never assumed that attitude and tone * which he was entitled to assume,—with the gigantic power and resources of this country, with Justice, Humanity, Reason, Religion, and Waterloo, at his back!! We hold it, however, as a truth, at once sacred and consoling, that THE PRESENT AGE IS TOO HUMANE, ENLIGHTENED, AND RELIGIOUS, MUCH LONGER TO ENDURE THE SLAVE TRADE!!!

These Preliminary Remarks have insensibly swelled out to such an extent, that we are compelled to postpone, till next Number, our Detail of the Atrocities of the Contraband Slave Trade, as presently carried on under cover of the Spanish, Portuguese, Netherlands, American—AND FRENCH flags.

MODERN FANATICISM †.

IF Micromegas, or the Saturnian philosopher, who, according to a lively Frenchman, once visited our globe, were again to arrive among us, and, without any previous knowledge of our habits and literature, were to endeavour to estimate our general morality and religion merely from the habits of those to whom either happened to be introduced, how different would that estimate be, according to the different circumstances of his introduction! If either hap-

* We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of adorning our pages with an extract from a speech delivered by Mr Fox, in a Committee of the whole House, on the Slave Trade, April 2, 1792: "He knew it was an unpopular thing to renounce *moderation*; but he did not profess moderation on this subject. In Middleton's Life of Cicero, there was a passage which exactly described what he thought of moderation applied to the Slave Trade:—A man might break open a house at midnight, for the purpose of robbery, and might murder the father, mother, children, and domestics; *but*, said the passage, *all this might be done with MODERATION!*" So, in like manner, by this sort of reasoning, we might proceed in this trade; we might rob, plunder, kidnap, murder, and depopulate a whole country, *with moderation!* He professed no moderation; there could be *no qualification of such guilt*; he was equally an enemy to all their *regulations*—regulations as *disgraceful* as *they would be impotent!*"

† Sermons by the late Rev. Alex. Stewart, D.D., one of the Ministers of Canon-gate, Edinburgh. To which is prefixed, a Memoir of his Life, including Letters. 8vo. Oliphant, Edinburgh.

pened to associate with one class of our fashionables, he would be apt to conclude, that knowledge and morality were designed chiefly for those to whom they are necessary for acquiring or continuing the means of subsistence; while the golden rule of his associates was to eat, drink, and be merry,—their highest knowledge, the calculation of the chances of a gaming-table,—and their best morality, punctual payment of their debts of honour. If he associated with another class, he might find knowledge highly valued, and morality tolerably practised; but if he were to form his general estimate of our religion from either class,—from the Hunts, Carliles, Cobbetts, and some of our best poets and philosophers, such estimate would be neither very correct, nor very favourable. He would suppose that Christianity was so absurd or pernicious, as to be a fit subject of ridicule on every proper occasion, and neither valued nor practised by any one with the least pretensions to taste or intellect. If, however, our philosopher had been introduced to a third class of our citizens, he would conclude exactly the reverse of this. If he had fallen among the brethren of the Tabernacle, or those persons who, like them, appropriate to themselves the title of *Evangelical*, he could not but conclude, that we were the most religious people under heaven; and that since the days of La Trappe, and the other monastic establishments, there had been nothing to equal the quantity and regularity of their religious observances, their apparent humility, the rigidity of their self-denial, and the austerity of their aversion to all kinds of pleasure.

If one judged of our literature, indeed, from the evangelical tracts, monitors, magazines, and reviews, he certainly would not rate it high,—for he would find no great indications of talent, and fewer of taste; but he would surely be lost in unbounded astonishment, both at the earnestness of our efforts to convert our *unlightened* brethren, comprehending two-thirds of the inhabitants of these realms, and at the uncommon success that seemed to attend these efforts; and if he thought of comparing the gaudy obituaries here with those

of other countries, he could hardly fail to arrive at this proud national conclusion, that whatever might have been the case formerly in popish countries, more saints now make their exit from this favoured kingdom, than from all the rest of Europe together. We have every day printed and well-authenticated accounts of the child dying an hundred years old; and many a happy parallel to the case of the thief upon the cross!

Now, it has always appeared to us, that much of the statements contained in these evangelical reports and magazines is gross exaggeration. Nothing surely can be more absurd and ridiculous, than to publish memoirs of the lives and minutes of the conversations of children of seven years old. However satisfactory or consoling to relatives the recollection of such things may be,—to others it must appear highly ridiculous, gravely to assert, that children who cannot, without hesitation, distinguish between their right hand and their left, understand, and can express their ideas respecting some of the most mysterious truths of our religion,—respecting the divinity and incarnation of our blessed Saviour, for instance,—or the depravity of their own nature,—or the doctrine of the atonement, the foundation of every sinner's hope.

It has become of late, too, very much the practice to publish memoirs of such unhappy persons as have forfeited their lives to the laws of the country, and sometimes to hold forth almost certain assurance of their salvation. Now, we think the utility of such publications very questionable. It appears to us, that such a practice too closely resembles that of a physician, who publishes an account of a difficult case which he has successfully treated. Neither the physician nor the divine is probably so much interested in the subject of his skill, as in another personage, viz. self; and perhaps neither is so very much concerned for the public, for whose temporal or eternal interest alone both accounts profess to be published:—but Dr A. is desirous it should be known, that he has cured a most difficult and dangerous disease; and the Rev. Mr B.'s regard for truth will not allow

him to conceal that he was the humble instrument of "plucking a brand from the burning!" If the hearts of either were narrowly examined, we cannot help thinking, that some such motive of pride or vanity might be often found lurking there, under the guise of zeal for the temporal or spiritual welfare of the public.

It is unquestionably our duty to attempt the conversion of such unhappy persons, and to prepare them for their untimely fate. Humanity requires it, Christianity enjoins it, the law of the country has in most cases commanded and provided for it; but still neither one nor all of these require the publication of the result of our attempts; and sure we are, that morality has not been consulted on the occasion. She would positively forbid all such publications. We mean not to say that such publication, though it did contain almost certain assurance of the late malefactor's having now entered into the happiness of immortality, would of itself induce any one "to go and do likewise;" but what we mean to say is this, that when a person who has already begun his career of guilt, observes that another, who he sees has done more atrocious deeds than himself—deeds that have drawn down the vengeance of human laws,—has, notwithstanding, obtained forgiveness and felicity, he is not very likely to stop short in his career. Seeing that the other has as yet gone far beyond him, he is much more likely to be tempted to fill up the measure of his own iniquity; and should he imagine that murder is necessary, either to attain his object, or to secure his personal safety, we ask, would the remembrance of such a publication have no mischievous effect at such a critical moment of temptation? A publication, which, by injudiciously offering pardon "to the chief of sinners," holds out to him the hope of eternal happiness, even should he do his worst; while, if he do so, he sees clearly that he diminishes the chance of being apprehended, or, if he should, silences for ever a most material witness against him. We think, if such a recollection were unfortunately to occur to his mind at such a moment, it would decide his choice; and that

he would hesitate the less to super-add murder to his other criminalities: nor does it appear to us at all conducive to the interests of morality or religion, to publish a flourishing statement of the peace and comfort in which a malefactor can die, after having embued his hands in human blood, and sent a fellow-mortal into the presence of his Judge, "unhousell'd, unanointed, unanneal'd," with all his unrepented sins upon his head.

But to pass from these to more harmless memoirs. Never was the old adage, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* so well understood, or so fully practised as at present. Indeed, so thoroughly is its force felt by many biographers, especially by those who undertake to write the lives of "just men made perfect," that it goes far to destroy the interest and utility of their biography altogether. Few indeed can recognize Humanity in the unnatural attitude in which she is often placed, and under the load of panegyric with which she is always encumbered. If something indicating the class to which the subject of the memoir belongs be permitted to appear, there is absolutely nothing, 'bating the circumstances of their births, deaths, and localities, that can distinguish any one individual from every other individual of the same class. It is in vain that we look in such memoirs for traits of character, or judicious anecdotes describing the man: it is in vain that we seek for their opinions of books, men, or manners, or any thing else that can render the account of the life of one man interesting to another:—all is so injudicious, formal, and laudatory, that one might venture to affirm, that there was really nothing of which the writer had so great a dread as that one feature of nature should somewhere peep forth in his performance. This excessive lauding, and this want of nature, we take to be the perpetual and predominating faults in all religious memoirs. The portraits are commonly so general, that the likeness of any one might serve equally for the likeness of any other. These are the faults of Bos-ton's, Newton's, (of Olney,) Bacon's, (the Sculptor,) Cadogan's, and Martyn's; all of which would have been

more useful, and greatly more interesting, had more of Nature been permitted to appear. These, too, are the chief faults of the memoirs which have furnished the subject of this article, and of which we propose now to give some account.

These memoirs are drawn up on the plan which Mason, in his life of Gray, has so happily introduced, and consist of the biographer's narrative, frequently interspersed with Dr Stewart's letters. No plan is better fitted for exhibiting any little peculiarities of character, if it be judiciously executed; but this, we think, is not the case in this instance. The book is in many places rather well written, and, with people of Dr S.'s way of thinking, will necessarily be popular; but to all others it must appear liable to the charges of injudiciousness, illiberality, and mysticism. Confidential letters are given that ought not to have been published; an importance is attached to peculiar opinions which two-thirds of its readers will never understand; and all who come short of fully adopting these opinions, are unsparingly condemned. We are far from saying that the book was written to excite prejudice against the greater proportion of our established clergy; but, nevertheless, we think that such will be, in a great measure, its effect, if its opinions be implicitly received. Wherever their public or private conduct differs from that of Dr S. they are not spared; and the writer has even gone out of his way, in order to lecture professors of divinity for not introducing more of *experimental and personal* religion into their theological courses! This is a fair sample of the spirit of the book, so far as one of our church parties is concerned; the members of the other have, of course, like Berkeley, "every virtue under heaven!"

But to proceed. Dr S. was born at Blair in 1764: his father was minister of that parish, and also an heritor. After having acquired the elements of classical learning under his father's roof, Dr S. was sent, at the age of thirteen, to St Andrew's, where he distinguished himself, and obtained several prizes. Grammar, (by which, we suppose, are meant languages,) mathematics, and metaphysics, are said to have been his fa-

vourite studies. Like most other young men whose views are towards the Church, and whose interest is but small, he became a tutor, and seems to have lived in Graham or Greigston's family for four years—happily enough. His biographer remarks, with great naïveté, "that it cannot be said that he was useful to the souls of any in this family!" and indeed we should have been surprised if he had; for we never either saw or heard of a family that tolerated lectures from their tutor any where, except from the pulpit. Having acquired the necessary qualifications, he was settled in Moulin, a parish adjoining to his father's, in 1785. We shall quote from one of his letters, written immediately before his settlement there, and describing his first visit to Moulin, both because it is among the best of his letters, and the only one that exhibits him in a natural and amiable point of view.

"I have had a most agreeable excursion to the Highlands. The object of my journey, the friendly reception I met with wherever I came, good spirits, choice weather, and agreeable company, all conspired to heighten the enjoyment. I thought I had never seen Athole to such advantage before. Every wood, every hill and stream, looked jocund. I felt my heart warmed when I approached the village of Moulin, with an affection somewhat similar, I suppose, to what one feels for his new-born offspring. I preached on the 28th ult. in English and Gaelic. The church was very full. I am told I gave satisfaction. My call, as far as can be judged, was unanimous. The people showed great earnestness in my favour. This, you may believe, was highly pleasing to me, and I indulged the pleasure without scruple, because I thought myself in no hazard of gratifying my vanity by that indulgence: for I have been little in that country since I was a child, and therefore am little known on my own account. The people's attachment to me proceeds from a cause vastly more gratifying than the highest compliments they could pay to my own merits—that is, the respect they retain for my father's memory. I am happy in thinking that I could attribute their attachment to that cause.

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"I spent a night at the Manse of Blair, in which I first drew breath. The glebe is pretty large, and has some oak and birch on it. I walked out alone in the

morning, to make my orisons in the wood where I had often strayed. I found in every tree, and in every spring, an old acquaintance. I stood on a hillock, and looked around me. The view was worth a thousand homilies!"—p. 23.

We agree with the biographer in thinking, that in this whole letter "there is much feeling and much taste;" but we do not think, as he does, that the "feeling was not spiritual, nor the taste sanctified!"

Dr S. was as yet UNCONVERTED, and consequently continued to cultivate his favourite studies. Among other things, he wrote a letter of "many folio pages," to the late Dr Gregory, soon after the publication of his Literary and Philosophical Essays, controverting his opinions respecting the moral liberty of man—not one word of which letter is given in these memoirs. This we regret exceedingly, if the paper be still preserved: for the letter passed through the hands of Professor Dugald Stewart, and was deemed by Dr Gregory worthy of a reply. It must therefore have been highly creditable to Dr S.; and even supposing the peculiar views which Dr S., and that party, entertain respecting religion, to be deserving of all the importance here attached to them, still we think it would have done the party no harm to have given an extract from such a letter, proving that these views were held by one of an acute and vigorous mind; while, to such as do not agree with them in these opinions, it would have exhibited Dr S. in a more favourable position, and given the book more interest than it now possesses.

About this time, Dr S. first visited Mr Black, then minister of St Madocs; and from this visit he dates the rise of those reflections which issued in his change of sentiments—in his "passing from death unto life!" Referring to this visit many years afterwards, he says, in a letter, "My thoughts took a long flight backwards, and the parlour and the garden at St Madocs appeared to me like an 'upper chamber in Jerusalem,' and like the 'garden of Gethsemane!'" How would it look to complete the parallel?

Having thus obtained new light himself, Dr S. zealously endeavoured

to impart his views to others; and was so successful in his own parish, that he published an account of the change of sentiment under the name of a "Revival." He wrote also on this subject to a clerical friend, and to a lady, but was successful with neither. The old man, with his deeds, was there too strong to be dislodged by his arguments. We insert the answer of the lady, because it is both lively and clever.

"Since you no longer find pleasure in dances, dinners, and suppers, it is natural for you to decline them; at the same time, there is a degree of civility due to those who pay you civility, that, I should have thought, might have carried you an hour or two to that said ball you mention, without in the least degrading you in any shape. But this is my ignorance—

"When you feel in your heart an ardent desire to see your friends in —, they will be happy to see you. But I acknowledge myself one to whom your visit will afford no sort of satisfaction, if you are to view it as a sacrifice, a murdering of your time, a paying of a debt, or coming to pay the interest of money borrowed. No, no, my friend; the pleasure of social intercourse must be mutual, or not at all. I entertained no hope of seeing you this season, so what you say on that subject does not the least surprise me. Such *sinner's* as we would perfectly pollute you.

"Strange, indeed, to suppose that I could not read, or would read with negligence, any paper you should send me! Into what is your mind about to contract? I read the letter over, and over, and over again, with all the attention I was capable of, and there is nothing in it to which I make the smallest objection; at the same time, I cannot help observing, that the writer of it has an opinion both of his own divine inspiration, and that of his friends, that suits not at all with my faith. Warmly to pursue the study of the gospel is highly proper and meritorious in all, more especially clergymen; but it appears strange to me, that studying the gospel of peace should sour you at all the world, and make you think, that all who are not exactly of your way of thinking are no longer worthy of your regard or attention. I really believe that you even refuse us the hope of being saved."—p. 121.

In Feb. 1799, Dr S. lost his wife: let the reader contrast the following extract from a letter communicating the news of that event with the first

one which we quoted, and say if the social and tender affections seem to be improved; perhaps every thing that is natural is sinful!

"Now, my dear Brother, *I have joyful news to tell!!* My Louisa is safely arrived at her heavenly home. Her passage was remarkably smooth, and her exit speedy. Yesterday morning her spirit took its departure about ten o'clock; and, *long ere now*, it is with God who gave it!!!" p. 154.

We must pass over many things in the book, which, though trifling in themselves, are amusing, from the vast importance attached to them. Among these are Dr S.'s energy in preventing a volunteer ball; his endeavour to suppress proclamations of sales, or other secular business, within the church, or even the affixing of advertisements to its doors; his pious refusal to attend a ball and supper given by the officers of a volunteer regiment, of which he was chaplain, because it was to be only a week after a national fast, &c.; all of which, with many others, are given, we think, with no great judgment, because they rather too forcibly remind one of the reformatory which P. P., parish clerk, effected in his department, in the way of excluding dogs from the church, and preventing children from munching apples during the service.

Dr S., from some similarity of religious sentiments, seems also to have been looked to with a wishful eye by the Itinerant Missionaries, and others, who had separated themselves from the Established Church, as a probable convert to the Independents; but, on this subject, he would admit of no change. He says in a letter, "Mr S. cautions me not to encourage — too much. It is right. It is impossible to go all lengths with —. I must stop somewhere, and then he will be as much hurt as if I had yielded nothing." We think the Evangelical Party might sometimes accept the good sense of this extract, as an answer to their own attempts at conversion!

Dr S. had now married a second time; his family was increasing; his income is said seldom to have exceeded £.70 per annum; and, though as zealous as ever, he was not quite so successful as at first. Various

plans were therefore suggested by his friends to effect his translation to Edinburgh. We shall insert part of a letter, in which he states his own sentiments respecting a translation. It may assist us in estimating the true amount of the statements respecting the "Revival," at Moulin; at any rate, it shews the powerful effect of different circumstances upon the mind when viewing the same objects.

"I shall now, my dear Sir, submit to you what has occurred to us in considering the question of removal to Edinburgh. As to the state of the people here, there has been *no gross declension*, nor *scandalous falling off among those who appear to be truly enlightened!* But we cannot reckon on any accession to their number for many months past. There is, or appears to be, a diminution of liveliness; and a dullness of spirit, hanging over most of us.

"Some years ago I should have thought it more dangerous to have left them exposed to the various winds of doctrine than now, and I believe they would have been more hurt at the thought of separation. Indeed, if they should get a young Evangelical Minister in exchange for me, I am persuaded the affections and interests which would be excited would enliven their devotion, and prove of material advantage. But, if they get one of a different description, the consequences would be melancholy."—p. 213.

To these "melancholy consequences," as might be anticipated, we find the people of Moulin were left; for, though the proposed translation to Edinburgh did not take place, Dr S. soon after received from the town-council of Dingwall an invitation to become minister of that place, which he accepted. As some compensation for leaving them, however, he solicited the Duke of Athole, the patron, to bestow upon them an evangelical clergyman, but received no answer; and it is openly regretted, in the Memoirs, that the present most respectable incumbent of that parish is not so. We really do not know by what right one clergyman of the Church of Scotland is entitled either to insinuate that another clergyman, his equal, has incorrect views of the truth, or, in other words, is not evangelical, or to publish such an extract as the following from a confidential letter:

Some attempts were made to influence the Duke of Athole, patron of the parish of Moulin, to present a man of evangelical principles to the vacant living, but without effect. The consequence is, that some have withdrawn from the ministry of the present incumbent, and some have removed out of the parish. I hear but melancholy accounts of the greater part of the people. They are growing careless and licentious.—p. 217.

At Dingwall, as might be expected, Dr S. found things in a sad way. "Their former clergyman," it seems, "was a man of taste and learning, made a good figure in ecclesiastical courts, was a ready and polite preacher, and lived on good terms with the genteel neighbourhood for which Dingwall is noted." But, then, "of his pastoral fidelity not much is known. The Sabbath was little regarded: many were not only lax, but accustomed to draw topics of merriment from the gravity, the devout composure, and the strict lives of the few who professed godliness." However, Dr S. had not been above *two months* there till "serious people remarked a *shaking among the dry bones*. The house of an experienced Christian in the town, D. M., which used to be opened on the Sabbath evening to a *few* who attended to hear reading and prayer, is now *crowded*. A mason in the neighbouring parish, who was anxious to send a letter in haste to his son, about a piece of work he had undertaken, on a Sabbath morning applied in vain to different persons to write for him. One had cut his thumb, another was not at home. He came to Dingwall, to try to get his letter written there. From this he was led to go to Dingwall church. He was much impressed; and next day confessed to a serious acquaintance the steps by which he had been led, and that he thought the sermon he heard was all levelled at himself."

p. 234. Would not one imagine he was reading an Evangelical Magazine, and not a letter of a clergyman of the Church of Scotland? The following is still more like: "I still feel for your situation," says Dr S. in a letter to a friend in Moulin; "and indeed my heart and affections often go out towards you in secret; and I feel, like Paul, a strong desire to see your face in the flesh, if the

Lord would honour me so far as to establish your faith, and impart to you some spiritual gift." p. 234. Will not inspiration itself be claimed next? Notwithstanding these promising symptoms, and although Dr S. was equally zealous as at Moulin in instituting Sabbath schools and prayer-meetings, and particularly active in suppressing theatrical exhibitions, which (such is the diligence of Satan) had extended even to that northern region, there was no "revival" at Dingwall; and, notwithstanding all his exertions, it ever continued to be there only "the day of small things!"

Dr S.'s health began now to be impaired. In 1811 he had been severely attacked by a painful and very dangerous disease, which occasionally returned with more alarming symptoms, and which often required the most prompt and skilful medical assistance. With the view of obtaining this in greater perfection, he was induced to remove to Edinburgh, where he arrived in October 1819. During the winter his health was considerably improved, and, with the view of perfecting his recovery, he began to consider the propriety of relinquishing his parish to an ordained assistant, and of residing constantly in that city, when a vacancy occurred in the Canongate Church. This altered his plans; he became a candidate for that charge, and, by the aid of strong interest, was successful. He was inducted in July 1820. The disease, however, under which he laboured, was such as could not be removed. In the spring of 1821 it returned with more violence than ever, and, in the end of May, prematurely terminated his earthly career, at the age of 57.

He has left but few publications. He contributed occasional papers to various periodical works; translated into Gaelic Watts' *Preservative*; revised a Gaelic version of the *Psalms*; and, at the time of his death, was employed in superintending the publication of a Gaelic Bible. His most valuable publication seems to be a Gaelic Grammar, which passed through two editions, is said to display great acuteness and research, and which procured for him the approbation of the Highland Society.

Few of his later sermons seem to have been fully written out. The present volume contains only six, which are said to be all that were fit for publication ; but to those who are the most likely to regret the want of more, the numerous extracts from his letters and diary will be some compensation. His earlier, and probably more elegant pulpit compositions, appeared to himself afterwards so defective in doctrine, that the greater part of them was committed to the flames ; and on a MS. copy of the remainder, the following damnable epitaph was inscribed in Latin by himself, in 1817 :

Youthful trifles,
produced in the season of ignorance and darkness ;
possessing nothing of the savour of the Gospel ;
abounding in errors ;
fit only to be pitied, fit only to be destroyed ;
to be pardoned solely by the clemency of a merciful God,
through the grace of his only-begotten Son.

Our opinion of the merits of the book may be easily gathered from the preceding pages. The plan of it is happy enough ; but it is in general but poorly executed, and miserably deficient in judgment and liberality. Nothing could be better adapted for developing little traits of character ; but can any thing be more void of interest, or more unnatural, than the aspect in which Dr S. is here exhibited ? We have always heard him characterized as a man of taste and accomplishment, but we confess he does not appear so in the pages before us. We give him entire credit for sincerity and piety ; but we think his sincerity appears harsh, and his piety repulsive. If he did write egotistically of himself, and harshly of his successor in Moulin, there was surely no necessity for publishing such letters ; and undoubtedly there must have been materials, either written or recollected, which might have enabled his biographer to place his character and attainments in a far more engaging view. As it is, however, he appears as unnatural, illiberal, and enthusiastic, as ever did monk of the dark ages. We do not think Dr S. more pious than Cowper ; and yet how playful, amiable, and attractive is his character ! He, too, was evangelical, but he did not live as if in a cloister. He disdained neither to notice nor record his opinions of

books, men, and manners. And yet how easily might a biographer have given us a life of Cowper as unnatural and forbidding as he had pleased ! He had only to quote from his narrative of his brother's death, from the letters written before his correspondence with Lady Hesketh, or Lady Austin, and to pass over all the rest,—and the thing would have been complete. We think it impossible to read either Cowper's memoirs or his letters, without admiration for the man, and a wish to be like him ; but we doubt if ever this shall be the case with the book before us. We, of course, do not suppose Dr S. equal to Cowper, nor do we at all know what materials there were to work upon ; but if there were livelier and more natural documents, the biographer is inexcusable for not having made use of them ; if there were not, the book should have been one-half shorter. After all, however, these peculiar views of religion tend exceedingly to sour and narrow the mind. Dr S. uniformly speaks of the most innocent pleasures, literary or social, as at best but snares that ought to be avoided ; now, if all the arts and elegancies of life be snares, vanities, and occasions of sinning, then surely men ought to retire from such dangerous temptations, as did the monks of old. Indeed we hold the motive that formerly led them into the retired and austere observances of a monastery, and that at present leads the evangelical to avoid social intercourse or literary pleasure, and to devote so much time to morbid meditation and formal devotion, to be perfectly the same in kind, and differing only in degree. If the whole Christian world had thought as they think—if it had been what is now called Evangelical—there could have been nothing like the present attainments in science, arts, or literature ; for every thing like ardent attachment to either of these pursuits is denounced as sinful, and as leading the thoughts too much away from God. And if that party be the *only wise*, then is Christianity, not a light that has already enlightened and improved the globe, but a feeble taper, which two-thirds of the inhabitants of every kingdom in the world have never once beheld in the long space of 1800 years !

BRACEBRIDGE HALL; OR, THE HUMORISTS. BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT. IN TWO VOLUMES, 8VO. LONDON. 1822.

WE are apprehensive that the perusal of this work will scarcely realise the very high expectations which its appearance may have excited. Not that we are by any means convinced that it exhibits a falling off, as it is usually styled, on the part of the author,—any considerable diminution of merit, or abatement of interest; but when a writer, at one or two efforts, succeeds in obtaining a high and permanent place in the literature of the age, so much is expected from his next attempts, that unless there is a very marked and obvious improvement, he incurs some risk of being considered as having fallen short of his former excellence. The more that the public mind has been gratified, the higher are the anticipations which it forms of the next production; and while there are bounds prescribed to all human wit and wisdom, the desire and expectation of something better is confined within no such restricting limits. It is thus that with some one or other of the band of discontented and disappointed readers, the successive works of the greatest of novellists and living authors have been in a state of progressive declension from the Fortunes of Waverley down to those of Nigel,—exhibiting various degrees of demerit, interspersed with occasional glimpses of their dawning splendour; and yet it may perhaps be questioned, whether, if the whole Series had been reversed, an equally illustrious host of dissatisfied personages would not still have been found to sigh over the departed glories of Martha Trapbois, and Peg-a-Ramsay, as we now do over the much-loved and regretted forms of Rose Bradwardine and Flora MacIvor.

But we have still other grounds for suspecting that, notwithstanding the unquestionable merit of the present work, something like a feeling of disappointment may be experienced by some of its readers, and perhaps also expressed by sundry of its critics. Intimately connected as it is with his former publication, the

“Sketch-Book,” and professing to describe more at length the character and customs which he had there so happily sketched, the author has peculiarly exposed himself to a comparison with his previous writings. And if there be any case in which the public are disposed to fancy a lack of skill or interest, it is where the same subjects are resumed and expanded, after the charm of novelty has ceased, and when the writer is sure to be judged by the over-excited expectations which well-merited success awakened, and in some measure warranted. The reception which the work before us is at first likely to meet, seems pretty obvious. Bracebridge Hall recalls necessarily, and strongly, our recollections of the Sketch-Book; but it has not excited the same delight; neither does it come up to the exalted standard which we have thought fit to raise, and therefore it is, on the whole, an inferior production. Exceptionable as such a mode of condemnation undoubtedly is, it is one which is very generally employed; the decisions of the many depending much more on the impulse of feeling, than the exercise of judgment. The circumstances also under which the author formerly appeared, were such as to lend an additional charm to every grace and ornament of his writings. We listened with mingled feelings of astonishment and partiality, to an American describing, for the first time, the manners, customs, and character of Old England, with all the enthusiasm of the most devoted of her children. There was such a stretch of liberality in the accomplished stranger coming amongst us, not to spy out the nakedness of the land, but to dilate on its beauty and virtues; there was so much to flatter our national pride, and so conciliating a spirit of courtesy in all his writings, that, had even his literary merit been less than it was, we should have felt it to be a breach of good manners and honourable feeling to have been very rigorously, or critically just towards him. If any thing could “smooth the raven down of criticism till it smiled,” it was the display of so many estimable qualities of head and heart on the side of all that we reverence and

love. If any offering, laid at the feet of a great and high-minded nation, could call forth, in return, its generosity and kindness, it was that of such homage to its intellectual talent and moral worth. If any display of individual excellence could command the regard of every mind, it was that of one rising superior to the prejudices of his own, and the jealousies of a neighbouring and rival country ; returning not railing for railing, but good for evil, and setting an example of generous and chivalric magnanimity to the great and virtuous of both nations. Now, although the same properties continue to characterise the present work, yet they are to be no longer regarded and hailed as an unexpected or extraordinary occurrence. They therefore do not produce so lively an impression on the mind ; they do not mingle so insensibly or powerfully with the other feelings of delight which are kindled as we read ; our gratification is made to depend much more on the intrinsic merits of the writings themselves. If we connect these considerations with the less variety and range of subject which the plan of the present publication embraces, and with the circumstances that our curiosity and interest in several of these topics have been forestalled by the author in his previous works, and that others of them have been long familiar to the English reader, we shall be at no loss to account for any diminution of pleasure we may have felt, without having recourse to the supposition of any weakening of power, or other symptoms of decay, on the part of the writer.

Bracebridge Hall resembles Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall*, in being a sort of frame-work in which sketches of manners and character are exhibited in a connected form. But this, assuredly, is the chief, if not the only point of resemblance. Nothing can be more opposite than the characteristic qualities of these two observers of rural life and happiness, whether in the village or the manor-house. Crabbe has almost exclusively described the sober and painful realities of existence ; he has chiefly looked upon man as he acts and feels in the days of his adversity, and that, too, amid the or-

dinary calamities of the world, which depress without dignifying the soul. He has surveyed human nature with a calm, undazzled eye, which can see into the light-hearted joys of youth, the misfortunes of manhood, and the miseries of old age. There is no fond illusion of imagination, or hope, or feeling in his mode of viewing objects, or in the characters which he has painted. The author now before us has none of those plain, unvarnished representations of things. The griefs which he describes are of that romantic cast which are somewhat akin to joy ; and when, by any effort, his story can be made to issue favourably, he is not over scrupulous about the means he employs to accomplish so desirable a result. His descriptions of England present her only in her sunshiny moods, with her inhabitants decked out in their holiday attire, and engaged in some merry gambol of the good olden time. His personages are abstractions of the oddities and excellencies of the Old English character. The gentry pique themselves on their hereditary honours, but are generous and kindly in the extreme to their vassals and dependants ; and they, in their turn, look up to the respected inmates of the Hall " with almost feudal homage." You find, in his views of English scenery, no such vulgar objects as work-houses, ill-aired and dirty cottages, and squalid children ; and no such traits in English character as selfishness and avarice in the great, or discontent and ingratitude in the poor. In his own words, he is ever " endeavouring to see the world in as pleasant a light as circumstances will permit." This, it is evident, is quite a poetical view of things ; and would not the *Tales of the Hall*, and *Bracebridge Hall*, therefore, have both been fully as much in keeping, if the one had been written in prose, and the other farther embellished with all the glories of verse ?

After craving the forgiveness of our readers for detaining them so long in the porch, we proceed to introduce them to the *Humorists in Bracebridge Hall*. Our author, it will be remembered, in the second volume of the *Sketch-Book*, describes his first visit to the family on the invitation of Frank Bracebridge, with

whom he had travelled on the continent. It was Christmas-eve, and young and old were absorbed in the festivities of that merry season. Among those happy and interesting revellers, our readers will particularly recollect the Squire's second son, Guy, the young officer, and the fair ward, Julia Templeton, "the beautiful blushing girl of seventeen." An experienced eye might have discovered, in the mutual glances, the flushing cheeks, and such-like heralds of the heart, that preliminaries were then carrying on towards a union between this youthful pair ; and one in the slightest degree acquainted with the author's obliging dispositions and address, in guiding matters to a happy conclusion, could have no doubt but that it would soon be consummated. Accordingly we find, at the commencement of the present work, that he has undertaken another visit to the Hall, that he might be present at their wedding, which was about to take place. To the personages with whom we were formerly made acquainted, others are added from the neighbourhood, along with some friends and relations of the Squire's, who had assembled to celebrate that joyous festival. The Squire, the young Oxonian, Master Simon, the bachelor of singing and bustling celebrity, and the antiquarian parson, so deeply skilled in popular superstitions, and the various readings of Old English song, are again introduced on the scene. Among the new dramatis persone there is a Lady Lillycraft, a sister of the Squire's, a simple-hearted, sentimental widow, well versed in love-tales of every different complexion, and both experimentally and speculatively acquainted with all the mysteries of love-making. She is squired and gallanted in all her movements about the Hall by a General Harbottle, who had been an early admirer of her Ladyship's ; and although the General resumes his attacks on the tender affections of the dame, and for some time with a little prospect of success, yet his utter want of sentiment and feeling eventually ruins him in the eye of his mistress. There is also a Mr Faddy, a retired manufacturer, a perfect thorn in the flesh of the old Squire ; a whole family of the Tibbets, all old English

to the core ; several village worthies, at the head of whom are the school-master and his assistant, and a radical, whom the author exposes with most monarchical rigour ; and among the domestics of the Hall, a brocaded antique house-keeper, born and bred in the family, with her orphan niece, Phoebe Wilkins, a spoiled, pretty-faced baggage ; and Christy the huntsman, a testy, opinionative old fellow, who, at the close of the day, is buckled to Mrs Hannah, a most insufferable old-maid, and woman in waiting to Lady Lillycraft—as wonderful a display of the power of the baby-god as we remember ever to have encountered. These personages, it must be understood, are merely described by the author, there being neither plot nor adventure to draw them much into action. We shall now present our readers with a sample of these descriptions, to which we have no doubt he has been looking forward, for some time, with considerable impatience.

We give the following extract from the chapter entitled "Family Servants," as an example of that amiable feeling which the writings of our author so frequently exhibit :

But the good "old family servant!"—The one who has always been linked, in idea, with the home of our heart ; who has led us to school in the days of prattling childhood ; who has been the confidant of our boyish cares, and schemes, and enterprises ; who has haled us as we came home at vacations, and been the promoter of all our holiday sports ; who, when we, in wandering manhood, have left the paternal roof, and only return thither at intervals, will welcome us with a joy inferior only to that of our parents ; who, now grown gray and infirm with age, still totters about the house of our fathers in fond and faithful servitude ; who claims us, in a manner, as his own, and hastens with querulous eagerness to anticipate his fellow-domestics in waiting upon us at table ; and who, when we retire at night to the chamber that still goes by our name, will linger about the room to have one more kind look, and one more pleasant word, about times that are past—who does not experience towards such a being a feeling of almost filial affection ?

The following is part of the description of Lady Lillycraft :

Whether the taste the good lady had of

matrimony discouraged her or not I cannot say; but, though her merits and her riches have attracted many suitors, she has never been tempted to venture again into the happy state. This is singular too, for she seems of a most soft and susceptible heart; is always talking of love and connubial felicity; and is a great stickler for old-fashioned gallantry, devoted attentions, and eternal constancy, on the part of the gentlemen. She lives, however, after her own taste. Her house, I am told, must have been built and furnished about the time of Sir Charles Grandison; every thing about it is somewhat formal and stately; but has been softened down into a degree of voluptuousness, characteristic of an old lady very tender-hearted and romantic, and that loves her ease. The cushions of the great arm-chairs, and wide sofas, almost bury you when you sit down on them. Flowers of the most rare and delicate kind are placed about the rooms and on little japanned stands; and sweet bags lie about the tables and mantel-pieces. The house is full of pet dogs, Angola cats, and singing-birds, who are as carefully waited upon as she is herself.

She does a vast deal of good in her neighbourhood, and is imposed upon by every beggar in the county. She is the benefactress of a village adjoining to her estate, and takes an especial interest in all its love-affairs. She knows of every courtship that is going on; every love-lorn damsel is sure to find a patient listener and a sage adviser in her ladyship. She takes great pains to reconcile all love-quarrels, and should any faithless swain persist in his inconstancy, he is sure to draw on himself the good lady's violent indignation.

We cannot omit to indulge our readers with a sketch of "old Ready-money Jack Tibbets," a substantial yeman, and village champion, intended as a specimen of Old English "heart of oak," but somewhat too highly coloured.

He was between fifty and sixty, of a strong, muscular frame, and at least six feet high, with a physiognomy as grave as a lion's, and set off with short, curling, iron-gray locks. His shirt-collar was turned down, and displayed a neck covered with the same short curling, gray hair; and he wore a coloured silk neckcloth, tied very loosely, and tucked in at the bosom, with a green paste brooch on the knot. His coat was of dark green cloth, with silver buttons, on each of which was engraved a stag, with his own name, John Tibbets, underneath. He had an inner-

waistcoat of figured chintz, between which and his coat was another of scarlet cloth, unbuttoned. His breeches were also left unbuttoned at the knees, not from any slovenliness, but to show a broad pair of scarlet garters. His stockings were blue, with white cloaks; he wore large silver shoe-buckles; a broad paste buckle in his hatband; his sleeve-buttons were gold seven-shilling pieces; and he had two or three guineas hanging as ornaments to his watch-chain.

On making some inquiries about him, I gathered that he was descended from a line of farmers that had always lived on the same spot, and owned the same property; and that half of the church-yard was taken up with the tombstones of his race. He has all his life been an important character in the place. When a youngster, he was one of the most roaring blades of the neighbourhood. No one could match him at wrestling, pitching the bar, cudgel-play, and other athletic exercises. Like the renowned Pinner of Wakefield, he was the village champion; carried off the prize at all the fairs, and threw his gauntlet at the country round. Even to this day the old people talk of his prowess, and undervalue, in comparison, all heroes of the green that have succeeded him; nay, they say, that if Ready-money Jack were to take the field even now, there is no one could stand before him.

The following extract is from the chapter on "Forest Trees," and is in our author's happiest vein. He is speaking of the taste of English gentlemen for park and forest scenery:

There is something nobly simple and pure in such a taste: it argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature, to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is, if I may be allowed the figure, the heroic line of husbandry. It is worthy of liberal, and free-born, and aspiring men. He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade, nor enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea, that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing, and increasing, and benefiting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields. Fitted it is the nature of such occupations to lift the thoughts above mere worldliness. As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all nox-

ious qualities of the air, and to breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy. There is a serene and settled majesty in woodland scenery, that enters into the soul, and dilates and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations. The ancient and hereditary groves, too, that embower this island, are most of them full of story. They are haunted by the recollections of the great spirits of past ages, who have sought for relaxation among them, from the tumult of arms, or the toils of state, or have wooed the muse beneath their shade. Who can walk, with soul unmoved, among the stately groves of Penshurst, where the gallant, the amiable, the elegant Sir Philip Sidney passed his boyhood; or can look without fondness upon the tree that is said to have been planted on his birth-day; or can ramble among the classic bowers of Hagley; or can pause among the solitudes of Windsor Forest, and look at the oaks around, huge, gray, and time-worn, like the old castle towers, and not feel as if he were surrounded by so many monuments of long-enduring glory? It is, when viewed in this light, that planted groves, and stately avenues, and cultivated parks, have an advantage over the more luxuriant beauties of unassisted nature. It is that they teem with moral associations, and keep up the ever-interesting story of human existence.

We can only make way for another extract, which is in that style of quaint humour in which Knickerbocker's History of New York is composed. Hard by the Hall was an ancient rookery, the occupants of which are thus described:

The rooks are looked upon by the Squire as a very ancient and honourable line of gentry, highly aristocratical in their notions, fond of place, and attached to church and state; as their building so loftily, keeping about churches and cathedrals, and in the venerable groves of old castles and manor-houses, sufficiently manifests. The good opinion thus expressed by the Squire put me upon observing more narrowly these very respectable birds; for I confess, to my shame, I had been apt to confound them with their cousins-german the crows, to whom, at the first glance, they bear so great a family resemblance. Nothing, it seems, could be more unjust or injurious than such a mistake. The rooks and crows are, among the feathered tribes, what the Spaniards and Portuguese are among nations, the least loving, in

consequence of their neighbourhood and similarity. The rooks are old-established housekeepers, high-minded gentlefolk, that have had their hereditary abodes time out of mind; but as to the poor crows, they are a kind of vagabond, predatory, gipsy race, roving about the country without any settled home; "their hands are against every body, and every body's against them," and they are gibbeted in every corn-field. Master Simon assures me that a female rook, that should so far forget herself as to consort with a crow, would inevitably be disinherited, and indeed would be totally discarded by all her genteel acquaintance.

Nor must I avoid mentioning, what, I grieve to say, rather derogates from the grave and honourable character of these ancient gentlefolk, that, during the architectural season, they are subject to great dissensions among themselves; that they make no scruple to defraud and plunder each other; and that sometimes the rook-cry is a scene of hideous brawl and commotion, in consequence of some delinquency of the kind. One of the partners generally remains on the nest to guard it from depredation; and I have seen severe contests, when some sly neighbour has endeavoured to filch away a tempting rafter that had captivated his eye. As I am not willing to admit any suspicion hastily that should throw a stigma on the general character of so worshipful a people, I am inclined to think that these larcenies are very much discountenanced by the higher classes, and even rigorously punished by those in authority; for I have now and then seen a whole gang of rooks fall upon the nest of some individual, pull it all to pieces, carry off the spoils, and even buffet the luckless proprietor. I have concluded this to be some signal punishment inflicted upon him, by the officers of the police, for some pilfering misdemeanor; or, perhaps, that it was a crew of bailiffs carrying an execution into his house.

Of a work like the present, only a very inadequate idea can be conveyed by means of extracts. There is also an interesting portion of it, from which we have not ventured to levy any contribution, and which we can only notice very passingly. We allude to the specimens of story-telling with which the unvaried events of the Hall are occasionally relieved. Our readers will still recollect, with unabated delight, the matchless examples of the author's talents in this species of composition, which are contained in the Sketch-Book; and if

there is not any thing in the present volume so full of deep interest and pathos as the "Pride of the Village," or so exquisitely humorous as the story of "Rip Van Winkle,"—"Annette Delarbre" and the "Stage-coach Romance," are only inferior to those earlier effusions of the same genius, and are in all respects worthy descendants of the same illustrious stock. Among the longest of these narrative sketches is the "Student of Salamanca," a romantic Spanish love-tale, containing a superabundance of fine things, rich descriptions, and hair-breadth escapes; garnished with the mysterious character and studies of an alchymist, the terrors of the Inquisition, and the glories of an auto-da-fé: And in winding up the complicated incidents of this piece, the author strikingly evinces the vigorous efforts he is determined to make, that all may, at every hazard, end well. "Annette Delarbre," though not so lengthy, nor so much laboured, is more touchingly beautiful: it describes the long mournful progress of a hopeless affection in a female bosom, embittered by feelings of remorse for the unkind treatment of her devoted lover, till the powers of reason sink before the violence of her passion, and madness benumbs the consciousness of the anguish which nothing can remove. But, in concluding, the same bonhomie is again displayed; the hero returns in safety, Annette is restored to the use of her faculties, and to the arms of her forgiving and affectionate Eugene, and the reader is comfortably assured, on the word of a worthy priest, that they have been happily married, and that a handsomer or lovelier couple is not any where to be seen. "The Stout Gentleman, a Stage-coach Romance," is a most humorous satire on those writers of the Radcliffe school who delight in investing their personages with darkness and mystery; and "Dolph Heyliger," from the manuscript of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, exhibits all the grotesque naïf drollery of that most witty of historians. Upon the whole, we can safely recommend this work, as containing a rich store of pure unalloyed enjoyment. The partialities and leanings of the author are all in favour of

goodness of character, simplicity of manners, and refined, yet natural feeling; and we consider it also peculiarly deserving our recommendation, as a work likely to be extensively read by the youth of both sexes, whose unchilled sensibilities lead them, in particular, to delight in such Utopian scenes of gay romance, and to sympathize with those somewhat too flattering representations of humanity, with which he has peopled them; especially as those writings which possess the same sort of interest are very rarely so innocuous and moral in their tendency.

A TRUE AND AUTHENTIC HISTORY
OF "ILL TAM."

No. VI.

HUMAN happiness is the result, not of apathy or inactivity, or of that "Nil admirari" of the poet, which, according to his ironical statement, is the only thing which can render and continue a man happy. The fact is, that we are happy, not in proportion to the fewness of our desires, or of the means of gratifying them; but precisely in an inverse ratio, in respect of all innocent desires and gratifications, at least. The oyster drinks in the sea-water, closes its shell, and is satisfied. The sloth gorges, drops, and then whines itself, through repletion, into a comfortable state of torpidity. The ox grazes, seeks the stream, and ruminates at ease, in the midst of the meadow-grass. The shepherd's cur clears the laggin's of his master's "cog," licks the rain-water from his feet, reposes on his plaid-corner,—and has not a desire unsatisfied. Man alone is possessed of appetites and desires of a more elevated and varied cast; and in proportion as he extends, multiplies, and strengthens these, (under such limitations, always, as reason and good feeling prescribe,) in an equal proportion will be his enjoyment of life, his perception of that pleasure and delight, of which he is created so eminently susceptible. Why is youth, in particular, so capable of exqui-

* "Paucity," says the critic. "Fewness," says my Uncle. Go on!

site, and almost ceaseless enjoyment? Why is every passing hour furnished with the means of eliciting from the young heart the breathings and affections of happiness? Why! but from this cause, that the whole frame and endowments, both of head and heart—both of imagination and sympathy, are then plastic, and capable of being acted upon from every contiguous relationship. There exists an exciting, and arousing, and arresting novelty, and freshness, and strength, in every impression; combined with, and accommodated to a corresponding capability of apprehension *in*, and over his whole system. A boy is a kind of moving barometer, acted upon, and indicating the influence of every element around him. He is fond of novelty; the world, up from the wood in and through which his infancy ranged, to the uttermost desery of an extensive horizon, is before and around him. He delights in variety: it is the game he is constantly endeavouring to start, and ever at the same time hunting down. There are games enow in the list of school amusements, to meet and satisfy this urgent and clamorous propensity. He is always in earnest; he enters into every thing about which he is occupied, with a singleness of heart, with a keenness and alacrity which are peculiar to his years. This disposition, likewise, is met by a corresponding enthusiasm in his fellows, and by a kind of virgin entireness and adapt- edness, in the yet-unhackneyed objects of pursuit and enjoyment. He is always pushing, as it were, against the bars and the limits of restriction; and is apt, if the legitimate sources of enjoyment be denied him, to overleap the boundary, and to run wild in unlawful pastures; hence it follows, that whoever has in reality added one innocent and allowable, and gratifiable taste or affection, to the amount of his desires and pursuits, has, in reality, added to the sum of his happiness in a two-fold interpretation, both in reference to the mischief prevented, and the benefit attained. It is for this reason that I am led to regard the taste which about this time I acquired, for "Fishing," as well as the friendship which I imbibed for the

humble individual through whose example and instructions that taste was induced and continued, as fortunate occurrences; and although obstructive, for the time, of my studies, and altogether incompatible with maternal authority, yet still, as opening up a new and a refreshing spring of healthful and exhilarating exercises.

Fishing, or angling with the rod for burn-trouts, is indeed a most interesting amusement. There is just enough of address required to admit and imply a gratifying admixture of self-approbation; and enough, at the same time, of chance or circumstance, over which the fisher has no control, to keep expectation constantly alive, even in the midst of the most deplorable fortune. Hence, a real fisher is seldom found, from a want of success merely, to relinquish his rod in disgust; but, with the true Christian, is patient in tribulation—rejoicing in hope: "*Meliora spero*" is the motto of his profession; and whilst mischance and misfortune haunt him, it may be, from stream to stream, and from pool to pool, he still looks adown the glen, and along the river's course—he still regards, in anxious expectation, the alluring and more promising curl, the circulating and creamy froth, the suddenly-broken and hesitating gullet, and the dark, clayey bank, under which the water runs thick, and the foam bells figure bright and starry. He knows, that one single hour of successful adventure, when the cloud has ascended, and the shadow is deep, and the breeze comes upwards in the face of the stream, and the whole finny race are in eager expectation of the approaching shower,—he knows that a single hour of this description will often, even down to the evening's close, repay him amply for a whole day of discouragement and misfortune.

And who, that has enjoyed this one little hour of success, would consider the purchase as dearly made? Is it with "bait" that you are angling, and in the solitude of a mountain glen can you discover the stream of your hope stretching away like a blue pennant, waving into the distance, and escaping, behind some projecting angle of the hill, from

your view? Your fishing-rod is sufficient, your line is in order, your hook is ready to pierce your very fingers, in the putting on of the bait. Companion, thank God, with the exception of the raven or the water-wag-tail, you have none. This is no hour for chirping grasshopper, or flaunting butterfly, or booming bee; the overshadowed and ruffled water receives your bait with a plump, and ere it has travelled to the distance of six feet, it is nailed down in the wiel of a current stone, or has cut (against all the laws of hydrostatics) and cleaved the wave upwards, or has shot suddenly out at right angles with the river's course into brow-hold and dark-retired lodgement. You pull, recklessly and fearlessly, and directly in towards yourself; and flash after flash, flap after flap, comes there directly upon your breast, and your arms, and your legs, the well-formed, firm-made, spotted inmate of the waters. At length your direct pull is resisted,—you make it sideways; and out upon your stretch rushes the giant of the flood, indignant, capricious, ungovernable—making as if earth, air, and water, were alike his elements, and putting all your address and management fairly and fully to the test. By the tenacity, however, of your tackle, and the unremitted perseverance of your pull, he is at last fairly worn out—his jaws open—you hold his head to the stream, and in a rushing overflow of his own native element, he is actually drowned, and dragged flat, and lumbering, and lifeless, to the beach.

Or it is "the fly" with which you are enjoying the river's fuller and more sea-ward flow. The wide extent of streamy pool is before you, and beyond your reach; fathom after fathom is pulled out, recling from your pirl; but still you can scarcely drop the far fly into the tempting curl. The very tide boils with the play of trout-raising, as you gently and slowly bring your hooks homeward; but they come not home to you troutless; for, in addition to that tiny "par," which only embarrasses the greater movement, you have to contend with a pair of as yellow sides and broad lateral fins as it is convenient to overpower. Revolution after revolution is made at the bottom,

mid-way up, and at top of the flood, the "par" still holding a kind of satellite course around the larger and central attraction, and both bodies tending, by the gravitating power of a multiplying pirl, towards the shore. Scarcely a throw is made without success, till the creel-strap begins to cut your shoulder, and your bloody and gleeted fingers indicate an unusual extent of slaughter.

But even independently of the sport itself, all-bewitching to a true fisher as it unquestionably is, the concomitants and associations with which it is usually combined, are all of an elevating, invigorating, and heart-expanding nature. The resort of the fisher is amidst the retirements, of what, and what alone, can be justly denominated *undegraded Nature*.—The furnace, and the manufactory, and the bleaching-green, and the tall, red, smoke-voiniting chinney, are his utter aversion and abhorrence. The village—the clachar—the city—all congregations of the dwellings and pursuits of men, he carefully avoids—he flies from them as from a spirit and a presence entirely inimical to his soul's life, and hope, and joy. He holds no communion, no voluntary intercourse with man, or with his petty and insignificant achievements: "he lifts his eyes to the hills," to these eternal and unchangeable, uncivilized, unsophisticated harbingers of God; and his steps lie through retired glen, and winding vale, and smiling strath, up to the misty eminence, and shieling-topped peak. He catches the first beams of the sun, not through the dim and disfiguring smoke of a city, but over the sparkling and diamonded spret, and above the unbroken and undulating line of the distant horizon. Again and again he imagines that the cloud streak which intersects and overlays the sun's ascending disk, actually destroys its roundity; and whilst he looks away the oblong into the circular form, his line sparkles in the slanting beam, and his rod is pieced and prepared for the day's sport. He becomes acquainted, not only with earth, in all the freshness and attractiveness of Nature, but his "conversation is with Heaven;" he holds communion with the mist—and with the wind—and with the

cloud—and with the sky. No varieties of temperature, or perceptible indications of atmospheric change escape him. He discovers the small cloud like the man's hand, which is soon to swell, and spread, and advance into a deluge; and he describes the almost imperceptible "blue-bore" in the west, which, under the most unpromising appearances, announces fair weather. He detects the thunder in his gleamy, and inflated, and towering wreaths of snow,—knows, from the hesitating and upward-bearing of the wind, from what quarter of the heavens the storm will set in—and even in the croaking of the raven, the wheeling and mid-air suspense of the hawk, and the bleating and raking of the hill flocks, he can read prognostics of the approaching tempest. The great, and the unmeasured, and the incomprehensible, are around, and about, and within him. The stillness of solitude settles down upon his perceptions, and his imagination and feelings come into contact and combination with a presence and a power of infinity and peace. When patients are sent to Pitcaithly*, or to sea-bathing quarters, their convalescence is more attributable, perhaps, to a temporary removal from the cares and the disquietudes of business, and every-day thoughts, than to any virtue in the residence, or in the waters; and when a fisher has ascended to the source of the mountain and moss-born stream, the little world he left behind him in the plain beneath, is as completely banished, in all its carping and vexing influence, from his thoughts, as if with his altered position he had likewise changed his nature.

Much, indeed, O fascinating, but most innocent and uncloying Amusement, do I owe thee! Thou hast been to me the green exuberance of sunny enjoyment during my boyhood—thou hast mixed thy softening and soothing attractions with the sterner and

indispensable avocations of my manhood! When worn out by disease, and jaded, and tossed, and jarred, in all my more entire and intense affections,—by what shall I call it? the world, or the world's companions, Disappointment and Misfortune, thou hast never deserted or betrayed me. When Conscience has risen up against me, armed with the scorpions of Memory, and the inveteracy of Regret—when my soul was almost ready to avoid a perception of its own intense misery, by a leap, and a dive, and precipitation of utter destiny,—thou hast taken me by the hand—whispered in my ear—conducted me into the wilderness, and tempted me into endurance, quiet, peace, comfort. When the hand of God has been upon me, and the staff, and the stay, and the solace, and "the joy," has been removed, and suddenly—when the lapse of a few hours has given me to know the uttermost boundary of a reversing and an afflictive Providence, and I have been driven forth companionless into the duties, friendless into the privileges, and without an associated sympathy into the enjoyments of existence; thou hast been ever nigh at hand, watching, and waiting to be consolatory; withdrawing me from my present, and reverting my attention to my former self. In the still, small voice of persuasive influence, rousing me into activity, and attaching me anew to the world, and to the life and the pursuits I had almost resolved to relinquish,—and for ever!

I shall never forget the circumstances which led to my initiation into all the mysteries of angling. I had found a sixpence upon the kirk-road, along which I passed towards school. With this piece of money, which felt all day as if it were burning its escape through the bottom of my pocket, I purchased, after school-hours, and at the expence of a three-mile walk, a penknife, with a smoothly polished joint—an amazing "back sprunt," which clicked audibly as the knife shut, and a hartshorn haft, which had actually figured on the head of a real deer. As I was on my return homewards, dinnerless, and cutting to the very quick with hunger, yet stopping, from time to time, to unpocket, and open out my

* What fine weather this is for Pitcaithly, the resort of humour, gaiety, health, and independence! To pass a few weeks at the "Brig o' Earn," or in "Mr Gilloch's" lodgings, is like living as long in Elysium. My Uncle repaired regularly once a-year to this fashionable and pleasurable resort. X.

prize, to blow upon the blade, and try the edge upon my thumb ball, I discovered a class-fellow upon the banks of a stream, amusing himself with a fishing-rod; and ere I had stood three minutes awaiting his success, I beheld, what I then considered as a trout of uncommon dimensions, panting, and flapping, and walloping at my feet. A bargain was immediately concluded betwixt us, without the help of attorney or witness, but simply by means of moistened thumbs pressed closely together, in virtue of which, I got rid of my recent purchase, and was enabled to palm this extraordinary fish upon my mother and aunts, as one of my own catching. Having thus, like the blood-hound, moistened my lips, I could not rest nor settle into any regular study, till I had tried my fortune at a somewhat distant, but far-named stream, then, and still known, by the royal appellation of the "King-stand burn:" so stealing, for the occasion, my mother's thin oval and tin-made tobacco-box, and lodging a worm or two of the largest and most ruddy colour and dimensions within; arming myself with a crooked pin, in lieu of a fish-hook—with a piece of rosined thread for a line—and with a rowen-tree branch for a fishing rod—off I marched betimes, setting home, and mother, and school, and master, and duty, and conscience at defiance. I bounded over the soft and spongy moss, till the water squirted upon my face from betwixt my toes, and the whole of my lower person was completely drenched in the long and still dewy heather; and no sooner had I reached the source of the "King-stand," and had unfolded my line amidst the old peat hags, where the Covenanters and the fowmart had formerly held their rendezvous, than, upon discovering a black and stagnant pool, my bait, and hook, and line, descended into the abyss, and I could see the worm gradually, and under a yellow dusky hue, gravitating its way towards the bottom. I sat for a few seconds, in the most distressing stretch of expectation, watching my line, as a shipwrecked sailor would eye the rope which connects him with the shore, when, to my utter amazement, motion succeeded to rest.

The line evidently quivered; there was a circular—there was a lateral—there was an unequal—there was a quick and angular movement. I felt my whole frame quiver; it was not fear, nor joy, nor hope, nor suspense, which dealt with me, as the earthquake deals with "Comrie:" but it was a combination of all these, under the overruling influence of some still deeper and more awful sentiment. I ventured to pull at last, and with so determined a good will, that, in a few instants, a large unseemly adder-looking "eel" had taken possession of the spretty marsh, and was contriving to wind its way, in most suspicious activity, amidst the long and moving grass. For eels of every description, whether "lamper," with the horse-shoe mouth and lateral tiers of eyes, or whether the more common blue-back and sow-mane, I entertained an innate and decided abhorrence: a kind of creeping shuddering "grew" invariably came over my whole frame upon sight of them, and I would sooner have handled a red-hot "harsel," than have brought my fingers into contact with any part of the detested reptile. I tried, but in vain, to extricate the pin from the possessor's jaws, or rather stomach; I at length gathered resolution to place my feet upon its head; but by means of a cold and clammy length, and agility of tail, it encircled, in an instant, my ankle, and wrested its nobler part into freedom. In this situation, I would willingly have compounded for a mutual cessation of hostilities, but I had caught a tartar; my leg continued entangled in the slimy, crawling folds, and I was glad to cut my cables, and drift; in other words, to take to my heels, without either fishing-rod or line, and endeavouring, by sheer kicking and screaming, to disengage myself from this tenacious and dangling impediment.

Thus was I compelled to return from my first fishing excursion, somewhat of a greater fool than I had set out. But perseverance is the drop which hollows the stone—the "*tempus edax rerum*,"—the woman in the parable who obtained by her very importunity. I had acquired one species of information by this expedition,

and now knew, from personal observation and experience, that the water was actually inhabited; and in a few days I contrived, by means of a regularly-constructed line and hook, to return home with a pretty decent "fishing," consisting of three trouts and a minnow. It was at this period of my fishing, taste, and experience, that I encountered upon the burn-side, one misty morning, an old soldier, who, having returned from the siege of Gibraltar to his former profession of weaver, had dedicated the evening of his life, in a great measure, to the amusements of the stream and the bottle. This man was a complete enthusiast in the sport, and, consequently, was held in a kind of superstitious and mysterious estimation, on account of his unequalled success, throughout the whole neighbourhood. His baits he prepared in a way known only to himself, and generally kept them in a state of purification and adaptation for weeks and months before they were used. His fishing-rods had their virtue too; though whether that resided in the witch rowan-tree with which they were topped, or in a "bee" lodged in the butt-end, I could never rightly ascertain. To him all weathers were indifferent; and he would pull out his twelve or twenty dozen from beneath the glowing and glaring sunshine, and clear blue sky, as well as under the dark and creeping mist, or dense and cloudy awning. Seasons, in his fishing calendar, were not; and even when snow, and hail, and ice, were in the ascendant, he extracted the ancient resident of the dark pool from his hold, and placed on the "laird's table," as a new-year's rarity, the finny inmates of the Ae, the Cuple, the Cample, or King-stand! Though he generally dedicated his evenings to the bottle, or rather to the "gill-stoup," and often found it necessary to draw pretty largely upon the night, and even the ensuing morning, in order to prolong his social and convivial amusements; yet no sooner did he unfold his line upon the banks of the "Brawn," or the "Dar," or the "Shinnle," than the inhabitants of the stream seemed to hail him as their deliverer from a state of penance, and hurried into his twin-bags

(for in baskets he indulged not) as if they had been flying into a city of refuge. I have often seen this wonderful man, fairly half-seas over, flouncing, and flashing, and floundering about in the water, terrifying and scaring, one would have thought, every living creature within a hundred paces of him, and yet killing, with a rapidity and an ease altogether unequalled by the most self-possessed and sober sportsman. There was, of consequence—I speak in reference to his fishing mania alone!—a kind of affinity betwixt us, and accordingly we were friends at first sight. I instantly attached myself to him, in the character of a pupil, or novice, and bore, like Judas, "the bag," for a long time ere I was permitted to adventure for myself. My wages at night, after a long day's travel of at least twenty miles, were a round dozen of trouts, upon the credit of which, as of my own killing, I figured and vapoured enough, after I had reached home. But I was naturally of an aspiring temper, and became at last impatient of my subordinate and inefficient department. Possessing myself, therefore, of a somewhat respectable rod, and of corresponding tackle, I fairly deserted, and adventured at once for myself, with the information and skill I had acquired by observation. This new arrangement did not at all coincide with the views and the wishes of my preceptor; so, henceforth, though we often walked out to the burn-side in company, and in amicable converse, we generally separated there, and went off east and west, north and south, in opposite and uninterfering directions. Nothing, indeed, can be more teasing to a fisher who is acquainted with every turn, and stream, and whirl, in the water, than to see the choicest and most promising places pre-occupied by another, and to be compelled, either to overshoot the best of the water, in order to acquire the lead, or to put up with only a reversion of what another may have passed, or even absolutely spoiled in the fishing.

But in order to convey a more correct notion of the enjoyment (all checkered, as it assuredly was, by mishap and disappointment) which I then experienced, I shall conclude this present chapter with the narra-

tive of a single day's occurrences, of which I still retain a vivid recollection.

I had been awakened about five o'clock of a harvest morning, by the touch of my fishing-preceptor's rod, which had been thrust dexterously, and unperceived by my mother, who was still asleep, through a blind or glassless window, and made to play, like the tail of a rat, in tickling annunciation, over and upon my face; in consequence of which delightful intimation, I stored my pockets with a fardle or two of oat-cakes—assumed my peeled, and smoke-dried, and fire-toughened rod, which reposed, like a tapering line of light, upon the house-thatch—collected, in a few minutes, a store of worms from a fat kail-yard—and, setting duty, and conscience, and Ruddiman, and the master himself, at defiance for the day, I was, in the course of two hours walk, standing in company with my fellow-fisher upon the banks of one of the most inviting burns (I like the word *burn*—it has no synonyme to me in any language!) that ever tumbled under mist, and cloud, and west wind. I made haste, and delayed not a moment to unfasten my line, which had been coiled up in the shape of a cable rope, and pinned across the butt-end of my rod—I even proceeded so far as to thrust the tip of my fore-finger against the point of my bait-hook—when, to my utter consternation, I discovered that my worms were amissing—I had, somehow or other, jumped them out of my possession on my mountainous and somewhat rugged way! What was to be done? One moment, one stupid, aimless moment, I stood motionless and mute!—looking first towards my wormless, naked hook, then upon my companion's writhing and tempting bait, and, lastly, upon my own empty pocket, which by this time I had, instinctively, and without any rational ground of hope from the investigation, turned inside out. I had now no other resource, after receiving a very scanty supply from my old preceptor, than digging into the clay banks of the river with my fingers and nails. But in the meantime my companion was not stationary, and I could see him, as far as from the sudden curvature of the glen my

eye could reach, swinging trout after trout ashore, with the most galling success. At this moment I could almost have precipitated myself, from sheer vexation, into the deepest gullet of the adjoining limn. At length I was ready to proceed: I had acquired, at the expense of the very flesh and nails upon my fingers, what I conceived, under economical management, might prove a sufficiency of bait, and, hoping still to overtake and distance in my turn my more lucky companion, I drew my line, suddenly and incautiously, out towards the full stretch. It "burbled" at once, and in so close and intricate a manner, that not Archy Tait himself, though distinguished for his address in such matters, could have unravelled the knot. 'Tis was my only line, and these, for I fished with pairs, my only hooks, save one. So, biting my lips till they sprung again, and pressing my foot into the mossy turf till the water jerked through my toes, I was compelled to spend a considerable space in undoing the consequences of my own precipitancy and folly. At last, however, Fortune relented; my line at once righted, and unfolded into full extent; and off I set, like an arrow from a bow, determined to overshoot, ere I laid a line in the water, my now distant adversary. But, at my very first throw, my hook caught behind me upon "a birn," and my fishing-rod snapped fairly into two. 'Tis was enough to drive a very saint mad; so I instantly dashed the broken rod into the water, resolved and determined to fish no more whilst I breathed; but, upon the remonstrance of my passing companion, I was prevailed upon to resume it from its anchorage in the flood; and, with an affected resignation, muttering all the while imprecations to myself, I set about repairing this second damage. *Past* my adversary, for such now I considered him, again I shot; and being more wary in my second cast, I succeeded in hooking a brace of "bolters," which, after leading me a fool's errand up and down the stream, took a sudden dash towards the further bank, and fairly escaped with nearly the one-half of my line in their possession. I looked at the dangling and hookless remains of my

line, as a drowning sailor looks at the rope's end which has just drifted beyond his reach ; and, to augment my chagrin, I could see the coupled and contending trouts twisting and twining each other adown the stream, evidently incapable of benefiting by their escape. By means of odds and ends, obtained from my now really commiserating companion, I was again refitted into efficiency, and had proceeded to a considerable distance from the scene of my present mishaps, when, in crossing a stream, with the view of obtaining a more advantageous position on the farther bank, to my utter surprise, my bare legs were embraced in a cutting and tangling line, and I dragged to the dry land my twin deserters, and two good hooks—the first stone-dead, and the latter not a whit the worse for their somewhat extraordinary voyage. This was indeed lucky ; it was like a first glimpse of sunshine amidst constant storm ; it was like the late and reluctant, yet most welcome smile of the master, after a dreadful forenoon of frowning, and pelting, and drubbing.

It was the season of sea trouts ; and, after a couple of hours of successful fishing, I hooked one apparently several pounds weight. Were I to give my opinion in fisher terms, I should assuredly guess him at not less than five, but speaking according to the tables in Hutton, it is probable he might weigh somewhere about three pounds. He plunged, flung himself into the air, dived again into the depth, and flounced about in the finest style imaginable ; at last, taking the stream-head rather suddenly, for pish to humour him I had none, he showed tail and fin above the surface of the water—brought his two extremities almost into contact—shot himself out again with a fearful rapidity—took advantage of the adjoining gullet—and was off with my hook, before I had time either to perceive or to prepare against the danger. But, as unforeseen circumstances led to this catastrophe, occurrences equally unlooked-for brought about a reparation of the loss ; for in an instant I beheld the disengaged captive floundering upon the dry sand, having fairly pitched himself out of his native element by his headlong precipitancy. I lost no time,

you may be sure, in placing myself at full length over my prey ; and, with my thumbs firmly wedged into his gills, I was soon enabled to set all accident at defiance. There he lay, all lovely in life, exhibiting scale, and fin, and shoulder, and spot, of the most fascinating hue ; and ever and anon, as the recollection of his present awkward situation seemed to dawn upon him, he cut a few capers, and exhibited over the green turf a few somersets, which contributed materially to encrease my delight.

“ When at the blithe end of our journey
at last,
Wha the deuce ever thinks of the road he
has pass'd ! ”

This moment of strong and unalloyed extacy more than repaid me for all my former mishaps and vexations, and for an hour or two after this, I fished with that patient self-complacency which is at once the consequence and the cause of success.

I had ascended, by this time, nearly to the source of the brawling stream, and at every opening up of the winding glen, as I advanced, I could perceive a sensible diminution of the brown and foam-belled current. The day had continued dark, though the morning mist had cleared away. My companion had drifted, in despair of overtaking me, into an adjoining and sister stream. I was quite alone ; whilst the black bull-headed trouts were ready to jump out of the water, in order to compass the descending bait. The glen narrowed apace, till the “ bonny green-sward banks ” disappeared, and I found myself in a linn hanging upon the face of a deep scaur, and impending over a dark and deep pool beneath. In this somewhat ticklish predicament, it was my hap to hook, and even to extricate from the depth, a trout of considerable dimensions, in attempting to grasp which, however, with my hand, I suddenly lost my balance, and was precipitated—fishing-rod, trout, and basket, plump into the abyss of water below. Upon lifting up my ears above the surface of the flood, like Neptune when about to quell the tempest which Æolus had raised, I could just perceive the crown of my

well-tarred hat making its last tilting movement over the downward gullet into the pool beneath. I dragged, not without difficulty, my dripping person to a side, made some investigation into the fate of my line, fish-hooks, and basket, and found the first twisted, even to the blood starting, round my ankle—the second jerked up to the barb in my leg—and the third completely emptied of its contents, and exhibiting nothing but dripping willows and scaly slime. Here was an accident with a vengeance! The whole successful labours of a forenoon lost in an instant! The finest sea-trout which fisherman's eye had ever scanned, and measured, and admired, lodged five feet deep amidst the gurgling and troubled flood! I could put up with wet clothes, and cut ankle, and even lacerated and smarting legs; but to lose my "ostensibles,"—to be deprived of the pleasure, on my evening return home, of counting out my dozens, one by one, (beginning with the smallest,) upon a large pewter plate—this was indeed insupportable; and I jumped, and raved, and all but blubbered on the occasion. At length, having accidentally cast my eye upon the downward stream, I thought I could discern, through the dark and hazy flood, my favourite trout beginning to exhibit his points, and tumbling leisurely over towards the head of the stream. In an instant he was restored to my basket, and accompanied by as many more of the scattered and immersed "dead" as the favouring current chose to refund. "*Levis fit patientia*"—a few minutes, such is the happy temperament of boyhood, ("the tear forgot as soon as shed!") restored me again to a full enjoyment of the sport.

After a good deal of travel along a tiny streamlet, which now ran "cooking underneath the brags," taking advantage of spret and rush-bush to hide its greatly diminished waters, I at last arrived at the very source, or spring. This issued from beneath a collection of grey, mossy stones, called a cairn; and whilst it communicated a fresh and a lively green to a fairy spot of unequalled smoothness and beauty, it slipped away gradually from small runner, into

deeper crevice, and cut, and ravine, till its waters had collected themselves into that fishing aspect which we denominate "a burn." I sat me down upon one of the grey moss-covered stones—pulled out from my pockets my oaten store of provisions,—cast my eyes from the commanding eminence where I sat, far into the Southern horizon, and beheld the Solway opening up into splendour under my view, and almost, seemingly, at my feet. The mid-day sun had now penetrated the clouds; and whilst I scooped out with my hand a beverage of the most refreshing purity, I imbibed at every pore warmth, and light, and creeping pleasure, and tingling extacy. To those who have experienced the circumstances under which my senses and perceptions now reposed in blissfulness, not a word of inductive illustration or amplification is necessary; but to others, who are apt to form their notions of fishing from muddy and artificial ponds, on the banks of which furnaces smoke, and children roll about in moral and natural pollution—to such it may be necessary to add, that the soul is naturally elevated with the body, and that, from a commanding position, and such as I now occupied, the heaven, the earth, the air, and the water, all the elements, and all the inhabitants thereof, are laid under contribution to the fisher's gratification. For him the mist traips itself into broken fragments, through which peep up, in the distance, the cottage smoke, and the valley expanse of pooly waters;—for him the lapwing and the plover, the grey lark and the heath-cock, mount, or skim, or flutter, or dive, in varied and animating combinations;—for him the little green-coated songster of the turf, and the spret, and the heath, chirps and hops away the time, on long, lithe, and bended limbs;—for him the slender sound of moving waters comes up from the trailing grass, in softness and whispering; inviting to slumber, by the very means which arrest attention;—for him the lambs bleat on the hill-side, amidst the hoarser responses of their black-visaged dams, and the shepherd's dog talks and raves incessantly;—and for him sleep often descends upon the beams of a noon-day sun, in in-

perceptible and overpowering advance.

This was actually the case with me at present; for, after having once or twice examined my basket, and fingered over from head to tail, and from tail again to head, my "sea trout," I laid myself back upon the soft, and deliciously odorous sward, —flung my arms out to full stretch, —and gradually sunk fast asleep. My dreams were of that mixed and bustling kind, wherein pleasure and pain, truth and phantasy, probability and impossibility, are strangely mixed up in one whirling eddy of excitement. Again I wandered by the mountain torrent, and my basket was again loaded to an overflow; —again I hung suspended by the brow of a precipice; and, all of a sudden, a mighty, rushing, overwhelming noise, was in mine ear; it seemed as if the side of the mountain had parted company with its support, and, shooting downwards in fearful precipitation, was gorging up the whole linn within which I hung. I shuddered through every artery and muscle; and, after long and painful effort, in which I had clutched up by the roots an adjoining braken, I awoke, to the perception of a terror scarcely less overpowering than that from which I had escaped. A dark and stifling cloud overshot the hill under the brow of which I reposed, whilst distant, muttering, and, as it seemed, subterranean thunder, boomed, and quavered, and shook from behind me. Another, and yet another swell and bound proclaimed, in pretty distinct language, that the storm was fast advancing upon my elevated and shelterless position. I looked all around for shelter, or company; but neither house nor man appeared under the murky and sooty gloom. One small solitary "shiel, or lodge," built of turf, stood on the very peak of the mountain, and at about a mile's distance. To this, as to the nearest shelter, I resolved, in the face of the advancing cloud, and, a most arduous ascent, to fly. In an instant I was embowelled in a dense and suffocating mist, resembling the smoke discharged from the mouth of a volcano, or of a cannon. One sudden, broad, and whizzing flash, passed over, around, beneath, and, I could

almost imagine, through me. I felt as if the atmosphere had kindled, and was about to become one glow of red and scorching oven flame. The thunder followed almost instantly, and drove me, by its deafening knell, forward flat upon my face, and closely embedded in long and matted heath. Again I recovered breath to move, and self-command to run; and ever and anon as I advanced upon the steep, I projected first the smaller trouts, and, latterly, the larger, (with one solitary exception,) from my basket. Had the earth opened before me, I verily believe I should have jumped into the crater, in order to escape from that upper misrule, and mid-day night, which prevailed around me. I had now fairly lost sight of the "hut, or shieling," and was literally groping my way through darkness, smoke, and fire. Peal after peal pitched with a rending and tearing sound against the drum of my ear, and upon the parapet of my brain. I could support it no longer; so down I sunk into a hag, and up to the ears in black and mossy sludge. The hail began to descend, at first in separate and distinct drops, but anon, as if shaken down by a sudden clap, in one wild rush and roar. The water all around me rose up, and boiled, and sputtered in the face of the heavens. I lay now altogether invisible to mortal eye, amidst the mighty movements of the elements—a small emmet, on the wide circle of the earth—a tiny percipient, amidst the blind urgency of nature. In the very midst, and, as I may say, whirlwind, of this tempest, the whistle of a shepherd on his dog reached my ear. Never was sound more cheerful; it seemed as if the consciousness of a fellow-mortal at hand had diminished the danger, or dispersed the storm. This whistle was succeeded by a "Puir fallow—Hector, Hector—puir fallow, are ye feart, man?" pronounced in the true South-country Doric. In a word, a few minutes more saw the cloud pass away, and placed me snugly by the side of the "Ettrick," then the "Caple" shepherd, of whose bottle of milk, and scones, and cheese, I partook; and under whose spirited and amusing discourse I was enabled

to forget all the risk and the terror of the storm.

To resume my fishing amusement was now altogether impossible; for, as the cloud cleared away, and the mist gradually lifted its ragged edges from glen, and peak, and ridge, I could see,

"Prone down the hills, abrupt, from rock to rock,

"Red, roaring, rough, the impetuous torrents smoke;

so homewards I quietly, and even cheerily, trudged, all alive, and in possession of my "one trout." When I had gained the brace-head above my native cottage, (for thus I must denominate an ill-thatched and coarsely-walled cottar's dwelling,) the smoke rose blue and peaceful, blending beautifully with the upper atmosphere; the hens strayed cheerily about under the influence of the setting sun; and Nature had again resumed her wonted and more winning aspect— * * * *

P. S. My Uncle, to his dying day, was quite an enthusiast on the score of fishing. He had a rod, constructed in the form of a staff, which he used to denominate his "Sabbath sanctified," (as he could travel with it on Sunday;) and he has even been heard to express a regret, of a fine showery Sabbath afternoon, that he could not, with propriety, borrow and lend with his Maker. Yet my Uncle's piety was genuine; and his observance of the rules of propriety, on all occasions which really required such observance, truly exemplary. "Requiescat in pace!" In the mean time, we shall, under your favour and permission, Mr Editor, proceed, in due form and season, at some future period, with his authentic and edifying history. X.

GEOMETRICAL ANALYSIS, AND GEOMETRY OF CURVE LINES, BEING VOLUME SECOND OF A COURSE OF MATHEMATICS, AND DESIGNED AS AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. BY JOHN LESLIE, ESQ. & CO. EDINBURGH.

GEOMETRICAL ANALYSIS is one of the most delightful and engaging

branches of all the mathematical sciences. Newton was so well acquainted with its advantages, and was so enamoured of its beauties, that he bestowed upon it the highest encomiums. "He frequently praised Slusius, Barrow, and Huygens, for not being influenced by the false taste which then began to prevail. He used to commend the laudable attempts of Hugo D'Omerique, to restore the ancient analysis, and very much esteemed Appollonius's book, *De Sectione Rationis*, for giving us a clearer notion of it than we had before." The ancient analysis, as defined by Pappus, in his mathematical collections, "Is the method of proceeding from the thing sought, taken for granted, through its consequences, to something that is really granted or known; in which sense it is opposed to synthesis, or composition, which commences with the last step of the analysis, and traces the several steps backwards, making that in this case antecedent, which in the other was consequent, till we arrive at the thing sought, which was assumed in the first step of the analysis." This subject has, since the time of Newton, been more cultivated in Britain than in any other country in Europe. The late Dr R. Simson applied to it all the powers of his mighty mind, and his labours in this department are extremely valuable. It was also cultivated with success by T. Simpson, by Barrow, Horsley, Lawson, and Playfair. In the different periodical papers, such as the *Diaria* and *Leybourne's Repository*, the nurseries for mathematicians, where names which now rank at the head of every department of science, once tried their unpledged efforts, and gradually rose to eminence; in these little unassuming tracts, the ancient geometry has arrived almost at a state of maturity. This being the case, it is a matter of astonishment, that before this *Epitome* by Mr Leslie, no one should have thought of writing an elementary treatise on the subject; because the materials almost every where abounded, in a state ready for use, and requiring only to be collected, and properly arranged. The above-quoted assertion of Newton, recorded by Pemberton, and published in the preface to his *View of New-*

ton's Philosophy, had the happiest effect in stimulating his countrymen to exertion; and we have little scruple in asserting, that there is no country where geometry has been cultivated with so much success, and in which it is so *generally* known, as in this Island. If the French have got the lead of us in the *modern analysis*, that is, in the differential calculus, and its appendages, we are far a-head of them in the geometrical analysis; and even in the other we are advancing with the ardour of conquest; while the impetus we have already acquired, will urge us on to fresh fame and new discoveries. In Paris, the grand dépôt of French literature, there is at present a constellation of genius, which shines with uncommon splendor, while, in the Departments, science is but thinly scattered; but with us, men of the most resplendent talents are found in the remotest corners of the Island, and the village teachers may often vie with the professors in our colleges.

It seldom happens that men of strong and powerful genius attend much to arrangement, or to modes of instruction; these, with them, are but minor objects, and are either not attended to at all, or at least not sufficiently so to render their works suitable for students. Thus it happens, that their writings are often left in a very rough and unfinished state; and men of taste, whose business it is to attend to arrangement and method, give them afterwards the proper finish. Hence we have derived those fine models, in which all the parts are properly placed, and in which every individual branch has received the highest degree of polish of which it is capable. The elements of geometry by Euclid is a work of this description. The arrangement of the once scattered fragments was begun by Euclid, and, after passing through a very great number of hands, it has at last received its utmost polish from Professor Playfair. Some authors possess the powers of elucidation to a very considerable extent, while others give obscurity to whatever they touch. On mathematical subjects, T. Simpson and MacLaurin write with peculiar elegance and perspicuity; Emerson, though a very learned person, had not a very

happy method of explaining himself: his writings, therefore, are clumsy, and sometimes obscure. Books should *always* be made as easy as the subjects will admit; therefore, of two books which contain the same quantity of information, that is evidently the better in which the subject is treated in the easiest manner: besides, as scientific books are never read but for the purpose of information, such books should always be written entirely for the purpose of instruction. The powers of elucidation are of a higher order than many persons imagine; and the author who is possessed of these in an eminent degree, is only inferior to him who is possessed of the faculty of invention.

It would be a difficult task to class the performance now before us;—it neither abounds in discoveries, nor is its arrangement natural or perspicuous, so that it cannot generally be used as a text-book. On a pretty careful perusal, however, we find, that, like all Mr Leslie's other mathematical productions, it contains a number of beauties and deformities,—a number of excellencies, which display a vigorous intellect, and a thorough knowledge of his subject, contrasted with a number of defects, which we shall endeavour to point out, and which detract considerably from its value. These principally arise from a want of method, an inherent deficiency in the art of elucidation, and an affected desire of giving an air of novelty to old subjects. In his geometry, considerable irregularity may be found; it is extremely deficient in point of systematic order, while some of the demonstrations are imperfect; it is also defective in its logic. In this work we nowhere find that regular concatenation of ideas, by which the scattered parts are united into one whole, nor do we discover in it the beautiful dependence of one proposition upon another, which is every where found in the Elements of Euclid; and yet, in a great number of places, we are struck with scintillations of genius, observe new modes of demonstration, and sometimes meet with uncommon and useful illustrations. These are the things that sell Mr Leslie's publications. The matter, also, with which

he presents us, is often selected from expensive and scarce books, and this very much enhances the value of his own; otherwise a more heterogeneous mass was never thrown into one heap, than what we meet with, jumbled together, in the notes to the fourth edition of his *Geometry*, lately published. Still these notes are valuable. They contain a considerable quantity of information; but it is information that must be *fished* out by mathematicians; the *tyro* cannot come at it; and, after all, it is of an isolated nature. We know from experience, that students in general cannot be taught *Geometry* from Mr Leslie's book; and the same observations may be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to the volume before us: we are just as certain that students in general cannot possibly be taught the Conic Sections from *this* book. The author observes, that "the present work, which forms the second volume of a course of Mathematics, is the fruit of persevering application. Owing to various accidents, it has been repeatedly interrupted and resumed; and I feel now relieved by the discharge of a task, which nothing but the anxious desire to promote a juster taste in the cultivation of mathematical science, could have induced me to undertake." We are very much at a loss to conceive what the Professor can mean by a "juster taste." If he means that more real taste is displayed by him in this work than is displayed by other writers who have treated on the same subjects, we must inform him that he labours under a very considerable mistake.

This volume includes three distinct treatises, which may be thus enumerated:

I. *GEOMETRICAL ANALYSIS*.—This tract, in a less finished state, was annexed to the first and second editions of the *Elements of Geometry*. It consisted of a series of choice problems, rising in gradation, and spreading into the rich and ample fields of the ancient analysis. In collecting, disposing, and sometimes framing the materials, I spared no exertion. The Essay was accordingly well received, both at home and abroad, and has conspired to advance the study of *Geometry*, by reviving the fine models bequeathed by the Greeks.

That this tract is a valuable bequest there is no question; but that

it is a model of the geometry of the Greeks, or that it contains much, or even any of the spirit of the Grecian geometry, is at least problematical. There is a manner, a taste, displayed in the ancient geometry, which is extremely difficult to describe; we can appreciate it and feel it where it really exists, but we can scarcely point out what is wanting to form it. It abounds in great purity in the *Elements of Euclid*, and fine specimens of it may be found in the posthumous works of Dr R. Simson; it is seen also in the writings of T. Simpson, and of Professor Playfair; in Stewart's *Tracts*, in Hamilton's *Conic Sections*, and in Newton's *Principia*. Now let us read, mark, and compare. The Professor proceeds:

In finally committing this treatise to the public, I have endeavoured to render it as complete as possible. I have carefully revised the whole, and pruned some excrescences; but I have filled up other important parts, and extended considerably the chain of propositions. The study of such a digest appears admirably fitted to improve the intellect, by training it to habits of precision, arrangement, and close investigation.

From this it appears, that Mr Leslie is not aware that his writings are defective in order and arrangement. If no one has yet pointed out to him this palpable fact, we are happy in being the first to inform him of what has been long known to every body but himself. Men are not always proper judges of the merits of their own writings. Milton, we are told, preferred his *Paradise Regained* to his *Paradise Lost*; and, in this instance, he was perhaps the only man that ever judged so erroneously. This part of Mr Leslie's work, however, is many degrees better than either of the two that follow: it will be useful to some English scholars, as containing extracts from dear and scarce books, some of which are in the Latin language.

II. *GEOMETRY OF LINES OF THE SECOND ORDER*.—These curves, discovered by the immediate successors of Plato, drew their origin from the section of a plane perpendicular to another, which touched the side of a regular cone, their different species being determined by the angle of its apex. The Parabola was formed by the section of a right-angled

cone, and the Ellipse and Hyperbola generated by a like section of the acute and of the obtuse cones. Apollonius showed that the same curves would be produced from a regular cone of any angle, if dissected by planes at different inclinations. The moderns have extended the property to the oblique cone, or of the cone defined by radiants, from a fixed point, or apex, to a circular base, which, being cut in various ways by the same plane, gives the several species of the curve. But although the dissection of the cone gave birth to these lines, they still decidedly belong to plane geometry. Several eminent authors, however, have preferred the mode of deducing their properties from the solid. Yet, notwithstanding some incidental advantages, the difficulty of representing or conceiving the intersections of planes, perplexed, too, by a multiplicity of lines, renders the progress of the student extremely tedious and irksome. The author himself appears always glad in escaping as soon as possible from that intricate path, to follow the smooth road of Plane Geometry. The direct and luminous method of treating these curves, therefore, is to transfer them at once to a plane surface, selecting, as a definition, some simple property from which the other properties are the most easily evolved."

If Mr Leslie intended that this tract on Conic Sections, or lines of the second order, should be used as a text-book, his intentions, however laudable, will be frustrated; for its appearance is the most forbidding of any thing of the kind we have any where met with. The method of treating the three curves, generally in the same proposition, had been tried before, and had been found too difficult, and too perplexing for learners. It is also more specious in appearance than in reality; for three diagrams are requisite, and the student is obliged to read the demonstration as it has reference to each of the figures, which is tantamount to reading *three* distinct demonstrations; that is, it is equivalent to reading demonstrations of each of the curves, when treated singly, and independent of each other. The tract, however, has an air of novelty about it,—is, in some respects, a masterly performance,—and some parts of it will be read by *mathematicians* with benefit; but, with respect to *learners*, it "diverges" from usefulness,—its points do not properly "merge to coalescence,"—and the

demonstrations sometimes "spread" into the broad and ample field" of absurdity. In this part there are many typographical errors, and some of another kind. In page 216, the author says, that "the section of the oblique line DM with the parabola and ellipse, if it meets the curve, will take place on the same side of the directrix, but it will always cut the hyperbola either on the same or opposite sides, except in the limits of transition." This is not true. In page 218. "SR, drawn parallel to OT, is reciprocally a tangent to the *derivative*, or *interposed* hyperbola at S." This has not been defined. In the same page he speaks of a *focal ordinate*; which has not been defined. In page 228, he says, "A straight line, drawn on either side from the centre of an hyperbola, in the extreme position of a *vanishing tangent*, is called an *Asymptote*." Now what, we ask, can be the position of a "vanishing tangent?" The learned reader will here perceive what pains Mr Leslie has taken in improving the "simplicity, clearness, and elegance," of the definitions. In the same page, he says, that two straight lines (there referred to) "represent the tangents to the hyperbola, though they can never meet the curve!" In page 251, "A circle is said to osculate a curve, when no other circle can be made to pass between it and the curve." The explanation which follows this is equally defective. Can *any thing* pass between things that touch? In page 269, scholium—"In the circle and rectangular hyperbola, the rectangles HEI, FEG, are evidently equal:" is this evidently true? In page 273, scholium—"The application of this proposition discloses the distinctive features of the several species of the curve." This only makes the curve *disclose* the locus of P. Other parts of this scholium are defective, and in two places, at least, he makes use of the *Petitio Principii*. At page 279, he says, "The triangles GAI, GCH, being similar to g a h, and g c h, are therefore similar to DAE, DCF." This is true for a single point. At page 320, in the scholium, the expression $\frac{AB}{2} \log. \frac{BE+AE}{AB} + \frac{(BC-AE) AE}{2}$ is wrong printed. The plates, in ge-

neral, are remarkably fine, and well executed. Figure 119, however, is quite absurd.

III. GEOMETRY OF THE HIGHER CURVES.—A Treatise formed on a regular plan, to embrace the chief properties of all the remarkable curves above the lines of the second order, has long been wanted, for completing the course of mathematical instruction. Some works, indeed, on Conic Sections, have bestowed a glance over this subject; but their notices are scanty, and confined to a very few curves. The properties of the higher curves lie scattered through volumes of difficult access, and are only brought occasionally into view as exemplifications of the rules of the method of Fluxions, or of the Differential and Integral Calculus. But the beautiful relations of these curves expand our prospects, and afford wide scope for the application of a refined geometry. To avoid circuitous demonstration it became expedient, on this occasion, to depart somewhat from the ancient manner of proceeding; but such deviations nowise impair the accuracy of the reasoning.

The superior elegance and perspicuity with which the geometrical process unfolds the properties of these higher curves, may show that the Fluxionary Calculus should be more sparingly employed, if not reserved for the solution of problems of a more arduous nature. I have drawn the materials from various sources, but chiefly from the writings of Huygens and the two Bernouillis. But the value of the treatise will consist in the symmetry of the structure, and the beauty and importance of the propositions which it has combined.

The properties of curves of the higher orders have certainly been too much neglected by our mathematicians. Emerson, however, has done more than "glance" at them, at the end of his Conic Sections. His epitome is far from comprehending a regular treatise on curves, but it is not *extremely* inferior to this by Mr Leslie. Both treat the subject in nearly the same manner, which is certainly clumsy, and embarrassing. In treating of the properties of curves, the analytical method is superior to the geometrical; the reasoning in both is nearly the same, but the algorithm of the one is vastly superior to that of the other. The reader may find much on this sub-

ject in the second volume of Euler's *Analysis Infinitorum*; Cramer has also given us a quarto volume on curves. Newton, Maclaurin, Robertson, and many others, have likewise treated of this subject. There was consequently no lack of materials, although there was no regular introduction; and so far we may be allowed to praise Mr Leslie's work, as being the first elementary treatise on curves of the higher kind *in our language*. The Magnetic Curve, and the Tractory, are the greatest novelties in this part of the work; but the former of these had been recently treated analytically by Professor Wallace, and an excellent paper on the latter is given by M. Bonie, in the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences for 1712.

We have now only to notice the Professor's language, which, in our opinion, is extremely improper for geometrical reasoning: it is too flowery; and there is a sort of tinsel about it, which strongly reminds us of the tawdry dresses in which the saints in some Catholic churches are bedizened. He talks about "the different *phases* exhibited by the concurrence of a straight line with a curve;" of "a *tangent* combined with a point *meeting the same contact*." Again, "the *radiating* lines A E, and C F, will, with a certain angle, change from convergence to divergence; but at the limits on either hand, they will *shoot* into a parallel direction;" "suppose the three points to *stand* in a straight line;" "when the intersection *shoots* into *indefinite remoteness*." Let us also take part of his description of the Quadratrix. "At this limit the curve must vanish into *distance*. In the description of the third right angle, the intersection will begin again beyond H, will *travel* through E, at an interval beyond F, equal to O E, and will *shade away* towards G, along a second asymptote placed at an equal distance beyond the first." At page 337, "If a point *starting* to the right, or left, gradually bend its course," &c. "and conceive the point C, *darting* at first parallel to D B, or D A, should *incessantly deviate* from this direction." We have also "travelling points," and points of contact that range in right lines. He speaks also of "the great law, which not only *guides the revolutions* of th

planets about the sun, but the *revolutions* of their satellites *about themselves* ;” and of “ the organic description of curves, on which the *genius* of Newton *flushed* a sudden blaze.” But enough on this subject. We should, however, be glad to know whether these *elegancies* are likewise to be faithfully translated into the French and German languages.

“ It only remains,” says Mr L., “ for completing my plan, to produce a volume on Descriptive Geometry, and the theory of solids, comprehending Perspective, the Projection of the Sphere, and Spherical Trigonometry.” Another volume, then, it seems, is to complete the Professor’s Course of Mathematics. We are not conceited enough to suppose that he will endeavour, in his next, to avoid the faults we have pointed out in *this* and his *preceding* volume ; we hope, however, shortly to see the completion of his plan, and sincerely wish that “ repeated accidents” may not again intervene, so as to “ repeatedly interrupt” his very laudable design.

LONDON THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

London, July 2.

OUR *Winter* Theatres, as they are called, and miscalled, both closed just before the commencement of the last month of *Summer*—July. The nobility and gentry of former times used to enjoy the luxury of clear air, fine prospects, and healthy exercises, long before the termination of May ; but now, what with the late sitting of Parliament, and the consequent detention of the King and Court in the metropolis, nobody of any rank thinks of quitting London for the country, until it has, in truth, lost all its early beauty ; that beauty which is the more delightful, because it is contrasted with the coldness and barrenness of winter. Mr Brougham (but what has his name to do with theatrical criticism?) in a late speech, incidently showed, that King William could not compel his Parliament to sit in June, in order that he might have supplies for the prosecution of his campaigns. It

is now most probable that the Session will not conclude till August. The town is thus kept full, and the *Winter* Theatres have been obliged to encroach, by degrees, upon the period hitherto considered the property of their summer rivals. Of course, this is a serious injury to the latter, especially as they will be compelled to shut their doors immediately after the former re-open theirs in October.

Neither Covent-Garden nor Drury-Lane produced any novelty worthy of notice between the date of my last letter and the end of their career. To the first, the season has been very profitable ; and Mr Elliston, as lessee of the last, has at least been able to pay his rent, and to add about £1,100 for extra-nights, not included in the engagement. Of course, the proprietors of both are in good spirits, and, if matters still proceed in this way, we shall have theatrical property at a premium. On the subject of novelties, I may mention, that one was promised on the night when Abbot took his benefit ; but neither the promise nor the piece were performed. I allude to the announcement of the farce of “ Mr H.,” which was never played but once, having had the misfortune, some years ago, to be damned. It is the work of a man of very eccentric and original genius, Mr Charles Lamb, and it is printed in a late collection of his productions. It met its fate, not from any fault of the author, actors, or audience, but from an accident of the weather, which put every body out of humour. The plot turns upon a point, and if the audience is not disposed to be well satisfied, but to be fastidious and hypercritical, it could not succeed. The design of the piece is to shew the inconveniences, difficulties, and dangers, to which a man may be exposed, from having a hideous name, which induces him always to conceal it under the initial letter. If it had been revived on the fine evening when Abbot had his benefit, I would have answered for its success. Its expulsion from the stage was attended with one good consequence, at least, viz. that the author, in a periodical work of the day, wrote a most ingenious and amusing article, upon the singular *blessing* of being *damned* ! Why Mr Abbot substituted another

farce for it, in the bills of the day, has not been explained, and I do not know that it is necessary it should be.

I have heard it said in various quarters, that my criticism upon Mr Colman's "Law of Java," in the Edinburgh Magazine of last month, was somewhat too severe. I did not write it until I had seen the play twice; and by an accident, (for after discharging my duty, nothing but accident could have occasioned it,) I have seen it once since; and upon the re-perusal of the article, I feel satisfied that I have said in it no more than was deserved. People in London are very little used to read any thing freely written, regarding the stage. In general, they just skim over the theatrical articles in the daily newspapers, in order to see whether a piece or an actor has been well or ill received; but they have ceased, and properly, to have much reliance upon the opinions and impartiality of the writers. In this respect, the system is very different now, to what it was formerly, (I mean some eight or ten years ago,) and our journals are all more or less unwilling, or afraid, to speak out in the way of dispraise. They are by no means as independent in the affairs of the drama as they are in the affairs of the state; and it is certainly a great defect in the mode in which they are conducted. Boileau has a line,

*C'est un méchant métier que celui de mé-
dire;*

but the writers to whom I refer seem to make no distinction between fair truth and unfair detraction. It may also be admitted, that it is better to err on the more favourable side; but the paltry squeamishness almost invariably displayed, on theatrical subjects, by the daily press, is undoubtedly highly injurious to the true interests of the drama. What if the Managers of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden withheld their free admission, in consequence of the publication of a little wholesome censure? It could be a matter of no importance to such newspapers as the "Times" and the "Chronicle;" and they would gain infinitely more, by delivering themselves from the trammels under which they are at present placed. The free admissions operate in ano-

ther way disadvantageously; for they point out the individual who is employed to write, and it is an awkward thing for him to make personal enemies of all the authors and actors upon whom he may publish remarks which they consider ill-natured and severe. I allow, nevertheless, that a critic, in a widely-extended journal, has a delicate and a responsible task to perform, and that some forbearance, and even tenderness, is required in its execution.

As I have yet some room left in my sheet, I may advert very briefly to another ground of complaint, applicable to both the last theatrical articles in the Edinburgh Magazine, viz. that they are written in the first person singular, and not in the critical, corporate, editorial first person plural. If this mode had not been thought an advantage, it would not have been adopted; and it would have been quite as easy to have followed the ordinary course, of pretending that the separate opinions of an individual come from a body of men clubbing their knowledge, and comparing their judgments. What I write, I write on my own authority; and if, on any occasion, it displease, as no doubt it will, I ask nobody to be responsible for me. I shall always endeavour to be as little egotistic as possible, and never to make

"Little I the hero of each tale."

If this plan were pursued more generally, it would put an end to a great deal of the humbug of authorship; and this is an age when a great deal of it has been exposed. Much yet remains.

London, July 4.

The title of "The Fortunes of Nigel" could not fail to draw me to the Surrey Theatre, and there I saw a drama evidently got up with great haste, but with no inconsiderable degree of skill, and knowledge of effect. One fault of the piece is the fault of the novel, viz. that we have no great respect or admiration, and, therefore, no great interest for the hero: heroine there is really none, though it seems pretty clear that the author originally meant to make much more of Lady Hermione than he has done. The writer of the adaptation has at-

tempted rather too much, by bringing in all the characters. The three volumes of the novel did not give the "Great Unknown" room for displaying, with full effect, all the personages whom he has made prominent in the outset of his work; and it was not therefore to be expected, that they could all be brought within the limits of a play, occupying no more than two hours in the representation. In this respect, the dramatist has displayed some deficiency of judgment: he has, besides, dwelt upon incidents, that tell most excellently in the reading, but have not the same effect upon the stage. On the whole, they have collected a very good company of actors at this theatre, and the play of "The Fortunes of Nigel" has been very well got up.

Such as have not read "Halidon Hill," have been looking for its announcement in some of the bills of our theatres; but those who have read it, pretend to a great degree of sagacity, in finding out that Sir Walter Scott meant it to be considered a failure, in order the better to conceal his being the real author of the Scotch Novels. It has been over and over again said, that the author of the Scotch Novels must have great talents for the stage. This point is referred to in the introduction to Nigel, where the scraps of old plays, or pretended old plays, are mentioned; and it is asserted by those who affect "to penetrate into the depths of things," that Sir W. Scott is anxious to shew, on this account, that he has no talents for dramatic poetry.

While upon the subject of what are called our Minor Theatres, I wish to notice a piece now acting at the Coburg, and which merits great praise. It belongs to the class of melo-dramas; and it has plot, character, and situation, to recommend it. The title of it is "The Blind Mine," and the scene is, somewhat injudiciously laid in Derbyshire. It is partly original, and partly translated; and the reason why the scene is injudiciously laid, is, because we know that in this county no such state of society exists, as to account for the boldness of some of the incidents. I am not about to analyze the production, because it is not absolutely new; but there is one dreadful scene, of a

conflict between two men, both badly wounded at the bottom of the Blind Mine, and which was acted with astonishing effect, by two men of the names of Bradley and Blanchard. The former of these is perhaps unequalled in the part of a murderous ruffian. I may also mention, in terms of almost unqualified praise, a performer of the name of Beverley, who possesses great comic talent, although in a narrow compass. The actresses at this house are not remarkable either for beauty or ability.

Davis, who has taken Astley's Amphitheatre, relies almost exclusively for success upon the excellence of his quadrupeds, not merely horses, but dogs and bears. His bipeds are, without exception, the worst in London. Man, with all his boasted reason and genius, appears here to infinite disadvantage:

"We cannot call a brute a man,
That language would not suit;
But here most certainly we can
Call every man a brute,"

though not without considerable injustice to the latter.

London, July 7.

The Haymarket Theatre having opened for its season, at the end of last month, a new comedy, in three acts, was brought forward on Wednesday last: it has met with considerable success, and is announced in the bills for "every evening until further notice." It bears for title, "John Buzzby, or a Day's Pleasure;" and is from the pen of Mr Kenny, author of "Raising the Wind." This farce is always connected with his name, because, as it was his earliest, so it was his most successful production. A young author, making a first attempt for the stage, should always be careful to write for a summer audience. Certain it is, that the spectators at a summer theatre are never so ceremonious, punctilious, and scrupulous (all which epithets come under the term *genteel*;) as those at a winter theatre, who, in general, seem to think it a sort of imputation upon their understandings to be too easily pleased. It is not to be denied that the higher nobility and leading gentry are rarely present in summer; but it is perhaps

equally certain that the fineness of the weather has its effect in keeping the audience in good humour, and prepared (like a man with a good appetite) to relish whatever is set before them. Many authors have held, and among them Milton and Cowper, that they could write better in clear sunny weather, than on dull foggy days; and there seems no reason to confine the difference to writers only. It is often a great source of pleasure to watch the countenances of a summer audience: they are all so determined upon being merry, so resolutely good-natured, so predisposed to be satisfied with the entertainment afforded them, and so free from that fault-finding spirit which prevails in colder weather, and makes the undertaking of a play-writer infinitely more hazardous. A summer audience always seems to feel exactly what Rabelais expresses in the two last lines of the sonnet (excuse the old French) prefixed to his *Garagantua* :—

*"Mieux est de rire que de larmes essuyer,
Pource que rire est le propre de l'homme."*

Nature seems to have intended man for enjoyment, by giving to him only, of all creation, (the *Hycia* excepted,) the faculty of laughing.

John Buzzby was written to produce laughter, and it accomplished its purpose completely on the night when I went to see it. It contains the adventures of a citizen who takes a journey to Richmond, on a fine July day—an excursion probably made at some time or other by every one of the spectators. The characters are all of a familiar, every-day kind, with only such exaggerations as serve to make them effective; and the incidents, if not always quite probable, are at least entertaining, and follow each other with such rapidity, that the attention never flags. On his arrival at Richmond, John is accosted by a lady, with whom he had travelled in the stage-coach: she throws herself, somewhat *præter spem*, upon his protection; and out of this circumstance, and the secret cause of her journey, (which, by the bye, is never sufficiently explained,) arises nearly the whole structure of the piece. There is, however, an under-plot made out of Mrs Buzzby,

(a scold, who followed her husband John, the latter having made his escape,) her son by a former husband, (a vulgar cockney dandy,) and a lady named Cecilia, the ward of John Buzzby, who had fallen in love with a dragoon officer, quartered at Richmond. There is great variety of character in the play, indeed too much to be clearly developed; for Mr Kenny seems to have been desirous of including the whole dramatic strength of the House. Oxberry played the part of an inn-keeper, who bawls out to his talkative daughter, (who says very little on the stage.) "Hold your tongue, hussy!" Mrs Chatterley, as the daughter, with all her talent, could of course make but little of her part. Terry was rather too much of a gentleman for John Buzzby, the haberdasher and hosier, and Jones not enough of a gentleman for Capt. Greville of the 18th Dragoons. He mistakes flippancy for ease, and whisking about the stage for spirit and alacrity. Mrs H. Johnston performed the heroine, the mysterious *incognita*—and sufficiently well; but she begins to want the two great requisites she formerly possessed as an actress—youth and beauty. Mrs Pearce performed the scolding wife of the citizen as noisily and vulgarly as could be wished—indeed more so than the author wished, for she drew down the only hisses heard, from the rising to the falling of the curtain. I must not omit to notice Mr W. West's representation of the vulgar, conceited cockney: *Listen* (for whom the part was originally intended) could not have done it much better. The cock of his hat was worth his whole salary.

The dialogue has but little to recommend it, excepting its general appropriateness; wit would have been out of place, not less in the mouth of the hosier than of the dragoon. However, Mr Kenny's talent does not lie this way, and it would be difficult to name a single author of the present day who does possess it. It may not be amiss here to notice, that this play contains two or three *double entendres*, not of the most delicate kind; and "The Bill of Fare," a sort of introduction brought out on the first opening of this theatre, without being puritani-

cal, we may pronounce to be highly censurable in this point of view. Congreve had great wit to compensate for his great grossness.

A new farce, called "Love-Letters," has also been brought out here, and with quite as much success as the piece merited. It is but justice to the Managers to say, that they appear to have exerted themselves with considerable success to amuse the public. The company of performers is, on the whole, very respectable, and possesses a great deal of comic talent. In one respect, nevertheless, it is deficient: excepting Charles Kemble, there is not a man belonging to it, who looks like, walks like, or talks like a gentleman. For many obvious reasons, a gentleman is very rarely met with on any stage.

London, July 11th.

The Manager and Proprietor of the English Opera House, when it opened, very recently, for the season, announced, that no exertion had been wanting to secure a most efficient company. It is to be regretted he has been so unsuccessful, for, recollecting that the peculiar province of this theatre is music, a list of more inefficient performers, both male and female, has seldom been produced. Mr Wrench, who cannot sing at all, and Miss Kelly, who can sing a very little, are really the most distinguished members of the company. I admit Mr Wrench's excellence in certain departments of comedy, and Miss Kelly's first-rate talents in her particular line; but it is asking a great deal too much of them, that they should appear in almost every piece. The Manager himself will find, nay, he has found it in previous seasons, that the public gets tired of seeing, time after time, the identical actors and actresses, however admirable. Miss Kelly is under peculiar obligations to Mr Arnold, and she willingly exerts herself to the utmost; but she cannot do every thing, and it is very unreasonable to expect that she should go so far as to make the audience tired of her. For myself, it would be very long before I grew tired of her, in any part, however often repeated; but the public in general require more than the Manager seems disposed to afford.

In the musical department, Miss Carew is a very powerful assistant; but she will need support; and what adequate support can such a singer as Mr Pearman give? The Manager of a place of amusement styling itself *par excellence*, the English Opera House,—thereby setting it in opposition to, and comparison with, the Italian Opera House,—ought to engage all the best English singers upon the boards of our Winter Theatres.

What is usually understood by the words English Opera, is commonly a piece of a description that requires very eminent musical talent to render it at all successful; and it has not unfrequently been seen, that the less it resembles the class of the drama to which it professes to belong, the more profitable it has been to the Manager. The best of the serious productions in this kind have been musical comedies; both of them plays, interspersed with singing, the songs generally having little or nothing to do with the subject-matter of the story. The "Beggars' Opera" is almost the only performance on the stage that really merits the name of an English Opera, because there, as in the French *Vaudeville*, what the actors sing is essentially connected with the progress of the plot: it assists, instead of retarding it. The dialogue of such productions as are too frequently brought out at this theatre, is the most mawkish stuff imaginable.

The best thing represented here are what have acquired the title of Musical Farces, and of this kind is a piece acted for the first time a few nights ago. It is called "Love among the Roses, or the Master-key;" and it is a very pleasant piece of playfulness, full of bustle and business, with some pretty songs, and dialogue above the common level. If not witty, it is sprightly, and, what is more, it is adapted to the characters, and the characters to it. It has been announced, in our daily prints, to be from the pen of Mr Beazley, as if he were an author of some reputation. If he be, it may shew great ignorance on my part, but I do not recollect that he has written much before. Let this point be as it may, judging from this After-piece, I think him perhaps the most promising

play-wright of the day. It is needless to enter into the detail of the slight plot; it is only necessary to say, that it is easy and natural, and that the incidents, some of them new and effective, are all well accounted for. The audience understands, without difficulty, why the characters are in the situations in which they are found; and there is novelty without any thing forced in the mode in which they are extricated.

I must not close this letter without some notice of Miss Clara Fisher, the juvenile performer, who has excited considerable attention, and deserves some praise. How much natural ability the child may have, and how much of what she performs may have been the effect of patient teaching, it is not easy to decide; and I do not take interest enough about these precocious probationers, to give myself much trouble to enquire.

"In winter I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's next-fangled
shews."

Every thing should come at its proper time and season; and though there may be something surprising in this sort of exhibition, the pleasure ends with the surprise—there is no real, lasting enjoyment to be derived from it. That Miss Clara Fisher is quick and docile there is little doubt, and she certainly acts with more spirit than could easily be given by mere instruction.

Two new pieces are announced; the one a farce at the Haymarket, under the title of "Peter Fin, or a New Road to Brighton;" and the other an operatic piece at the English Opera-House, called "All in the Dark, or the Banks of the Elbe."

It is contradicted that Mr H. Twiss is preparing "The Fortunes of Nigel" for the stage. He is writing, it is said, a new tragedy, to be produced next season at Covent-Garden.

Stanzas,

ON HEARING A HIGHLAND BAGPIPE.

HARK! 'tis the bagpipe's breathing sound,
A brisk strathspey in sprightly glee;
Dear to Clan-Albyn's sons renown'd,
The music of the brave and free!

Nor trumpet's long-resounding voice,
Nor shrill-ton'd fife has power to charm;
Nor hollow drum, with deaf'ning noise,
The Highland warrior's heart can warn.

The bagpipe sounds with swelling breath,
The fire-flaught flashes from his eye!
He hopes for Victory's laurel'd wreath,
Prepar'd in Honour's bed to lie.

'Twas thus on Egypt's thirsty soil,
Where Abercromby fought and fell,
The brave Black Watch, in battle toil,
With victory peal'd his parting knell.

Thus on Corunna's hapless shore,
Undaunted stood the bold and brave;
By Sons of Mist the gallant Moore
Was calmly laid in Honour's grave.

Whene'er was heard the bagpipe's tone
On Maida's plains or Waterloo,
It led the kilted warrior on,
Nor aught but death could him subdue

methinks I see them linger still
On Naver's banks—in Caerl glen,
And gaze upon the heath-clad hill
Which they must never climb again.

I hear their tender parting sighs;
I see the vessel under sail;
The rippling waters round them rise,
The bark scuds light before the gale.

He leans against the rocking mast,
The shore receding from his view,
With look still fix'd, till fades the last
Lov'd hill in dimly distant blue.

And now he gazes wildly round,
With sickening heart and hopeless eye;
Nought comes within his vision's bound,
But one dark waste of sea and sky.

Canada's hills appear in sight,
Her swarthy tents and forests deep;
And does his bosom feel delight?
Ah, no! he turns his head to weep!

By day Hope sheds her transient glow,
But livelier far his nightly dream:
His heart is on his hills of snow,
Or hovering light o'er Brona's stream.

But Ruin, with gigantic stride,
Has sought his happy humble vale,
There spread his desolation wide,
And wak'd the harmless peasant's wail.

Poormanstrel! still thy wild notes flow!—
Not pibroch loud, or brisk strathspey;—
It is the cadence, sad and slow,
Of "O'er the hills, and far away!"

Thy sunny glens and straths of green
A lone and cheerless waste display;
For sheep are now where men have been,
And Albyn's glory lastes away!

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A work entitled *Public Men* of our own Times, will appear in July, in three volumes, of the size of Debre'tt's Peerage. It will include nearly three thousand biographies of living characters in all civilized nations, and be ornamented with 150 copper-plate portraits.

Mr Lowe's volume on the Statistics of England is on the eve of publication: it contains an account of the present state of our agriculture, trade, and finance, with a comparison of the prospects of England and France, in regard to productive industry, and national revenue.

Mr Gideon Mantell, F.L.S. member of the Geological Society, &c. author of "the Fossils of the South Downs," is preparing for publication a Description of the Strata and Organic Remains of Tilgate Forest, with observations on the beds of limestone and clay which alternate in the iron sand of Sussex. This work will be embellished with numerous engravings of the extraordinary fossils discovered by the author in those remarkable strata, and will contain an account of the geological relations of the limestone of Winchelsea, Hastings, Battel, Horsham, &c. It is intended as an appendix to the "Illustrations of the Geology of Sussex."

Gems principally from the Antique, with verse illustrations, by the Rev. G. Croly, A.M., drawn and etched by R. Dagley, are preparing for publication.

Speedily will be published, in one volume octavo, *Political Fragments*, translated from the Greek by Thomas Taylor, from Archytas, Charondas, Zaleucus, and other ancient Pythagoreans, preserved by Stobæus; and also, *Ethical Fragments* of Hierocles, the celebrated commentator on the Golden Pythagoric verses, preserved by the same author.

The History and Antiquities of Lewes are announced for publication, in one volume quarto, with numerous lithographic plates, by the Rev. T. Horsfield and J. W. Woolgar, M.A.S. The Natural History of the district by G. Mantell, F.L. and G.S. member of the College of Surgeons, &c.

Sixteen Practical Sermons will shortly be published, on the most important subjects of religion, delivered on various occasions, by the late Rev. Richard Postlethwaite, Rector of Roche, Cornwall.

Mrs Catherine Hutton, author of the "Tour of Africa," &c. is employed upon a work to be entitled, *Memoirs of the Queens of England*, with a Sketch of the Kings.

VOL. XI.

A Treatise on the Use of Moxa as a Therapeutical Agent, by Baron Larrey; translated from the French, with notes and an introduction, containing a History of the Substance; is preparing by Robley Dunglison, fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and will shortly be published.

Bibliotheca Biblica is preparing for publication, consisting of a select descriptive catalogue of the most important British and foreign works in the department of biblical criticism and interpretation, with brief notices of their authors, and remarks on their theological and critical merits, by Wm. Orme, author of "Memoirs of the Life, Writings, &c. of Dr John Owen."

Prælectiones Academicæ, or Academic Lectures, are preparing for the press, on subjects connected with the history of modern Europe, viz. Christianity, Mahomedanism, the Crusades, literature and the arts, navigation, the Jesuits, the Reformation, civil wars in England, slave trade, commerce, French revolution, civil liberty, and religious toleration; by the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, A.M. This work will be published in four quarterly parts, making, when completed, one handsome volume octavo, of 600 pages.

Mr Hopkins, of Manchester, has in the press a work on Principles of Political Economy which regulate Wages, Profits, Rent, and the Value of Money.

Mr Pontey's Practical Treatise on Rural Ornament, which deduces the science from well-known fixed principles, will appear in the course of the present month.

Shortly will be published, with numerous plates, a Tour through Sweden, Norway, and the coast of Norwegian Lapland to the Northern Cape, in the year 1820, by A. De Capell Brooke.—At the same time will appear, in imperial quarto, the Costumes of the different Provinces in Sweden, coloured.

A coloured edition of Mr Mantell's Geology of Sussex is preparing as speedily as possible, and will be ready for delivery in the course of a few weeks. A very limited number will be published.

A History of a severe Case of Neuralgia, commonly called Tic Douloureux, will speedily be published, occupying the nerves of the Right Thigh, Leg, and Foot, successfully treated; with some observations on that complaint, and on its causes, as they vary in different individuals; by G. D. Yeats. M.D. F.R.S.

An Analytical Investigation of the Scriptural Claims of the Devil, and a si-

milar enquiry into the meaning of the terms Sheol, Hades, and Gehenna, as used by the Scripture writers, by the Rev. Russell Scott, of Portsmouth, which have been unavoidably delayed in passing through the press, will be published in the course of the present month.

The Political Life of his Majesty George the Fourth, is preparing for publication, in one volume octavo.

In a few days will be published, an English Grammar in verse, with Scripture examples, by the Rev. T. Searle.

Mr Hamper is preparing for the press, a second edition of his Tract on Hoarstones.

Shortly will be published, in 12mo. the Lady's Manual, by a Physician. The object is to supply the female sex with useful information on a variety of appropriate and interesting subjects, to prevent the necessity of application to professional men.

Shortly will appear, the Claims of Sir Philip Francis refuted.

Mr Worsdale, sen. of Lincoln, has ready for the press, a work, entitled, Celestial Philosophy, or Genethliacal Astronomy. This manuscript is entirely original, and contains, we are informed, the whole art of calculating nativities, with a great number of genitures; the examples are given in figures, which may be proved by the use of the celestial globe, or spherical trigonometry. It is intended to publish it in twenty-five numbers, making 600 pages, octavo.

The Princess Olive of Cumberland announces two volumes of her Poems, to be published by subscription, at two pounds, for the purpose of relieving her from captivity, and to enable her to proceed in her suit in Doctors'-Commons for the recovery of £15,000 left her by the late King.

The Rev. Dr Rudge has in the press, in two octavo volumes, Sermons on the Leading Characters and most Important Events recorded in the Book of Genesis.

The Rev. George Holden is printing, in an octavo volume, an Attempt to illustrate the Book of Ecclesiastes.

Joseph Swan, Esq. is printing, in an octavo volume, a Treatise on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Nervous System.

Mr W. I. Roberts is preparing the

History and Antiquities of the Parish of Ormskirk, in Lancashire.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late Mrs Catherine Cappe are printing in an octavo volume.

Mr Nelson is preparing an octavo edition of his History of Islington, which will contain much additional letter-press, and at least twenty engravings and lithographic prints.

Essays on Subjects of Inquiry in Metaphysics, Morals, and Religion, by the late Isaac Hawkins Brown, Esq. will soon appear in an octavo volume.

EDINBURGH.

Peveril of the Peak, by the Author of "Waverley," is preparing for publication.

Preparing for publication, by the Author of "Annals of the Parish," *The Entail*; or, *The Lairds of Grippy*. "Let Glasgow Flourish."

In the press, and speedily will be published, in one volume octavo, price 5s. Interesting Anecdotes, Memoirs, Allegories, Essays, and Poetical Fragments. By John Leslie, late Convener of the Incorporated Trades of Aberdeen.

In a few days will be published, in one large volume octavo, Remains of the late Alexander Leith Ross, A.M. with a Memoir of his Life, containing A Diary of his Studies; Illustrations of Scripture, from the Persian language, from Ancient traditions, and Eastern customs; An Essay on the Literature of the Arabs, and the influence which it has had on that of Europe; Account of "Ajayeb Al Makhluqat;" or the "Wonders of Creation," an interesting Work in Persian, containing a compendium of the Geography and Natural History of the East; Poetical Translations; Verbal Resemblances between the Oriental Languages and those of other Nations; Journal of a Tour in Holland, Flanders, and France, in 1817; and in France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, in 1820.

In the press, and will be published in the course of this month, *Two Discourses, on the Sin, Danger, and Remedy of Duelling*; with copious notes illustrative of the subject, and embracing an Account of the Rise, Progress, Variations, Prohibitions, and Preventives of Single Combat. By the Rev. Peter Chalmers, A.M. One of the ministers of Dunfermline

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANTIQUITIES.

An Epitome of Roman Antiquities; to which is prefixed, an Abridgment of Roman History. By C. Irving, I.L.D. &c. 12mo. 5s.

Architectural Antiquities of Normandy. By John Steel Cotman. Part IV. folio, £3.3s. or proof impressions on India paper, £5.5s.

ARCHITECTURE.

Sciography, or Examples of Shadows, and Rules for their Projection, intended for the Use of Architectural Draughtsmen. By Joseph Gwilt, architect. 8vo. 9s.

An Inquiry into the Principles of Beauty in Grecian Architecture; with an Historical View of the Rise and Progress of the Art in Greece. By George, Earl of Aberdeen, K.T. &c. Post 8vo. 7s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Whittaker's Complete Catalogue of School Books. 1s. sewed.

Hayes's Catalogue of Greek and Latin Classics. Part II. 1s. 6d.

T. Thorpe's Catalogue. Part II. for 1822; containing numerous articles of extreme rarity in early English Poetry and Music, Classics, &c. 3s.

BIOGRAPHY.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE.—The Finance minister of France has laid his budget before the Chamber of Deputies. The estimated revenue for 1823 amounts to 909,130,783 francs, or £36,365,231; the estimated expenditure to 900,475,503 francs, or £36,019,011; and this latter estimate includes the interest of the debt of France, which amounts only to 228,724,260 francs, or £9,148,970.

General Berthon has been apprehended near Saumur, and will be forthwith brought to trial. Captain Valle was executed at Toulon on the 16th inst. pursuant to the sentence of the Assize Court of that town, on his conviction as one of the principal agents of a conspiracy against the Government. The Gazette of Lyons says,—"He died with much *sang froid*, and displayed great firmness." In his way to the place of execution he stopped before a liquor shop, and calling for a glass of brandy, drank to the success of France, and the health of the brave.

SPAIN.—This country, according to the latest accounts, still continues the scene of internal disturbance. Intelligence received from Madrid the end of last month states that the King and his brother were accused of conspiracy against the constitution; and it was reported that a warm expostulation on this subject took place between the Minister for Foreign Affairs and his Majesty, in which the Minister threatened to make known to the Cortes the plots that were framing against the Constitution, and in which the King and his brothers were concerned.—Madrid was in consequence in a state of great agitation, and seditious cries were prevalent in all quarters. Later accounts, however, indicate the return of partial tranquillity. On the 30th June the King in person prorogued the Cortes, with a speech remarkable for its constitutional spirit, and for the confidence the King professes in the stability of his Government. The speech notices the rigid economy that has been observed, the improved state of the finances, and the determination of the Government to keep good faith with the public creditor, and to exterminate the national debt. The President, in his Answer, as is usual on such occasions, echoes the sentiments of his Sovereign. On the subject of economy he says—"Agriculture being almost annihilated, industry disheartened, and trade paralyzed,

it was necessary to pare down the public expenditure with the most severe economy;" we are sorry to add, that the spirit of party exhibited itself, both as the King proceeded to the Hall of the Cortes and after his return, and that in an affray which took place one man was killed.

PORTUGAL.—The Government Gazette of the 2d June gives an account of the discovery of a conspiracy in Lisbon, the object of which it states to have been, "to dissolve the present Cortes, and convolve the old, with some modifications; such as having two chambers, one of them consisting of hereditary members and of the first nobility; to depose the beneficent and magnanimous King John VI., who has so faithfully and openly adhered to the cause of the Constitution and of national liberty, and in his place to elevate the Infant Don Michael at the head of a regency, composed of men the most conspicuous and respectable, who have declared themselves enemies of the system by which, happily, we are governed: to assassinate those members of the Cortes and of the Ministry who are the most able and celebrated defenders of the national rights: in one word, to throw the whole nation into a state of confusion and civil war, of bloodshed, disorder, and anarchy, the advantage of which was to be reaped by these infamous conspirators, and by others like themselves, who probably will be found engaged in the same plot."

TURKEY, RUSSIA, AND GREECE.—The question of peace or war between Russia and Turkey is now understood to be at rest, the Ottomans having agreed to evacuate the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia; and the poor Greeks, having now no chance of the assistance or co-operation of any European power, are again abandoned to the barbarity of their faithless and savage masters. We noticed, in our last Number, the retaking of the island of Scio by the Turks. On this occasion, it appears, these infuriated fanatics wreaked their vengeance on the inhabitants in a way which makes humanity shudder to contemplate. Ten days before the commencement of the Mahometan festival of Ramadan, there were ninety-five executions, some of them of the most considerable men in the island, and connected with the richest families of the Franks, who had been taken as hostages, on the Turks regaining posses-

sion of the island; ten of these who had been carried to Constantinople were there beheaded, and the eighty-five in Scio were hung outside of the castle. These executions appear to have been the prelude to a general massacre of the Greeks by the Mahometan rabble; and it is said that the whole island, the city, and the country, is changed into a heap of ruins. It was the consummation of a scene of unrelenting barbarity, such as the world has seldom seen, which, in a few brief months, has ruined and depopulated one of the fairest portions of Greece. The male adult inhabitants of Scio now manure its soil with their lifeless bodies, whilst its women and children are reserved for a fate still more horrible, for dishonour and the basest slavery. We learn, from the details of this most surpassing outrage, "that of more than one hundred thousand persons, all perished, except those wretched females and children, who were reserved for the last dishonour and the most dreadful servitude." We will quote a single passage from a letter sent by the Greeks of Constantinople to their brethren and countrymen in this kingdom. "A whole city, lately so flourishing, is now one heap of ruins; whole villages, innumerable country seats, are a prey to the flames; our celebrated school, library, hospital for the sick, hundreds of churches, richly adorned—all one confused mass of smoking rubbish."

Letters brought by the Italian mail note the arrival of several unfortunate Greek families, escaping from Scio, in the different ports of the Mediterranean. It is impossible to read, without the strongest emotions of grief, the pictures drawn of their sufferings, in the different letters addressed to friends in this country. It would fill whole pages to describe the atrocities of the Turks—we shall mention only one. A village in Scio was sacked, plundered, and all the inhabitants taken prisoners. The women and children, to the number of 700, were driven to an inclosed place, at a small distance, in order that the Turks might each select their captives. A dispute for the preference arose, which the commander perceiving was growing serious, proposed, in order to put an end to it, that all should be put to the sword. The proposition was adopted and immediately executed!

The war between the Greeks and the Turks on the Continent is carried on with various success. Advices from Semlin, dated the 9th ult., state, that Chourschid Pacha (who was proceeding to affect a junction with the Pacha of Salonica, at Veria), has been defeated by the Greeks at Nova Castora. There is no account of

any action between the contending parties at sea, but it is said, in the Paris papers, the Greeks have declared all the Turkish coasts in a state of blockade, and have taken five European vessels.

ASIA.

CHINA.—By the arrival of the Kent East Indiaman from China, from whence she sailed on the 26th February, we learn, that the late differences with the Chinese Government have been amicably adjusted, and in a manner the most satisfactory. During the whole discussion, there was not the least attempt at disguise or apology respecting these differences; the whole transaction was laid before the Chinese Authorities in the most open and candid manner, at the same time in the most peremptory language, stating that no native of England would be given over to the Chinese Authorities for trial.

AMERICA.

CARACAS AND PERU.—Intelligence was received at Baltimore, from Laguirra, of the beginning of June, that the Spanish General Morales had been defeated by Col. Penango and Heras, and his troops cut to pieces, and himself had fled to the island of Oro. The action took place on the 17th April, at Chipare. Morales subsequently got into Porto Cabello. Bolivar had, by proclamation, invited the inhabitants of Quito to submit to the Columbian forces. Intelligence from Peru, up to February, states, that 4,000 men, sent by Bolivar, had formed a junction with San Martin, with whom he had landed at Pisco, which he captured, and subsequently routed the detachment of Canterac. The commanders of the Spanish frigates Prueba and Venganza, and the corvette Alexandro, which had been blockading Guayquil for some time, weary of the service, have actually sold their ships and stores to the insurgent government against whom they were acting. By a regular convention agreed to on the 16th of February, the ships and all their stores were delivered up to the government of Peru, on condition of the officers receiving their pay and arrears to the time of the agreement, and one step advance in rank; and the interests of the mother country are taken care of by an article of the convention, by which the state of Peru engages to acknowledge a debt in favour of Spain, amounting to 100,000 dollars, and pay the same the moment the latter acknowledges the independence of America, without which the article is not binding.

MEXICO.—Letters have been received from Vera Cruz of the 30th March, which state that the Cortes were at that

time engaged in active deliberation relative to the adjustment of the affairs of the country. Iturbide had given in his resignation, preferring to abide the decision of the Cortes, regarding the reward of his

services, rather than involve the country in a civil war.—Spanish, American, French, and English vessels, were in the harbour of Vera Cruz, and a regular communication subsisted with the city of Mexico.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

MAY.

4. *Union Canal.*—The Canal Company have fixed their dues on coal at a very moderate rate, and have also regulated or modified them in such proportions as to enable the most remote proprietors of coal to sell them in the Edinburgh market at the same rate as those most immediately at hand; and as the Forth and Clyde Company have co-operated with the Union Canal Company in this arrangement, the community of Edinburgh and its vicinity may confidently expect a fair and great competition to take place along the whole lines of the Monkland, the Forth and Clyde, and Union Canals; on those three lines there are inexhaustible mines of coal, of most excellent quality, and almost every variety. The water is now on from end to end of the canal.

6. *Improvement in Naval Architecture.*—On Thursday the public were much gratified and astonished at the exhibition of an iron steam-boat on the river Thames, between London and Battersea Bridges. The boat was built at the Horsley Iron-works, near Birmingham, by Mr Manby, and put together at Rotherhithe; she is said to be the most complete piece of workmanship in the iron way that has ever been witnessed, and draws one foot less water than any steam-boat that has ever been built. She is 106 feet long, and 17 broad, and is propelled by a thirty horse engine, and Oldham's revolving oars—the most perfect piece of mechanism that has yet been adopted in steam-boats. The great advantage of these oars is their entering and leaving the water edgewise, by which means no power is lost; and they are particularly useful in rivers with narrow bridges, as they occupy little more than half the breadth of the common wheel.

18.—*Provoking to fight a Duel.*—This morning, in the Court of King's Bench, London, the Earl of Westmeath appeared to receive the sentence of the Court, for sending a letter to a gentleman named Woods, tending to provoke a challenge to fight a duel. His Lordship addressed the Court at some length in mitigation of punishment. Mr Justice Bailey, previously to his pronouncing the sentence, addressed the defendant in terms of strong

regret at his Lordship's conduct. The sentence of the Court was, that the defendant should be imprisoned three months in the King's Bench Prison, and at the expiration of that time should enter into recognizances in the sum of £2000, and find two sureties in the sum of £500 each, to keep the peace for three years.—His Lordship left the Court in the custody of the tipstaff.

Greenock, May 21.—Yesterday afternoon, a new contrivance, by a respectable tradesman in town, for propelling vessels without the aid of steam, sails, or oars, was publicly exhibited for the first time. It consists of a boat about 28 feet keel and nine feet beam, built on purpose, and fitted with light paddle wheels, which are operated upon in various ways by eight men, and made to revolve with considerable speed, so that, even in his first trial, and without any previous practice on the part of the men, the boat was paddled across to Helensburgh in 50 minutes—a distance we believe, of six miles, and brought back in about an hour.

28.—*General Assembly.*—The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was dissolved yesterday, after the usual sederunt, by his Majesty's Commissioner the Earl of Morton. The most important case which came before the Assembly this year, was one respecting the presentation of a Minister to the parish of Kiltarlity, by Mr Fraser of Lovat, a Roman Catholic. The Committee of Bills transmitted to the Assembly the petition of Mr Donald Fraser, and other members of the Presbytery of Inverness, appellants against a sentence of the Synod of Moray, of date the 23d April last, referring the presentation to the parish of Kiltarlity to this Assembly. Mr Jeffrey, on the part of the appellants, stated, that the Presbytery of Inverness having a presentation tendered to them by an avowed Roman Catholic, had, after some consideration, applied to the Synod of Moray for information how to proceed. In the meantime, some zealous inhabitants in the parish of Kiltarlity, taking alarm at the report which had gone abroad, of a minister being appointed to them by a Roman Catholic patron, referred the case over to the civil court. The Court of Session

found that the parishioners had no interest (title) in the presentation. In consequence, however, of this action in the Court of Session, the proceedings of the Presbytery had been stopt by interdict; and after sentence, a long argumentative epistle was forwarded to the Presbytery by one of the agents for the parties. The result of this litigation was, that the Presbytery discover a title in themselves to the presentation, *jure devoluto*, in consequence of six months' delay which had taken place, during which time no presentation, either from the patron, or, in his default, the King, had *de facto* been moderated. The Presbytery therefore determined on advocating their case in the Court of Session, the previous judgment of which was only in respect of the parishioners, and in nowise to the prejudice of the *jus devolutum* of the Presbytery. The Presbytery did in fact raise a declarator of action in the civil court. The Synod, however, proceeded with the appeal which had been made to that body, and decided to refer the case to the General Assembly for its advice. Both parties protested against this decision at the time, on the ground that this was a civil question, involving the title to the presentation; and the Presbytery had in fact not only raised the declarator of action, but determined on applying to this House for funds to enable them to try the question.—After some discussion, Principal Nicoll moved, "That the Assembly reverse the sentence of the Presbytery of Inverness, passed on the 18th April last, as inconsistent with their former proceedings, which vested important rights in the person of Mr Colin Fraser, the presentee; and find, that whatever might be fit and expedient to be done in other circumstances, there exists *in hoc statu* no ecclesiastical bar to give effect to the presentation in favour of Mr Colin Fraser, and instruct the Presbytery to proceed in the settlement with all convenient speed." Mr David Dickson moved, "That the General Assembly dismiss the appeal against the sentence of the Presbytery of Inverness; and recommend to the said Presbytery to delay proceeding in the settlement of Mr Colin Fraser, in the parish of Kiltarlity, till the presentation issued in his favour by John Morrison of Auchtertool, as commissioner of Mr Fraser of Lovat, is decided in the civil court; and also recommend to the Presbytery to use all diligence in bringing that question to a decision."—The votes being then taken, the first motion was carried by 96 to 50.—We understand the Presbytery of Inverness have nevertheless resolved to bring the civil question before the Court of Session.

JUNE.

11.—HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.—*Trial and acquittal of James Stuart, Esq.*—This trial, which had excited an almost unprecedented interest, among all classes, came on yesterday; and such was the anxiety to obtain admission into the Court, that the door was beset by innumerable crowds as early as six o'clock in the morning. At ten o'clock, Mr Stuart entered the Court by way of the Judge's robing-room, it being impossible for him to gain admission by any other entrance. He was attended by the Earl of Moray, Mr Erskine of Cardross, and his son, Captain Gordon, R. N., Hon. Admiral Fleming Elphinstone, Mr Ferguson of Raith, and the Hon. Mr Fox, son of Lord Holland. Several of Mr Stuart's particular friends, who were advocates, had previously taken their seats immediately behind the bar. The Earl of Roslyn, Lord Belhaven, and other distinguished persons, were accommodated with seats on the Bench; among whom was the Polish Prince Czartorinski.

Their Lordships took their seats precisely at half-past ten. Present, the Lord Justice Clerk, Lord Hermand, Lord Gules, Lord Pitmilley, and Lord Succoth.

The Clerk then read the indictment, which charged Mr Stuart with having conceived malice and ill-will against the late Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, Baronet; with having formed the unlawful design of challenging him and others of the lieges to fight a duel; the better to accomplish which, he repaired to Glasgow, to obtain, through the medium of William Murray Borthwick, formerly one of the proprietors or printers of the newspaper called the Glasgow Sentinel, the manuscripts of sundry articles which had been published in the said newspaper, and other papers and documents connected with the said newspaper, which were then in the premises in Nelson-Street of Glasgow, occupied by Robert Alexander, editor and proprietor of the said newspaper; and having found, or pretended to have found among them, some writings holograph of the said Sir Alexander Boswell, he (Mr Stuart) did wickedly and maliciously challenge the said Sir Alexander Boswell, which took place on the 26th day of March last, when the said Sir Alex. Boswell was mortally wounded.

The Lord Justice Clerk having demanded of the accused his plea to this charge, Mr Stuart answered in an audible voice, "My Lord, I am not guilty."

Mr Cockburn then addressed the Court. He did not mean, he said, to object to the relevancy of the indictment, although it contained expressions which might

have been spared, with some respect to private feeling, and no detriment to public justice. He would, however, avail himself of his privilege of beginning the business of the day, by a statement of the facts of the case, which would be proved before the Court. The indictment stated, that Mr Stuart bore ill-will and malice against the late Sir Alexander Boswell; that, under the operation of this passion, he formed the design, and did proceed to challenge that gentleman. So far all was consistent, in his having malice, and formed an unlawful design, in the eye of the Legislature; but, by a specious reasoning, it was made to state, that he (Mr Stuart) entertained a special malice against that individual, and others of the lieges, and then, as if to shew that he was one who searched for cause of quarrel, he repaired to Glasgow, and having abstracted papers from the office of Robert Alexander, did thereon, wickedly and maliciously, challenge Sir Alexander Boswell, whom having slain, conscious of his guilt, he absconded and fled from justice. Now, all these collateral and extraneous statements apart from the death of the opposite party, all these Mr Stuart denies to be true; not merely that they could not be proved, but that, if even the light of Omniscience could be let down on his conduct, it would shew that there was no malice, and no desire on his part to seek a ground of quarrel: that he was actuated by no consciousness of guilt, and that he did not abscond or flee from justice. It was admitted that Sir Alexander Boswell met with his death at the hand of his client—that catastrophe was an effect of which he (Mr Stuart) was now by assumption the cause; but it was the circumstances mentioned in the indictment which he had in view when he answered Not Guilty. He would now crave the protection of the Court, and the sympathy of those who were here cited, and afterwards, to be chosen, as Jury, to one or two of the special difficulties of the case: And, first, it was one of its misfortunes, that it was intimately connected with proceedings of a political and party nature, most unsuited to the calm deliberation of a Court of Justice, and which could scarcely be alluded to without prejudice and irritation. It was their intention, as Counsel for the prisoner, not to go into one iota of these topics more than was absolutely necessary for his defence; and if they were led to trench on subjects that could scarcely be alluded to, without almost dethroning reason, it was from the necessity of their situation, and from no desire or wish of theirs so to do. It was the second of these dif-

sculties, and, if possible, even more painful and delicate than the first, that they could not do justice to the living without seeming to trespass on those charities which were due to the dead. It was their wish to avoid this; they were unwilling to cast even a shadow of doubt on one whose unfortunate loss they all lamented; and if in aught they should appear to ascribe to that individual any indiscretion, it was indiscretion alone.—They imputed it to that well-known talent with which he was gifted—a fatal gift—great powers of satire and irony, which, unless under the guidance of consummate prudence, or the happiest temper, had a tendency to lead to the most unhappy effects. Sir Alexander was a man of unimpeachable character, and of the feelings of a gentleman; and although he had treated Mr S. unceremoniously, he ought to have known that the blood of the noblest and most ancient families flowed in his veins; that he was related to the families of Raith, Buchan, Melville, and Cardross, and that he was lineally descended from that great nobleman the Earl of Moray, who, waving his privileges as a Peer, with great manliness and good taste had seated himself beside his relative and friend. Nor was Mr Stuart's personal character unworthy of these hereditary honours; no man beyond or within these walls, if required, could get a more excellent character, or from more spontaneous witnesses. These testimonials are furnished even from the ranks of his political adversaries, and from the thanks of public bodies. His character peculiarly displays an absence of those propensities from which quarrels arise, and on other occasions he has been resorted to as a successful peace-maker, and prevented others from calamities similar to his own.—It was, perhaps, not unknown to their Lordships, and it was sufficiently notorious to every body else, that in January 1821, a newspaper named the Beacon was set on foot. With the general merits of that publication on other subjects, or other men, he had nothing to do; but, about a year ago, it contained a personal attack on Mr Stuart, that led to a misunderstanding with Mr Stevenson, which, however it was settled, was immaterial; for though some doubted the judgment or good taste with which that affair terminated, yet, in point of fact, it was adjusted in July 1821. There was not then any doubt that strangers had no right afterwards to take it up. Mr Stuart, though enjoying the society and friendship of the most eminent characters, was still exposed as a common butt in the same newspaper; for, immediately after,

there did appear articles in that journal, which he wished the deceased had never seen, couched in language which was a disgrace to our age, which had introduced new and unheard-of disasters, and had burst asunder those bands of good citizenship and fellowship, for which we had formerly been so happily distinguished. The name of Mr Stuart had been coupled with the most obnoxious epithets; he was called a dastard, bullock, sulky poltroon, coward, and despised of the despised. For when bound over by the civil power, these were heaped upon him as provocations to break the peace; and when he had recourse to the Sheriff of the County for protection, he was told that no redress could be got, because these calumnies were contained in a public newspaper, and he (the Sheriff) could not interfere with the liberty of the press. He was thus set up as a target for every base libeller to shoot at; and when he craves protection from the civil power, he is only told that he must protect himself. He submitted to this heavy judgment, and to these continued slanders, in patience and courage; he felt them to the quick, and none but he could have borne them with such patient courage. At length this publication was closed, and no prototype was set up, and a pause was given for a revival of our good temper and taste, for which all ranks were thankful. But almost immediately after, another paper, the *Sentinel*, was commenced in another place, Glasgow, under different auspices, and other men, who had no quarrel, concern, or question with Mr Stuart. But, in the first number, the same calumnies were adopted, and in that number they apply them to him, in whose veins flowed the purest blood of the land, and who was then delighting a numerous society of respectable friends. We find it again said, that he had dishonoured that blood; that he was chargeable with meanness of spirit; and styled, not merely a knave, but a heartless ruffian, and to whom was applied that intolerable word, a "coward," which, if any man in civilized life peacefully submits to, he unavoidably loses the character of a gentleman. Though foiled in his former application to the legal authorities, he resolved to make another, and was advised to commence an action of damages, not for paltry gain, but to put down that torrent of abuse which was turned against him. Before another number was published, the action was commenced, and in the answers to his condescendence, he was plainly and openly twitted in a court of justice, because he had not fought. In this answer, an ap-

peal was made to the laws of honour, and his civil rights were attempted to be prejudiced, by a reference to those laws for observing which he had now the misfortune to stand where he did. These measures did not check those attacks. They went on in a keener spirit. In several articles, which the jury would hear, and learn who the author was, "a whig song," a letter signed "Ignotus," and several others, his character had been grievously traduced; and he felt the wounds thus inflicted more keenly, when he learned that the author was not a common man, but his equal in rank, and that he was possessed, not merely of that spirit which gave sarcasm its edge, but also those powers which give it its lustre. In every one of these the name of coward, or other injurious epithets, were applied; and if any thing could add to his sufferings, it was to find that this newspaper was not left to the support of provincial men, and that there was scarcely a house into which he could enter where he was not sure to find it, reflecting injuriously on his character. At last, while labouring under these attacks, the unfortunate day arrived in which their author was disclosed, and the original papers found. It had been made a part of the charge in the indictment, that he had obtained these papers improperly. The facts of the case were these:—On the Saturday, Mr Stuart, in the adjoining hall, was introduced to a person, stating himself to be the private country agent of Mr Borthwick, one of the proprietors of the *Sentinel*, who mentioned that Mr Borthwick, anxious for his own pecuniary safety, wished to do that which every prosecuted printer has a right to do, to save himself and give up his author. Mr Stuart refused to say any thing in the matter, but mentioned that his conduct should afterwards be determined when he saw the papers. Another gentleman was to have gone to Glasgow, but being prevented, Mr Stuart went himself and got the MSS. His client's conduct was vindicated on two grounds: 1st, That he did not know, supposing it to be the fact, that Mr Borthwick had no right to exhibit these articles; and in the next place, Mr Borthwick was entitled, and no power of any law could prevent from doing it. An arrangement had been entered into between Mr Alexander and Mr Borthwick, printers and proprietors of the *Sentinel*, that the latter of these might resign his share in the business, on the condition that a sum of money should be paid within a certain time. Meanwhile Mr Alexander chose to publish a dissolution of the copartnery, against which Mr Borth-

wick appealed to a court of law, where the Magistrates found, that if the money was not paid within eight days, he might then resume possession. Mr Borthwick was afterwards incarcerated for an alleged debt; in these circumstances Mr Stuart found him, and had nothing to do, directly or indirectly, in liberating him; but on his being restored, considered him entitled to exhibit those papers. From that day to this, Mr Stuart felt the weight of the discoveries thus made, finding that he had received injuries at the hands of a gentleman, to whom he was even slightly related, with whom he was on good terms of acquaintanceship, and whose talents he had frequently admired: that this half friend was the author of the worst calumnies against him, author of the Whig song, in which he dares to apply the epithet "coward" to Mr Stuart's name. What, then, he asked, was Mr Stuart to do otherwise than he did? to huddle up these papers, to go with diminished head, and conceal himself from society? He did what every one, with the exception of that Bench, would have done. He had recourse to the advice of a distinguished Nobleman, the Earl of Roslyn, who, seeing that only one course could be pursued, left a message with Sir Alexander. An interview took place, when the Hon. Baronet was attended by another gentleman, (Mr Douglas), to whose judgment and amiableness of disposition they had all along been indebted. The terms which Mr Stuart proposed were temperate and moderate. He called on Sir Alexander to say, first, that the offensive articles in question were not his, and that this assertion would be held conclusive against all evidence. But Sir Alexander did not say they were not his, but virtually admitted being the author of the song: or, on the other hand, if he would condescend to say that he was sorry for what he had done; that it was merely an idle squib; and that he had no intention seriously to injure the honour and character of Mr Stuart, he would rest perfectly satisfied: but when this mild proposition was also rejected, could a duel, in these circumstances, be avoided? The testimony of Lord Roslyn and Mr Douglas was unanimous, that a meeting was inevitable; and Sir Alexander himself acquiesced in the same sentiment. For, on Lord Roslyn's application for a conference, and previously to his business being unfolded, or Mr Stuart's name being mentioned, he seemed aware that he had been levelling shafts, for the consequences of which he might be called to account; that he seemed conscious of having given just grounds of offence, and therefore was preparing for the issue of a combat.

When the officer was conducting him to the Sheriff's house, he objected, that binding them over to keep the peace could not settle the quarrel, and that in these circumstances they could not live together in the same island. Preparations accordingly had been proposed by Sir Alexander, which seemed to shew that his intentions were of the most deadly description. It was his wish that the affair should be decided on the continent; and his reason for this was, that if he should prove to be the successful shot, he would not like the operations of the law in a British Court. Every thing was done by Mr Stuart in the prospect of its terminating fatally for himself. The usual preparations were made, as in the approach of death; and such were his feelings, that when he stepped into the field, he felt as if he were stepping into the grave. An attempt was made even then to settle the matter: and Mr Douglas, whose good sense and goodness of heart had so uniformly distinguished his conduct, asked his friend if there was no possibility left of settling the matter amicably? Sir Alexander shook his head, and said, It is impossible. The parties then met—and he felt it unnecessary to say more. They fired together, and Sir Alexander fell: and here the contrast exhibited in the conduct of Mr Stuart did him the highest honour. While he had displayed the utmost coolness in personal courage, both before and after the meeting on the field, he no sooner found himself the survivor, than he was dissolved in all the tenderness of grief. He was hurried from the field, came to Edinburgh, and such was his agitation, that he refused to leave the country on the advice of his friends, till he should hear the fate of Sir Alexander; and when he was constrained to do so, he ordered a message to be left in the proper place, stating that he would appear at his trial when a day should be appointed, and craving that no delay might take place. He went to London, and from thence to France; and, instead of that spirit of rejoicing which arises from malice, several respectable witnesses, who had seen him, are prepared to testify that they never beheld so natural or generous a flood of grief. No man can be held guilty in the eye of law whose mind is innocent; and if there ever was a case in which there was such innocence, this was that case. Sir Alexander had also received the opinion of a supreme criminal judge, and that judge, to his honour, did not now occupy his seat. But there was no doubt that it could not otherwise be settled: and it proves the inevitableness of such conduct, when

this honourable person could not so far pluck human nature from his breast as to withhold his approbation. The surviving sufferer, both before and after, was punished alike in the quarrel and event. He was led by great and resistless moral necessity to the painful step he had taken; and the Jury, by returning a verdict of Not Guilty, would give the highest satisfaction, both to the law and all reasonable men.

After a few words from the Solicitor-General, the Court ordered that the words, "others of the lieges," should be struck out of the indictment.

The following gentlemen were then chosen as a Jury to try the case, viz.—Thomas Adinston of Carcant, Wm. Pagan of Linburn, John Wauchope of Edmonstone, Sir A. C. Maitland Gibson of Cliftonhall, Bart., Sir John Hope of Craig-hall, Bart., James Watson of Saughton, James Haig of Lochrin, John Thomson of Burnhouse, John Anderson of Whitburgh, Sir James Dalyell Bart. of Binns, James Dundas of Dundas; David Brown, clothier in Edinburgh, Robert Paterson, ironmonger there, Thos. Macritchie, wine-merchant in Leith, and William Telfer, merchant there.

The Earl of Roslyn was then examined in his place on the bench, by the Solicitor-General.—He was acquainted with the gentleman at the bar, and about the 25th of March last waited on Sir Alexander Boswell, in consequence of a note written by him (Lord Roslyn,) requesting permission to see him; and stated that he came at the desire of Mr Stuart. He also stated, that Mr Stuart had come into the possession of certain papers, some of which appeared to be in Sir Alexander's hand-writing, bearing the post-mark of the town of Mauchline, and addressed to the Editor of the *Glasgow Sentinel*, and were the originals of articles contained in that newspaper: that one of them, in particular, a song, contained matter most offensive and injurious to Mr Stuart, charging him, in more passages than one, of cowardice; that this song, and other papers reflecting on Mr Stuart, appeared to be in the same hand-writing as that which bore Sir Alexander's signature; that the similarity of hand-writing, together with the post-mark of Mauchline, formed so strong a presumption that these papers had been sent by Sir Alexander Boswell, that Mr Stuart thought himself entitled to ask him whether he was or was not the author of them? Witness stated at same time, that if he, Sir Alexander, was not the author, or had not sent them to the newspaper, such denial on his part would

be conclusive against any other evidence to the contrary. No person was present except witness and Sir Alex. Boswell. Sir Alexander said, it was a subject of great delicacy, and that he should wish a friend present; to which witness acceded, as highly desirable. Sir Alexander Boswell went out, and returned with Mr Douglas as his friend. Witness then repeated, in Mr Douglas's presence, what he had formerly stated; taking every possible care to impress on Mr Douglas's mind that his proceeding was justifiable, as there was strong presumptive evidence that the papers had come from Sir Alexander; but that Sir Alexander's reply would be held to be conclusive. Sir Alexander and Mr Douglas desired to confer together. Witness left them, and when he came back, found Mr Douglas alone, who said he could not advise Sir Alexander to give any answer to the question, and that as Mr Stuart was in possession of the facts, he must thereupon exercise his own judgment. Mr Douglas said, that if this unfortunate business proceeded farther, there were two conditions Sir Alexander considered indispensable. One was, that no meeting could take place for fourteen days, Sir Alexander having some family business to arrange, which required his presence; the other, that the meeting should be on the continent. On these conditions witness had no difficulty in saying, that they were likely to be acceded to by Mr Stuart. Mr Douglas then waited on Sir Alexander, and informed him of the arrangement, who said, that with regard to the papers he declined to give any answer. Witness had copies of the letters and papers in his hand. They parted, and he met Mr Douglas at his own house shortly after. The papers witness had in his hands were a song, a letter signed Ignotus, and another letter signed by Sir Alex. Boswell. Witness considered the song as by far the most important of the two. There were passages which contained direct charges of cowardice against Mr Stuart.—Saw Mr Stuart after the interview, who agreed to both conditions stated by Mr Douglas, namely, the delay of fourteen days, and that the meeting should be on the continent. It was then settled between Mr Douglas and witness, that so soon as convenient for Sir Alex. Boswell leaving London, he should receive a letter from him, and that Mr Stuart, who had urgent business, would proceed without delay, and he, witness, would be there on or before 6th April. It was agreed, that all subsequent arrangements relative to time and place should be settled in London. Witness asked Mr Douglas whether there was no

possibility of avoiding, by any means, the painful necessity of carrying this matter to an extremity? and he asked, whether it were possible that Sir Alexander should treat the song as a bad joke on his part, and one of which he was ashamed, declaring at same time that he had no intention of reflecting on Mr Stuart's courage or character? The manner in which this proposition was received led him to understand that Mr Douglas entertained no hope that Sir Alexander would say any such thing. Witness left Mr Douglas to go to Newhaven, meaning to return to Fife, in the conviction that every thing relative to this subject was for the present finally arranged. The boat with which he was to cross was delayed, and before he embarked, was overtaken by Mr Douglas, who said, that Sir Alexander had taken the advice of a legal friend, and that he thought it no longer necessary to go to the continent, and on that advice preferred to have the meeting in Scotland. Witness objected to that, as highly inconvenient and embarrassing, and as contrary to former agreement. That many circumstances made it apparent that the future arrangements should be settled in London, and that the parties should go to the continent. That according to the advice he had given, Mr Stuart might set out for London, before he could be informed of the change of Sir Alexander's intention. Mr Douglas mentioned that the meeting might take place in Scotland. The matter formed some discussion, after which Mr Douglas returned to Edinburgh. In the course of the conversation, witness stated that he would not go back to Edinburgh, because he was persuaded that his return thither would be needless, as their meeting might excite observation. All this took place the same day, between nine and five o'clock. Mr James Brougham called on witness next morning; he said, that in consequence of Sir Alexander Boswell and Mr Stuart being bound over in the course of the night by the Sheriff of Edinburgh to keep the peace, that it had been settled that Sir Alexander Boswell and Mr Stuart should meet at Auchtertool that morning, and requesting witness to come to Mr Stuart, which he did. He went to the place of meeting, when he had some conversation on the subject, and they fixed on a piece of ground close by the road side. Mr Stuart and Sir Alexander Boswell arrived in carriages, about ten o'clock. The pistols were produced by Mr Douglas and witness. Mr Douglas sat down, and witness stood. Mr Douglas received from witness the measure for each pistol and

the ball, and rammed them down. There were but two pistols, of which Mr Douglas took one, and witness the other.—The ground was measured by eleven long paces. The pistols were delivered to the two parties respectively by Mr Douglas and witness, and it was agreed that they should fire together by a word. Mr Douglas put upon witness to give the word, which he did, and they both fired, when Sir Alexander fell. Every possible assistance was afforded to Sir Alexander, who was aided by the medical gentlemen, and by Mr Brougham, who during these transactions remained upon a hill at a little distance, in charge of witness' horse. Mr Stuart advanced with great anxiety towards Sir Alexander, to whom, from the situation he was in, and the treatment that was necessary, did not speak, nor had he any proper opportunity to speak to him. On examination of the wound, witness was given to understand that it was serious, and therefore advised Mr Stuart to go away. All the other persons remained, to give what assistance they could to remove Sir Alex. Boswell to Balmuto House, where it was judged advisable to carry him, and in doing so no time was lost. Before any thing took place on the ground, Mr Stuart asked witness, if it was not proper that he should make a bow to Sir Alexander? Witness thought that perfectly proper, and Mr Stuart advanced, apparently for that purpose, and when doing so, Sir Alexander was then turning from Mr Stuart, and walking in an opposite direction. Witness believed that Mr Stuart had not the opportunity of bowing to Sir Alexander, as immediately after his attention was drawn away to another quarter.

Examined by Mr Jeffrey.—His Lordship stated, that before going to Mr Douglas, he had compared the hand-writing of the letters and song, and was satisfied that the letter signed Ignotus, and the direction on the letter containing the song, were the same hand-writing. The size and texture of the paper were different, but the water-mark was the same; all having the post-mark of Mauchline, and the directions of all the three were in the same hand.—Upon the result of his examination, he thought Mr Stuart was justifiable in calling on Sir Alexander. In the first interview, Sir Alexander declined answering; he was advised to this by Mr Douglas. There was nothing in his manner of putting the question that could have given the least offence, or caused the answer in the negative, if Sir Alexander had thought proper to do so; and he took the greatest possible pains in his power to guard against any such unfavourable im-

pressions or interpretations, and repeatedly pressed the observation; that he should consider Sir Alexander's word as conclusive, and against any presumption that had been raised on his part. Witness would have advised any friend without hesitation to have apologised, had he not known the author. Does not recollect that Mr Douglas said, Sir Alexander was the author of the song. From all that he saw of Mr Stuart's manner from first to last, the impression made on him was, that there was no feeling of personal ill-will or resentment against Sir Alexander, but a deep sense of the necessity of vindicating his own honour, more especially as that was assailed by a charge of cowardice. Found Mr Stuart ready to yield to every suggestion made to him. From the whole bearing of the transaction, he could have no difficulty in stating, that Mr Stuart's conduct, from first to last, was cool, composed, and temperate, and such as might be expected from a man of constancy and courage. At the time Mr Stuart got the pistol, witness desired him to present side, not front, and he said, he thought he should not take an aim, to which witness agreed. Both parties were asked, if they were ready? and then the word was given to present and fire, as quickly as could be spoken. Both fired at same time, but there was a small difference between the two. Sir Alexander was last. Cannot say, whether Sir Alexander fired at Mr Stuart or not, but observed nothing to the contrary. Had no intimation or belief that Sir Alexander Boswell did not intend to fire, and thinks, that had that been the case, such circumstances would have amounted to a declaration that Sir Alexander did not mean to fight; and had witness known it, he would not have been a party to such proceeding. Has known Mr Stuart for many years, and has frequently seen him both in public and private society. In all his acquaintance with Mr Stuart, never knew a man less quarrelsome or vindictive.

The Hon. John Douglas of Lockerby, who had acted as Sir Alexander Boswell's second, was then examined, and corroborated the testimony of the Earl of Roslyn, in every particular respecting the arrangements, the meeting of the parties at Auchtertool, and their conduct on the ground. He stated that, on their way to the field, Sir Alexander said he had injured Mr Stuart's character, and it was his intention to receive his fire, and then to discharge his pistol in the air. After the fatal event, when conveying Sir Alexander from the ground, the latter said to witness, he was sorry he had not made his fire in the

air so decided as he could have wished. Mr Douglas also stated, that from conversations he had had with Sir Alexander, he decidedly understood that he was the author of the papers complained of by Mr Stuart.

Dr George Wood deposed to his having attended on the field at the request of Sir Alexander Boswell. Upon hearing the fire, Mr Liston and he ran, and found that the ball had entered the middle of the right clavicle. Two bones were extracted on the spot, the first by himself, and the second by Mr Liston. His death was occasioned by the wound. Betwixt Edinburgh and Queensferry, Sir Alexander said, that Mr Stuart could not do less than call him out. Sir Alexander, in the course of his journey, said he was determined to fire in the air. When he left the carriage, he said—"Now, Gentlemen, I beg of you to remark, that I am determined to fire in the air." No person was present but Mr Douglas and him when Sir Alexander made that observation.

Mr Liston, surgeon, corroborated the evidence of Dr Wood as to what took place on the field.

Several other witnesses were examined, who proved the fairness of the manner in which the duel was conducted, and the way in which the papers were got from Borthwick, who was imprisoned on the 1st of March, for a debt of £.50, which his agent at Hamilton discovered was not due, but which he paid under protest.—Finding that an action of damages was raised against Borthwick by Mr Stuart, his agent applied to Mr Stuart, and offered to produce the libels against him if he would abandon the action, but he would make no promise to that effect.—Mr Stuart accompanied Borthwick's agent to Glasgow, and had the MSS. of the Sentinel put into his hands, and was surprised to find among them some in the handwriting of Sir Alexander Boswell against him (Mr Stuart); on this discovery the meeting took place.—Several witnesses gave it as their opinion that the articles in the Sentinel were in Sir Alexander's handwriting.

A number of exculpatory witnesses were then examined, among whom were Mr James Gibson, W. S., Mr Thomas Allan, Mr John Clerk, advocate, who all deposed how deeply Mr Stuart was affected after the duel, and particularly on receiving accounts of Sir Alexander's death.—Mr Allan stated, that he found Mr Stewart at Calais, and communicated to him the death of Sir A. Boswell; on which Mr S. burst into tears, and remained greatly agitated for some time. Mr

Allan endeavoured to recall him, by reminding him how imperiously he had been called on to act as he did; to which Mr S. replied, "True: but remember, oh remember his poor wife and family!" Many of Mr Stewart's early friends and acquaintances, particularly Mr Hay Donaldson, W.S., Mr Frankis Walker, W.S., Mr Henry Mackenzie, W.S., Mr Walter Cook, W.S., gave him the highest character for goodness of temper, kindness of disposition, and the most honourable and upright conduct on every occasion.

The Lord Advocate then addressed the Jury, who, he said, would see the propriety of the prosecution which had taken place. A life had been taken, and it was necessary that the cause should be investigated. The charge of murder, he said, according to law, had been proved by the Noble Lord and the Hon. Mr Douglas. This was a fact which could not be denied. His duty called on him to say that the crime of murder had been thus proved; and the next question was, what defence had been set up in behalf of the prisoner. The law knew of no other ground of exculpation, unless a justification, founded on self-defence. But there are no such circumstances as to warrant this argument in the present case. All the defence and evidence had been fully and clearly laid before them; by it they were to judge and act, and, in forming their judgment in this way, they would be enabled to give such a verdict as would be alike satisfactory to their own consciences and to the country at large.

Mr Jeffrey addressed the Jury in a luminous speech, which occupied about three hours, but of which our limits will hardly admit of even a brief abstract.—He contended that, instead of considering Mr Stuart as a person guilty of a great crime, he ought rather to be viewed as one who had fallen under a great calamity. The essence of all crime lay in the motive and intention; and no act had a criminal character merely from its physical description; guilt lying wholly in the intention of the agent, who must necessarily be an accountable being. After they had heard, it could not be disputed that Mr Stuart went without one atom of malice; and that in these points the evidence was clear, full, and satisfactory. He did not mean absolutely to offer any apology for the practice in question; and yet he might perhaps be permitted to remind them, that its defects and vices came under their notice in a situation where it was not possible to consider them fairly—in a case where it had terminated unfortunately, where blood had been shed, and their sympathies had

been excited in behalf of the sufferer. The evils of duelling were thus ever foremost and uppermost in their view; but this prevents us from noticing, that however exceptionable in morality it may appear, in point of fact it has proved the corrective of greater immoralities. It is known by those who are versed in history, that it has superseded the practice of private assassinations; and that we are not only indebted to it for the polish which it has given to the upper society of the community, but also for that courage and intrepidity, and diffusion of fairness, and handsomeness of demeanour, which distinguish civilized nations. In Spain, Portugal, and Italy, where the practice of duelling is unknown, assassinations and poisonings daily take place; where duelling is an occasional, but a rare occurrence, such enormities are altogether unheard of. However irrational and immoral it may seem, it is a practice so established and enforced by custom, as to render it frequently inevitable; and such being the case, no individual man is responsible for the justice of the institution. Mr Jeffrey then proceeded to prove, that several books of the strictest morality and religion have sanctioned it with their authority. Boswell, Dr Johnson's biographer, states, in several conversations which he held with the Doctor, that he considered duelling as a species of self-defence, or that it might be justified on the same grounds as public war. His biographer also coincides with him in these sentiments. Another author, of equal eminence and morality, not only a professor of morals, but also a clergyman, trained in reverence of the precepts of religion, namely, the late Dr Adam Ferguson, in his *Principles of Morals*, comes to the same result. And a late distinguished philosopher and lawyer, and a Judge, who had adorned the Court in which they were now assembled, Lord Kaimes, in his *Sketches*, distinctly advocates the same opinions. The Learned Counsel concluded a long argumentative speech, by dwelling emphatically on the favourable testimonials, both with respect to character and mildness of temper, which Mr Stuart had received from so numerous and respectable a body of witnesses.

The Lord Justice Clerk commenced his charge to the Jury at three o'clock this morning. His Lordship laid before them fully the law regarding duelling, and then called their attention to the evidence which had been adduced in this case—to the great provocation which Mr Stuart had received—his moderation in the propositions he had caused to be made to Sir Alex. Boswell—his conduct on the field, and his

conduct after the fatal event—the contrition which he expressed for the fatal blow—and the total absence of all vindictive feeling on his part. In every case of this kind, where murder was charged, it was most material to consider the general character of the party accused—for that entered deeply into the case. Now, in the whole course of his practice, he never had heard higher, or more distinct and discriminate praise bestowed on any character. In good taste, the evidence on this part of the case consisted of gentlemen opponents to the prisoner in politics.—One gentleman had stated, that he never knew one who had more of the milk of human kindness. Another had been his acquaintance for twenty years, and during that period he never heard him utter an angry word. Mr Hay Donaldson, his late partner, a person well qualified to judge, had given a similar evidence. The learned Judge begged it to be distinctly understood, that he, and he hoped no judge would be, friendly to such measures as these, or ever give their countenance to the practice of duelling. He lamented, and the public groaned under the lamentable licentiousness of the press; he hoped it would cease; it would receive no countenance from their Lordships. The Jury would weigh all these circumstances seriously in their minds; they would give a verdict consonant to the dictates of their own consciences; and if in this case they were unable to come to a decided and clear opinion, the advantage and privilege of that doubt belonged to the gentleman at the bar.

The Jury, without leaving the box, after a few minutes' consultation, returned a unanimous verdict by their Chancellor, Sir John Hope, finding Mr Stuart *Not Guilty*.

The Lord Justice Clerk then turning, to Mr Stuart, congratulated him on the favourable verdict of the Jury, and was sure, in the present state of Mr Stuart's feelings, that it would be quite improper for him to add a single word further.

Mr Stuart was then congratulated by his Counsel, and a great number of his friends.

It was near five o'clock this morning when the Court broke up. A consider-

able crowd occupied the Parliament Square all yesterday, which greatly increased at night, when the populace became extremely noisy. When the verdict was announced at the door, much cheering followed, and the crowd rushed towards a chaise in the Lawnmarket, with the avowed purpose of taking off the horses when Mr Stuart should make his appearance, who, however, disappointed them, by withdrawing privately. The crowd, however, met him at his own house, where he earnestly entreated them not to make any noise; with this they complied, but insisted on giving three *muffled cheers*; and, after waving their hats, retired in silence.

IRELAND.—We regret extremely to state, that, notwithstanding all the efforts of the benevolent in Great Britain, famine is extending its ravages in Ireland. The Irish papers are filled with the most deplorable accounts from the south and west parts of the island, the recital of which shocks humanity. In the letters from some places it is stated, that all the water-cresses, and every vegetable that can be eaten, have long since disappeared, and that the inhabitants are now solely dependant on charity, the remission of which for one or two days would be fatal. Other accounts represent the peasants as dying by the road-side from starvation; and one contains the heart-rending statement, that a mother and her nine children were found dead in their cabin.—The Dublin Journal of the 4th instant mentions the appalling fact, that one hundred and forty persons had died in the county of Mayo, of starvation, in the course of ten days. The benevolent in Great Britain have sent probably a hundred and fifty thousand pounds to the relief of the Irish; but the magnitude of this sum will afford little consolation, when we reflect that it is nearly all expended, that there exists a greater amount of distress now than ever, and that all which has yet been done will have only tended to protract the misery of starvation, if fresh supplies are not sent equal to the maintenance of the sufferers till the potatoe crop is ready for gathering.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

June 25.—Mr William McCut to be Commissary of the Commissariat of Kirkcubright.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

May 20.—Rev. Robert Clark, admitted minister of the Gaelic Chapel at Aberdeen.

June 22.—Rev. Joseph Shaw, ordained assistant and successor to the Rev. Alexander Speer, in the Presbyterian congregation of Portglenone, Ireland.

—The United Associate Congregation of Balfour, gave an unanimous call to Mr. David Smith, preacher, to be their minister.

June 15.—Mr Leith, of Freefield, has presented the Rev. Adam Smith, preacher of the Gospel, to the parish and church of Towie, in the presbytery of Alford, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Gordon Forbes to the parish of Dyce.

17.—The Associate Congregation of Lochwinnoch, in connection with the United Secession Church, gave a most harmonious call to Mr William Johnstone, preacher, to be their pastor.

III. MILITARY.

- 2 Lieut. Marten, to be Capt. by purch. vice Milligan, ret. 4 May 1822.
 Cornet & Sub-Lieut. Bulkeley, Lieut. by purch. vice Nicholson, ret. 19 April.
 Cornet & Sub-Lieut. Hort, Lieut. by purch. vice Marten 4 May.
 J. P. Macqueen, Cornet & Sub-Lieut. by purch. vice Bulkeley 19 April.
 Ens. Smith, from h. p. 69 F. Cornet & Sub-Lieut. by purch. vice Hort 4 May.
- R. H. Gds. Cornet C. S. Hill, Lieut. by purch. vice Arnold, ret. 6 June.
 L. Kenyon, Cornet by purch. do.
 5 Dr. G. Lieut. Hadden, Capt. by purch. vice Tiede, ret. 25 May.
 Cornet Willey, Lieut. by purch. do.
 R. W. Pierce, Cornet by purch. do.
 Lieut. Dexter, Capt. by purch. vice Sibthorpe, ret. 30 do.
 Cornet Stanier, Lieut. by purch. do.
 H. Fane, Cornet by purch. do.
 5 Dr. Cornet Slade, Lieut. by purch. vice Mason, 80 F. 25 do.
 A. Trevelyan, Cornet by purch. do.
 7 R. J. Murchison, Cornet by purch. vice Thornhill, ret. do.
 10 H. Phillips, Cornet by purch. vice Beauchamp, prom. 30 do.
 11 Cornet Hon. H. D. Shore, Lieut. by purch. vice Wall, 81 F. 25 do.
 E. Astley, Cornet by purch. do.
 15 Assist. Surg. Backhouse, from h. p. 15 Dr. Assist. Surg. vice Jeyes, prom. do.
 Assist. Surg. Quinsey, from h. p. 18 Dr. Assist. Surg. vice Backhouse cancelled 6 June.
 16 Lieut. Hilton, Adj. vice Cureton, res. Adj. do.
 17 Gent. Cadet L. Shedden, from R. Mil. Col. Cornet by purch. vice Fancourt, 91 F. 25 May.
 19 Gent. Cadet O. Phibbs, from R. Mil. Col. Cornet by purch. vice Hervey, 12 Dr. 30 do.
 7 F. Ens. Lord W. Paulet, from 85 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Stuart, 57 F. 25 do.
 Ens. Lord W. Thynne, from 73 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Calvert, 72 F. 6 June.
 8 Ens. Mawdesley, Lieut. by purch. vice Lord Bingham, 74 F. 15 do.
 10 Ens. Hon. R. Hare, from 69 F. Ens. do. Lieut. Hon. H. R. Molyneux, from G F. Lieut. vice Windle, h. p. 53 F. rec. diff. 16 May.
 20 Ens. Boates, from 79 F. Ens. vice Martin, 85 F. 25 do.
 22 Assist. Surg. Ingham, from h. p. 8 F. Assist. Surg. vice Browne, 5 Dr. Gds. 15 June.
 25 1st Lieut. Fickling, Capt. by purch. vice Wynne, ret. do.
 2d Lieut. Gourlay, 1st Lieut. by purch. do.
 29 D. C. C. Elwes, 2d Lieut. by purch. do. Lieut. Weir, from h. p. 69 F. Lieut. & Adj. vice Gilbert, dead, 16 May.
 Serj. Maj. Mitchell, late of Reg. Qua. Mast vice Gillespie, ret. full-pay 25 do.
 37 Lieut. Stuart, from 7 F. Capt. by purch. vice Rast, 58 F. 16 do.
 50 Ens. Briggs, from 61 F. Lieut. vice Bateman, dead, 15 June.
 51 Lieut. Gen. Sir T. P. Hlop, Bt. G. C. B. from 95 F. Col. vice Gen. Morshead, dead 4 do.
 54 Gent. Cadet H. W. Harris, from R. Mil. Col. Ens. by purch. vice Townshend, 79 F. 25 May.
 58 Capt. East, from 57 F. Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Baldwin, ret. 16 do.
 59 Gent. Cadet H. W. Blackford, from R.

- Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Hare, 8 F. 13 June.
 71 F. Lieut. Hanson, Capt. vice W. A. Grant, dead, 16 May.
 Ens. Pollitt, Lieut. do.
 72 Ens. Strangways, from h. p. Ens. do. Lieut. Calvert, from 7 F. Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Jackson, ret. 6 June.
 74 Lieut. G. Lord Bingham, from 8 F. Capt. by purch. vice Stewart, prom. 16 May.
 78 R. J. P. Vassall, Ens. by purch. vice Lord Thynne, 7 F. 6 June.
 79 Ens. Townshend, from 54 F. Ens. vice Boates, 20 F. 23 May.
 80 Lieut. Mason, from 3 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Harpur, prom. 16 do.
 81 Capt. Taylor, Major by purch. vice Sutherland, 2 W. I. R. do.
 Lieut. Wall, from 11 Dr. Capt. by purch. do.
 85 Lieut. Phillips, Capt. vice Bt. Lieut. Col. Geddes, dead 15 June.
 85 Ens. Martin, from 20 F. Ens. vice Lord Paulet, 7 F. 23 May.
 92 Lieut. Rowley, from 7 F. Capt. by purch. vice Loggan, ret. 15 June.
 95 Maj. Gen. Sir H. Lowe, K. C. B. Col. vice Sir T. Hlop, 95 F. 4 do.
 Rifle Dr. W. S. R. Norcott, 2d Lieut. vice Prohart, dead 15 do.
 2 W. I. R. Maj. Sutherland, from 81 F. Lieut. Col. by purch. vice O'Hara, ret. 16 May.
 Lieut. Adams, from h. p. African Corps, Lieut. vice Ross, cancelled 30 do.
 1 Ceyl. R. 2d Lieut. Murray, 1st Lieut. vice Polington, dead 15 Oct. 1821.
 R. Myhus, 2d Lieut. 16 May 1822.
 2d Lieut. Hay, from 2 Ceylon, R. 2d Lieut. vice Newbolt, h. p. 2 Ceylon Reg. 30 do.
 2 Lieut. McLeod, from late 8 Vet. Bn. Lieut. 25 do.
 Ens. Macphail, from late 10 Vet. Bn. Ens. do.
 Vet. Comp. Lieut. Terry, from late 6 Vet. Bn. Lieut. vice Ball, ret. list 30 do.

Royal Artillery.

- 2d Capt. Fraser, from h. p. 2d Capt. 1 June 1822.
 1st Lieut. Edwards, 2d Capt. vice Oldham, dead do.
 1st Lieut. Johnson, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
 2d Lieut. Schaw, 1st Lieut. do.
 Gent. Cadet W. Smith, 2d Lieut. do.
 Bt. Maj. & Capt. Kettlewell, from h. p. Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Sandham, h. p. 7 do.

Medical Department.

- Physician J. Forbes, Dep. Insp. of Hospitals, vice Menzies, dead 25 May 1822.
 Assist. Surg. Young, from h. p. 2 Dr. Gds. Assist. Surg. to the Forces do.
 Assist. Surg. Munro, from h. p. 25 F. Gds. Assist. Surg. to the Forces do.

Exchanges.

- Bt. Major Gurwood, from 10 Dr. rec. diff. between Full Pay Troop and Comp. with Capt. Drummond, h. p. U. W. I. R.
 Capt. Upjohn, from 1 Life-Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Clucher, ret. h. p. 2 W. I. R.
 ———— Meynell, from 10 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Burdett, h. p. 79 F.
 ———— Grimes, from 16 Dr. rec. diff. between Full Pay Troop and Comp. with Capt. Ellis, h. p. 76 F.
 ———— Frankland, from 2 F. with Capt. Power, 20 F.
 ———— Harrison, from 52 F. rec. diff. with Lord S. Ken, h. p. 3 F.
 ———— Young, from 52 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hewitt, h. p. 68 F.
 ———— Kirby, from 54 F. with Capt. Butler, h. p. 80 F.
 ———— Jones, from 89 F. with Capt. Nichols, h. p. 25 Dr.
 Lieut. West, from 1 Dr. G. with Lieut. McMahon, h. p. 24 Dr.
 ———— McMahon, from 1 Dr. G. with Lieut. Smith, 16 Dr.
 ———— Addison, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Peel, h. p. 2 Dr. G.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1822.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
June 1	M.44 A.58	29.656 .638	M.61 A.61	Cble.	Fair, rather dull.	June 16	M.43 A.52	29.721 .822	M.58 A.59	Warm, with clear sunsh.
2	M.16 A.64	.940 .933	M.64 A.66		Very warm.	17	M.40 A.56	.962 .985	M.62 A.66	
3	M.48 A.57	.988 .954	M.68 A.70	Cble.	Ditto.	18	M.45 A.55	.962 .854	M.66 A.65	Ditto.
	M.49 A.68	.94 .949	M.72 A.75		Th. & light with rain.	19	M.45 A.61	.752 .782	M.66 A.62	
	M.50 A.62	.966 .978	M.72 A.67	Cble.	Foggy foren. Warm day.	20	M.68 A.52	.852 .928	M.69 A.64	Cble. Dull morn. sunsh. day.
	M.49 A.55	.970 .980	M.54 A.62		Foggy foren. Dull after.	21	M.42 A.62	.928 .891	M.66 A.69	
	M.45 A.57	.999 .990	M.66 A.61	Cble.	Warm, and clear.	22	M.52 A.63	.858 .820	M.59 A.70	Ditto.
	M.11 A.37	.968 .901	M.66 A.61		Ditto.	23	M.32 A.68	.772 .720	M.74 A.72	
	M.45 A.61	.781 .816	M.68 A.67	Cble.	Day v. warm. Even. cold.	24	M.55 A.65	.692 .608	M.70 .65	W. Warm, with showers.
	M.44 A.52	.971 .932	M.60 A.60		Dull and foggy.	25	M.53 A.65	.784 .64	M.70 A.69	
	M.46 A.53	.999 .999	M.60 A.58	Cble.	Dull morn. Sunsh. day.	26	M.51 A.63	.585 .654	M.69 A.66	W. Day dull, rain even.
	M.48 A.53	.108 .976	M.61 A.59		Warm, with clear sunsh.	27	M.17 A.58	.832 .654	M.65 A.61	
12	M.49 A.65	.925 .789	M.44 A.71	Cble.	Ditto.	28	M.46 A.58	.574 .50	M.62 A.61	W. Fair, and ery warm.
	M.47 A.65	.576 .473	M.67 A.65			29	M.46 A.56	.85 .825	M.59 A.65	
14	M.45 A.17	.520 .531	M.59 A.58	W.	Rain morn. Fair day.	30	M.45 A.60	.520 .532	M.61 A.60	W. Dull morn. sunsh. day. [Dull, show-ers rain.

Average of Rain, 1.307 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

FROM the middle of May, till the 8th of the present month, the rain that fell did not, in many places, reach an inch in depth. Throughout the greater part of June the temperature was unusually high, the thermometer often rising to 80 in the shade. The mean temperature for the two last weeks in May was 57°; for the whole of June 61.75°; and for the first week in the present month 56°. Under such temperature, and with so little moisture in the soil, it was impossible that vegetables could attain to any thing like luxuriance. Many sorts of plants were forced into a flowering and ripening state two or three weeks earlier than usual, and many decayed for lack of moisture.

On light dry soils, wheat came in the ear under unfavourable circumstances. The culm is short, and the ear corresponding. Oats on thin soils shew ears very moderately stocked with grain, and the stems, in numerous instances, are short, and will render reaping a tedious operation. Barley on shibban-land came up irregularly, and ran to seed on single stems; consequently a half-crop in such cases will not be obtained. Beans have not podded so freely as was expected. Pease, in general, look tolerably well. Hay has been a light crop, but has been all secured by the usual time of cutting. Potatoes came up well, but made little progress, and shew a disposition to flower on short stems. Turnips were sown, for the most part, by the third week in June, but except on fine soils, a very partial braird has been obtained. What were sown early in the month gave a more regular braird, but have hitherto made little progress. The above remarks must be understood as applying to dry or light loams, on open gravelly or rocky bottoms. On retentive soils, or on land incumbent on cold sub-soils, the appearance of the crops are much better. Wheat, oats, barley, and pease, are luxuriant, and the hay crop will reach an average weight, but in few or no instances will a heavy second cutting be obtained; but this, as well as that part of the growing crop which has not advanced too far towards ripening, may yet improve by the late favourable rain. On the 9th and 10th, the fall of rain amounts to one inch, and nearly one-fourth, something more than fell in the eight weeks immediately preceding. Cattle continue to sell at extremely low prices, and in grain there has been little improvement.

Perthshire, 10th July

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1822.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p-peck	1822.	Oatmeal.		R. & P. Meal.	
	Bls.	Prices	Av. pr.							Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	s. d.		s. d.		s. d.	
June 19	619	22 6 29 0	26 6	17 6 20 0	15 6 18 0	12 6 16 0	8	5 6	June 18	414	1 1	62	0 10
26	483	22 0 29 0	26 0	17 0 19 0	15 6 18 0	12 6 16 0	8	5 6	25	320	1 1	60	0 10
July 5	540	24 0 28 6	26 11	17 6 19 0	16 0 19 0	13 0 16 0	8	2 6	July 3	321	1 1	62	0 10
10	684	21 6 28 0	26 8	16 6 18 6	16 0 19 0	13 0 15 6	8	1 8	9	370	1 2	58	0 10

Glasgow.

1822.	Wheat, 240 lbs.			Oats, 264 lbs.		Barley, 320 lbs.		Bns. & Pae. Stirl. Meas.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.	
	Dantzic.	For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.				
	s.	s.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	
June 20	—	—	—	25 29 0	15 6 17 6	17 6 20 0	16 21	19 0 21 0	15 0 16 6	16 0 17 6	45 45
27	—	—	—	25 29 0	15 6 17 6	17 6 20 0	17 21	20 0 21 0	15 6 17 0	15 0 17 0	43 45
July 4	—	—	—	25 28 0	15 0 17 6	17 0 20 6	17 21	20 0 22 0	15 6 17 0	15 0 17 0	— 45
11	—	—	—	25 28 0	15 0 17 6	17 0 20 6	17 21	20 0 22 0	15 6 17 0	15 0 17 0	— 45

Haddington.

1822.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1822.	Oatmeal.	
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr. Peck
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
June 21	695	21 0	27 9	26 5	18 25 0	14 17 9	10 13 6	10 14 0	—	—
28	541	21 6	28 0	26 2	17 22 0	14 17 6	10 14 0	11 15 0	—	—
July 5	501	23 6	28 0	26 5	18 21 0	14 18 6	10 14 0	10 15 0	15 0	16 0
12	563	21 6	27 6	25 9	17 22 0	14 18 3	11 14 6	11 15 0	15 0	16 0

Dalkeith.

1822.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1822.	Oatmeal.	
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr. Peck
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
June 21	695	21 0	27 9	26 5	18 25 0	14 17 9	10 13 6	10 14 0	—	—
28	541	21 6	28 0	26 2	17 22 0	14 17 6	10 14 0	11 15 0	—	—
July 5	501	23 6	28 0	26 5	18 21 0	14 18 6	10 14 0	10 15 0	15 0	16 0
12	563	21 6	27 6	25 9	17 22 0	14 18 3	11 14 6	11 15 0	15 0	16 0

London.

		Wheat.		Rye.		Barley.		Beans.				Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.			Quar.
		per qr.						Fd & Pol.		Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey	Fine.	2d.	Loaf.
		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
June	1	28	55	20	22	16	22	15	22	19	25	26	30	20	24	27	28
	21	28	55	20	22	18	21	17	24	21	25	28	32	22	27	29	50
July	1	28	55	20	22	17	21	16	23	20	24	26	30	21	25	27	29
	8	28	55	16	21	16	22	15	22	19	25	24	28	20	25	50	38

Liverpool.

		Wheat.		Oats.		Barley.		Rye.		Beans.		Pease.		Oatm. 240 lbs.													
		70 lb.		45 lb.		60 lb.		per qr.		per qr.		per qr.		Eng. 240 lb.		Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Eng.	Scots.								
		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.												
June	15	4	0	8	9	2	7	2	10	9	5	0	26	28	28	52	22	38	51	56	30	35	21	27	25	26	
	25	4	0	8	9	2	7	2	10	9	5	0	26	28	28	54	25	40	51	58	37	30	35	24	27	24	26
July	2	4	0	9	0	2	9	2	11	9	5	0	26	28	28	54	25	40	51	58	37	30	35	24	27	24	26
	21	4	0	9	0	2	6	2	9	9	5	0	28	31	28	51	25	40	51	58	57	30	35	23	27	24	26

England & Wales.

1822.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
June 8	41 7	1 0	15 10	17 5	22 8	21 5	—
15	43 10	7 4	16 2	17 10	22 4	24 0	—
22	42 5	18 5	17 0	18 6	24 5	24 5	—
29	42 6	15 6	18 4	18 10	25 10	26 10	—

PRICES CURRENT.—JULY 8, 1822.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
TEA, Bohea, ½ lb.....	—	@	—	@	—	@	2s. 6½d.	@
Congou,.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 6½	3 9
Souchong,.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SUGAR, Musc. cwt.								
B. P. Dry Brown,.....	52	60	52	55	49	55	52	56
Mid. Good, & Fine Mid	70	82	56	70	56	71	57	66
Fine and very fine,.....	80	82	—	—	72	77	68	71
Brazil, Brown,.....	—	—	—	—	18	21	17	21
White,.....	—	—	—	—	27	35	29	35
Refined, Double Loaves,....	120	130	—	—	—	—	102	116
Powder ditto,.....	96	100	—	—	—	—	80	96
Single ditto,.....	88	96	98	110	—	—	79	80
Small Lumps,.....	84	90	88	92	—	—	—	—
Large ditto,.....	81	86	80	85	—	—	—	—
Crushed Lump,.....	35	52	80	86	—	—	—	—
MOLASSES, British,.....	—	29	27	27 6	25	29	—	—
COFFEE, Jamaica,								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	100	105	96	105	96	109	96	108
Mid. Good, & fine Mid.	105	120	107	122	110	118	116	138
Fine, and very fine,....	—	—	—	—	121	130	110	156
Dutch, Triage & very ord..	—	—	—	—	78	96	—	—
Ord. good, & fine ord.	120	135	104	113	98	111	—	—
St Domingo,.....	122	126	—	—	96	100	97	107
PIMENTO (in bond), lb....	8½	9	—	—	8	8½	—	—
SPIRITS, Jam. Rum, 160. P.	2s. 0	2 2	1 8	1 10	1 9	1 11	1 8	1 9
Brandy, gal.....	4s. 3d.	4 6	—	—	—	—	3 3	3 6
Geneva,.....	1 10	2 0	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES, Clar. 1st Gr. hhd..	£.45	55	—	—	—	—	20	50
Portugal Red, pipe,....	31	46	—	—	—	—	19	48
Spanish, White, burt..	31	55	—	—	—	—	30	65
Teneriffe, pipe,.....	28	30	—	—	—	—	26	28
Madeira,.....	45	65	—	—	—	—	40	80
LOGWOOD, Jamaica, ton,...	£.7	7 7	—	—	8 15	9 5	9 9	—
Honduras,.....	—	—	—	—	9 10	9 15	10 0	—
Campeachy,.....	8	—	—	—	10 0	10 10	11 0	13 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica,.....	7	8	—	—	9 0	9 10	6 0	8 15
Cuba,.....	9	11	—	—	10 0	11 0	10 0	12 0
INDIGO, Caraccas, fine, lb..	9s. 6d.	11 6	—	—	9 0	9 7	10 3	11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot,	1 8	2 2	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak,.....	2 9	3 3	—	—	—	—	—	—
Honduras Mahogany,....	1 0	1 6	1 2	1 8	0 11	1 0	10 0	13 0
TAR, American, brl... ..	20	21	—	—	14	—	11 0	14
Archangel,.....	16	17	—	—	—	—	17 0	—
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Candle,	37	—	—	—	37 6	—	35 0	—
Home melted, cwt.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton,...	42	43	—	—	—	—	41	—
Petersburgh Clean,....	38	—	—	—	53	—	—	—
FLAX, Riga Th. & Dr. Ra.	50	—	—	—	—	—	53	—
Dutch,.....	50	90	—	—	—	—	42	47
MATS, Archangel,.....	85	90	—	—	—	—	85	—
BRISTLES, Peters. Firsts,...	14	15	—	—	—	—	13	—
ASHES, Petersburg Pearl,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Montreal ditto, cwt...	48	—	47	48	45	—	48	49
Pot.....	34	35	36	38	36 6	37	35	36
OIL, Whale, tun,.....	£.22	—	20 10	21	—	—	19	20
Cod,.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	19	20
TOBACCO, Virg. fine, lb....	7½d.	8	7½	7½	0 6	0 8	7	7½
inferior,.....	5	5½	3½	4	0 2½	0 3	3	4
COTTONS, Bowd Georgia,	—	—	0 8	0 9½	0 7	0 9½	9½	10½
Sea Island, fine,.....	—	—	1 4	2 0	1 3	1 5	—	—
Demerara & Berbice,...	—	—	0 9½	0 11½	0 8½	1 11	9½	10½
Pernambucco,.....	—	—	0 11½	1 0½	0 10	0 11½	11½	1 0½
Maranhann,.....	—	—	0 11	11	0 9½	0 10½	—	—

Course of Exchange, London, July 9.—Amsterdam, 12 : 9. Ditto at sight, 12 : 6. Rotterdam, 12 : 10. Antwerp, 12 : 6. Hamburg, 38 : 1. Altona, 38 : 2. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 70. Bourdeaux, 26. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 157½. Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 43½. Lisbon, 51½. Oporto, 51½. Rio Janeiro, 46. Dublin, 9½ 7 cent. Cork, 9½ 7 cent.

Prices of Bullion, 7 oz.—Foreign gold in bars, £.3 17 6d. New Doubloons, £.3 13 9d. New Dollars, 4s. 9d. Silver in bars, standard, 4s. 11d.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 10s. 6d.—Cork or Dublin, 10s. 6d.—Belfast, 10s. 6d.—Hambro', 7s. 6d. to 10s. 0d.—Madeira, 15s. 9d. to 20s. 0d.—Jamaica, 30s.—Greenland, out and home, 5 gs. to 8 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from 19th June, to 10th July 1822.

| June 19. | June 26. | July 3. | July 10.

Bank Stock..			242	244½
3 7 cent. reduced..	79½	80½	80½	80½
3 7 cent. consols.....	—	—	—	79½
3½ 7 cent. do.	90½	91½	91	91
4 7 cent. do.	96½	98½	97½	97½
5 7 cent. navy annuities.....				—
India Stock.....				245½
— Bonds.....	49	53	46	56 pr.
Exchequer bills, (£.1000).....	par. 2 dis	par. 2 pr.	par. 2 pr.	6 pr.
Consols for account.....	80½	81½	81½	80½
French 5 7 cents.....	91 fr. 65 c.	91 fr. 65 c.	91 fr. 55 c.	91 fr. 55 c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th May and the 20th June 1822; extracted from the London Gazette.

Abbot, S. Cumming-place, Pentonville, merchant.
 Bailie, J. Aylesbury street, Clerkenwell, iron-founder.
 Beateaman, A. Bristol, victualler.
 Beaumont, T. S. and J. Leicester, bakers.
 Bethell, T. Poole, painter.
 Bell, J. Suffolk lane, wine-merchant.
 Bishop, R. Aston-road, Birmingham, brass-founder.
 Billington, J. Manchester, shopkeeper.
 Blyth, J. Wellington, Shropshire, draper.
 Bolton, W. Banbury, and T. Bolton, Grimsbury, Northamptonshire, coal-merchants.
 Boyd, S. C. Oxford, wine-merchant.
 Bradbury, R. Stone, dealer.
 Bradshaw, J. Eccleshall, Staffordshire, butcher.
 Brammall, G. Sheffield, merchant.
 Breeden, W. and H. Ruttingdon, Nottinghamshire, dealers in cattle.
 Brook, R. Walecot, Somersetshire, brewer.
 Cardwell, E. Thornhill, Yorkshire, iron-founder.
 Celson, W. Plymouth, grocer.
 Chasey, T. East Pennard, Somersetshire, butcher.
 Chetham, J. Stockport, money-servicer.
 Cobb, H. Grayney, Kent, farmer.
 Coburn, T. Witney, wool-captier.
 Collins, J. and R. Capell, Northampton, carriers.
 Collins, J. Vincent-place, City-road, broker.
 Coppard, J. son. Miteham, drug-grinder.
 Counthorpe, F. W. Langbourn Chambers, timber-merchant.
 Cox, J. Pensford, Somersetshire, mealman.
 Croxon, W. B. Buton, Latimer, Northamptonshire, miller.
 Dodd, J. and W. Kirkoswald, Cumberland, grocers.
 Ellis, T. Crooked-lane, dyer.
 Fothergill, W. Cannon-street road, ship-owner.
 Fowler, J. S. and A. E. Liverpool, merchants.
 Furlong, E. Earl-street, Blackfriars, coal-merchant.
 Furlong, W. and J. Bristol, haberdashers.
 Gibson, W. and F. Toun, Trinity-square, corn-factors.
 Goodvee, W. D. Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, brewer.
 Gould, W. and F. Greasley, Maiden-lane, Wood-street, hosiers.
 Goulden, J. Goulden-place, Hackney-road, carpenter.
 Gratton, J. Lupton, Warwickshire, tanner.
 Haines, J. Lubenham, Leicestershire, baker.

Hales, W. N. Bilston, Staffordshire, mercer.
 Harman, J. Lower Thames-street, merchant.
 Harris, N. Southampton, coach-master.
 Henderson, R. Lowthian, Gill, Cumberland, corn-dealer.
 Heyes, J. Stockport, draper.
 Hirst, J. Almondbury, Yorkshire, merchant.
 Holden, J. Manchester, calico-dealer.
 Holden, O. Clitheroe, calico-manufacturer.
 Hordman, R. Liverpool, merchant.
 Humphreys, W. Billesdon, Leicestershire, draper.
 Huntington, J. Snow-hill, jeweller.
 Hughes, T. Grosvenor-row, Chelsea, linen-draper.
 Husband, R. Plymouth, mercer.
 Illingworth, H. A. Fowey, merchant.
 Jackson, S. G. S. South Lynn, jobber.
 Jerym, J. Yarmouth, maltster.
 Jenkins, T. Llanwithin, Glamorganshire.
 Johnson, W. Gainsburgh, maltster.
 Johnson, S. Skinner-street, Bishopgate-street, cabinet-maker.
 Joplin, J. Sutherland, linen-draper.
 Jones, J. Corely, Shropshire, lime-burner.
 Kelson, T. Comb Down, Somersetshire, farmer.
 Kent, T. Kirkton Holme, Lincolnshire, butcher.
 Large, J. Wootton Bassett, Wilts, banker.
 Latter, J. Windsor, oilman.
 Leigh, G. Wincham, Cheshire, dealer in coals.
 Lewis, R. King-street, Soho, chair-maker.
 Long, D. Andover, gun-maker.
 Lowry, J. Bunkers-hill, Cumberland, lead-ore-miner.
 Lyall, G. North Shields, merchant.
 Maddock, C. F. Plymouth, linen-draper.
 Mathews, E. College-hill, Upper Thames-street, merchant.
 Merryweather, S. Longham, Hants, maltster.
 Murrow, T. Liverpool, money-servicer.
 Naish, F. Tiverton, Somersetshire, clothier.
 Newton, T. Holbeach, Lincolnshire, and W. Newton, Norfolk, jobbers and wool-buyers.
 Olley, T. Clare, Suffolk, maltster.
 Paradise, J. Newcastle-street, Strand, jeweller.
 Pelerin, H. F. Lloyd's Coffee-house, insurance-broker.
 Piell, W. Bromyard, Herefordshire, builder.
 Peavold, W. Clifton, Somersetshire, builder.
 Pickman, W. East Isley, Berks, grocer.
 Port, F. J. Rugeley, Staffordshire, druggist.

Potts, W. Sheerness, linen-draper.
 Probyn, J. M. Long-lane, Bernoulsey, surgeon.
 Quilter, H. Leicester, victualler.
 Raine, J. Great Oram-street, merchant.
 Raifa, J. Freshwater, Isle of Wight, corn-dealer.
 Rashbrook, W. Lavenham, Suffolk, farmer.
 Ridely, T., J. Brown, and W. Sawport, South
 Blyth, Northumberland, brewers.
 Robertson, J. Old Broad-street, merchant.
 Saunders, J. Holland-street, Bankside, factor.
 Shipway, T. Tidworth, Warren Farm, Hampshire,
 sheep-dealer.
 Sporr, M. North Shields, upholsterer.

Staham, J. Collyhurst, Lancashire, dyer.
 Stonall, G. Box, Wiltshire, tailor.
 Trigg, H. & J. Ratcliffe, Hertford, timber-merch.
 Twycross, J. Westbourn, Sussex, fell-monger.
 Tyler, W. Kimbolton, Huntingdonshire, carrier.
 Watson, W. Chelsea, brewer.
 Willing, S. Plymouth, corn-merchant.
 Wilson, T. S. Methley, Yorkshire, maltster.
 Wood, W. Brumby, Lincolnshire, jobber.
 Worthington, E. Stangate-street, Lambeth, brewer.
 Young, W. North Bank, near Regent's Park, and
 J. Green, Camden Town, excavators.
 Young, D. Leeds, merchant.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES AND DIVIDENDS, announced June 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTERATIONS.

Auchtermuchty, the Burgh of.
 Gemmel, Robert, wright in Cambuslang.
 Inches, James, junior, wood-merchant at Stenton.
 M'Douall & M'Chlevy, merchants and ship-owners
 in Drumore.
 Macnicol, Ronald, merchant in Glasgow.

Rae, Samuel, baker, and tea and spirit-dealer, in
 Kirkcudbright.
 Wilson, James, grain-merchant in Renfrew.

DIVIDENDS.

Brodie, John, ship-owner in Dysart; by Alexander
 Spence, merchant in Leith.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1821. Dec. At Delhi, the Lady of Captain T. F.
 Hutchinson, of the Bengal native infantry, a son.
 7. At Cannanore, the Lady of Major Balmain,
 East India Company's service, a son.
 15. At Glen Leith, Van Dieman's Land, Mrs
 David Jamieson, a son.
 1822. May 4. At Malta, the Lady of Capt. Robt.
 Tait, of his Majesty's ship Larne, a son.
 15. At Chunar, Bengal, the Lady of George
 Playfair, Esq. garrison surgeon, a daughter.
 17. In Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, the
 Lady of Capt. Hodgson, R. N. a daughter.
 — Mrs Clarke, 51, George's Square, Edinburgh,
 a daughter.
 19. At his house, George Street, Edinburgh, the
 Lady of Lieut-General Sir John Hope, a son.
 21. At Inverness, the Lady of Major Cameron,
 Madras Establishment, a son.
 22. The Lady of William Ferguson, Esq. of
 Kilrie, a daughter.
 23. At the Hague, her Royal Highness the Prince-
 cess of Orange, a Prince.
 24. In London, the Lady of the Right Hon.
 Lord Burghersh (eldest son of the Earl of West-
 moreland) a daughter.
 — At Fortrose, the Lady of R. K. Mackenzie,
 Esq. of Flowerburn, a son.
 — At Cavers, Mrs Douglas, of Cavers, a son
 and heir.
 — At Barcaldine, the Lady of Duncan Camp-
 bell, Esq. of Barcaldine, a son.
 25. At Auchlunkart, the Lady of Patrick Steu-
 art, Esq. of Auchlunkart, a son.
 26. At Fairy Bank, Shetland, the Lady of Thos.
 Gifford, Esq. a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

1821. Nov. At Hobart Town, Van Dieman's
 Land, Lieut. Thomson, belonging to the Staff of
 his Excellency the Governor in Chief, General Sir
 Thomas Brisbane, to Eliza, second daughter of
 the late Thomas Reibey, Esq., merchant, Sydney,
 New South Wales.
 1822. May 8. At Florence, in the house of his
 Majesty's Minister to the Court of Tuscany, Wm.
 Burn, Esq., of Coldoch, Perthshire, to Jaquette,
 fourth daughter of William Thomas Hull, Esq. of
 Marpool Hall, in the county of Devon.
 — At Greenwich, William Scott Preston, Esq.
 to Margaret Grace Gordon, youngest daughter of
 the late Peter Lawrie, Esq. of Blackheath, and
 Ernespie.
 25. At Turvey, in the county of Bedford, †
 Rev. James Marshall, minister of the Outer †
 Church in Glasgow, to Mary Catherine,
 daughter of the Rev. Leigh Richmond, †

DEATHS.

1821. Aug. 26. At Dharwa, Thomas Marshall,
 Esq. a surgeon of the Bombay establishment, and
 statistical reporter—a situation for which he was
 selected by the present Governor of Bombay, solely
 in consideration of his rare talents, qualifications,
 and acquirements.
 Sept. 28. At Mlaw, in the East Indies, Allan
 Cameron, Esq. of the Bengal horse artillery, eldest
 son of Mr Alex. Cameron, of Cairnragie, Ross-shire.
 Oct. 29. At Lucknow, Capt. Lewis Grant, of the
 7th Bengal native infantry.
 Nov. 28. At Madras, in the 35th year of his age,
 Donald M'Andrew, Esq. surgeon, 11th regiment,
 N. I. in consequence of a severe attack of fever.
 Dec. 5. At Bombay, the Hon. Sir W. D. Ewans,
 Recorder of that Presidency.
 — At Canton, in China, Mr Patrick Robertson,
 second officer of the country ship Aurora, and second
 son of the late Robert Robertson, Esq. of
 Auchleeks, Perthshire.
 7. At Serampatam, Mary, daughter of Lieut-
 Colonel Thos. Paterson, and wife of James Cassa-
 mayor, Esq. in the civil service of the Hon. East
 India Company.
 1822. Jan. 2. At Leakesville, America, Colonel
 James Campbell, agent for the State Bank, North
 Carolina, son of the late Robert Campbell, Esq. of
 Middleton-cum-c, Clackmannanshire.
 March 25. In George Town, Demerara, Catha-
 rine Campbell, aged 25, relict of the late Evan
 M'Pherson, Esq. and eldest daughter of Mr M'Gregor,
 St Andrew's Square.
 April 21. Lost off the coast of Ireland, on board
 the Constance, on his way to join the Brazen, Mr
 William Marjoribanks, midshipman, third son of
 Alexander Marjoribanks, Esq. of Marjoribanks.
 — Lost off the coast of Ireland, in a dreadful
 gale of wind, on board of his Majesty's ship Con-
 stance, with all the officers and crew, consisting of
 120 souls, Mr John Whalley Sharp, Midshipman,
 aged 21 (passed for a Lieutenant at Royal Naval
 College), second son of William Sharp, Esq. late
 of Kirkton, Collector of Customs, Bowness.
 23. At Murrumbidgee, Lieut-Col. John Mur-
 ray of Tundergarth.
 24. At the Green of Castletown, Isle of Man,
 Capt. R. Peddie, formerly of the 21st Royal Scots
 Fusiliers, and late of the 6th royal Veteran Bat-
 talion, in the 65th year of his age.
 25. At her mother's house in Hill Street, Lon-
 don, the Hon. Miss Catherine Cust, youngest
 daughter of the late Lord Brougham.
 26. At Edinburgh, Mrs Ferrier, wife of Louis
 Henry Ferrier, Esq. of Belleisle.
 27. At Kirkcudbright, Capt. Charles Munden,
 of the Galloway militia.
 — At Polwarth manse, Berwickshire, Mrs Home,
 wife of the Rev. Robert Home.
 28. At Dundee, Mr John Wilson, of Queen
 Street, Chapside, London.

Robert Mudie, Esq. to Frances
 Wallace, second daughter of Capt. John Urquhart,
 late of the East India House.

THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

AUGUST 1822.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

<i>Days.</i>			<i>Days.</i>		
<i>Morn.</i>			<i>Morn.</i>		
H.	M.	Even.	H.	M.	Even.
Sept. 1822.			Sept. 1822.		
Su. 1	1 58	2 15	M. 16	2 26	2 42
M. 2	2 32	2 50	Tu. 17	2 58	3 15
Tu. 3	3 7	3 25	W. 18	3 27	3 44
W. 4	3 43	4 2	Th. 19	3 57	4 14
Th. 5	4 23	4 44	Fr. 20	4 26	4 43
Fr. 6	5 11	5 35	Sa. 21	4 59	5 17
Sa. 7	5 51	6 17	Su. 22	5 39	6 3
Su. 8	6 51	7 29	M. 23	6 28	7 6
M. 9	8 15	9 2	Tu. 24	7 51	8 43
Tu. 10	9 53	10 37	W. 25	9 33	10 14
W. 11	11 16	11 48	Th. 26	10 46	11 18
Th. 12	— —	0 14	Fr. 27	11 41	— —
Fr. 13	0 38	0 59	Sa. 28	0 6	0 28
Sa. 14	1 18	1 36	Su. 29	0 46	1 6
Su. 15	1 54	2 11	M. 30	1 25	1 44

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

	M.	H.
Full Moon, Sun. 1.	13 past	0 noon.
Last Quart., Sun. 8.	7 —	9 morn.
New Moon, Sun. 15.	44 —	10 morn.
First Quart., Mon. 23.	29 —	10 morn.
Full Moon, Mon. 30.	4 —	11 after.

TERMS, &c.

September

- 1. Partridge shooting begins
- 23. Day and night equal.
- 29. Michaelmas day.

* The Correspondents of the **EDINBURGH MAGAZINE** and **LITERARY MISCELLANY** are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to **ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY**, Edinburgh, or to **HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY**, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE

AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY

AUGUST 1822.

NAPOLEON IN EXILE; OR, A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA. THE OPINIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF NAPOLEON ON THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS OF HIS LIFE AND GOVERNMENT, IN HIS OWN WORDS. BY BARRY O'MEARA, ESQ., HIS LATE SURGEON. LONDON: 1822.

By the *popolazzo* of critics Mr O'Meara, the author of these most interesting volumes, has been but scurvily treated. The authenticity of his statements has not only been contested, but he has been accused of malicious and deliberate misrepresentation; while insinuations, the most odious and repugnant to the feelings of a man of honour and education, have been scattered about with the envenomed industry, peculiar to that fiendish spirit which would exult over a fallen enemy, and rake into the very ashes of the grave for materials to feed its foul and loathsome voracity. He has dared to shed a tear over the misfortunes of that great and singular being, who so long witnessed the destinies of Europe, and before whom its crazy and superannuated despotisms successively crumbled into dust: he has confessed; that he felt the influence of that wonderful character, which seemed to subdue into affectionate admiration every one who came within the magical circle of its spell: he has had the honesty to describe what he himself saw, and heard, and felt, rather than what would have suited the travelling and paltry views of an inimitable of one's self, followed

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or generous emotion: he has portrayed, perhaps in too warm colours, the character of a merciless and unfeeling jailor, who seemed only to live in the inhuman pleasure he derived from annoying and exulting over his proud and still unsubdued captive: he has had the simplicity to believe, that the lion in the toils was still the same noble and sovereign animal as when he ranged the desert in the full pride of freedom and of power, and awed every living thing by the token of his presence: he has been guilty of these manifold offences and crimes, and he must be green indeed in experience if he expected to be easily forgiven. It is true, that most of the charges brought against Mr O'Meara's book have been grounded solely on the dicta of the anonymous writers who have so generously preferred them; but it is no less true, that they have made a considerable impression to the disadvantage both of the book and its author. This, however, will surprise nobody who reflects how much easier and pleasanter it is to *believe* than to *investigate*, and how vast is the multitude, who take not only their political and literary, but even their religious opinions upon trust. Add to this, that these vituperative dicta have received a colour of plausibility from garbled extracts, and dislocated, discontinuous, and unexplained quotations,—and the whole secret of the hue and cry that has been set up against this honest-hearted son of the oulaphus will be revealed. It is surely melancholy to observe, in an

enlightened, and, generally speaking, liberal age, when wars have been turned into peace to the ends of the earth,—when the angry feelings of national rivalry and hostility have had seven long years to subside,—when upstarts—with one exception—have been dethroned and legitimates restored,—and when our arms have been crowned with the most unrivalled and undisputed success;—it is surely a melancholy consideration, that, in such circumstances, the *truth* must not be told of a fallen enemy, even when his ashes are consigned to their final resting-place, and that, like the Romans in the case of Hannibal, we must persecute the very memory of our once great and formidable enemy. But it is with this, as with all species of persecution; it serves no other end, except to promote more effectually the very purpose which it seeks to obstruct, and to force the generous and the high-minded to run, in some degree, into the opposite extreme, and to become the panegyrists of those characters of which, in other circumstances, they would have been the severe and impartial historians. Not that we mean to be rated as the admirers of Napoleon Buonaparte: not that we are blind to the errors he committed, the crimes he sanctioned, or the glorious opportunities of securing to himself the never-dying admiration of mankind which he contemned, or neglected to improve. We believe, as firmly as his greatest enemies, that his was a character deeply shaded; but we do not, like them, believe that it was one un-mixed, unredeemed compound of meanness, baseness, and atrocity: the foulest stain which the unsuspecting credulity of one man, and the eager rage of his *former* employers attempted to fix on the character of Napoleon—the poisoning the sick of his own army at Jaffa—was disbelieved by many from the first (thanks to the honest boldness of the late Dr Clarke,) and is now abandoned by the original, though innocent propagator of the calumny, as well as by all candid and liberal persons. Napoleon's very reverses have been favourable to his character. Many of the aristocracy of our own country, who had opportunities of conversing

with him in Elba, and of turning his attention to the stories that had been propagated respecting him by the English Treasury Journals, left him with their minds disabused, and with far different impressions of his character from those they had received when contemplating it through the media just alluded. Time and chance, too, have, as usual, aided the progress of truth; while our easy intercourse with the continent, so long shut against us, has enabled us to compare the statements of the Emperor himself with those of his servants and subjects, who had the best opportunities of becoming acquainted with the general bearing of his policy, no less than with the individual acts of his government. And the result has been, that the remorseless monster, whom we have been so long accustomed to load with every term of reproach that was most weighty, and whose very name was used, like the story of Raw-Head-and-Bloody-Bones, to conjure unruly children, turns out to have been a man of the most inordinate ambition indeed, but susceptible of the utmost constancy in friendship—possessed of all the domestic charities and affections,—passionately beloved and almost adored by all who came within the more immediate influence of his personal character,—idolized, not merely by the French, but even by the nations he conquered,—and who mounted the throne, and assumed the sovereign power, at the expence of fewer crimes than any usurper that ever lived, if we except our own Cromwell,—certainly, in many respects, an inferior man. The distinguishing characteristic of Mr O'Meara's book is, that it will tend, in a high degree, to increase this favourable reaction of public opinion, by placing, in a new and interesting point of view, the unsubdued energy of a mind upon which Nature had lavished many of her rarest and choicest gifts; and which, in spite of misfortune, captivity, and exile, retained its innate and characteristic vigour to the last.

As long as Admiral Sir George Cockburn continued in the command at St. Helena, things went on with tolerable smoothness. No odious and frivolous restrictions were imposed

on the imperial captive. Napoleon admired the blunt and uncompromising honesty, and straight-forward dealing of the seaman; and was satisfied, that every indulgence was granted him which was consistent with the security of detention. Complaints certainly there were; but so hearty and zealous was the Admiral in removing the grounds of them, or in convincing his prisoner that neither the letter nor tenor of his instructions would allow him to go farther in the way of indulgence, that the best understanding existed during Sir George's stay in the Island, and he was the frequent guest of the Ex-emperor. But the fates above decreed that Sir George should soon give place to another man, every way better qualified for the office; and the following passage shews how soon the mind of Napoleon had been biased in disfavour of Sir Hudson Lowe:

Napoleon, after a few questions of no importance, asked me, in both French and Italian, in the presence of Count Las Cases, the following questions:—"You know that it was in consequence of my application that you were appointed to attend upon me. Now I want to know from you, precisely and truly, as a man of honour, in what situation you conceive yourself to be, whether as my surgeon, as M. Maingaud was, or the surgeon of a prison-ship and prisoners? Whether you have orders to report every trifling occurrence, or illness, or what I say to you, to the governor? Answer me candidly: What situation do you conceive yourself to be in?" I replied, "As your surgeon, and to attend upon you and your suite. I have received no other orders, than to make an immediate report in case of your being taken seriously ill, in order to have promptly the advice and assistance of other physicians." "First obtaining my consent to call in others," demanded he, "is it not so?" I answered, that I would certainly obtain his previous consent. He then said, "If you were appointed as surgeon to a prison, and to report my conversations to the governor, whom I take to be *un capo di spioni*, I would never see you again. Do not," continued he, (on my replying that I was placed about him as a surgeon, and by no means as a spy,) "suppose that I take you for a spy; on the contrary, I have never had the least occasion to find fault with you, and I have a friendship for you, and an esteem for your character, a greater proof of

which I could not give you, than asking you candidly your own opinion of your situation; as you, being an Englishman, and paid by the English government, might perhaps be obliged to do what I have asked." I replied as before said, and that in my professional capacity I did not consider myself to belong to any particular country. "If I am taken seriously ill," said he, "then acquaint me with your opinion, and ask my consent to call in others. This governor, during the few days that I was melancholy, and had a mental affliction in consequence of the treatment I receive, which prevented me from going out, in order that I might not ennuie others with my afflictions, wanted to send his physician to me under the pretext of inquiring after my health. I desired Bertrand to tell him, that I had not sufficient confidence in his physician to take any thing from his hands. That if I were really ill, I would send for you, in whom I have confidence, but that a physician was of no use in such cases, and that I only wanted to be left alone. I understand that he proposed an officer should enter my chamber to see me, if I did not stir out. Any person," continued he with much emotion, "who endeavours to force his way into my apartment, shall be a corpse the moment he enters it. If he ever eats bread or meat again, I am not Napoleon. This I am determined on; I know that I shall be killed afterwards, as what can one do against a *camp*? I have faced death too many times to fear it. Besides, I am convinced that this governor has been sent out by Lord ——. I told him a few days ago, that if he wanted to put an end to me, he would have a very good opportunity, by sending somebody to force his way into my chamber. That I would immediately make a corpse of the first that entered, and then I should be of course dispatched, and he might write home to his government, that "*Bonaparte*" was killed in a brawl. I also told him to leave me alone, and not to torment me with his hateful presence. I have seen Prussians, Tartars, Cossacs, Calmucks, &c. but never before in my life have I beheld so ill-favoured, and so forbidding a countenance. *Il porte le (diable) empreint sur son visage.*"

We have no doubt that the following testimony to the merits of our gallant countryman Sir John Moore, whose military talent sit has for some time been the fashion to undervalue, if we are correctly informed, even among some of those who misled him by false intelligence, will be duly appreciated by the numerous admirers

and friends of that almost perfect model of a soldier.

He then spoke of some English officers. "Moore," said he, "was a brave soldier, an excellent officer, and a man of talent. He made a few mistakes, which were probably inseparable from the difficulties with which he was surrounded, and caused perhaps by his information having misled him." This eulogium he repeated more than once; and observed, that he had commanded the reserve in Egypt, where he had behaved very well, and displayed talent. I remarked, that Moore was always in front of the battle, and was generally unfortunate enough to be wounded. "Ah!" said he, "it is necessary sometimes. He died gloriously—he died like a soldier." Menou was a man of courage, but no soldier. "You ought not to have taken Egypt. If Kleber had lived, you would never have conquered it. An army without artillery or cavalry. The Turks signified nothing. Kleber was an irreparable loss to France and to me. He was a man of the brightest talents and the greatest bravery. I have composed the history of my own campaigns in Egypt, and of yours, while I was at the Briars. But I want the *Moniteurs* for the dates."

If the following statement be correct—and it is only given on the authority of Bonaparte's *maitre d'hotel*—it specifies a singular, and, as matters afterwards turned out, a striking motive for Napoleon's departure from Elba, and second assumption of the imperial dignity.

Informed by Cipriani, that in the beginning of 1815 he had been sent from Elba to Leghorn, to purchase 100,000 francs worth of furniture for Napoleon's palace. During his stay, he became very intimate with a person named * * *, who had a * * * at Vienna, from whom a private intimation was sent to him, that it was the determination of the congress of Vienna to send the emperor to St Helena, and even had sent him a paper containing the substance of the agreement, a copy of which he gave to Cipriani, who departed instantly for Elba, to communicate the information he had received to the Emperor. This, with the confirmation which he afterwards received from M * * * A * * * and M * * * at Vienne, contributed to determine Napoleon to attempt the recovery of his throne.

Napoleon, when angry, appears to have been a very plain-spoken gentleman. Sir Hudson Lowe, we think,

must be of this opinion. What the governor's feelings must have been when he found himself rated at his true value, by the proud-spirited being whom he had sought to depress and subdue, by petty vexations, incessant interference, and brutal discourtesy, we leave to other people to conjecture. We hardly know a man who would have been the object of the following bitter remarks for any thing short of a crown itself. The iron must have penetrated into his very vitals.

He then said, "that governor came here yesterday to annoy me. He saw me walking in the garden, and in consequence I could not refuse to see him. He wanted to enter into some details with me, about reducing the expences of the establishment. He had the audacity to tell me that things were as he found them, and that he came up to justify himself: that he had come up two or three times before to do so, but that I was in a bath. I replied, 'No, Sir, I was not in a bath, but I ordered one, on purpose not to see you. In endeavouring to justify yourself, you make matters worse.' He said that I did not know him; that if I knew him, I should change my opinion. 'Know you, Sir,' I answered, 'How could I know you? People make themselves known by their actions; by commanding in battles. You have never commanded in battles. You have never commanded any but vagabond Corsican deserters, Piedmontese and Neapolitan brigands. I know the name of every English general who has distinguished himself, but I never heard of you, except as a *scryano* to Blücher, or as a commandant of brigands. You have never commanded, or been accustomed to men of honour.' He said, that he had not sought for the employment. I told him, that such employments were not asked for; that they were given by governments to people who had dishonoured themselves. He said, that he only did his duty, and that I ought not to blame him, as he only acted according to his orders. I replied, 'So does the hangman. He acts according to his orders. But when he puts a rope round my neck to finish me, is that a reason that I should like that hangman, because he acts according to his orders? Besides, I do not believe that any government could be so mean as to give such orders as you cause to be executed.' I told him, that if he pleased, he need not send up any thing to eat. That I would go over and dine at the table of the brave officers of the 53d; that I was sure there was not

one of them who would not be happy to give a plate at the table to an old soldier. That there was not a soldier in the regiment who had not more heart than he had. That in the iniquitous bill of parliament, they had decreed that I was to be treated as a prisoner, but that he treated me worse than a condemned criminal, or a galley slave, as those were permitted to receive newspapers and printed books, which he deprived me of. I said, 'You have power over my body, but none over my soul. That soul is as proud, fierce, and determined, at the present moment, as when it commanded Europe.' I told him, that he was a *shirro Siciliano*, and not an Englishman; and desired him not to let me see him again until he came with orders to dispatch me, when he would find all the doors thrown open to admit him.

"It is not my custom," continued he, "to abuse any person, but that man's artillery produced bad blood in me, and I could not help expressing my sentiments. When he had the impudence to tell me before the admiral that he had changed nothing; that all was the same as when he had arrived, I replied, 'Call the captain of ordonnance here, and ask him. I will leave it to his decision.' This struck him dumb, he was mute.

"He told me, that he had found his situation so difficult, that he had resigned. I replied, that a worse man than himself could not be sent out, though the employment was not one which a *galantuomo* would wish to accept."

Having exhibited Napoleon in the attitude of a Jupiter Tonans, it is but fair to give the governor his turn. We do so with the more satisfaction, as we are convinced no limner, however dextrous in his art, could have hit off so faithful a likeness of Sir Hudson, as that wise and prudent individual has here done of himself.

Sir Hudson Lowe then walked about for a short time, biting his nails, and asked me if Madame Bertrand had repeated to strangers any of the conversation which had passed between General Bonaparte and himself? I replied, that I was not aware that Madame Bertrand was yet acquainted with it. "She had better not," said he, "lest it may render her and her husband's situation much more unpleasant than at present." He then repeated some of Napoleon's expressions in a very angry manner, and said, "Did General Bonaparte tell you, Sir, that I told him his language was impolite and indecent, and that I would not listen any longer to

it?" I said, "No." "Then it shewed," observed the governor, "great littleness on the part of General Bonaparte, not to tell you the whole. He had better reflect on his situation, for it is in my power to render him much more uncomfortable than he is. If he continues his abuse, I shall make him feel his situation. He is a prisoner of war, and I have a right to treat him according to his conduct. *I'll build him up.*" He walked about for a few minutes, repeating again some of the observations, which he characterised as ungentleman-like, &c. until he had worked himself into a passion, and said, "Tell General Bonaparte, that he had better take care what he does, as, if he continues his present conduct, I shall be obliged to take measures to increase the restrictions already in force." After observing that he had been the cause of the loss of the lives of millions of men, and might be again, if he got loose; he concluded by saying, "I consider Ali Pacha to be a much more respectable scoundrel than Bonaparte."

The following is one of the most striking and characteristic passages in the work; and, if we are not greatly mistaken, reveals the secret of Bonaparte's immense popularity, with at least four-fifths of the French nation. It was to be expected that he should correctly appreciate the character of the Bourbons. We trust, however, that the prophetic part of his opinion will not be realised. We should be sorry to see national vengeance fall on the heads of such miserable *imbéciles*; that is, could we ever obliterate from our memories, the horrors of St Bartholomew, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantz, the Dragonade, and the recent atrocities perpetrated at Nismes, and in other places in the South of France.

He then conversed for a considerable time about the Bourbons. "They want," said he, "to introduce the old system of nobility into the army. Instead of allowing the sons of peasants and labourers to be made generals, as they were in my time, they want to confine it entirely to the old nobility, to *émigrés* like that old blockhead Montchenu. When you have seen Montchenu, you have seen all the old nobility of France before the revolution. Such were all the race, and such they have returned, ignorant, vain, and arrogant as they left it. *Ils n'ont rien appris, ils n'ont rien oublié.* They were the cause of the revolution, and of so much bloodshed; and now, after twenty-five years of exile and disgrace, they re-

turn, loaded with the same vices and crimes for which they were expatriated, to produce another revolution. I know the French. Believe me, that after six or ten years, the whole race will be massacred, and thrown into the Seine. They are a curse to the nation. It is of such as them that the Bourbons want to make generals. I made most of mine, *de la boue*. Wherever I found talent and courage, I rewarded it. My principle was, *la carrière ouverte aux talens*, without asking whether there were any quarters of nobility to shew. It is true, that I sometimes promoted a few of the old nobility, from a principle of policy and justice, but I never reposed great confidence in them. The mass of the people," continued he, "now see the revival of the feudal times; they see, that soon it will be impossible for their progeny to rise in the army. Every true Frenchman reflects with anguish, that a family, for so many years odious to France, has been forced upon them over a bridge of foreign bayonets. What I am going to recount will give you some idea of the imbecility of the family. When the Count d'Artois came to Lyons, although he threw himself on his knees before the troops, in order to induce them to advance against me, he never put on the cordon of the legion of honour, though he knew that the sight of it would be most likely to excite the minds of the soldiers in his favour, as it was the order so many of them bore on their breasts, and required nothing but bravery to obtain it. But, no, he decked himself out with the order of the Holy Ghost, to be eligible for which, you must prove one hundred and fifty years of nobility; an order formed purposely to exclude merit, and one which excited indignation in the breasts of the old soldiers. We will not," said they, "fight for orders like that, nor for *émigrés* like those," he had ten or eleven of these *imbéciles* as *aid-de-camps*. Instead of shewing to the troops some of those generals who had so often led them to glory, he brought with him a set of *miserables*, who served no other purpose than to recall to the minds of the veterans their former sufferings under the noblesse and the priests.

A report having been industriously circulated, that Napoleon hated the appearance of a British soldier, because it reminded him of the loss of Waterloo, he sent for Captain Poppleton, the officer on duty at Longwood, and thus addressed him:—

"Well, *M. le capitaine*," said he, "I believe you are the senior captain of the

53d?" "I am." "I have an esteem for the officers and men of the 53d. They are brave men, and do their duty. I have been informed, that it is said in camp, that I do not wish to see the officers. Will you be so good as to tell them, that whoever asserted this, told a falsehood. I never said or thought so, I shall be always happy to see them. I have been told, also, that they have been prohibited by the governor from visiting me." Captain Poppleton replied, that he believed the information which he had received was groundless, and that the officers of the 53d were acquainted with the good opinion which he had previously expressed of them, which was highly flattering to their feelings. That they had the greatest respect for him. Napoleon smiled, and replied, "*Je ne suis pas vieille femme*. I love a brave soldier who has undergone *le baptême du feu*, whatever nation he may belong to."

At pp. 117–118, we are favoured with another sample of Sir Hudson's manner. It is very forcible, no doubt, and certainly proves that Sir Hudson was every way worthy of his masters.

I saw Sir Hudson Lowe afterwards, who asked me if General Bonaparte had made any observations relative to General Meade's not having accepted the offer made to him? I replied, that he had said he was convinced that he (Sir Hudson) had prevented him from accepting of it, and had desired me to tell him that such was his opinion. No sooner had I pronounced this, than his excellency's countenance changed, and he exclaimed, in a violent tone of voice, "He is a d—d lying rascal! a d—d black-hearted villain! I wished General Meade to accept it, and told him to do so." He then walked about for a few minutes in an agitated manner, repeating, "that none but a black-hearted villain would have entertained such an idea;" then mounted his horse, and rode away. He had not proceeded more than about a hundred paces, when he wheeled round, rode back to where I was standing, and said in a very angry manner, "Tell General Bonaparte, that the assertion that I prevented General Mead from going to see him, *è una bugia infame, e che è un bugiardone che l'ha detto*. Tell him my exact words."

Our next quotation must speak for itself. The justice of all Napoleon's complaints can only be judged of by those who have read the *whole* book; and to those, we willingly

consign the subject. We may only be permitted to remark, that the *command*, for it was virtually such, issued to the Ex-emperor, prohibiting him from *speaking* to any body he might accidentally meet with, in his ride within the prescribed limits, is an exercise of power so perfectly novel, that we never met with an instance of it before, except in the case of St Leon, when in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and previous to the holy ceremony of an *auto da fe*. What the eccentric fancy of Mr Godwin only *imagined*, it was reserved for the still greater genius of Sir Hudson Lowe to *realise*; and that, too, be it remembered, in the case of the man before whom, in the day of his prosperity, he would have bowed his diminished head to the dust. *Prohi nubit!*

"*Peramente*," said he, "it requires great resolution and strength of mind to support such an existence as mine in this horrible abode. Every day fresh *colpi di stilo al cuore da questo boja, che ha piacere a far di nullo*. It appears to be his only amusement. Daily he imagines modes of annoying, insulting, and making me undergo fresh privations. He wants to shorten my life by daily irritations. By his last restrictions, I am not permitted to speak to any one I may meet. To people under sentence of death, this is not denied. A man may be ironed, confined in a cell, and kept on bread and water, but the liberty of speaking is not denied to him. It is a piece of tyranny unheard of, except in the instance of the man with the iron mask. In the tribunals of the Inquisition, a man is heard in his own defence; but I have been condemned unheard, and without trial, in violation of all laws divine and human; detained as a prisoner of war in a time of peace; separated from my wife and child; violently transported here, where arbitrary and hitherto-unknown restrictions are imposed upon me, extending even to the privation of speech. I am sure," continued he, "that none of the ministers, except Lord Bathurst, would give their consent to this last act of tyranny. His great desire of secrecy shows that he is afraid of his conduct being made known, even to the ministers themselves. Instead of all this mystery and espionage, they would do better to treat me in such a manner as not to be afraid of any disclosures being made. You recollect what I said to you, when this governor told me, in presence of the admi-

ral, that he would send any complaints we had to make to England, and get them published in the journals. You see now, that he is in fear and trembling lest Montholon's letter should find its way to England, or be known to the inhabitants here. They profess in England to furnish all my wants, and in fact they send out many things: this man then comes out, reduces every thing, obliges me to sell my plate, in order to purchase those necessities of life which he either denies altogether or supplies in quantities so small as to be insufficient; imposes daily new and arbitrary restrictions; insults me and my followers; concludes with attempting to deny me the faculty of speech; and then has the impudence to write, that he has changed nothing. He says, that if strangers come to visit me, they cannot speak to any of my suite, and wishes that they should be presented by him. If my *son* came to the island, and it were required that he should be presented by him, I would not see him. You know," continued he, "that it was more a trouble than a pleasure for me to receive many of the strangers who arrived; some of whom merely came to gaze at me, as they would at a *curious beast*; but still it was consoling to have the right to see them if I pleased."

We give next, a sketch of character:—

I asked him, whom he thought had been the best minister of police, Savary or Fouché? adding, that both of them had a bad reputation in England. "Savary," said he, "is not a bad man; on the contrary, Savary is a man of a good heart, and a brave soldier. You have seen him weep. He loves me with the affection of a son. The English, who have been in France, will soon undeceive your nation. Fouché is a miscreant of all colours—a priest, a terrorist, and one who took an active part in many bloody scenes in the revolution. He is a man who can worm all your secrets out of you with an air of calm and of unconcern. He is very rich," added he, "but his riches were badly acquired. There was a tax upon gambling-houses in Paris, but, as it was an infamous way of gaining money, I did not like to profit by it, and therefore ordered that the amount of the tax should be appropriated to an hospital for the poor. It amounted to some millions; but Fouché, who had the collecting of the impost, put many of them into his own pockets, and it was impossible for me to discover the real yearly sum-total."

Coming from such a quarter, the

following reflections on the battle of Waterloo, though not overflattering to our national vanity, must be read with peculiar interest. It is but right to mention, at the same time, that upon no occasion, when the subject is introduced, does Buonaparte omit to do justice to the heroic valour with which *our* soldiers fought on that ever-memorable day, when the star of Napoleon set for ever.

"If you had lost the battle of Waterloo," continued he, "what a state would England have been in! The flower of your youth would have been destroyed; for not a man, not even Lord Wellington, would have escaped." I observed here, that Lord Wellington had determined never to leave the field alive. Napoleon replied, "He could not retreat. He would have been destroyed with his army, if, instead of the Prussians, Grouchy had come up." I asked him, if he had not believed, for some time, that the Prussians, who had shown themselves, were a part of Grouchy's corps? He replied, "Certainly; and I can now scarcely comprehend why it was a Prussian division, and not that of Grouchy." I then took the liberty of asking, whether, if neither Grouchy nor the Prussians had arrived, it would not have been a drawn battle? Napoleon answered, "The English army would have been destroyed. They were defeated at mid-day. But accident, or more likely destiny, decided that Lord Wellington should gain it. I could scarcely believe that he would have given me battle; because if he had retreated to Antwerp, as he ought to have done, I must have been overwhelmed by the armies of three or four hundred thousand men that were coming against me. By giving me battle, there was a chance for me. It was the greatest folly to disunite the English and Prussian armies. They ought to have been united; and I cannot conceive the reason of their separation. It was folly in Wellington to give me battle in a place where, if defeated, all must have been lost—for he could not retreat. There was a wood in his rear, and but one road to gain it. He would have been destroyed. Moreover, he allowed himself to be surprised by me. This was a great fault. He ought to have been encamped from the beginning of June, as he must have known that I intended to attack him. He might have lost every thing. But he has been fortunate; his destiny has prevailed; and every thing he did will meet with applause. My intentions were to attack and to destroy the English army. This

I knew would produce an immediate change of ministry. The indignation against them for having caused the loss of forty thousand of the flower of the English army, would have excited such a popular commotion, that they would have been turned out. The people would have said, What is it to us who is on the throne of France—Louis or Napoleon? Are we to sacrifice all our blood, in endeavours to place on the throne a detested family? No, we have suffered enough. It is no affair of ours,—let them settle it amongst themselves. They would have made peace. The Saxons, Bavarians, Belgians, Wirtemburghers, would have joined me. The coalition was nothing without England. The Russians would have made peace, and I should have been quietly seated on the throne. Peace would have been permanent; as what could France do after the treaty of Paris? What was to be feared from her?

"These," continued he, "were the reasons for attacking the English. I had beaten the Prussians. Before twelve o'clock I had succeeded. Every thing was mine, I may say; but accident and destiny decided it otherwise. The English fought most bravely, doubtless—nobody can deny it. But they must have been destroyed."

Our readers must naturally be anxious to see Napoleon's account of the burning of Moscow, the source of all his after reverses. That most sublime and terrific spectacle was never so well described as in the following passage, which also contains some striking, and hitherto unknown particulars, relative to the desperate and bloody battle of Borodino:

After some development of his ideas touching the soul, I made a few remarks upon the Poles who had served in his army, who, I observed, were greatly attached to his person. "Ah!" replied the emperor, "they were much attached to me. The present viceroy of Poland was with me in my campaigns in Egypt. I made him a general. Most of my old Polish guard are now employed through policy by Alexander. They are a brave nation, and make good soldiers. In the cold which prevails in the northern countries the Pole is better than the Frenchman." I asked him, If, in less rigorous climates the Poles were as good soldiers as the French? "Oh! no, no. In other places the Frenchman is much superior. The commandant of Dantzic informed me, that, during the severity of the winter, when the thermometer sunk eighteen degrees, it was impossible to make the

French soldiers keep their posts as sentinels, while the Poles suffered nothing. Poniatowsky," continued he, "was a noble character, full of honour and bravery. It was my intention to have made him king of Poland, had I succeeded in Russia." I asked, to what he principally attributed his failure of that expedition? "To the cold, the premature cold, and the burning of Moscow," replied Napoleon. "I was a few days too late—I had made a calculation of the weather for fifty years before, and the extreme cold had never commenced until about the 20th of December, twenty days later than it began this time. While I was at Moscow, the cold was at three of the thermometer, and was such as the French could with pleasure bear; but on the march, the thermometer sunk eighteen degrees, and consequently nearly all the horses perished. In one night I lost thirty thousand. The artillery, of which I had six hundred pieces, was in a great measure obliged to be abandoned; neither ammunition nor provisions could be earned. We could not make a *reconnaissance*, or send out an advance of men on horseback to discover the way, through the want of horses. The soldiers lost their spirits, fell into confusion, and lost their senses. The most trifling thing alarmed them. Four or five men were sufficient to frighten a whole battalion. Instead of keeping together, they wandered about in search of fire. Parties, when sent out on duty in advance, abandoned their posts, and went to seek the means of warming themselves in the houses. They separated in all directions, became helpless, and fell an easy prey to the enemy. Others lay down, fell asleep, a little blood came from their nostrils, and, sleeping, they died. In this manner thousands perished. The Poles saved some of their horses and artillery, but the French, and the soldiers of the other nations I had with me, were no longer the same men. In particular, the cavalry suffered. Out of forty thousand, I do not think that three thousand were saved. Had it not been for that fire at Moscow, I should have succeeded. I would have wintered there. There were in that city about forty thousand citizens who were in a manner slaves. For you must know that the Russian nobility keep their vassals in a sort of slavery. I would have proclaimed liberty to all the slaves in Russia, and abolished vassalage and nobility. This would have procured me the union of an immense and a powerful party. I would either have made a peace at Moscow, or else I would have marched the next year to Petersburg. Alexan-

der was assured of it, and sent his diamonds, valuables, and ships to England. Had it not been for that fire, I should have succeeded in every thing. I beat them two days before, in a great action at Moskwa; I attacked the Russian army of two hundred and fifty thousand strong, entrenched up to their necks, with ninety thousand, and totally defeated them. Seventy thousand Russians lay upon the field. They had the impudence to say that they had gained the battle, though two days after I marched into Moscow. I was in the midst of a fine city, provisioned for a year, for in Russia they always lay in provisions for several months before the frost sets in. Stores of all kinds were in plenty. The houses of the inhabitants were well provided, and many had even left their servants to attend upon us. In most of them there was a note left by the proprietor, begging the French officers who took possession to take care of their furniture and other things; that they had left every article necessary for our wants, and hoped to return in a few days, when the emperor Alexander had accommodated matters, at which time they would be happy to see us. Many ladies remained behind. They knew that I had been in Berlin and Vienna with my armies, and that no injury had been done to the inhabitants; and, moreover, they expected a speedy peace. We were in hopes of enjoying ourselves in winter quarters, with every prospect of success in the spring. Two days after our arrival, a fire was discovered, which at first was not supposed to be alarming, but to have been caused by the soldiers kindling their fires too near the houses, which were chiefly of wood. I was angry at this, and issued very strict orders on the subject to the commandants of regiments and others. The next day it had advanced, but still not so as to give serious alarm. However, afraid that it might gain upon us, I went out on horseback, and gave every direction to extinguish it. The next morning a violent wind arose, and the fire spread with the greatest rapidity. Some hundred miscreants, hired for that purpose, dispersed themselves in different parts of the town, and with matches, which they concealed under their cloaks, set on fire as many houses to windward as they could, which was easily done, in consequence of the combustible materials of which they were built. This, together with the violence of the wind, rendered every effort to extinguish the fire ineffectual. I myself narrowly escaped with life. In order to show an example, I ventured into the midst of

the flames, and had my hair and eyebrows singed, and my clothes burnt off my back; but it was in vain, as they had destroyed most of the pumps, of which there were above a thousand; out of all these, I believe that we could only find one that was serviceable. Besides, the wretches who had been hired by Rostopchin ran about in every quarter, disseminating fire with their matches; in which they were but too much assisted by the wind. This terrible conflagration ruined every thing. I was prepared for every thing but this. It was unforeseen; for who would have thought that a nation would have set its capital on fire? The inhabitants themselves, however, did all they could to extinguish it, and several of them perished in their endeavours. They also brought before us numbers of the incendiaries with their matches, as, amidst such a *popolazzo*, we never could have discovered them ourselves. I caused about two hundred of these wretches to be shot. Had it not been for this fatal fire, I had every thing my army wanted: excellent winter quarters; stores of all kinds were in plenty; and the next year would have decided it. Alexander would have made peace, or I would have been in Petersburg." I asked if he thought that he could entirely subdue Russia? "No," replied Napoleon; "but I would have caused Russia to make such a peace as suited the interests of France. I was five days too late in quitting Moscow. Several of the generals," continued he, "were burnt out of their beds. I myself remained in the Kremlin until surrounded with flames. The fire advanced, seized the Chinese and India warehouses, and several stores of oil and spirits, which burst forth in flames, and overwhelmed every thing. I then retired to a country house of the emperor Alexander's, distant about a league from Moscow; and you may figure to yourself the intensity of the fire, when I tell you, that you could scarcely bear your hands upon the walls or the windows on the side next to Moscow, in consequence of their heated state. It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!"

We are sure the gallant author of "Military Annals of the Highland Regiments" must receive the whole of our next extract as downright

gospel. The present system of our military punishments has not a more intelligent or determined foe than Colonel Stewart.

Speaking about the English soldiers, he observed, "the English soldier is brave, nobody more so, and the officers generally men of honour; but I do not think them yet capable of executing grand manoeuvres. I think that if I were at the head of them I could make them do any thing. However, I know them not enough yet, to speak decidedly. I had a conversation with Bingham about it; and though he is of a different opinion, I would alter your system. Instead of the lash, I would lead them by the stimulus of honour. I would instil a degree of emulation into their minds. I would promote every deserving soldier, as I did in France. After an action, I assembled the officers and soldiers, and asked who had acquitted themselves best—*Quels sont les braves*? and promoted such of them as were capable of reading and writing. Those who were not, I ordered to study five hours a day, until they had learned a sufficiency, and then promoted them. What might not be expected from the English army, if every soldier hoped to be made a general, if he behaved well? Bingham says, however, that the greatest part of your soldiers are brutes, and must be driven by the stick. But surely," continued he, "the English soldiers must be possessed of sentiments sufficient to put them at least upon a level with the soldiers of other nations, where the degrading system of the lash is not used. Whatever debases man cannot be serviceable. Bingham says, that none but the dregs of the *canaille* voluntarily enter as soldiers. This disgraceful punishment is the cause of it. I would remove it, and make even the situation of a private soldier be considered as conferring honour upon the individual who bore it. I would act as I did in France. I would encourage young men of education, the sons of merchants, gentlemen, and others, to enter as private soldiers, and promote them according to their merits. I would substitute confinement, bread and water, the contempt of his comrades (*le mépris de ses camarades*), and such other punishments, for the lash. *Quando il soldato è avvilto e disonorato colle frustate, poco gli resta la gloria o l'onore della sua patria*." What honour can a man possibly have who re-

* "When a soldier has been debased and dishonoured by stripes, he cares but little for the glory or the honour of his country."

flogged before his comrades? He loses all feeling, and would as soon fight against as for his country, if he were better paid by the opposite party. When the Austrians had possession of Italy, they in vain attempted to make soldiers of the Italians. They either deserted as fast as they raised them, or else, when compelled to advance against an enemy, they ran away on the first fire. It was impossible to keep together a single regiment. When I got Italy, and began to raise soldiers, the Austrians laughed at me, and said that it was in vain; that they had been trying for a long time, and that it was not in the nature of the Italians to fight, or to make good soldiers. Notwithstanding this, I raised many thousands of Italians, who fought with bravery equal to the French, and did not desert me even in my adversity. What was the cause? I abolished flogging and the stick, which the Austrians had adopted; I promoted those amongst the soldiers who had talents, and made many of them generals. I substituted honour and emulation for terror and the lash."

All the world has heard of the enthusiastic devotion of the French soldiery to their favourite commander, who had so often led them to glory. The peculiar talent, for first eliciting, and availing himself of this enthusiasm, constitutes one of the most remarkable traits in Napoleon's character:

Napoleon shewed me the marks of two wounds: one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed, that when he was wounded, it was always kept a secret, in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and had been received at Eckmühl. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, "a shell thrown by Sydney Smith fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized, and closely embraced me, one in front, and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me, against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would

surrender the fortress. Many times in my life," continued he, "have I been saved, by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in the most imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Colonel Meuron, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shewn by soldiers, as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, *Vive l'Empereur!*"

Mr O'Meara tells us, in his Preface, that Napoleon had a peculiar felicity in hitting off a character; the following passage would seem to confirm this statement. To paint a character well, it must first be thoroughly understood; and certainly no man ever possessed, in the same degree, the power of appreciating all that was important or valuable in a man, and turning it to account; which, of course, implies an equal apprehension of the opposite. Let us see:

"Moreau," said he, "was an excellent general of division, but not fit to command a large army. With a hundred thousand men, Moreau would divide his army in different positions, covering roads, and would do no more than if he had only thirty thousand. He did not know how to profit, either by the number of his troops, or by their positions. Very calm and cool in the field; he was more collected, and better able to command in the heat of an action, than to make dispositions prior to it. He was often seen smoking his pipe in battle. Moreau was not naturally a man of a bad heart; *Un bon vivant, mais il n'avait pas beaucoup de caractère.* He was led away by his wife, and another intriguing Creole. His having joined Pichegru and Georges in the conspiracy, and, subsequently, having closed his life fighting against his country, will ever disgrace his memory. As a general, Moreau was infinitely inferior to Desaix, or to Kleber, or even to Soult. Of all the generals I ever had under me, Desaix and Kleber possessed the greatest talents; especially Desaix, as Kleber only loved glory, inasmuch as it was the means of procuring him riches and pleasures; whereas Desaix loved glory for itself, and

despised every thing else. Desaix was wholly wrapt up in war and glory. To him riches and pleasure were valueless, nor did he give them a moment's thought. He was a little black-looking man, about an inch shorter than I am; always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and despising comfort or convenience. When in Egypt, I made him a present of a complete field-equipage several times, but he always lost it. Wrapt up in a cloak, Desaix threw himself under a gun, and slept as contentedly as if he were in a palace. For him luxury had no charms. Upright and honest in all his proceedings, he was called by the Arabs, *the just Sultan*. He was intended by Nature for a great general. Kleber and Desaix were a loss irreparable to France. Had Kleber lived, your army in Egypt would have perished. Had that imbecile Menou attacked you on your landing with twenty thousand men, as he might have done, instead of the division Lanusse, your army would have been only a meal for them. Your army was seventeen or eighteen thousand strong, without cavalry."

"Lasnes, when I first took him by the hand, was an *ignorantaccio*. His education had been much neglected. However, he improved greatly; and, to judge from the astonishing progress he made, he would have been a general of the first class. He had great experience in war. He had been in fifty-four pitched battles, and in three hundred combats of different kinds. He was a man of uncommon bravery; cool in the midst of fire; and possessed of a clear, penetrating eye, ready to take advantage of any opportunity which might present itself. Violent and hasty in his expressions, sometimes even in my presence, he was ardently attached to me. In the midst of his anger, he would not suffer any person to join him in his remarks. On that account, when he was in a choleric mood, it was dangerous to speak to him, as he used to come to me in his rage, and say, that such and such persons were not to be trusted. As a general, he was greatly superior to Moreau, or to Soult."

"Massena," said he, "was a man of superior talent. He generally, however, made bad dispositions previous to a battle; and it was not until the dead began to fall about him, that he began to act with that judgment which he ought to have displayed before. In the midst of the dying and the dead, of balls sweeping away those who encircled him, then Massena was himself; gave his orders, and made his dispositions with the greatest sang-froid and judgment. This is, *la vera condotta sang.* It was truly said of

Massena, that he never began to act with judgment, until the battle was going against him. He was, however, *un volent*. He went halves along with the contractors and commissaries of the army. I signified to him often, that if he would discontinue his speculations, I would make him a present of eight hundred thousand, or a million of francs; but he had acquired such a habit, that he could not keep his hands from money. On this account he was hated by the soldiers, who mutinied against him three or four times. However, considering the circumstances of the times, he was precious; and had not his bright parts been soiled with the vice of avarice, he would have been a great man."

"Pichegru," continued Napoleon, "was *répétiteur* at Brienne, and instructed me in mathematics, when I was about ten years old. He possessed considerable knowledge in that science. As a general, Pichegru was a man of no ordinary talent, far superior to Moreau, although he had never done any thing extraordinarily great, as the success of the campaigns in Holland was in a great measure owing to the battle of Fleurus. Pichegru, after he had united himself to the Bourbons, sacrificed the lives of upwards of twenty thousand of his soldiers, by throwing them purposely into the enemy's hands, whom he had informed before-hand of his intentions. He had a dispute once with Kleber, at a time when, instead of marching his army upon Mayence, as he ought to have done, he marched the greatest part of them to another point, where Kleber observed that it would only be necessary to send the *ambulances* with a few men to make a shew. At that time, it was thought to be imbecility, but afterwards it was discovered to be treachery.

With a person in the secondary capacity of adjutant-general to Sir Hudson Lowe, we should not be inclined to concern ourselves, were it not that the following piece of *grossièreté* may tend to vary a little the general cast of our extracts. We believe Sir Thomas Reade was a sort of *arbitrer elegantiarum* at St Helena.

Saw Sir Thomas Reade, to whom I mentioned Napoleon's answer relative to the interview which the governor was desirous to obtain for Sir Thomas Strange. Sir Thomas replied, "If I were governor, I'll be damned if I would not make him feel that he was a prisoner." I observed, "Why, you cannot do much more to him than you have already done, unless you

put him in irons." "Oh," answered, Reade, "If he did not comply with what I wanted, I'll be d——d if I wouldn't take his books from him, which I'll advise the governor to do. He is a d——d outlaw, and a prisoner, and the governor has a right to treat him with as much severity as he likes, and nobody has any business to interfere with him in the execution of his duty."

"To prove that a perfect congeniality of sentiment existed between this officer and his principal, it is only necessary to add, that, when Dr O'Meara informed Sir Hudson Lowe that Napoleon had been attacked with a fit of syncope, "It would be lucky," responded the humane governor, "if he went off some of these nights in a fit of the kind!" "Oh, feeling! thou art fled to brutish hearts, and men have lost their nature." *Vrai-
sément, c'est un homme borne*, a poor subject!" said Napoleon.

The Ex-emperor reprobates, in strong language, our placing the French prisoners of war on board the *pontons*, or hulks, and, as was natural, lays the blame of the long captivity of our countrymen in France on the obstinacy of our ministers, who, he asserts, whether correctly or not we cannot say, would accede to no fair and reasonable terms of exchange. At the same time, he allows, —what indeed was undeniable— that Pillet's book on England is filled with the most virulent and monstrous calumnies. He also gives an account of the affair at Jaffa, similar to those already before the public. "I never," added he, with emotion, "committed a crime in all my political career. At my last hour I can assert, that, had I done so, I should not have been here now. I should have dispatched the Bourbons. It only rested with me to give my consent, and they would have ceased to live." Of the truth of this last allegation we think there can hardly be any doubt. The murder of D'Enghien he justifies, or attempts to justify, on the principle of self-defence. "I caused the Duc D'Enghien to be arrested, in consequence of the Bourbons having landed assassins in France to murder me. I was resolved to let them see, that the blood of one of their princes should pay for their attempt, and he was according-

ly tried for having borne arms against the republic; found guilty, and shot, according to the existing laws against such a crime." He recurs to this subject, and it is curious that, as often as he does so, he invariably exculpates the present king of France from having had any share in the laudable attempts to assassinate him, stating that he always discountenanced them.

The following is his account of the affair of the infernal machine:—

I asked some questions about the infernal machine transaction. Napoleon replied in the following manner: "It was about Christmas time, and great festivities were going on. I was much pressed to go to the opera. I had been greatly occupied with business all the day, and in the evening found myself sleepy and tired. I throw myself on a sofa in my wife's saloon, and fell asleep. Josephine came down some time after, awoke me, and insisted that I should go to the theatre. She was an excellent woman, and wished me to do every thing to ingratiate myself with the people. You know, that when women take a thing into their heads, they will go through with it, and you must gratify them. Well, I got up, much against my inclination, and went in my carriage, accompanied by Lasnes and Bessières. I was so drowsy that I fell asleep in the coach. I was asleep when the explosion took place, and I recollect, when I awoke, experiencing a sensation as if the vehicle had been raised up, and was passing through a great body of water. The contrivers of this were a man named St. Regent, Imolan, a religious man, who has since gone to America, and turned priest, and some others. They got a cart and a barrel, resembling that with which water is supplied through the streets of Paris, with this exception, that the barrel was put cross-ways. This he had filled with gunpowder, and placed it and himself nearly in the turning of the street through which I was to pass. What saved me was, that my wife's carriage was the same in appearance as mine, and there was a guard of fifteen men to each. Imolan did not know which I was in, and indeed was not certain that I should be in either of them. In order to ascertain this, he stepped forward to look into the carriage, and assumed himself of my presence. One of my guards, a great, tall strong fellow, impatient and angry, at seeing a man stopping up the way, and staring into the carriage, rode up, and gave him a kick with his great boot, cry-

ing, 'Get out of the way, *pekin*,' which knocked him down. Before he could get up, the carriage had passed a little on. Imolan being confused, I suppose, by his fall, and by his intentions, not perceiving that the carriage had passed, ran to the cart, and exploded his machine between the two carriages. It killed the horse of one of my guards, and wounded the rider, knocked down several houses, and killed and wounded about forty or fifty *badands*, who were gazing to see me pass. The police collected together all the remnants of the cart and the machine, and invited all the workmen in Paris to come and look at them. The pieces were recognized by several. One said, I made this, another that, and all agreed that they had sold them to two men, who, by their accent, were *Bas Brétons*, but nothing more could be ascertained. Shortly after, the hackney coachmen, and others of that description, gave a great dinner in the Champs Elysées to Cesar, my coachman, thinking that he had saved my life by his skill and activity at the moment of the explosion; which was not the case, for he was drunk at the time. It was the guardsman who saved it, by knocking the fellow down. Possibly, my coachman may have assisted, by driving furiously round the corner, as he was drunk, and not afraid of any thing. He was so far gone, that he thought the report of the explosion was that of a salute fired in honour of my visit to the theatre. At this dinner, they all took their bottle freely, and drank to Cesar's health. One of them, when he was drunk, said, 'Cesar, I know the men who tried to blow the first consul up the other day. In such a street, and such a house, (naming them,) I saw on that day a cart like a water-cart coming out of a passage, which attracted my attention, as I never had seen one there before. I observed the men and the horse, and should know them again.' The minister of police was sent for; he was interrogated, and brought them to the house which he had mentioned, where they found the measure with which the conspirators had put the powder into the barrel, with some of the powder still adhering to it. A little also was found scattered about. The master of the house, on being questioned, said, that there had been people there for some time, whom he took to be smugglers; that on the day in question they had gone out with the cart, which he supposed to contain a loading of smuggled goods. He added, that they were *Bas Brétons*, and that one of them had the appearance of being master over the other two. Having now a description of

their persons, every search was made for them; and St. Regent and Carbon were taken, tried, and executed. It was a singular circumstance, that an inspector of police had noticed the cart standing at the corner of the street for a long time, and had ordered the person who was with it to drive it away; but he made some excuse, and said that there was plenty of room, and the other seeing what he thought to be a water-cart, with a miserable horse, not worth twenty francs, did not suspect any mischief."

The account here given of the assassination of the Emperor Paul agrees in the main, if our memory serves us correctly, with that formerly given by that gossiping gentleman Sir John Carr, in his Northern Tour; with this exception, that in the anecdote told of General Vandamme, and in another place, which we cannot at present turn to, it is insinuated that the Emperor Alexander was himself privy to the foul deed, and consequently guilty of parricide. The person here pointedly alluded to is obviously General Bennigsen, by birth a Hanoverian, and who commanded the Russian army in the battles of Eylau and Friedland.

"Mary," said he, "was better treated. She was permitted to write to whom she pleased, and she was confined in England, which of itself was every thing; it appears that she was persecuted more on account of her religion by the Puritans, than from any other cause. I observed that Mary was accused of having been an accomplice in the murder of her husband. He replied, "Of that there is not the smallest doubt. She even married his murderer afterwards. employs the murderers of his father. One of them, O...., is now his aid-de-camp. I must, however, do him the justice to say, that at T.... he observed to me, that I paid a great deal of attention to B...., and begged to know my reasons for it. I answered, Because he is your General. 'Cependant,' said, 'est un vilain coquin. C'est lui qui a assassiné mon père, and policy alone has obliged, and obliges me to employ him, although I wish him dead, and in a short time will send him about his business.' Alexander and the King of Prussia," continued he, "dined with me every day; and, in order to pay a compliment to, I had intended, on the day that this conversation took place, to have asked B.... to-dinner, as being the commander-in-chief of his army. This displeased,

who, though he asked B**** to his own table, did not wish me to do so, because it would have raised him so high in the eyes of the Russians. Paul," continued he, "was murdered by B****, O****, P****, and others. There was a Cossack, in whom Paul had confidence, stationed at his door. The conspirators came up, and demanded entrance. P**** told him who he was, and that he wanted to see the emperor upon immediate business. The faithful Cossack refused. The conspirators fell upon him, and, after a desperate resistance, overpowered and cut him to pieces. Paul, who was in bed, hearing the noise, got out, and endeavoured to escape to the empress's apartments. Unluckily, for himself, he, in his suspicions, a day or two before, had ordered the door of communication to be closed up. He then went and concealed himself in a press. Meanwhile the conspirators broke open the door, and running to the bed, perceived that there was nobody in it. 'We are lost,' they cried; 'he has escaped.' P****, who had more presence of mind than the rest, went to the bed, and putting his hands under the bed-clothes, said, 'The nest is warm, the bird cannot be far off.' They then began to search, and finally dragged Paul out of his hiding-place. They presented him a paper, containing his abdication, which they wanted him to sign. He refused at first, but said that he would abdicate, if they would release him. They then seized and knocked him down, and tried to suffocate him. Paul made a desperate resistance, and, fearful that assistance might arrive, B**** dispatched him by stamping his heel into his eyes, and thus beating his brains out, while the others held him down. Paul, in his struggles for life, once got B****'s heel into his mouth, and bit a piece out of the skin of it."

Lord Londonderry is obviously no favourite with Napoleon; and the Colonial Secretary shares in this feeling. Lord Castlereagh's diplomatic achievements are too well known, to need any commemoration of ours; and as he is now gone to render his account to a tribunal where the favour of emperors and kings will stand him in no stead, we shall willingly decline making any commentary for the present. His actions will speedily become the prerogative of history: in the mean time, the following is deserving of attention:—

Adverting to the commercial distress of

England, he observed, that Lord Castlereagh deserved the reprobation of the English nation for the little care which he had taken of their interests at the time of the general peace. "The misfortunes which befel me," said he, "gave such an ascendancy to England, that almost any demand made by her would have been granted; independent of the *right* which she had to claim a recompence for the vast expense which she had been at. An opportunity offered itself, which probably will never occur again, for England to recover and extricate herself from all her difficulties in a few years, and to relieve her from the immense load of debt which weighs her down. Had Castlereagh been really attentive to the interests of his own country, he would have embraced, at an early period, the only opportunity that had been presented to him to secure such commercial advantages to England as would have relieved her from her embarrassments. But, instead of this, he only attended to paying his court to kings and emperors, who flattered his vanity by taking notice of him; well knowing, that in doing so they gained the great point of making him neglect his country's interests, and consequently benefited their own. He was completely duped, and will yet be cursed by your nation."

As we expected, Warden's book was treated with contempt by Napoleon. We have always considered it as the most remarkable record of vanity, folly, ignorance, and imbecility, which we ever read. He founders and breaks down in stating, or rather misstating the most notorious facts. How a man, utterly ignorant of French, could have pretended to hold conversations with Napoleon, who was just about as ignorant of English, would puzzle simple people unschooled in the devices and practices of this strange world in which we live: but such is the fact! He was a famous subject for the Quarterly, and, to do the writers in that Journal justice, he was dissected in a very business-like fashion. *Requiescat in pace!*

We can now only afford room for one other extract, which is highly characteristic:

I asked if he had not saved Menou's life, after the 13th of Vendémiaire? He replied, "I certainly was the means of saving his life. The convention ordered him to be tried, and he would have been guillotined; I was then commander-in-

chief of Paris. Thinking it very unjust that Menou only should suffer, while three *commissaires* of the convention, under whose orders he acted, were left untried and unpunished; but not venturing to say openly that he ought to be acquitted, (for," continued he, "in those terrible times, a man who told the truth lost his head,) I had recourse to a stratagem. I invited the members, who were trying him, to breakfast, and turned the conversation upon Menou. I said, that he had acted very wrong, and deserved to be condemned to death; but that, first, the commissioners of the convention must be tried and condemned, as he had acted by their orders, and all must suffer. This had the desired effect. The members of the court said, 'We will not allow those civilians to bathe themselves in our blood, while they allow their own commissioners, who are more culpable, to escape with impunity. Menou was immediately declared innocent.' I then asked how many men he supposed had lost their lives in the business of the 13th Vendémiaire? He replied, "Very few, considering the circumstances. Of the people, there were about seventy or eighty killed, and between three and four hundred wounded; of the conventionalists, about thirty killed, and two hundred and fifty wounded. The reason there was so few killed was, that, after the first two discharges, I made the troops load with powder only, which had the effect of frightening the Parisians, and answered as well as killing them would have done. I made the troops, at first, fire ball, because, to a rabble, who are ignorant of the effect of fire-arms, it is the worst possible policy to fire powder only in the beginning. For the populace, after the first discharge, hearing a great noise, are a little frightened, but looking around them, and seeing nobody killed or wounded, pluck up their spirits, begin immediately to despise you, become doubly outrageous, and rush on without fear, and it is necessary to kill ten times the number than would have been done, had ball been used at first. For, with a rabble, every thing depends upon the first impressions made upon them. If they receive a discharge of fire-arms, and perceive the killed and wounded falling amongst them, a panic seizes them, they take to their heels instantly, and vanish in a moment. Therefore, when it is necessary to fire at all, it ought to be done with ball at first. It is a mistaken piece of humanity, to use powder only at that moment, and, instead of saving the lives of men, ultimately cause an unnecessary waste of human blood."

We have now travelled through the first volume, from which we have done little more than quote freely. The second we reserve as the subject of an article in our next Number; at the conclusion of which, we shall throw together the few general observations we have to make on the work before us, which we confess we have read with intense interest, and which, we have no fear in declaring it, bears the stamp of honesty and veracity on every page. *Le mensonge passe, la vérité reste.*

THE GARDEN GOSSIPS.

SIR,

LAST autumn, according to my annual custom, I passed a few days in Dumfries-shire, at the residence of one of my earliest friends, who, like myself, is in the wane of life. The middle part of it he employed in active pursuits, by which he acquired a moderate fortune, and was enabled to purchase the property, where he has quietly and comfortably pitched his tent for the remainder of his days. When a little turned of thirty, he married an English lady, who has brought him every gratification he could expect from wedlock, and, among the rest, a most amiable and promising family. He has three daughters and two sons, all of them beyond mere childhood, and at different stages of that dawn of adolescence, of which the present enjoyment is perhaps the first, and the parental contemplation the next of human delights. The moment of my arrival was highly propitious. I found every countenance in the family circle beaming with the purest emotions of affectionate joy, and reflecting powerfully on others that sunshine of the heart which was gracing and gladdening themselves. The two youths had returned only the preceding day from their respective places of education; the one from Edinburgh, and the other from Oxford. George, who was about twenty, being destined to the Scottish bar, was to be indebted for the formation of his mind and manners entirely to his native country; while Henry, who was a year older, had been sent to Oxford, to prepare him

for entering the English church, to which both his parents belonged. In their several colleges they distinguished themselves highly, and had received the public honours due to their eminence. The pleasure of their return was therefore doubled on the present occasion; and they drew near home, with that exultation and buoyancy of spirit which every man must feel, who revisits the scene of his domestic enjoyments, with the purpose of his separation from it prosperously accomplished; and secure of being received by his friends, not only with delight, as an object of their affection, but with pride, as an object of their honour and admiration. Few moments of human life are richer in bliss, than those of a meeting in such circumstances. Even after the first transports had subsided, which was the case before my arrival, it was delightful to read, on the countenances of the sisters, the emotions that were contending for mastery in their bosoms. There we perceived a repeated effort to check the excessive expression of sisterly fondness, of an overflow of which they were conscious; a sense of the new value added to themselves, by the increased merit of those with whom they felt themselves, in some measure, identified; and a manifest dissatisfaction, if they did not see that merit as highly appreciated by others as by themselves. On this ground, however, I gave these happy creatures no reason to complain; for, on entering into conversation with the two youths, I found them so intelligent and well-informed, that I derived as much enjoyment from their society as the most sensitive of their dotting connections could desire. I am, indeed, naturally disposed to relish the company of young men of sense and education. Their lively spirits quicken mine, so that I seem to inhale from them a draught of rejuvenescence. I often receive new information from them, or at least find the memory of things I knew before agreeably refreshed, by their translation of them into the phrase and fashion of the day. I mingle with them, therefore, on as equal a footing as possible, because I derive the greatest pleasure from their discourse, when it flows most freely. I

am not offended when they differ from me, nor in our differences do I crutch my plea with gravity, to remind them that I claim deference to my age, as well as to my argument; but rather endeavour to make them forget a species of superiority, which no man covets, and whose aid only a weak man would employ.

The second day after my arrival, being extremely sultry, we dined with a glass-door to the garden thrown open. It led to a grass plot as soft and smooth as velvet, in the centre of which was a gigantic lime-tree, overshadowing a rustic bench at its root. The aspect of the spot was inviting, and, when the ladies had withdrawn, George proposed that we should remove to this spacious arbour, where both our wine and we might be fanned by the "gently breathing south." The proposal was gladly agreed to by all, except my friend, who, being subject to rheumatism, was afraid of sitting in the open air. I therefore had the young academics wholly to myself; and, as their discourse turned upon topics, of most of which they were fully masters, I listened to it (being rarely an interlocutor) with so much interest, as to think it deserving of a few notes in my common-place book. From these I have made out the following report:

Henry. Mr Warner drinks sherry, I believe. Our *scent* has not put it down. Pray, George, call to him.

George. Aye, we have it at last. In the Oxford slang dictionary, *scent*, I suppose, is servant. I was expecting to be insulted with something of this sort.

H. You will do me the justice, however, to acknowledge, that it is the first cant word you can charge me with.

G. I think it is, for I am sharply upon the watch; and I can assure you, Henry, I have been admiring your self-control, in letting three days pass without reminding us of your superiority.

H. What superiority?

G. Why, that which you feel, in having now some pretence to think, act, and talk, as if you were half an Englishman.

H. Upon my honour, I have no such feeling.

G. If so, it does credit to your good sense and good manners, to your head and to your heart. How seldom do we see a young man return from Oxford, from London, and, above all, from Paris, to friends who have never been beyond the Border, without the occasional introduction of some phrase, apparently extorted by the want of a better, but really to prevent his hearers from forgetting his advantage over them!

H. A man must, I think, be conscious of few claims to importance, who rests it on a circumstance in which he has so little personal merit.

G. *Macte virtute puer!* Quite sentimental, I declare. Why, that speech would have done credit to Joseph Surface himself. But really it is too severe, and makes no allowance for human infirmity. The strongest minds may be excused, for valuing themselves on that which they see valued by others; and, without weighing its intrinsic worth, to take credit for it at the current rate to which Fashion or Folly have been pleased to raise it. In Scotland, we all look up (more than we own even to ourselves) to what is English; and our southern neighbours are fully aware of this subdued sort of feeling, nor at all averse, if we judge by their manner, to take us at our word, and to act upon our practical, though not verbal, acknowledgment of inferiority.

H. On the contrary, I uniformly maintain the perfect equality of the two nations; and I find myself received in England as favourably, in all respects, as its natives.

G. Yes, yes; they think us very well for Scotchmen, or rather for beings who are not English. They dole us a little patronage, in the complacent moment of their surprise, at finding us more passable than they had expected; and we are mean enough to be content with this, nay, sometimes even to exult in it, as a sufficient admission of our national equality. We, no doubt, try to look as big as we can; and affect to speak as if no one thought of, because no one directly mentions, any disparity of rank between the two countries. But disguise the matter as we may in words, these are very generally belied by our actions.

H. Who is severe now, George?

G. I appeal to facts. Are not the following phrases introduced to add to our respect for the subjects of them? "He is a very fine youth. He might pass for an *Englishman*." "She is a charming creature. She has quite an *English* face." "You must be on your good behaviour to-day; I have got a party of *English*." Were you told of a friend, that he has married a fine girl, you would envy him. From the additional epithet of "a fine *English* girl," there would be some addition to your envy—more, perhaps, than you allow yourself to think, though, if there be any at all, it proves my position. Take a view of Edinburgh, and you will find the imitation of England universal. Now, we can pay no homage more unequivocal than this: for it is a virtual admission, not, perhaps, of the abstract excellence of what we imitate, but of the superior estimation in which we suppose, and thus proclaim it to be held. No one now shews a desire to preserve any national practice. Our dialect has become a *patois*, of which people of fashion are ashamed, because, like a strong English provincialism, it would beget a suspicion that, in our early years, we had belonged to the lowest order of our district. Our shops, our carriages, our entertainments, our fopperies, are all copied from London; our Prince's-Street lounge is but a *Scaramouch* mimic of a Bond-Street *Esquisite*; and the little pert literary coxcomb, (a thing which is now chiefly of Edinburgh manufacture,) seems to think its expertness in the idiom of English phrase must give it equal expertness in the idiom of English manner.

H. Well; but if the practices be intrinsically better, are we not right to adopt them?

G. I doubt if the gain can be so great, as to compensate for the disagreeable feeling created by the slavishness of the imitation and the obviousness of the failure. Some of our country towns make, perhaps, as near an approach to Edinburgh as Edinburgh does to London; and the ease with which an Edinensian detects imperfect imitation in the former case, may shew him how easily it must be detected by a Londoner.

in the latter. To be caught by our masters at this "high life below stairs," is mortifying enough; but the mortification would be less, were the imitation less anxious, and consequently less apparent.

II. Since the nations are politically united, don't you think it better that they should be united in every thing; by presenting as similar an appearance as possible, and abjuring those differences of *costume*, which keep alive the memory of their former discord? Is it not expedient, therefore, that Scotland should concur with provincial England, in regarding London as a metropolitan standard for the whole?

G. In some views, perhaps, it may. Yet I think it due to our revered progenitors, to preserve in our national manners some record of what we once were—a hardy and high-minded kingdom, which, for many ages, put to successful defiance an ambitious neighbour of seven times its force. This I wish never to be forgotten, either by the English or by ourselves. For half a century after the Union, our people of condition had a language, dress, and manners, which were abundantly elegant, though little, if at all, indebted to the slight intercourse which was then maintained with England. I should like, therefore, some barter of fashions—some reciprocity of imitation. Invention is surely not confined to the south of the Tweed, and if we start an improvement in the *savoir vivre*, why should we abstain from the enjoyment, or the English from the adoption of it, because, forsooth, it did not emanate from London?

II. Improvements rarely originate, unless in a great metropolis, where they are in constant demand, and where, of consequence, the wits of those qualified to make them are always on the stretch; but even should accident suggest one here, its adoption would be but a paltry record of our ancient independence, compared with that which we possess, in the permanent difference of our ecclesiastical and juridical institutions.

G. Even in these I observe the disease of imitation beginning. Episcopalian Dissenters here are not re-

garded as Presbyterian Dissenters are in England, but with much more honour than members of our own establishment.

II. That might have been expected, from the different composition of the two communions. In England, few of the higher classes are Presbyterians; while the Episcopalian Dissenters here are almost all of that description.

G. And this, I observe, makes numbers of us, whose chief principle is vanity, and a wish to wriggle ourselves forward into a higher grade, shew an inclination, as mere matter of fashion, to attend the English Service. Our young beaux, especially those who affect sense, which has of late become fashionable in Edinburgh, when they deign to go to a place of worship at all, pretend to prefer the chapel. They would be ashamed of correctness in the Shorter Catechism; but are vain of skill in turning up the proper pages of the Prayer-book. Those, again, who actually belong to the Episcopal persuasion, plume themselves on it, as they would on a title, or certificate of high birth; and the ladies especially are restless and uneasy, till they contrive to let you know that they possess this aristocratical distinction: while the deference paid to it makes their clergy reverse the modest and thankful air of a tolerated sect, and look as if their precedence were greater and more acknowledged here than in England. They seem to feel themselves a sort of clerical *noblesse*; and to notice the members of the establishment with the condescending and unconnected civility of men, who, in opinion at least, though not in law, are of a far superior order. What, on the other hand, is the case in England? I have heard of Dignitaries, who would have been sorely mortified, by making any mistake concerning the sacrificial rite, or augural follies of ancient Rome, yet were proud of their ignorance, and even feigned it, when it did not exist, of the constitution or worship of the Scottish Church, as of something too vulgar to claim their notice. They would have all Presbyterians considered as Dissenters, and all Dissenters as plebeian zealots. Nay, the students of fashion, among the

Scottish Clergy themselves, begin to accommodate their vocabulary to the English taste. They talk of a *living*, instead of a kirk; and sometimes of *tithes*, instead of tiends: they make the Lord's Prayer a distinct part of the service, which is right, if it be from a good motive, but not if it be mere imitation of a more fashionable liturgy: and some, I doubt not, are ripe for the adoption of the cassock, the surplice, and the organ. Being an Episcopalian myself, I should not speak thus, were it not that I am a Scotchman also.

H. And what say you of the lawyers?

G. That they are infected by the same spirit. Some of them pass a term or two at Oxford, that they may have the honour (for such we are pleased to think it) of adding *Oxon.* to their name; and that they may learn to speak a mongrel dialect, or a sort of Anglo-Scotch. This dialect is painful to the ear, for it shews labour wasted in spoiling what might originally be good. The few words of which the speaker has got the proper accent he repeats with a frequency and self-complacency, which make the northern twang of the rest more obvious by the contrast, and more offensive by the struggles against it which they betray. But when he has to introduce some phrase of Scotch law, or to repeat the homely words of a witness, his efforts, at a semi-anglicisation of their sound, become irresistibly ludicrous. Such a speaker, too, will toil to convince you of his intimate acquaintance with English law. He will talk of *counts*, of the indictment, of *joining issue*, and *showing cause*. He will use, as if through frequent habit, the terms of *plaintiff* for *pursuer*, and *prisoner* for *prænel*; and when he sometimes, with a pretty self-accusing smile, corrects a mistake, proceeding, no doubt, as he wishes you to think, from extreme familiarity with Westminster Hall, he will do it so, that the attention may be more strongly drawn to so dignified a slip:—all these tricks, I say, are homage to the English, and depreciation of ourselves. I would far rather listen to the advocates (for such there are,) whose good sense has preserved them from this kind of

affectation. Their elocution, though decidedly national, has the ease arising from habitual practice; and, by its congruity and consistency, provokes no attention to its faults. They speak as Smith, Blair, and Robertson spoke, with an improvement in point of just pronunciation, but with as little struggle to mimic an accent, which must be caught in youth, or missed for ever. They give the words with plainness and emphasis, but do not toil at the notes, which they are sure they would mangle.

H. If they could get rid of their own tune, without trying another, they would, I suspect, come much nearer than their professional brethren, to the accomplishment which the latter aim at; for I have observed, that the most elegant and courtly speakers are the freest from national, as well as provincial accent. Many of our countrymen are misled on this point. They conceive that English to be the purest which, from strength of accent, is the least like Scotch; whereas, I believe the very reverse is the case. With regard to your other remarks, they have certainly been abundantly severe. Whether they are equally just, I am unable to judge, at least in the case of the lawyers; as my acquaintance is more with the clergy than with the courts. I therefore crave the judgment of Mr Warner.

Warner. They are undoubtedly not without foundation; but the practices they rebuke are by no means so offensive to me as to Mr George. The seat of Government is naturally an object of imitation to all its dependencies, and to Edinburgh among the rest. Of this, however, I approve, from my desire to see Scotland and England amalgamated as much as circumstances will admit. Their Union should, in my opinion, be either dissolved—a thing which no one desires—or rendered as complete as possible. To aid the last of these processes, it seems necessary that one of the countries should imitate the other; and national prejudice can hardly doubt which should be considered as the pattern,—that, unquestionably, which has become the residence of the court, and “the observed of all observers.” Our imitation (which, as Mr George re-

marks, has only of late become so elaborate,) is at present, I admit, displeasing, because defective; but so is every first attempt at a new acquirement. It is by error we learn correctness, and by failure success; and the disagreeable feeling created by the awkwardness of our incipient efforts should be alleviated, by considering that we are taking the right, may the only path, to that consummation, which (by me at least) is devoutly wished for. Let us persevere, then, in spite of the ridicule which may be excited by the precipitate and presumptuous attempts of those who are vain enough to think, that, having learned the most obvious, they may try the most recondite peculiarities of foreign speech and manners; like a boy who, in his triumph to find that he can walk the deck, must forthwith mount the mast-head of a rolling vessel. We may take encouragement from reflecting, that our task is not great; since imitation is necessary only in such trifles as Mr G. has alluded to. In more important matters, we have no occasion to copy any one. Our lawyers, in ability and eloquence, and our divines, in learning, piety, and morals, may be examples to others, as justly as others to them. The last class, especially, are generally considered, in point of personal respectability, to have a manifest advantage over their South British brethren.

H. This idea is very prevalent in Scotland; but you must pardon me if I think it somewhat questionable. I value too highly, and too equally, both the Scotch and English Clergy, to exalt the one at the expense of the other. Both are respectable: but *respectability* is a term so vague and general, that it is difficult for persons who use it, without previous limitation, to know if they are conversing about the same thing. The merits of the two classes we are comparing may be equal, though of different kinds; and in weighing them against each other, it is necessary to remember, that the English Clergy form a higher *caste* of their countrymen than the Scotch. From origin, affinity, and usage, the former shade **more** strongly into the classes above, and the latter into those below their

own. The vices of the former, therefore, being generally those of fashionable life, are more conspicuous, and those of the latter more obscure. The latter, too, by the strictness of their judicatories, are taught to study concealment; and hence it is likely, that the irregularities of the English would be better known, and more talked of, than those of the Scotch, even though they were smaller in amount. That they are so, I am far from maintaining; but I believe that, in this respect, the two nations are more nearly equal than is generally supposed. I have resided, for months at a time, in different parts both of England and Scotland; and, in all these situations, I never failed to hear of several individuals, among the surrounding clergy, whose lives were extremely erroneous, and, so far as I can recollect, the proportion in one country was not greater than in the other.

W. But you will surely admit, that the strict discipline you have mentioned, which, by compelling external, often begets internal correctness, is a mighty advantage on the side of the Scotch Church. You will, I think, also admit, that parochial duties are performed here with far more cordial and conscientious zeal than in England.

H. On the first point, I do grant it to be desirable, that a Bishop should imitate, with discretion, the vigilance of a Presbytery, in the censorship of his diocese. Yet I doubt if the improvement would be so great as some might expect. Compulsory virtue is of little value, unless for the purpose of example; and when seen through, as it generally is, it ceases to serve even that purpose. A Bishop, too, has carefully to weigh whether quarrels with his clergy might not do more harm to the popular respect for religion, than could be repaired by a little invigoration of discipline. Nor is this much called for by the state of facts, if I have been correct in saying, that instances of vice (I mean what is universally considered to be vice) are not fewer, allowing for the vast disproportion of their numbers, in the clergy of the one country, than in those of the other. The truth of this assertion, however, must be determined from

our experience and observation ; but I object to the competency of any judge, who has not resided in both kingdoms for a sufficient length of time, and in a sufficient variety of places.

W. You will, of course, object to mine, as my personal acquaintance with the English clergy is very limited. I know them more, from those who visit or reside in this country, than from having seen much of them in their own.

H. Then I am sure you are too candid and just, not to subscribe to your own disqualification. If your estimate of Scotch ecclesiastics was formed from thoroughly observing them in their domestic and parochial circles, you should, in fairness, have sufficient, if not equal, intercourse with the English, in the same circumstances, before you place them in the adverse scale. Every creature must be viewed in its own element, before you can discern its natural properties. Would you not blame a Londoner, who should think himself ripe for pronouncing a character of the North British Church, from having met with a few of its members, on holiday excursions to the capital, where they are generally making the most of their time in seeing spectacles ; or with some of those threadbare fugitives, who toil in the newspaper offices, or in the gallery of the House of Commons, and who have left their own country, the only scene of professional advancement, from despair of obtaining it ?

W. To be sure I should. I yield you, therefore, whatever weight you claim to your assertion (and you are disposed to claim enough) from personal residence ; and I yield it with the more indifference, as the question we are discussing admits of no precise or undeniable proof. Of two great bodies of men, which contains a plurality of improper characters, could scarcely be ascertained without resorting to inquisitory particulars, which would be irksome and ungracious. Let the matter rest, then, where it is ; though I still abide by my opinion, fortified by your qualified admission, that a small infusion of Presbyterian rigour would do no harm to Episcopal discipline. But what say you to my second *postulate*,

with respect to the conscientious performance of parochial duties ?

G. Of this, too, I must begin, with granting a little, though not the whole. Men act conscientiously, if they do all they have been taught, and believe to be their duty, whether that is more or less. If pastoral functions are circumscribed by the practice and opinions of the Church and people of England, a clergyman there may do less than one in this country, without being less conscientious, since candour and charity would lead us to infer, that if more were enjoined, more would be done. The fault (if there be one) lies with the system, not with the man. The English clergy, I believe, think the Scotch too puritannical, while the Scotch think the English too latitudinarian. The truth may probably lie between them ; but while each conceive themselves right, they cannot be condemned for acting according to their own conception of rectitude.

W. Surely there are some duties which would suggest themselves to a well-constituted mind, without the aid of either injunction or example. What think you, for instance, of parochial examination ?

H. That its exercise in England, on the plan followed here, would seldom be advisable, owing to the character of the people, to which a clergyman should always suit his ministrations. From the want of parochial schools, the lower orders are more ignorant than in this country ; and, being nevertheless abundantly proud, they would be much offended with their pastor, for placing them in a situation by which their ignorance might be exposed. The public examination of elderly persons, who were never taught their alphabet (a thing the clergyman does not undertake) would surely be unkind and indiscreet.

W. What say you, then, to visiting the sick ?

G. That is done by an English clergyman when he is called. Voluntary visits, though they might be acceptable to some, would, in general, have a chance, from the pride just mentioned, and the jealousy which an Englishman feels of his house, as his castle, to be thought efficacious.

W. Yet I suspect it is frequently a defect in such officiousness, which tempts so many persons to quit the communion of the church.

H. Then why do we see as many dissenters from the establishment of Scotland as from that of England? It is seldom, I fear, that so laudable a motive is the only one with Separatists. Many, I suspect, are instigated by intellectual conceit, and the self-estimation implied in being discontent. A fault-finder hopes to get credit for wisdom; and one who disdains what has fallen to his lot, for claims to something better. When the waiter said of a troublesome guest at an inn, "This must be a very great man—nothing pleases him," he used a sophistry, which is not uncommon among his superiors, and which may account for the formation of many sectarians, and of many patriots.

W. But let us come back to the point. You will surely not apologize for the practice of non-residence?

H. I sincerely lament it; though I know that an English clergyman may take advantage of it, without being conscious of that measure of culpability which you attach to it here. Here they talk of the *pastoral relation*, not as of the ordinary intelligible connection of a teacher with his disciples, but as of a far more hallowed, metaphysical, and somewhat mysterious union. This semi-spirituality an English incumbent does not comprehend. He conceives himself in a common business way, as possessing a freehold, charged with the burden of providing religious instruction to a particular congregation; and not doubting that his brethren can do this as well as himself, he delegates the duty, when occasions require, without offending against his conscience. You will observe, however, that I only defend the men who act upon notions in which they have been trained, and not the notions themselves; and as every member of society should personally execute the functions to which society calls him, I hope the practice, which has lately been discouraged, will gradually cease.

W. With this hope I must be contented at present; for I now wish to hear you on the comparative learning and education of the two Churches.

H. You have made me already an insufferable proser, and you are now seducing me into something still more tiresome. I once put into writing a few remarks on the subjects which you have started, and perhaps my best reply will be to read them.

W. Pray do.

G. No, no, Henry; you have had your full swing, and I protest against the lecture, at least till we have had our coffee, or rather till another sultry evening tempt us to renew our gossip in the garden.

A. H. WARNER.

PALMYRA.

SAD city of the silent place!
Queen of the dreary wilderness!
No voice of life, no passing sound,
Disturbs thy dreadful calm around,
Save the wild desert-dweller's roar,
Which tells the reign of man's o'er,
Or winds that through thy portals sigh,
Upon their night-course fitting by!

Th' eternal ruins frowning stand,
Like giant spectres of the land,
Or o'er the dead like mourners hang,
Bent down by speechless sorrow's pang;
Where time, and space, and loneliness,
All o'er the sadden'd spirit press.
Around, in leaden slumbers, lie
The dead wastes of infinity,
Where not a gentle hill doth swell,
And not a hermit shrub doth dwell,
And where the song of wand'ring flood
Ne'er voiced the fearful solitude!

How sweetly sad our pensive tears
Flow o'er each broken arch that rears }
Its gray head thro' the mists of years! }
But where are now the dreams of Fame?
The promise of a deathless name?
Alas! the deep delusion's gone!
And all, except the mouldering stone!
The wreath that deck'd the victor's hair,
Hath, like his glory, wither'd there;
While Time's immortal garlands twine }
O'er Desolation's mournful shrine, }
Like youth's embrace around decline.

O'er Beauty's dark and desert bed,
Ages of dreamless sleep have fled;
And in the domes where once she smil'd,
The whispering weeds are waving wild;
The prince's court is jackall's lair,—
He peeps through Time's cold windows
there;

Broken the harp, and all unstrung,
Perish'd the strains the minstrel sung;
And names and deeds alike are lost,
Alike are swallow'd up in dust!

The moss of ages is their pall,
And dull Oblivion hides them all !

Yet there, though now no mortal eye
Looks forth upon the earth and sky,
The evening star steals out as mild,
Above the lone and mighty wild,
As when young lovers hail'd its light,
Far in the dark-blue fields of night ;
And dews as brightly gem the ground
As when a garden smil'd around !

Go, read thy fate, thou thing of clay,
In wrecks of ages roll'd away !
Read it in this dread book of doom !
A city crumbled to a tomb !
Where the lone remnants of the past
Shed deeper sadness o'er the waste ;
Where Melancholy breathes her spell,
And chronicles of ruin dwell.

EMENDATION OF A PASSAGE IN MACBETH.

MR EDITOR,

Do you ever admit, in a corner of your Magazine, verbal criticisms and attempts at the restoration or emendation of the faulty passages in our old writers? Shakespeare, who is a fund for every thing, has, among his other merits, that of affording an inexhaustible resource for the ingenuity of conjectural critics. I sometimes amuse myself with their fancies, and sometimes am tempted to try my own hand in the same kind of work, though my method of proceeding is, in general, a very safe one ; for, instead of altering the original text, I commonly find, that sense may be made of it, and that the conjectures which have found their way into the received editions are very often corruptions. The only liberty which I allow myself, is the utmost freedom with punctuation and parentheses. I will give you an example : In the noted speech of Macbeth, when he sees the air-drawn dagger, there is a phrase introduced by Pope, I believe, which I must say, with Polonius, is a vile phrase,—“ Tarquin's ravishing strides.” The original reading is *sides*, and that, without any accommodation of punctuation, is nonsensical enough, although Mr Malone endeavours to support it by an indecent quotation from Ovid, which certainly does not improve its sense any more than its

morality. I will give the passage as I understand it :—

Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams
abuse
The curtain'd sleep : now witchcraft celebrates
Palo Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd
Murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus, with his
stealthy face,
With Tarquin's (ravishing sides) towards his design
Moves like a ghost.

The meaning is, Murder, with his stealthy face, with Tarquin's (pace, understood,) moves towards his design, &c. The word Tarquin, however, is scarcely pronounced, when the poet (for he is rather speaking in his own character than that of Macbeth,) recollects that Tarquin was not a murderer: he therefore throws in the rapid and somewhat obscure parenthesis, (ravishing sides,) i. e. ravishing goes along-side, or classes with murder, as a crime performed with apprehension and secrecy. *Ravishing* is a substantive, in my interpretation, and *sides* a verb ; but as the first is more commonly an adjective, and the latter a substantive, hence the misunderstanding of the passage. I am pretty sure I am right in this conjecture, and all that I perceive wanting in proof of it, is some illustration of the verb *to side*, being used exactly as I here suppose. I have little doubt, however, that I might find such illustration in Shakespeare, and elsewhere.—Yours, &c.

PHILOLOGOS.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOHN HOME, ESQ. BY HENRY MACKENZIE, ESQ. F.R.S.E. &c. EDINBURGH: CONSTABLE & CO. 1822.

ALL who have witnessed (and who has not?) the representation of the Tragedy of Douglas, and who have felt the subduing and irresistible pathos of the Man of Feeling, can scarcely fail to take a deep interest in this biographical memoir, as well from its author as its subject. With regard to the biographer, the pensive tenderness, and classical elegance, with which his name has so long been associated, will be sufficient to

attract the public attention, to any acknowledged production of his pen; while the admirers of Douglas—incomparably the noblest and happiest, as well as most successful, effort of Scottish dramatic genius, whether we consider the faithful delineation which it gives of the manners and spirit of a chivalrous age, or the picture which it presents of overwhelming domestic affliction—cannot but rejoice that the biography and fame of its amiable and accomplished author have been committed to the powerful and friendly hands of the Scottish Addison. Besides, the poet and the biographer were long united together, by the intimacy of friendship, and formed a part of that brilliant constellation of genius and talent, which, during the latter part of the last century, shed so much lustre on our national literature. For these reasons, we shall, for the present, defer any critical remarks on the style and manner in which the veteran author has executed his kindly task, and proceed at once to lay before our readers a short abstract of the account of the life and writings of the author of Douglas.

This gifted individual, who was, by the side of his father, descended from the Homes of Cowdenknows, and by his mother from a respectable family of the name of Hay, in the north, was born at Leith in the year 1722. His education, the object of which was to train him for the church, was conducted at the grammar school of his native town, and at the University of Edinburgh, where his amiable manners, talents, and progress in literature, procured him the favour both of professors and students. In 1745 he was licensed to preach, by the Presbytery of Edinburgh; but the Rebellion, which broke out in that year, caused him to suspend the exercise of his functions as a preacher, and to join a corps of loyal volunteers raised in Edinburgh, to aid in checking the progress of the insurrection. In this capacity he was present in the battle of Falkirk, in the rank of Lieutenant, and, after the defeat of the royal army, was taken prisoner, committed to the castle of Doune, in Perthshire, whence, with some others, he effected his escape, and returned to his friends, and the prosecution of his studies. With

his professional reading he had associated a frequent perusal of the poets, orators, and historians of Greece and Rome; and, as his temper was warm and susceptible, and his imagination active, he is said to have been delighted, from his childhood, with that train of elevated sentiment which leads to poetical expression. Chivalrous valour, united with romantic generosity,—a character ready to sacrifice every thing to present glory and future fame, such as he drew young Norval,—was his *beau idéal* of poetic heroism. The indulgence of such feelings imparted an unusual elevation to the tone of his ordinary discourse, making him delight in magnifying common incidents, and in speaking both of himself and his friends with more complacency and panegyric than persons of cooler temperaments could always sympathize with. Hence, he was sometimes regarded as a vain man and a flatterer; but as his mind was free from the gall of envy, the praises which he bestowed were, in the singleness of his heart, the pure and honest expression of candour and sincerity.

Of the early companions and friends of the poet, his biographer remarks, that they were chiefly young men, destined, like himself, for the Church,—and bestows a warm eulogium on the talents, acquisitions, and respectability of character, exhibited at that period by the clergy of Scotland. He represents them as occupying a rank, and maintaining a style of plain and cordial hospitality, which gave them all the advantages of rational and gentleman-like society; in consequence of which, when they attended the General Assembly of the Church, or paid occasional visits to the metropolis, they associated freely with gentlemen of the first rank and respectability, among whom they had great weight and consideration. He then adds,

The clergy of Edinburgh, coming thither thus prepared, by education and habit, for filling a respectable place in society, found in that city a circle well adapted to perfect their knowledge, to enlarge their minds, and to foster their genius. They mixed more than, I think, they have done at any subsequent period, with the first and most distinguished persons of the place, distinguished, whic-

ther for science, literature, or polite manners; and even, as far as the clerical character might innocently allow, with the men of fashion conspicuous for wit and gaiety. In the unexpensive style of the Edinburgh society, at the period to which I allude, when tea was the meal of ceremony for general acquaintance, and a supper of a very moderate number that of more intimate society, there was much more intercourse of mind than in the large parties of modern times, which form, in truth, a sort of public place in a private house. In such places of numerous resort, even if other circumstances allowed, the clergy cannot so easily mix with those who are styled people of fashion. I regret the want of mixture of clerical and lay society, for the sake of both parties. To the one it tended to add the graces of manner to the solid talents which at all times so many of them possess. To the other it tended to give that very solidity, soberness, and modesty of demeanour, so useful and so amiable in the young of either sex. It tended to give to wealth and rank, instead of the insolence and frivolity which often accompany them, the urbanity, the condescension, the chastened wit, the decent deportment, which are the great sweeteners, as well as ennoblers of social life. It added respect and dignity to both parties, and mixed into a closer and more advantageous union, the different classes of men. It checked the petulance of the young, and smoothed the severity of the old; it added sentiment to the gaieties, and gave more winning features to the serious duties, of life.

Drs Robertson, Blair, Drysdale, Cleghorn, Carlyle, Adam Ferguson, Ballantyne, and Logan, were the most distinguished of Mr Home's clerical friends. Dr Logan, not the poet and sermon-writer of that name, but another clergyman, was regarded as the first metaphysician of his time; an attribute of mind which brought upon him the suspicion of heterodoxy: and the following anecdote which is told of him, illustrates the manner by which prejudice, when once raised, is maintained and strengthened. He had been unexpectedly called upon to preach before the presbytery of Dalkeith, and, in consequence, borrowed a sermon from his friend Dr Carlyle; but when it was delivered by Dr Logan, the presbytery thought it so full of sceptical metaphysics, that it was with difficulty they could be prevented from instituting a prosecution

against him. David Hume, the philosopher and historian—Wilkie, the author of the *Epigoniad*—General Fletcher, a man of elegant appearance and extensive knowledge—John Jardine, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, a man of great talents and infinite pleasantry—Dr Wallace, also one of the ministers of Edinburgh, known as an author, by his *Treatise on the Numbers of Mankind*—Lord Elibank, the first wit of his age—Sir Gilbert Elliot—Mr Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough—Mr Baron Mure—and Mr Johnston, afterwards Sir William Pulteney, together with several others, belonged to the circle of Mr Home's early friends and associates. Of these men, David Hume was by far the most illustrious, and was withal a man of the greatest suavity and simplicity of manners,—never obtruding his peculiar views on moral and religious subjects upon the attention of general society, or even his private friends.

His good nature and benevolence prevented such an injury to his hearers; it was unfortunate that he often forgot what injury some of his writings might do to his readers. The sentiments which such good nature and benevolence might suggest, I ventured to embody, in a sort of dramatic form, in the story of *La Roche in the Mirror*, in which Mr Hume is made to say, "That there were times when, recollecting that venerable pastor and his lovely daughter, he forgot the pride of literary fame, and wished that he had never doubted." It will not, I hope, be an offensive egotism, if I inform the Society, that, when I wrote that story, being anxious there should not be a single expression in it that could give offence or uneasiness to any friend of Mr Hume's, I read it to Dr Adam Smith, and begged that he would tell me if any thing should be left out or altered. He heard it attentively, and declared he did not find a syllable to object to; but added, with his characteristic absence of mind, that he was surprised he had never heard of the anecdote before.

Most of the literary men mentioned as the companions of Mr Home, were originally members of the Select Society established at Edinburgh, much to the advantage both of literature and science. From it emanated the original *Edinburgh Review*, of which only two numbers were

published. The History of Sister Peg, written in ridicule of the opposers of a Scots militia, was the work of Adam Ferguson, a distinguished member of the society; and the same occasion which led to the publication of this humorous history, gave rise to the Poker Club—a name chosen from a quaint allusion to the object of the institution, which was to stir up the spirit of the country in favour of a militia. This club became afterwards strictly a literary society, and flourished till the year 1784, at which period it had sixty members, among whom were some of the nobility, and many gentlemen, the most remarkable in the country both for rank and talents.

Such companions could not fail to excite the ardour of Mr Home's mind for poetry. His favourite realising, the productions of ancient genius, as well as the amusement of angling, in which he took great delight, was calculated to produce the same effect;—the one leading him to contemplate the heroic achievements of antiquity, and the other to survey the grandeur and the beauty of nature. In 1746, he was settled as minister of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian; a situation in which, while he assiduously cultivated his favourite studies, he was careful conscientiously to discharge the important duties of a clergyman. While in this situation, he was introduced by his patron, Mr Kinloch, to Lord Milton, through whom he was made known to the Duke of Argyle, who presented him to the Earl of Bute; an occurrence which had a material influence on his future life.

The tragedy of Agis, the story of which is taken from *Plutarch*, and intended to represent the distresses and death of a patriot king, was the first of our poet's dramatic performances. This was offered to Garrick for the stage; but he rejected it, as unfit for representation. The composition of Douglas, the plot of which was suggested by the ballad of Gil Morice, next engaged his attention; but it had no better success with the manager of Drury Lane, who accompanied his rejection of it with the mortifying declaration, that it was totally unfit for the stage. Mr Home's friends were of a different

and encouraged him to bring his tragedy out at the Edinburgh theatre, then under the management of Mr Digges. This plan succeeded beyond expectation; the town was in an uproar of exultation, that a Scotsman should write a tragedy on a national subject, and that it should be first represented before them.

It is well known, that the introduction of Douglas upon the stage gave rise to certain proceedings in the Church courts, against those clergymen who had witnessed its representation. The author himself escaped from punishment, by resigning his parochial charge, and divesting himself entirely of the clerical character. The friends who had encouraged and countenanced his love of the drama, were subjected to censure; and the presbytery of Edinburgh, in conjunction with several others in different parts of the country, published declarations, setting forth the immorality of scenic representations. All this seems, at first sight, at variance with that unlightened liberality for which the clergy are praised by Mr Mackenzie; but there were some predisposing causes leading to the adoption of the measures which at this distance savour so strongly of the narrowness and ill nature of bigotry, and of the harshness of persecution. "England's Alarm," a publication complaining of the decline of religion, had previously appeared, and had excited much attention: "Essays on Morality and Natural Religion" had, about the same time, been published, and were supposed, by some of the clergy, to contain positions subversive of the Christian faith, and for this cause many were anxious to prosecute the bookseller; and the difference of opinion entertained on some of the questions, which had issued in the Secession, and still continued to be agitated at the meetings of the General Assembly, had divided the clergy into two distinct parties, so that a play written by a clergyman, and the playhouse resorted to by clergymen—at a time, too, when in Scotland all the grossness and indecency which had whetted the edge of Jeremy Collier's satire was still supposed to belong to that species of composition, and amusement—were events which could not be permitted

to take place in silence, or to pass with impunity. But, while a spirited controversy, thus excited, was in progress, Douglas was acted, night after night, to crowded houses, and its author flattered by the praises of the best judges of dramatic merit.

The success of Douglas, and the patronage of the Earl of Bute, enabled Mr Home to sustain the loss incurred by the resignation of his parish; and being now patronized by a Minister of State, he found no more difficulty in bringing his tragedies out in the London theatres; this was a surer passport than the merit of Douglas. He now lived much with Lord Bute, and was in habits of intimacy with the Prince of Wales: and though he has been accused of being inordinately vain of this high patronage, he never availed himself of it to promote his own private advantage, but often turned it to the benefit of his friends. He was, however, made Conservator of Scots Privileges at Campvere, the annual salary of which was £300. But, like some other poets, he was extremely careless of money matters; a feature in his character which led the witty Lord Elibank to say, when he was told Dr Adam Ferguson had got a pension, "It is a very laudable grant," said his lordship, "and I rejoice at it; but it is no more in the power of the king to make Adam Ferguson or John Home rich, than to make me poor." He had now ready access into both the political and the literary circles of London; and Garrick accordingly professed for him the warmest and most unalterable friendship. Douglas was occasionally enacted at his theatre, and always with unbounded applause; and *Agis*, as well as the *Siege of Aquileia*, were brought upon the stage by him; while their author was honoured with the warmest expressions of confidential friendship. In 1760, the three tragedies which had been represented upon the stage, were published and dedicated to the Prince of Wales, who, on his accession to the throne that year, settled on their author a pension of £300 a-year from his privy purse. This permanent addition to his income placed Mr Home in easy circumstances; but wealth did not accumulate in his hands; "he

made of it," says his biographer, "as of every thing else, an offering to friendship."

Though he had resigned his living in the church, he had a seat in the General Assembly, as member for Campvere, and used to take a share in the debates; though at that period, when the great question of patronage was discussed by Dr Robertson and his associates, opposed to Drs Dick and Fairbairn, with their party, distinction as a speaker was not an easy attainment. When his tragedy of the *Fatal Discovery* was to be brought out, Garrick, afraid lest the prejudices prevalent in London against Scotsmen should operate against its success, procured a student from Oxford to attend the rehearsals, and to personate the author. The play was at first favourably received; but as soon as the real author was known, the manager's fears were realised; the tragedy was obliged to be withdrawn, while the poet consoled himself, that the want of greater success was not owing to him, but to the recent decision of the Douglas cause, which thus engrossed the public attention. His *Alonso* was performed at Drury-Lane in 1773, to which Garrick contributed a justly-celebrated epilogue; and Alfred was represented some years afterwards at the same theatre, but it was a complete failure.

For some time past our poet had fixed his residence at Kilduff, in East Lothian, a farm of which he had obtained a long lease, on easy terms. In 1770, he married a Miss Home, a relation of his own; and in 1778 he accepted a commission in the *Mid-Lothian Fencibles*, and continued to attend the duties of the corps till unfortunately he had a fall from his horse; an accident by which his head sustained a violent contusion, which weakened his health, and impaired his mental faculties. It was after this misfortune, that he composed the history of the Rebellion in 1745, though he had been for many years before collecting materials for the work. Perhaps this circumstance, taken in connection with political considerations, may be sufficient to account for its having fallen so far short of what had been expected. The last ten years of Mr Home's life

were spent in Edinburgh, where he died on the 5th of September 1808, being then in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

Such is a rapid outline of the few incidents in the life of John Home, which, however, seems to have been fully as eventful as the lives of literary men generally are. Mr Mackenzie's memoir was originally submitted to the Royal Society, as far back as the year 1812, and there is some awkwardness in the frequent recurrence of the words, "The Society," now that the narrative is addressed to the world at large. The second part, with the appendix, has reference to the works and the correspondence of the poet; but here we must be extremely brief. The tragedy of Agis, the first in order of his dramas, is founded on a passage in the history of Sparta. Agis, the king of the republic, is anxious to maintain the Lyscurgan constitution, and is opposed by a faction headed by Amphoris, who labours more successfully, by every species of disguised villany, to subvert it, and introduce despotism. Lysander, a brave Athenian, and friend to Agis, supports the good cause of liberty; but his mind is distracted between the duties thereby imposed upon him, and his love for Euanthe, an Athenian maid, who prefers her own concerns to the fate of Sparta. The love-affair, indeed, is no way conducive to the development or the progress of the main design of the piece, and therefore detracts from its unity. No spectator, we think, could fail to detect the selfishness of Euanthe, and therefore her distresses are not likely to meet with a very cordial sympathy. There is, however, much good poetry in this tragedy, and though it has not been performed lately, it cannot fail to be perused with interest. Of Douglas, a tragedy so well known, and so highly esteemed by the public, it would be idle to say a word; but we shall gratify our readers with David Hume's remarks upon it, before it was brought upon the stage:

"DEAR SIR,

"With great pleasure I have more than once perused your tragedy. It is interesting, affecting, pathetic. The story is simple and natural; but what chiefly delights me, is to find the language so

pure, correct, and moderate. For God's sake, read Shakespeare, but get Racine and Sophocles by heart. It is reserved to you, and you alone, to redeem our stage from the reproach of barbarism.

"I have not forgot your request to find fault, but as you had neither numbered the pages nor the lines in your copy, I cannot point out particular expressions. I have marked the margin, and shall tell you my opinion when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you. The more considerable objections seem to be these: *Glenalvon's* character is too abandoned. Such a man is scarce in nature; at least, it is inartificial in a poet to suppose such a one, as if he could not conduct his fable by the ordinary passions, infirmities, and vices of human nature. *Lord Barnet's** character is not enough decided; he hovers betwixt vice and virtue, which, though it be not unnatural, is not sufficiently theatrical nor tragic. After *Anna* had lived 18 years with *Lady Barnet*, and yet had been kept out of the secret, there seems to be no sufficient reason why, at that very time, she should have been let into it. The spectator is apt to suspect that it was in order to instruct him; a very good end, indeed, but which might have been attained by a careful and artificial conduct of the dialogue.

"There seem to be too many casual rencounters. *Young Forman*†, passing by chance, saves *Lord Barnet*; *Old Forman*, passing that way by chance, is arrested. Why might not *Young Forman* be supposed to be coming to the Castle, in order to serve under *Lord Barnet*, and *Old Forman*, having had some mind of his intention, to have followed him that way?

[Some lines torn off and lost.]

Might not *Anna* be supposed to have returned to her mistress after long absence? This might account for a greater flow of confidence."

The failure of the *Siege of Aquileia*, as an acting drama, is, with apparent justice, attributed to the distress being produced by narrative, instead of the livelier form of representation. The story is Roman, and it is easy to trace resemblances, both in its character and incidents, to Addison's *Cato*. We have *Emilius*, with a stoic's firmness, adhering to

* This name was changed to *Randolph*, after the first representation.

† Changed to *Normal*, before the tragedy was brought on the stage.

his consular duties, at the expense of the tenderest ties of nature; we have his two sons, Paulus and Titus, preferring glory and their country's cause to life itself; and we have other things in the piece which suggests the recollection of the master-piece of Addison. The character of Cornelia exhibits the yearnings of a mother's heart, in a manner difficult to be sustained by a performer, or endured by an audience, but contains, withal, some fine touches. Garrick entertained great hopes of the success of this play, but he was disappointed. The *Fatal Discovery*, the next in order, is, like *Douglas*, founded on a national legend, being taken from Ossian's Poems, and is, in many respects, an excellent drama, and well adapted for representation, though some of the incidents seem to merge into the regions of improbability. But, instead of indulging in any remarks of our own as to its merits, we shall subjoin the high opinion expressed of it by Garrick, in a letter to the author.

"But, to return to our precious *Idem*. (the original name of the drama.) How happy am I, that I did not give you the copy till I had considered it with all my wits about me! It is a most *interesting, original, noble* performance; and, whenever it is exhibited, will do the author great, very great honour.

"If your fifth act (as a fifth act,) is equal to the rest, *sublimi feris*, &c. The construction of your fable is excellent; you leave the audience, at the end of every act, with a certain glow, and in the most eager expectation of knowing what is to follow. I drew the tears last night in great plenty from my wife, and a very intimate friend of ours, who is now with us at Hampstead. I read it with all my powers, and produced that effect which I would always wish to do in reading a work of genius, and more particularly a work of yours."

In the fable, the incidents, the characters, and even the expressions, there is a marked coincidence between the tragedy of *Alonzo* and that of *Douglas*. *Ormisinda*, the Princess of Spain, may be fairly compared with *Lady Randolph*; *Teresa* is the counterpart of *Anna*; and *Alberto*, in all respects, resembles *Young Norval*. *Alonzo*, a noble Spaniard, about eighteen years before, had se-

cretly married *Ormisinda*; but, from some disgust he had taken to her, the cause of which she was ignorant of, had immediately after gone into voluntary exile. A battle was on the eve of being fought between the Moors and the Spaniards, and *Ormisinda* was to become the prey of the conquering party. At this juncture, *Alonzo* appears in the disguise of a Persian prince, and offers to become the champion of Spain. Young *Alberto* also appears, and claims the honour of being champion for his country; and it was afterwards, when too late, discovered that he was the son of *Alonzo* and the Princess. This tragedy, although its action depends on what appears to us to be extravagant improbabilities, with many faults in the poetry, was, next to *Douglas*, the most successful of all the author's dramas upon the stage. *Alfred*, a name fitted to raise expectations in the mind of an English audience, not likely to be realised, was the last of Home's tragedies brought upon the stage. But it was deservedly damned; for it makes the gallant hero, and the wise legislator of England, a drivelling lover, and a systematic hypocrite, *Alina*, or the *Maid of Yarrow*, a tragedy of the same author's, found in manuscript, has been neither acted nor printed; and Mr Mackenzie says of it, that "no amendment which criticism could suggest, could possibly give it interest with the reader or with an audience; it has the most irremediable of all faults—a want of creative force of genius, for which a number of faults is easily forgiven." Two acts of another play, called the *Tartar Prince*, were also found; but, from their intrinsic quality, it appears, that their never having been published, nor the play finished for which they were intended, is no great subject of regret. The inferiority of these unpublished remains of Mr Home to his earlier productions, is accounted for by the circumstance of their having been composed after he had sustained the injury by the fall from his horse; and yet of the *Surprise*, a comedy written at an earlier period, Mr Mackenzie remarks, "It is a tame and spiritless dialogue, without any wit, or even sentiment, to give plea-

sure to the reader, or any incident in the scenes to give amusement on the stage;" and doubts "if Mr Home, even in his most vigorous days, or in his happiest moods of composition, could have produced a good comedy;" gravity, and not humour, being the forte of his genius.

The letters introduced into the memoir are chiefly from Oswald of Dunniker, David Hume, David Garrick, Dr Adam Ferguson, and the Earl of Bute, with some few of the poet's own, addressed to Dr. Carlyle, and the notes of a journey performed by him, along with David Hume, during that philosopher's last illness.

By one of those unaccountable caprices to which poets are subject, Mr Campbell has taken no notice of Mr Home in his *Specimens of British Poets*, though he has introduced into that work some anonymous poems, certainly not of first-rate merit. Although the author of Douglas had produced nothing more than that highly-interesting drama, he was undoubtedly entitled to no mean place among the poets of his country; but when it is recollected that he produced six dramas, all of whom had a considerable run upon the stage, and none of which are destitute of poetic merit or scenic effect, the exclusion of his name from a work bearing the title of "*Specimens of the British Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices*," seems to be an inexcusable neglect, or a wilful act of injustice to the memory and reputation of Home. His reputation has latterly rested on Douglas, more than on his other tragedies; merely, we believe, because it alone has kept possession of the stage, and because of the fascination which its representation received from the exquisite acting of the late Mrs Siddons in the character of Lady Randolph, and of Henry Johnston in that of Young Norval; and still more, because of the nationality and interesting nature of the fable on which it is constructed. Several of his other dramas might, we have little doubt, be revived on the stage with advantage; and, sure we are, they are not the drivelling performances which they have been ignorantly represented, for the purpose of giving plausibility to the malicious

surmise, that their author was incapable of producing the tragedy of Douglas. The truth is, that, in a poetical point of view, several of them are very little, if at all inferior, to that celebrated drama.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Letter I.

Summer Amusements.

It is strange, that the English have been obliged to borrow from the French a word to express that combination of bodily and mental weariness, which the French seem never to be afflicted with, but of which their word *ennui* can alone convey a just idea. In Paris, this feeling is alike unknown to strangers and Parisians; indeed, the sources are so numerous from which the natural love of variety is gratified, that the spirits are kept in a constant state of elasticity, and the mind would be strangely fashioned, that, in Paris, should be afflicted with this malady, so prevalent in most great cities.

In London, after a stranger has got over the surprise which the tide of population that rolls through the principal streets never fails at first to excite, he may walk from Charing Cross to Temple Bar, without meeting with a single object to produce either pleasure or wonder. But in Paris it is quite otherwise. Walk on the Boulevards, and at all hours you can see thousands among whom there is a common sympathy,—strangers and Parisians, seeking pleasure, or occupied in enjoying it. At every step curiosity is awakened, the love of variety gratified, the senses allured, and the propensities administered to. Hundreds of print-shops exhibit, in long defile, the choicest engravings, and the most amusing caricatures; long arrays of books, not odd volumes, black with age, and unknown to fame; but new, neat, clean, renowned, and inviting books, allure equally by their novelty and cheapness; pretty faces and strange faces, pretty dresses and odd dresses; all that is sweet and pretty in flowers, trinkets, and porcelain, invite notice, and excite pleasure or surprise. If it be the evening—though indeed it is the same, to a certain extent, all day—you may see hundreds, nay, thou-

sands, seated on chairs in the open air, and forming, if the weather be fine, a continued line for more than a mile; some drinking beer, some drinking wine, some eating ice, others taking coffee, lemonade, or sugar and water, according to their several circumstances and desires; and all looking as cheerful as if the past had no regrets, and the future no uncertainty. There are various other sights, too, alluring both from their cheapness and prettiness: scientific horses, dogs, and even cats, will spell your fortune for four sous; and, supposing all fortune-tellers equally gifted, it is certainly more curious to be told one's destiny by a cat than a gipsy. Various little panoramas exhibit *la Gloire Française*, in the battles of Wagram, Jena, &c. For so small a sum as six sous, one may see all the monarchs of the Holy Alliance in wax, the most innocent form in which it can appear. If you have a mind to change the scene, or if the weather be very hot, in five minutes you may be in the garden of the Tuilleries. There, no slow and somber procession of carriages, as in the Park in London, exhibits the parade of wealth, and the slavery of fashion; but seated, or walking beneath the shade of lofty and spreading acacias, and flowering orange-trees, where not a wandering ray of the sun can penetrate, you may see the beau-monde of Paris enjoying the delights of their climate; and here, too, dress, that charm for which the French are so eminently distinguished, is seen in all its attractions. How tastefully and prettily every part of it is arranged! In the simplest thing there is something of elegance: never one feather, or one flower, more or less than just the thing; and every one placed precisely where it ought. One is really in as much danger of falling in love with a chapeau as with a face. If it be the evening, extend your walk a few hundred yards farther, and you are in the Champs Elysées. There the attractions are still more varied. Many handsome open carriages, filled with ladies, are to be seen, driving gaily and rapidly on a fine smooth broad avenue bordered by lofty trees; thousands are seen seated under their shade enjoying the coolness of the evening, while, in front

of them, harp, violin, guitar players, and singers, many of whom would not dishonour the Concert, or the Orchestra, practise their pretty arts, and levy a little contribution sometimes given to the music, and sometimes to the pretty face of the musician. Farther back among the trees, are various Caffè's, where many are adding to these *agremens* of life the additional ones of sipping ice or coffee; and as the night falls, lamps are suspended from the trees, to give to the Parisians an opportunity of prolonging these innocent enjoyments with greater pleasure and security. But, besides all this, the Elysian fields afford amusement of divers kinds to the young, or to others who are not contented with this tranquil kind of enjoyment. There are charming exhibitions of Punch, where a cat is one of the personages of the Drama, and which performs its part with equal good humour, and good taste;—roundabouts, as they are called in England, where one may guide a horse, a swan, or a frigate at pleasure, and where their various motions are imitated, whirl gaily round with their delighted burdens. You may have your weight determined to a grain for two sous, by enjoying a seat in an arm-chair; or you may have the strength of an arm, or a foot, ascertained with equal ease and precision, and for an equally trifling charge. You may have the wonders of mechanism exhibited to you in a procession of Monks, or the Bristol Mail, but the latter attracts the most attention; and if your ears should not be fine enough to relish the tones of the harp or the viol, you may have them regaled by the less scientific notes of the hurdy-gurdy. But I have still to mention the Salon de Mars, and the Salon de Flore, both of which are situated in the Champs Elysées, either of these you may enter without fee, where, in a splendid hall, an excellent band play quadrilles and waltzes to all who choose to exhibit. The dancers are not, indeed, of the highest rank, nor all of them, perhaps, perfectly unexceptionable in point of character; but to a stranger it is a curious exhibition; and more graceful movements may sometimes be seen among them, than at the assemblies of Grosvenor-

Square. Now all this is very delightful, for, every evening during the summer, one may have excellent and varied amusement for a few pence, or for nothing at all, and enjoy, at the same time, the salubrity of the summer evening's air, and the advantage of gentle exercise; and indeed the Parisians seem fully sensible of these advantages: a stranger standing in the *Place Louis XV.*, about ten o'clock, would imagine that the whole population of Paris was returning to fill desolate streets and empty houses. All these amusements are over by ten; then the streets of Paris are again as crowded as during the day; all those, at least, where the principal *cafés* are situated. Having mentioned the *café*, it may be worth while to remark, that now, when the English are so numerous in Paris that they are to be seen in hundreds in all the promenades, and at all the spectacles, the *cafés* still continue to be, comparatively speaking, exclusively French. An Englishman has no taste for drinking *l'eau sucrée*, nor even for much drinking, and, in short, in a *café* he generally seems somewhat out of his element.

It may, perhaps, have the appearance of profanity to name religious fêtes among the summer amusements of Paris; but the Parisians themselves seem to consider them as such; and we all know, that, whatever the origin or design of such ceremonies may have been a long period back, they have been invariably accompanied by relaxation and amusement. Of all fêtes, there is none in France more brilliant than that of the *Fête-Dieu*, which has just been celebrated. Owing to the excessive heat, the hour of its celebration was changed from mid-day to eight in the morning; of this the devout Parisians had accurate information, by means of ordonnances by the Minister of the Interior, posted throughout the city. By seven o'clock all Paris was in commotion, and long before eight the streets through which it was known the procession would pass, were lined with all those whom devotion, curiosity, or the love of spectacle had attracted. Its approach was announced by the sound of solemn music, and the sight of numerous banners, the symbols of

superstition, and the sceptres of priesthood. Hundreds of female devotees, neither young nor handsome enough to be themselves the objects of worship, found a substitute in the rose-leaves, which, from holy vessels, they flung among the people; and many cavaliers, adorned with various military orders, held the ribbons of the canopy that shadowed the consecrated wafer, more with the air of conferring an honour, than receiving a blessing. But misfortune was near at hand; the clouds that had been gathering all the morning, became darker; a flash of lightning, and a peal of thunder, raised all the devotees' eyes to heaven; but a few heavy drops of rain cast them down again upon their robes and shoes: the rain increased, and soon descended in torrents; the crowds which had lined the streets, left them deserted, proving, that their spiritual welfare was but a secondary consideration; and the rose-leaves, and the frankincense, and the priests' benedictions, were bestowed upon a few raggamuffin boys, who seemed to consider it no bad amusement to see the satin and lace of the Duchess of Berri, and the proud feathers of her cousin of Angoulême, as wet and drooping as if the wearers had not been Royal Bourbons, or the Bourbons not under the immediate protection of the Pope.

In my next letter, I shall speak of some of the other amusements of this metropolis, and of French vanity. I am, &c. H. H.

MAY SONG.

From the German of L. H. C. Hülyt.

FAIR Nature, in gay garments clad,
Smiles, like a bride, serene and glad;
The flowers, fann'd by the western gale,
With red and yellow speck the dale:
Chanting their music through the wood,
Beside their nests the warblers hop;
The fishes leave the cold deep flood,
And wanton near the water's top.

In undulating blue and gold
The billows of the pool are roll'd:
O'erspread with blossoms red and white
The bushes round its margin grow,
And, in its waters circling bright,
Are mirror'd to the view below.
Among the blooms, and o'er the plain,
With flowers and glinting sun-beams
gay.

The wild-bees hum a lulling strain,
And, sweets exploring, wing their way.

The maiden's lip, like budding roses,
A purer colour far discloses ;
The shepherd and his shepherdess,
Full of each other's love, carress,

Ah, many a golden hour away !
While sitting underneath the bush,
They heard the waterfall down gush
Upon the smooth-worn granite stones,
And, falling with melodious tones,
The nightingale's soul-melting lay.

Sweet kisses and warm words of love
Breathe down the vale, and from the grove,
Where youthful lovers meet to rove,
Beneath the shading beechen bow'r,
And steal their kisses, at that hour
When, softly closing, eve comes on :—
All Nature feels love's genial power—
Exults in its delights alone. T.

CASANOVA'S ADVENTURES IN WARSAW.

(*Concluded.*)

I ORDERED a plentiful dinner, and sent for some excellent Burgundy out of the royal cellar. Campioni dined with me. The two Counts Meischek, and a Swiss named Bertrand, paid me a visit while I sat at table, and witnessed my excellent appetite and unusual gaiety. At a quarter after two, I begged my friends to leave me, and stationed myself at the window, to be in readiness to go down as soon as Branicki should make his appearance. While yet at some distance, I perceived him coming, in a berline with six horses. Two out-riders with led horses, two adjutants, and two hussars, preceded the carriage, and four servants stood behind. The procession stopped at my door. I hastened down from my third story, and found Branicki, accompanied by a lieutenant-colonel and a chasseur, the last of whom sat upon the box. The carriage-door was opened, and the Colonel gave up his seat to me, and placed himself beside the chasseur. I told my servants to stay in the house till further orders. Branicki observed to me, that I might perhaps want them ; to which I replied, that, had I as numerous a retinue as his own, I should have taken them too, but, as it was, I preferred throwing myself entirely upon his hands, persuaded that he would have me well taken care of, should it be necessary. To this he answered, giving me his hand in

confirmation of the promise, that he would take more care of me than he would of himself. I then seated myself, and we drove off. Every thing had been previously arranged, for no orders were given. The Grand Chamberlain spoke not a word. I therefore thought it my place to propose some indifferent questions.

"Is it your Excellency's intention," I asked, "to pass the spring and summer in Warsaw?"

"It was so yesterday ; but very likely you may put it out of my power."

"I should be sorry to interfere with any of your plans," was my reply. He then asked me if I had ever served in the army ? to which I answered—"Yes ; but may I ask your Excellency's motive for this question?"

"None in the world : I merely asked for the sake of saying something."

In less than half an hour the carriage stopped at the door of a garden. We alighted, followed by the whole retinue of the Count, and entered a covered walk, at one end of which stood a stone table. On this the chasseur laid down two pistols, about a foot and a half in length, and then drew out of his pocket a powder-flask and bullets. He measured the pistols, loaded them, then measured them again, and laid them down across one another. Branicki, with great composure, asked me to choose one of them. The Colonel eagerly inquired if there was going to be a duel here ? to which the Count replied in the affirmative.

"You cannot fight here," said the Colonel : "you are within the boundaries."

"That is of no consequence," returned Branicki.

"It is of the greatest consequence. You have quite misled me. I belong to the Palace Guard, and I dare not be present."

"Make yourself easy," said the Count ; "I will take the whole blame upon myself. I am bound to give this gentleman satisfaction."

"Monsieur Casanova," repeated the Colonel, "you cannot fight here."

"Then why have I been brought here?" I replied. "All places are alike to me, and I would defend myself even in a church."

"Why not lay the whole affair

before the King, and abide by his decision?"

"This I would willingly do, if his Excellency would declare, in your presence, that he is sorry for what happened yesterday."

Upon this, Branicki called out, in an angry voice, that he was come here to fight, and not to parley with me. I then turned to the officer, and said he could bear witness how ready I had been to terminate the dispute amicably. He walked away, pressing his head with his hands. Branicki again desired me to choose my pistol. I threw off my pelisse, and seized hold of the one which lay uppermost. Branicki took the other, and said he would pledge his honour on the goodness of the weapon I held in my hand. I replied, I would try it against his forehead. At these words he turned pale, threw his sword to one of his pages, and uncovered his breast. I was, of course, obliged to follow his example, however unwillingly, as my sword was the only defence I had besides the pistol. I bared my breast likewise, and we both advanced five or six steps. Seeing him standing like myself, with his pistol turned downwards, I took off my hat with my left hand, begged him to do me the honour of firing first, and again covered myself. Instead of firing immediately, Branicki was two or three seconds in making his arrangements; stretching himself back as far as he could, and trying to get his head in a safe position behind the pistol. I, however, could not wait till he had made himself comfortable, and we both fired at the very same moment. Of this there can be no doubt, as the people who lived in the neighbouring houses afterwards declared that they had heard only one shot. I saw Branicki fall—felt that my left hand was wounded—put it into my pocket—threw away my pistol, and ran towards my antagonist. What was my dismay, to find myself instantly assailed by three of his barbarous attendants, with drawn sabres, who would have butchered me as I knelt beside him, had he not called out, in a voice of thunder, "Wretches! I charge you to respect this honourable man!" Upon this they desisted. I helped Branicki to rise, supporting

him with my right hand under the arm, while the Colonel assisted him in a similar manner on the other side. The Count stooped very much as he walked, and examined me with inquiring eyes, appearing not to understand where the blood could come from, which trickled down my trowsers and white stockings. In this manner we led him to an inn, which was about a hundred paces distant. The moment we entered it, Branicki threw himself into an easy chair. We unbuttoned his clothes, and found he was desperately wounded in the stomach. The ball had entered the body close to one of the ribs, and gone out at the left side: the two orifices were at least ten inches apart from one another. The case appeared a fatal one. Every one present thought the vitals were shot through, and that he was a dead man. He looked at me, and said, "You have killed me. Save yourself, or your head will be on the scaffold. We are within the boundaries. I am one of the highest officers of the crown, and this is the ribbon of the White Eagle. Save yourself instantly; and if you are in want of money, here is my purse. A purse full of gold fell on the ground; I put it back into his pocket, thanked him, and told him I was not in want of it; and that if I had deserved death, I would instantly lay down my head at the foot of the throne; that I still hoped his wound was not mortal, for that it would make me wretched to have to reproach myself with being the cause of his death, though he must allow he had himself compelled me to the deed. I then kissed his forehead, and went out of the house; but neither carriage, horses, nor servants, could I discover. All had moved off in different directions, in search of surgeons, physicians, priests, friends, and relations. I thus found myself, alone and unarmed, on an open plain covered with snow, and not even knowing the road which would lead me back to Warsaw. At length I saw, at a little distance, a sledge with two horses. I hailed it with a loud voice. The peasant who was driving stopped. I showed him a ducat, and called out, "Warszawie!" He instantly understood me—lifted up a

mat—I got into the sledge—and he covered me with the mat, in order to conceal me. We set off at full gallop. In a few minutes we met Brannicki's bosom friend, Bininski, riding furiously with a drawn sabre. Had he examined the sledge, he might have seen my head, and would, no doubt, have cut me in pieces. When we reached Warsaw, I drove to Prince Adam's palace, where I intended to implore an asylum; but finding no one at home, I resolved to dismiss my sledge, and seek refuge in a Franciscan convent, about a hundred yards distant. I reached the convent door, and pulled the bell. The porter, a sturdy monk, made his appearance; but seeing me covered with blood, thought I was come to elude the pursuit of justice, and was about to shut the door in my face. I, however, did not allow him time to do so, but gave him a kick which knocked him down, with his heels up in the air, and I thus accomplished my entrance. The porter called out for help, and all the monks rushed forth at the noise. I told them I was come to seek an asylum from the most terrible dangers. One of them gave some orders, and I was conducted to a kind of vault, which had the appearance of a prison. I did not remonstrate, being convinced they would soon assign me a different lodging. I now asked for somebody to fetch my servants, who came immediately, and I sent one for a surgeon, and another for Campioni. Before they could arrive, I had a visit from the Woiwode of Pollachia, who had never before exchanged a word with me; but having fought a duel himself in his younger days, he was come to relate to me the whole history, having discovered that the circumstances of the case bore a striking resemblance to my own. A few minutes after came the Woiwode of Kalisch, Prince Jablonowski, Prince Sangurskoi, and the Woiwode of Wilna, who, without loss of time, began reproaching the monks, in no very gentle terms, for treating me in the manner they had done, like a galley-slave. They excused themselves, by relating the extraordinary mode in which I had effected my entrance, and how roughly I had used the porter. At this the Princes

laughed heartily; but I was little inclined to join them, as my wound began to be very painful. Two handsome rooms were now allotted me. On examination, it was found that the ball had entered my forefinger, and lodged in the hand; its action had been weakened by coming into contact with a metal button on my waistcoat, and with my body, which was slightly wounded. The question now was—how to extricate the ball. The ignorant surgeon, who had at first been called in, prepared the way for it by an incision on the other side of the hand, and thus enlarged the wound very considerably. During the whole of this painful operation, I continued to relate to the company all the details of my adventure, without showing any signs of impatience at the tortures the surgeon inflicted on me, whilst groping in my wound with pincers, endeavouring to lay hold of the ball. So strong is the influence of vanity over mankind! No sooner had this surgeon taken his departure, than another appeared, (the one employed by the Grand Woiwode,) quite determined to supplant the first, and bestowing on him all the epithets he so richly deserved. At the same moment, the Woiwode's son-in-law, Prince Lubomirsky, entered the room, and astonished us all, by relating what had just taken place in consequence of the duel. Bininski, on arriving at Wola, (this, it appeared, was the name of the place where we had fought,) seeing his friend in such danger, and finding I was out of the way of his vengeance, had galloped off again like a madman, swearing to run me through wherever he might find me. He betook himself to the house of Tomatis, where he found Catani, Prince Lubomirsky, and Count Mosezinsky. He asked Tomatis where I was, and on his answering he did not know, Bininski discharged his pistol at his head. Mosezinsky, incensed at this outrage, seized hold of him, and was going to throw him out of the window; but Bininski broke loose, aiming at the other three strokes of his sabre, which cut him across the cheek, and broke three of his teeth. "Not content with this," continued the Prince, "he seized me by the

collar, and threatened to shoot me instantly, if I did not conduct him down into the court, where he had left his horse, that he might ride off without being molested by Tomatis' household. To this demand I was compelled to accede. Moszczinsky is gone home, where he is likely to remain some time under the hands of the surgeons. I lost no time in returning to my own house, that I might witness the commotion into which this duel of yours has thrown the whole town. A report was spread that Branicki had been killed, and his Uhlans are riding about the country in all directions, determined to cut you to pieces, and avenge their Colonel. You may think yourself highly fortunate in being here. The Grand M. shall have placed a guard of two hundred dragoons round the monastery, under the pretence of securing your person, but in reality to prevent these madmen from storming the convent, and putting you to death upon the spot. From the report of the surgeons, Branicki must be in great danger. He has been carried to the house of the High Chamberlain, not daring to return to his apartments in the palace. The King, however, has been to see him. The Colonel, who witnessed the duel, maintains that your threat of shooting Branicki through the head had been the means of saving your life, as, in order to keep his head out of danger, he put himself into an awkward position, which occasioned him to miss his aim. Had it not been for this, you would certainly have been shot through the heart, as Branicki is so good a marksman, he can fire a ball through the blade of a knife. Another piece of good fortune is, that Biniński did not find you out, when it would have been so natural for him to conjecture you were concealed in the sledge."

"The greatest good luck of all," I replied, "is, that I did not kill Branicki, as had I done so, I should undoubtedly have been massacred, since nothing but his interference could have saved me from the attacks of his friends, whose sabres were already uplifted against me. I am truly concerned at what has befallen your Highness and the good Count Moszczinsky. Since Tomatis has sur-

vived Biniński's attack, I conclude his pistol cannot have been loaded."

The Prince agreed with me in this supposition. We were now interrupted by a messenger from the Woiwode of Russia, who presented me with a letter from his master, containing these words: "Read what the King has just sent to me, and sleep in peace." The King's letter was as follows:—"Branicki, my dear uncle, is in great danger. My surgeons are now with him, to afford him every assistance their skill can suggest. Meanwhile, I have not forgotten Casanova, and I commission you to give him the assurance of his pardon, even in the event of Branicki's death." I respectfully kissed the letter, and imparted its contents to my illustrious visitors, who all agreed in admiration of a character so truly worthy of a crown. I now begged my guests to leave me. When they were gone, Campioni, who during the whole time had remained quietly in a corner, listening to what was passing, came forward and restored to me the sealed packet I had committed to his care, shedding tears of affectionate joy at an event which, in his estimation, would reflect upon me everlasting honour. The next morning, I was overwhelmed with visits and presents from all the great people who did not espouse Branicki's party. The messengers who waited upon me with these gifts, were charged to say, that, as being a stranger, I might for the present moment be in distress for money, their employers had taken the liberty to offer me a supply. To this I always returned my thanks, but invariably declined accepting the money. I thus rejected at least four thousand ducats, and was somewhat proud of doing so. Campioni laughed at my scruples, and indeed with good reason, as afterwards found abundant cause to repent of them. The only thing I would accept, was a dinner for four persons, with which Prince Adam Czartorinsky supplied me every day, but which I was not in a condition to enjoy myself. *Vulnerati fume cruciuntur*, was the favourite phrase of my surgeon, who had not yet succeeded in finding the ball. The wound on the body was soon healed; but on the fourth day, my arm swel-

led, the wound began to blacken, and threatened mortification. Upon this, the surgeons held a consultation, the result of which was, that my hand must be taken off. This singular piece of news was announced to me early in the morning, as I was reading the Court Gazette, which, after being looked over and approved of by the King, was always printed in the night-time. I laughed heartily when they told it me, and received, with equal merriment, all who came in the course of the morning, to condole with me on my misfortune. While I was joking about it with Count Clai, who wanted to persuade me to submit to the operation, the door opened, and three surgeons entered the room. I asked why I was honoured with so numerous an attendance? To which the one who daily visited me replied, that he wished to have the opinion of the other professors before he performed the amputation, and that they were come to examine the state of my arm. He took off the bandage, drew out his probing instrument, and after analysing the wound, they began talking together in Polish; and at length, when they seemed to have come to an agreement, they announced to me in Latin, that they would take off my hand towards night-fall. This they seemed to think highly amusing, and assured me I had no cause for apprehension, and that this operation would positively insure my recovery. I however replied, that my hand was my own property, and that I would never submit to this most ridiculous amputation. After much altercation, I at length succeeded in getting rid of my tormentors, by promising, that should the mortification extend, I would allow them not only to cut off my hand, but my arm also. I soon had to endure a series of tiresome visits from all those to whom the surgeons had reported my obstinacy. The Prince Woiwode wrote to me himself, to tell me that the King was quite astonished at my want of resolution. I immediately wrote to his Majesty, saying, that I did not know of what use my arm would be to me, without my hand, and that I preferred losing both together, should it really be proved that mortification was

taking place. My letter was read by the whole court. Prince Lubomirsky came himself to represent to me how wrong it was to laugh at those who took an interest in me, and that it was perfectly impossible the three first surgeons in Warsaw should be mistaken in so simple a case.

"They are not mistaken," I replied; "they only wish that I should be so."

"And for what reason?" asked the Prince.

"In order to please Count Branicki, who is very ill, and is perhaps in want of something to comfort him."

"You must allow me," said the Prince, "to have my doubts as to how all this will end."

"But what if I should prove to have been in the right?" I enquired.

"Should this happen, I shall admire your firmness, and every one else will do the same. But this remains to be proved."

"This evening we shall see if the arm is affected, and should it be so, I give your Highness my word of honour to allow it to be amputated to-morrow."

In the evening, the surgeons, four in number, were again at their post; they unbound my arm, which was twice as large as usual. I took the probe, and sounded the wound myself. Prince Sulbowski, and the Abbé Goudal, who belonged to the Grand Woiwode's household, were present. The four surgeons declared that the mortification had extended to the arm; that it was now too late to amputate the hand only, and that the whole limb must be taken off the next morning at farthest. Weary of disputing with them, I told them they might come with the proper instruments at the time appointed, and that I would submit. They quickly took themselves off, to relate the news at court, to Branicki, and to the Prince Woiwode. The next morning I ordered my servant not to let them enter my room. I heard no more of them, and kept safe possession of my hand.

On Easter-day I attended mass, wearing my arm in a sling, which I was not able to leave off for eighteen months afterwards. This was only fourteen days after the accident. M

firmness now gained me universal credit; and the surgeons were looked upon as men, either ignorant of their profession, or devoid of all common sense.

Another little circumstance, which occurred three days after the duel, occasioned me much amusement. A Jesuit, commissioned by the Bishop of Posen, to whose diocese Warsaw belonged, desired to speak to me in private. I dismissed all my attendants, and asked what was his business? "I am come," said he, "by desire of my Principal," (a Czartorinsky, brother of the Grand Woiwode,) "to absolve you from the penance to which you have subjected yourself by the late duel."

"There is no occasion for this," I replied, "since I cannot allow it to be called a duel. I was attacked, and obliged to defend myself. I beg you will return my acknowledgments to your Reverend Lord; and if you choose to give me absolution, without my having any thing to confess, I am very willing to receive it."

"If you do not confess your sins," returned the Priest, "it is not in my power to absolve you from them; but this much you may do—you may ask me to give you absolution for having *intended* to fight a duel."

"That I will do with pleasure. If my *intention* is to pass for a duel, I will pray you to give me absolution, but not otherwise." Upon this he gave it me in the usual form.

Branicki, I afterwards found, when our duel was decided upon, had gone to mass, in order to confess, and receive the Sacrament, according to the customs of ancient chivalry.

Three days before I left my room, the Grand Marshal withdrew the guard which had hitherto been posted at the convent door. After going to mass, I repaired to court, where the King allowed me to kneel before him, and presented me his hand to kiss. It had been previously settled, that he should ask me why I wore my arm in a sling? I answered, it was owing to rheumatism.

"Take care of such rheumatisms in future," was his Majesty's reply.

Having shown myself at court, I ordered my coachman to drive to the palace, which was then occupied by Branicki. I thought it would be

proper to pay him a visit; he had sent daily to enquire for me, and had returned to me my sword, which had been left on the field of action. He was ordered to keep his bed for at least six weeks to come; but was permitted to receive the congratulations of his friends, on being appointed by the King to the office of Lofsewitz, or Grand Huntsman, a dignity not so high, indeed, as that of Grand Chamberlain, but which brought in considerable profits. Every one said that the King had waited to confer on him this appointment, till convinced of his skill as a marksman; yet, on the day of trial, I had proved myself a better shot than he.

On my entering the anti-chamber, officers, lacqueys, and chasseurs, seemed struck with astonishment at seeing me. I desired the officer in waiting to ask if the Count would receive me? He sighed, and went into the room, returned a moment after, threw open the folding-doors, and begged me to walk in. Branicki was lying on the bed, as pale as a corpse, enveloped in a robe de chambre of gold brocade, and supported by cushions decked out with rose-coloured ribbons. He took off his cap on my entrance. "I am come," said I, "to implore your Excellency's forgiveness for not having borne with temper a slight affront, which, had I been more rational, I should not have regarded as any thing serious, and also to assure you, that the honour you have conferred on me is far more than proportionate to the previous offence. I intreat your further intervention in my favour with those of your friends who, not sharing in your own magnanimity, will think it necessary to consider me as an enemy."

"I acknowledge," said he, "to have insulted you; but you will allow, in return, that I have paid for it pretty dearly. With regard to my friends, I do not hesitate in declaring, that I shall not consider any one in that light who is deficient in respect towards you. As to any testimony of mine in your favour, you do not stand in need of it. The King esteems you as much as I do myself, in common with all those who are acquainted with the laws of honour. Pray sit down, and take some choco-

late, and let us be friends for the future."

"And so you are quite well again?" he added. To which I replied, "that I was, excepting being deprived of the use of my arm, which I did not expect to recover for at least a twelve-month."

"You held out manfully against those surgeons," pursued the Count, "and were perfectly right in not giving way to the fool who thought he would be doing me a favour, by making you a cripple. Such men always judge of the feelings of others by their own. I wish you joy at having exposed them, and kept your hand to yourself. But I have never been able to comprehend how the ball which had wounded you in the body, could ever reach your hand."

Before I had time to answer, the chocolate was handed me: immediately after, the master of the house made his appearance, and could not refrain from smiling, at beholding me; and in a few minutes the room was filled with ladies and gentlemen, who had no sooner heard of my visit to the Grand Woiwode, than curiosity prompted them with the wish of being present at the interview. I could plainly perceive that they had not expected to find us talking together so sociably, but they all seemed delighted that this was the case. Branicki, however, returned to his former question, and again asked me how the ball could have entered my hand? I answered, I would, if he pleased, show him the position in which I was standing at the time; and on his begging me to do so, I stood up, put myself into the same posture, and he then understood the whole business.

"You must certainly have intended to kill my brother," said Branicki's sister Sapieha, "since you aimed at his head."

"Heaven forbid, my gracious lady," I replied, "that I should have had any such intention! On the contrary, it was my best interest that his life should be spared, in order that he might save me, (as in fact he did,) from the fury of his attendants."

"And yet you said," she pursued, "that you would try your pistol against his forehead?"

"That is merely a common expression; but whoever understands the thing properly, aims at the middle of the body; and I can safely declare that my own aim was not at all higher."

"That is true," said Branicki; "your skill far surpasses mine; "I have to thank you for a good lesson."

"The example your Excellency gave me, of courage and self-possession," I replied, "is far more deserving of imitation."

"Of course," said his sister, "you must be very much accustomed to the use of pistols?"

"By no means," I replied. "The late unfortunate adventure was my first essay. But I have an exact perception of right lines, a correct eye, and a steady hand."

"And this is all that is necessary," said Branicki: "I am not deficient either in any of these points, yet I rejoice that in the late occasion my aim was less sure than usual."

"Your Excellency's ball," I replied, "entered my fore-finger—allow me to return it to you, though somewhat mis-shapen, by having come in contact with the bone."

"I am sorry," answered he, "not to have it in my power to make you a similar restitution."

After much lively and interesting conversation, I took my leave of the Count, and went to pay my respects to the Grand Marshal, to whose post belongs the sole administration of justice. He was an old man of ninety, with whom I was not in the least acquainted; but he had granted me my life, had secured me from the attacks of Branicki's Uhlans, and I therefore felt that my respectful acknowledgments were due to him. I was announced, and shown into his presence, and he asked me what I wanted?

"I am come," said I, "to kiss the hand which signed my pardon, and to make a promise to your Excellency to be more rational in future."

"Indeed I should advise you to be so," said he; "as to your pardon, you have no one but the King to thank for that, for if he had not interfered in your favour, I should have let you lose your head."

"Without regard to the existing circumstances, your Excellency?"

"What existing circumstances? Is it true, or is it not, that you have fought a duel?"

Certainly not, since I only fought to defend myself. It could not have been called a duel, unless Count Branicki had conveyed me to some place beyond the boundaries, in compliance with my request, and with our agreement. I am therefore inclined to believe that your Excellency, on a nearer examination of the case, would not have thought I deserved to lose my head."

"I cannot say what I might have thought," answered he; "all I know is, that the King desired your pardon, which was a sign he thought you deserved it, and of this I wish you joy. If you will come and dine with me to-morrow, I shall be glad to see you."

For the next fortnight I was overwhelmed with invitations from all quarters, but, for a variety of reasons, I was induced to make a tour into the fertile provinces of Podolia and Volhynia, which soon after received the names of Galicia and Lodomeria, it being thought they could not effectually be incorporated with the States of Austria without a change of name. I pass over the events of my journey, in order to relate what happened to me during the latter part of my stay in Warsaw, and my reasons for leaving that city. On my return, I found myself received, not only in a cold, but in a most unfriendly manner, wherever I went. I was even told, that no one had expected to see me any more at Warsaw, and asked what had brought me back again? "To pay my debts," I replied, astonished at such rudeness. Even the Woiwode of Russia was quite changed towards me; and though I was sometimes invited to dinner in houses where I had been most intimate, scarcely any one thought of speaking to me. The only friendly invitation I received, was from the Princess Lubomirsky, who asked me one evening to supper. I sat at a round table immediately opposite the King, who did not address a single word to me, but talked the whole evening with Bertrand the Swiss. This was a thing which had never happened to me since I had been in Warsaw.

The next day I dined with the Woiwodin of Wilna, Countess Oginsky; she was the daughter of the High Chancellor of Lithuania, and of Countess Walstein, a venerable old lady of eighty. During dinner, the Countess asked where the King had supped the preceding evening? None of the company could tell her, and I remained silent. Soon after, General Romiher entered the room, and the same question was addressed to him; to which he replied, that the King had supped at Princess Lubomirsky's, and that I had been of the party. The Countess then asked me why I had not answered her enquiry at table? "Because," I replied, "I do not like to think of having been at a place where the King neither spoke to, nor looked at me—I see that I am in disgrace, and cannot imagine for what reason."

On quitting the Woiwode's palace, I went to pay a visit to Prince Sulkowski, a man distinguished for his good sense and sound judgment. He received me, as he always did, with great kindness, but told me I had done very wrong in returning to Warsaw, as the general opinion respecting me was entirely changed. "But what have I done to deserve this?" I enquired. "Nothing," said he; "but it is ever thus with the Poles; always wavering, inconsistent, and influenced by the opinion of others: your fortune was made, but you did not profit by the happy moment: my advice is, that you leave Warsaw—I am going to quit it myself."

After this visit, I returned to my lodgings, where, about ten o'clock, an anonymous letter was brought me, purporting to be from a person who entertained for me a sincere regard, and who imparted to me a piece of intelligence which he had heard from the King himself. This was, that his Majesty never desired to see me again at Court, as he had discovered that I had been slogged in efigy at Paris, for having absconded with a considerable sum belonging to the funds of the Military Institute, and moreover, that I was known to have perambulated all the provinces of Italy, as the manager of a troop of strolling players.

Calumnies such as these are easy

to invent, but difficult to subvert; and thus it is, that the restless activity of hatred, urged on by envy, pursues its machinations at court. Willingly would I have treated this with the contempt it deserved, and instantly quitted the place; but I had debts to discharge, and my means were not sufficient to bear the expenses of a journey to Portugal, where I knew that ample resources awaited me. From this moment I avoided all society, saw no one but Campioni, and wrote to Venice and other places where I had friends, for pecuniary supplies. While waiting for these, I one day received an unexpected visit from the officer who had been present at the duel. He entered my room with an embarrassed air, bringing me an order in the King's name to quit the country within eight days. I replied firmly, that he might tell the King, I should not think of quietly submitting to a command of this nature; if I *must* quit the place, the whole world should know I was compelled to do so. "It is impossible for me to be the bearer of such an answer," replied the Colonel. "All I can do is, to tell the King I have made known to you his commands; it remains with you to act upon them as you may think proper."

Transported with rage, I wrote a long letter to the King, representing to him, that regard for my own honour obliged me to oppose his decree. "My creditors," I added, "can only forgive me for leaving Warsaw without satisfying their demands, when they find it was your Majesty who compelled me to this step." Whilst I was considering through what means I could have this letter laid before the King, I received a visit from Count Moszczinsky. I related to him what had befallen me, and having read my memorial, I asked him how I could send it? To which he replied, with great kindness, that he would undertake to present it himself. After this, I went out, to refresh myself with a little cool air, and during my walks I met Prince Sulkowsky, who appeared not in the least astonished when I told him what had happened, and related to me a similar adventure which had occurred to him at Vienna, where he received an order from the Empress

Maria Theresa to quit the place within four-and-twenty hours, and this for no other reason, but because he had brought the hereditary Arch-Duchess of Austria Prince Louis of Wurtemberg's compliments.

The next morning, Count Moszczinsky brought me two thousand ducats from the King, at the same time telling me, that his Majesty had had no idea I could have been distressed by pecuniary matters at a time when I had so much more reason to tremble for my life. That a regard for my personal safety had been the only reason for his ordering me away, as my life was in imminent danger as long as I remained in Warsaw, and more particularly, as I was in the habit of walking out in the evening. It was well known, that several persons had challenged me without the slightest provocation, to whom I had never returned any answer, and they, to revenge themselves for the contempt with which I had treated them, would be very likely to assassinate me! The King, therefore, was anxious to remove the possibility of this, and of the disturbances to which it might give rise. Moszczinsky likewise assured me, that I had no reason to consider my honour as at all compromised by the order I had received, as the circumstances under which it had been given, the person through whom it had been communicated, and the length of time allowed me for preparation, all tended to obviate such an imputation. The result of our conference was, that I promised the Count to take my departure as soon as possible, and intreated him to lay at the feet of his Majesty my acknowledgements for the favour he had shown me, and the gracious interest he had taken in my life. The generous Moszczinsky embraced me, and begged I would do him the favour of accepting the trifling present of a travelling carriage, as I was not provided with one of my own, at the same time conjuring me to write to him. Before I left Warsaw, I heard that Binetti's husband had eloped with her maid, carrying with them all her diamonds and plate, but that the fair-one's friends had agreed to lose no time in repairing her losses. The next day, I paid all my debts,

and made my arrangements for leaving Warsaw the following morning, in company with Count Clari.—He travelled in his own carriage, and I in the one Moczyński had given me. We directed our course towards Breslau.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCOTTISH BALLAD POETRY.

No. 1.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago, there were published in England no less than five translations of Bürger's celebrated Ballad of "William and Lenore." In the periodical publications of the day, it was insinuated that the plot had been taken from the Scottish ballad of "Sweet William's Ghost," in Percy's Reliques, Vol. III., p. 127; and in the monthly Magazine for September 1796, the author was supposed to have found his materials in an English ballad entitled, "The Suffolk Miracle, or, A Relation of a young man who, a month after his death, appeared to his sweetheart, and carried her on horseback for forty miles, in two hours, and was never seen after, but in his grave." Now, although it is certainly true, that the wits of Göttingen, (of whom Bürger was one) were at that time sadly ballad-struck by "Percy's Reliques;" yet there is no "Suffolk Miracle" there; and the traditions of his own country sufficiently justify our adopting, without reserve, the statement given in Bürger's Life, (Works, Vol. IV., p. 36,) by his confidential friend and biographer, Dr Althop, that Bürger once heard a peasant girl, by moonlight, singing,

"The moon shines bright;
The dead ride swift—
Fair love! art not afraid?"

and that this was the only foundation he had for his poem; nor could the most anxious inquiries of himself and his friends ever recover another line of the original. In the second volume of "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," p. 19, however, the whole ballad (*evidently a recent fabrication*) is given, with a notice by the Editors, that "Bürger heard this song in an adjacent room."

In the first volume of Rahbek and Nyerup's valuable edition of the Dan-

nish Ballads, p. 383, we find a scrap of a Norwegian song,

"The moon shines,
The dead man grins;
Art thou not afraid?"

which Oelenschläeger has preserved in his "Palnatoke;" and in the very curious and extensive collection lately published at Stockholm, (*of which more hereafter*,) Pref. p. lii., there is a similar passage still remembered in Sweden;

"The moon shines,
The dead man rides;
Bolla! art not afraid?"

All these seem to have belonged to tales founded upon opinions once general (though now confined to the peasantry) among all the kindred nations of the north. Like our own tales and *superstitions*, (if they must be called by that name,) they are all of a moral tendency; their influence upon the minds and manners of the people was formerly very powerful; and the salutary effects of that influence are now fast disappearing, where the *old light*, which was steadily and distinct, has been put out by the *new light*, which flickers and dazzles, and too often shines upon objects which were better left in the shade.

The following ballad (the original of which will be found in Vol. I., p. 210, of Nyerup and Rahbek's "Udvalgte Danske Viser fra Middelalderen.") is here given, not on account of any striking beauty to be found in itself, but because of its strong resemblance to some of the oldest and most characteristic remains of the same kind in our own country, which we wish to illustrate, by furnishing, from time to time, select specimens from the ample materials in our possession; leaving the reasonings upon the subject to your readers, or to your friend W. W., who has shewn that he can reason equally well upon any thing, or upon nothing at all!

AAGE AND ELSE.

It was the knight Sir Aage,
He's ridden him under ðe*.

* "Under ðe;" i. e. *under isle*, is a phrase of constant occurrence in the Danish and Swedish ballads, and therefore we leave it just as we found it.

And he's wedded the maiden Elselille,
She was sae fair a may.

He's wedded the maiden Elselille,
Wi' mickle goud and fee;
And that day month thereafter,
In the black mools lay he.

It was the maiden Elselille,
Sair was her maen and dool;
That heard the knight Sir Aage,
Hyne under the black mool.

Up raise the knight Sir Aage,
His kist upon his back †;
Sae migh'd he near the maiden's bow'r,
Wi' mickle pain and wrack.

Wi' the kist he rapped at the door;
He had nae cladding on:
"Rise up, rise up, maiden Elsc,
And lat your bridegroom in."

Then up spak maiden Elselille,
"I'll nae unbar the door,
But an thou the name o' *Jesus* name,
As thou could do afore."

"Rise up, rise up, maiden Elsc,
Unbar to me the door,
For the name o' *Jesus* I can name,
As I could do afore."

Up raise she, Elselille—ay down
Her cheeks the tears did rin;
Unharr'd the door to the dead man,
To come her bow'r within.

And she has ta'en her gouden keam,
And keam'd wi' it his hair;
For ilka hair she reddit out,
She loot fa' a moody tear.

"Now tell me, knight Sir Aage,
Allerdearest! tell to me,
How is it in the swarthy mools,
And in the greaf wi' thee?"

"It's every time thy heart is glad,
Or joy with thee is found,
Wi' leaves o' roses a' my greaf
Is sweetly curtain'd round.

"It's every time thy heart is sad,
Or ~~doe~~ is thy mood;
My weary kist is a' within
Fill'd fu' o' lapper'd blood."

"The red cock craws;—I maun awa',
And tak' my leave o' thee;
The dead maun to the caird return,
And there's nae boot for me.

"The black cock craws;—I maun awa',
And to the greaf gang down:
The gates o' Heaven are opening—
To gang I maun be down."

Up raise the knight Sir Aage,
Took the kist upon his back,
And he is to the kirk-yard gane,
Wi' mickle pain and wrack.

'Twas then the maiden Elselille,
Sae dowie was her fa,
Her bridegroom she has followed,
Out throw the mirky shaw.

When he wan throw the mirky shaw,
And in the kirk-yard there,
Swythe turn'd to colour o' the ground
Sir Aage's yellow hair.

And whan he throw the kirk-yard wan,
And in the kirk he gaed;
The roses blacken'd on his cheek,
As haw as ony lead.

"O hear me now, love Elselille,
Thou allerdearest nunc!
Thou greet nor sorrow never mair,
Nor for thy bridegroom pine!

"Look up, look up to the lift sae clew,
Wi' starnies sma' and bright,
Look up, and ye fu' well may see
How sauchly gangs the night."

She lookit up to the heav'n clear †,
And starnies bright and sma':—
Down sank the dead into the eard,
And him nae mair she saw.

Hame gaed the maiden Elselille,
Wi' heart fu' sad and wae;
And that day month thereafter
In the swart mools she lay.

R. JAMIESON.

* "The gates of Heaven are opening," &c. In several of the Swedish ballads, as well as in some of our own, the ghost, on similar occasions, says, "*The bells of Heaven are ringing*" to mattins. Even the "*amara piorum concilia, elysium-que*" of Virgil, however beautiful, is true and flat when compared with this.

† In the old Romances, people of the first rank sleep without their shirts; and as ghosts in Germany, and in the North, generally come from their graves *stark naked*, and with their coffins on their backs, the presumption is, that they were buried without shrouds. In the wooden cuts to one of the older editions of the German "*Heldenbuch*," a skeleton bearing a coffin several times occurs.

† In the Northern ballads, the beloved object who is revisited by a friendly ghost, is always desired to look up to the moon or stars, while the phantom vanishes—Our ghosts are not so delicate.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOON
UPON THE SEASONS.

Translated from a Paper of M. Olbers, in "Annales de Chimie et de Physique. Février, 1822."

THE moon acts upon the earth in a manner certain and demonstrable; for it enlightens our nights, it draws the earth a little from its elliptic orbit, it occasions a small oscillation in the earth's axis, it produces the flux and reflux of the sea, and an analogous but less motion in the atmosphere. But it has been the general opinion of mankind, from time immemorial, that, beside these demonstrable effects, the moon, according to its different phases, exercises a considerable influence upon the weather, upon the health of mankind, upon animals, upon vegetation, and on chemical operations. Experience alone can throw light upon this subject; for it is possible that the moon may have an influence upon our atmosphere, produced by the different forces of attraction which it exercises at different times,—and also by its light. Long and well-conducted experiments have completely refuted such hypotheses; they have proved, that neither the lunar phases, nor the situation of the moon with respect to the sun and earth, have scarcely any influence upon the weather; for no fixed relation whatever can be discovered between them, notwithstanding the vast number of trials and observations which have been made for a great number of years. The results deduced from one series of meteorological observations, are always contradicted by another series: we cite, for example, Howard, who believed he had discovered that the barometer rose most frequently in the quadratures, and that its fall was most common in the syzgies. Cotte, on the contrary, to whom meteorology is so much indebted, and who commenced in order to confirm the remark of Howard, afterwards found, by twenty years' observation, that the barometer was the highest at the time of the *new* moons, and lowest at the time of the *full* moons. Lalande and Lamark have drawn from their observations the most opposite results, respecting the effects of the moon in her passage by the plane of the equator. But a decisive proof of

the small influence of the moon, appears to me to result from this circumstance, that this influence, by whatever forces it may be produced, known or unknown, ought to be the greatest possible between the tropics; however, in the equatorial regions, not a trace of it can be found. In these countries, the heat, the rain, the winds, &c. all depend on the distance of the sun from the zenith of the place, without any regard to the situation or the *phases* of the moon. We may be yet more convinced of the smallness of this influence, if we reflect that the most opposite weather, in different parts, takes place at the same instant of time, and consequently, under the same lunar phase. This fact is determined, with the greatest evidence, by the accounts of the weather which we receive from different places during the time of an eclipse. M. Bode, for example, has collected the remarks made during the time of the solar eclipse which happened on the 18th of November 1816; where we perceive a strange mixture of good and bad weather, without any respect to order, spread, during this day, through a great part of Europe. Professor Brandes having compared, with great labour, but in a very instructive manner, the variation of the weather which took place over a great part of the earth's surface in 1783, found no relation between it and the lunar phases; and if a variation in the weather appeared to coincide with these phases in any one country, no variations, or opposite variations, would take place in other countries. The periods of eighteen and of nineteen years make no discovery of any sensible analogy in the variations of the weather during the years equally distant from these intervals.

Some have pretended to have remarked sensible effects produced by the rising of the moon, and by her culmination; but the phenomena cited by them, either do not prove this influence, or are not accurate. Several of our mariners also hold, that the full moon, when rising, dissipates the clouds; but this prejudice owes its origin to the circumstance, that the clouds commonly disappear during a tranquil evening, and consequently also at the rising of the

moon, according to a very just remark of M. Brandes. The pretended observation, that a storm cannot approach from the zenith at the time of full moon, contradicts itself; for the electric cloud which is at the horizon of one place, is at the zenith of another place not many miles distant. But in asserting that the lunar influence upon the season is extremely weak, and that it is nearly lost among the other causes which produce a variation in the weather, we are not certain that the moon does not produce some little effect. Let us see what the theory seems to indicate. The moon and sun produce, twice in twenty-four hours fifty minutes, a flux and a reflux, both in the ocean and in the atmosphere: these motions vary with the phases of the moon; they are the strongest in the new and full moons, and the weakest in the first and last quarters. Let us suppose, for example, that the tides of the atmosphere produce a change of .0354 of an inch in the height of the barometer, in syzygies; it will produce only half that variation in the quadratures. Now, though these effects are so weak, it is not impossible but that the strong tides at the new and full moon may dispose the atmosphere to receive considerable motion. We dare not, therefore, declare as absolutely false, the observations which some philosophers pretend to have made, namely, that more storms happen at the time of new and full moon, than at the time of the quadratures. It is the same with respect to the passage of the moon through the equator, and through the perigee; at these times it may act as an *exciting cause*, although no violent motion be produced by it in the atmosphere.

The moon may also have an influence upon the variation of the weather, in an indirect manner; that is, by the motion of the waters of the ocean, at least upon some coasts. It is true, that, in the open sea, the height of the tides never exceeds three or four feet; but upon the coasts, in bays, and narrow channels, the rise of the tides is much more considerable. At Brest, for example, it rises more than twenty feet, and at Bristol more than fifty. Ought not the motion of these large masses of water to occasion

some variations in the atmosphere, especially as they appear to have a small influence on the electricity of the air? The inhabitants of the sea-coasts believe it to be a fact, that the changes in the weather, and the force and direction of the wind and clouds, depend on the tides. We may here observe, that the tides of the ocean, and those of the atmosphere, do not happen at the same instant, though both are produced by the sun and moon, and both have the same period. The air being easily moved, and not being hindered by any obstacle, instantly obeys the attractive force of the moon; but the waters of the ocean are more tardy in obeying this force. On this account, the atmospheric tides immediately follow the passage of the moon over the meridian; but high water, in the open sea, does not take place till three hours afterwards; and on coasts, and in bays, it happens still later. It is possible, then, that the *mediate* and *immediate* effects of the moon upon the atmosphere, in some places, mutually destroy each other; and this is perhaps the cause why the astronomer Horsley, at Oxford, could not perceive, in the English observations, any relation between the weather and the phases of the moon; while Toaldo, at Padua, believed that he *could distinguish* the moon's influence in the observations made during fifty years by Poleni. Now, though I would not deny but that the results deduced from observations by Toaldo may be partly true for the climate of Italy, I must still observe, that, from the great number of exceptions to his rules, he was himself convinced that the lunar influence was *extremely small*. A series of experiment, for many years, has convinced me, that in our climate, where the weather is subject to more considerable and more numerous variations, the rules of Toaldo are entirely wrong. For example, on the 7th of December, 1813, the full moon coincided with the perigee, and two days after the moon had its greatest northern declination; so that, from the principles of Toaldo, the lunar influence ought to have been the greatest possible; but, notwithstanding all this, there was not any sensible change in

the weather. I believe, then, that I have *demonstrated*, that the influence of the moon upon the weather is so small, that it is totally lost among the infinite number of other forces and causes which change the equilibrium of our very moveable atmosphere. The influence of the moon upon the weather, and upon the atmosphere, being so insensible, we are entitled very much to suspect its pretended influence either upon men, animals, or plants. In fact, it is *all of it* due to illusion and prejudice. It is evident that the duration of the period of some phenomena exhibited by men in health, agree only nearly, and never exactly, with the lunar revolutions; and that these phenomena show themselves under every phase of the moon, not only in persons of the same age, and of the same constitution, but also in the same individual. This alone is sufficient to show that the moon has no influence, and all *modern physicians* are agreed on this point.

I have little faith in the observation of Sanctorius; namely, that men in health gain one or two pounds in weight at the commencement of the month, and that they lose as much towards the end. In the same manner, observations made with the greatest care, have induced me to doubt very much the remark made by the poet Lucilius, and often repeated; namely, that lobsters, crabs, and other shell-fish, are fattened while the moon is on the increase, and when she is decreasing. A very little attention will convince us of the nullity of this assertion; especially if we can but credit the remarks made by the able physician, Rohault. I have the greatest confidence in the very careful experiments made by the celebrated agriculturists, Laquinterie, Nardmann, Reichard, and Hartenfels; also by the great naturalists, Buffon and Reaumur; who proved distinctly, that the increase or decrease of the moon had no influence, either upon the germination of seeds, or upon the increase of plants, or upon the rapidity of their development, or upon their quality. I have also much difficulty in believing, that the light of the moon produces a particular effect different from that of any other light.

The experiments made in Rome, in 1783, by Athan. Cavallon, and repeated by Bertholon de Saint-Lazare, prove nothing respecting lunar light augmenting evaporation; in the same manner I assert, that those of Weitz, made with potash at Lautenberg, prove nothing respecting the lunar rays drawing forth humidity. If, in South America and Batavia, they have such a dread of moonlight, I should attribute the pretended pernicious effects said to be produced, more to the humidity of the air, and to the coldness of the nights, than to the effect of any influence of the moon. Bontius observed the tetanus to take place at Java most frequently during the night, in the rainy season; and he expressly remarked, that the two terrible diseases so frequent in the East Indies, namely, the cholera morbus and the dysentery, most frequently took place during the rainy months of summer. The celebrated Reil observes, that sailors have become incapable of supporting daylight, from having slept exposed to the light of the moon. I have, however, never heard from our sailors any complaint of this kind. M. Reil also asserts, that children sleep less tranquilly when the moon is on the increase. Having had no experience on this subject, I cannot speak decidedly as to the truth of it; but, in any case, we could explain it without having recourse to the influence of the moon. I should be glad to know if painters have really remarked that the feeble light of the moon has an effect upon their colours, as they have pretended it has*. In a word, experience does not prove any particular influence of the moon's phases upon animal organization; and the theory given by R. Mead is absolutely false. I can positively assert, that I have always been attentive to this subject, with respect to sick persons, during the long time that I have practised medicine, and

* Experiments made at the Royal Observatory at Paris, have proved that the light of the moon, condensed by a very powerful lens, had no effect whatever in altering chemical products, though very sensibly, and easily affected by the light of the sun.—*Note by the French Translator.*

that I never perceived any relation between the courses of the moon and my patients, or between their symptoms and the means of effecting cures. Neither have I remarked any influence of the lunar phases, either on diseases caused by worms, or dropsy, tumors, or even on epileptic diseases; I will not, however, deny, contrary to so many ancient observations, but that the moon may have some influence in particular diseases.

Among all the instruments we can employ, in order to detect natural agents, otherwise imperceptible, the most sensible, as Laplace has very properly observed, are the nerves, the sensibility of which is often increased by disease. It is by means of the nerves that we can discover the feeble electricity produced by the contact of two metals; and it can only be owing to the extreme sensibility of the nerves, that some sick persons are able to perceive the influence of the moon in particular situations, that influence being so extremely small.

It may also be this circumstance, perhaps, which has discovered to physicians that there is a relation between the lunar phases and the access of epilepsy and insanity. I dare not decide whether we are to explain in this manner the remarks made by Diemerbreck and Renuzzini, respecting the pestilential fevers which raged in the years 1636, 1692, 1693, and 1694. It could, however, be owing to nothing but accident, that so many persons affected with fever died, during the time of the lunar eclipse, which happened on the 21st of January 1693. The influence of the moon upon the crisis of diseases, taught by Galen, and defended so long in the schools of medicine, is contradicted by experience, at least in Europe; and if Balfour be right, in asserting that there is a connection between the tides and the access of endemic fevers in India, and that the crisis of fevers happens but at the moment when the lunisolar action begins to decrease, we can only so far agree with him, that this effect only takes place near the sea-coast. In general, we must read those authors, who refer so many things to the effects of the moon on

diseases, with considerable distrust. It is here, as in many cases of reverie—we only *see* it when we *believe* it. A belief in this influence can only deceive the observer, who, otherwise fond of truth, shares this belief with the sick person; and thus it is that hope and fear excite in the imagination effects to which the moon does not in any way contribute. Thus, also, it was in former times. People in general were afraid of eclipses of the sun and moon, and believed that these phenomena exercised certain pernicious influences over sick persons, and persons possessed of weak nerves; now, absolutely no sick person perceives the effect, and the physicians pay no attention to it.

THE FAIRY MINSTREL, AND OTHER
POEMS. BY WILLIAM MILLAR *.

WE have been induced, by more considerations than one, to notice this little volume, which comes from the land hallowed by the last residence of the never-to-be-forgotten Burns, and contains poetry certainly above mediocrity, and which may claim a tolerably near approximation to a higher order of the art. It is also the production of a young candidate for poetical fame, who, if he profit by our admonitions, may in time aspire to the achievement of still more successful efforts. The capital fault of the author consists in having filled the first and largest portion of his volume with a train of rhapsodies, called "*The Fairy Minstrel*," which, bating smooth and agreeable versification, with occasional glimpses of genius, is at best a sort of flimsy drapery, to deck out the merest *buvarlage*. Mr Millar's pinions require much nurture and growth, before he can hope to spurn the bounded reign of human existence,—to soar successfully into the region of supernaturalities,—and to hold converse with beings who never had existence but in the night-dreams of superstition, or in the day-dreams of poetical imagination. To ensure any thing

* In one volume duodecimo. Printed at Dumfries, for Oliver & Boyd, and Waugh & Innes, Edinburgh.

like success in such attempts, it is not enough that the fable be constructed by the very best rules of art, and abound in the richest variety of incident and situation. It must also be adorned with all the vigour and graces which the loftiest poetical inspiration can bestow, and without which it is nothing, and worse than nothing, and vanity. But the times when such flights might be tolerated have gone past, "The White Lady of Avenel," although decked out under the directing genius of the MIGHTY MASTER himself, is no great favourite. The supernaturalities of Shakespeare, Spenser, and other worthies of their age, are, it is true, not only tolerated, but admired. Yet, after making every allowance for the veneration we owe to these remnants of the "olden time," and to the presiding influence of univalled genius,—is not a very considerable proportion of that admiration rivetted to, and dependent upon, our affections for them as the companions of our youthful studies,—dependent upon that halo, which, until our latest hour, brightens and endears all our youthful and strongest associations?

Mr Millar is chargeable, not only with the sin of being a modern, but with that of the total neglect of every thing like ingenious superstructure of fable to amuse, in the absence of those higher beauties to which we have alluded. When, therefore, he comes with his second edition to the Dumfries Courier printing-office, (this volume exhibits an unusually favourable specimen of provincial typography,) let him, by all means, consign his fairies and their minstrel to "the tomb of all the Capulets,"—let him reserve his poetical decorations for human beings, with whom he is better acquainted,—and let them occupy the front, instead of the rear, of his next poetical adventure. Let him also expunge "The Dream" from his second edition, and consign it to haunt the eternal sleep of his fairies. Although Hotspur, in the pages of Shakespeare, is not yet forgotten,—better, far better, had Sir Walter Scott again

—"from the dust

'Call'd up that sleeping hero, bid him tread
The scene for our amusement,"

than Mr William Millar publish such a thing as *his* dream, after Lord Byron's "Darkness, a Dream," or after the "Last Day" of Young and of Michael Bruce.

We must also caution Mr M. to avoid carefully, in future, the repetition of some instances of bad taste, and of solecisms in language, which have crept into his volume. For the sake of brevity, and to show the author that "such things are," we shall point out only two instances. In page 14, we have the following sample of antithetical nonsense:

"So sweetly sad—so sadly sweet."

Precisely so! It is first "*sweetly sad*," although we have never yet heard of any kind of *sadness* that was *sweet*; and then it is "*sadly sweet*," which is exactly what Tom, Dick, or Bill, of the High School, would say of the sugar plums, which mamma had given him in the morning, to make him a *good* boy, and pay attention to Mr Carson, and the relative *Qui, Quæ, Quod*.

The next, and a still more palpable blunder in the proper use of language, occurs at page 178, in the lines on the death of the Rev. John Dunn:

"Ah! thou answerest nothing."

We have seldom met with an instance in which, by a singular perversion of ingenuity, *three* words have been made to express such a degree of complex absurdity. If we read the line according to the following punctuation, "thou answerest—nothing;" then "*nothing*" is the amount of the *dead* gentleman's *positive* answer. If, again, we furnish "*nothing*" with a capital letter at the beginning, and read the line after this *slight* alteration, it will imply that the *dead* man gave a positive answer to a gentleman called "*Nothing*," (a man of a very ancient family in *this* world, whatever may be the case in the *next*) who had *previously* asked him a *question*! If, lastly, we read the line rapidly, we come to the meaning which the author really intended to convey, and which is neither more nor less than this, that the *dead* gentleman gave *no answer at all*; which was just what might have been expected! If Mr Miller will have the goodness to substitute "*not*" for "*nothing*."

in his next edition, the line will be at least English, and, what is more, intelligible.

Having thus noticed what we consider as the errors, we now turn to the more pleasing task of pointing out the merits of Mr Miller.

This youthful poet is obviously an imitator of Lord Byron. He has not yet, it is true, displayed much of that intensity of thought, and vigour of expression, embodied in the versification of the Noble Lord; but it affords us pleasure to state, that his effusions are in unison with the best sympathies of our nature, and ardently devoted to the support of that moral and religious creed on which are grounded our best and dearest hopes. The following stanza, however, from the lines to Bertha, is somewhat characteristic of Byron's gloomy views:

Wilt thou not weep, when on Corruption's chart

Thy pitying eye shall mark my name enroll'd;

When o'er this now full kind and faithful heart

The lazy reptile trails each clammy fold;

When this warm bosom shall be chill and cold,

Its former hopes and fears remembering not;

When, pent and shrouded in my narrow hold,

Even BERTHA's very self I'll have forgot,

While rank weeds gaily wave above my slumbering spot?

It is, however, atoned for by the following, which alludes to the consolations derived from religion:

Let cold Privation's, withering hand invade,

And club her furnish'd myrmidons around;

This is the saint's surrounding path-side,

That bars their entrance on forbidden ground;

Let Sickness, too, inflict her deadliest wound,

And Trouble all his wasting horrors spread;

This is the dew that flowers the barren ground,

That pours fresh balm upon the sufferer's head,

And softens into down Affliction's thorniest bed.

Yea, let himself, the King of Terrors, come,

Ghastly apparell'd for the dreadful fight!

This is the hope that mitigates our doom,
And blunts the poison'd arrows of his might;

That bids the victim bravely holla—
“Sinners!”

While his glad soul, unshackling from her clay,

Big with importance, and in triumph dight,

Wings o'er the Almighty's path-way—
—lives in day,

And flouts with victor-smile the stern avenger's sway!

The following part of an Address to Fancy, in page 23, of the Fairy Minstrel, is, we think, very beautiful: the concluding lines appear a tolerably close imitation of perhaps the most beautiful passage in the Giaour of Lord Byron.

Sweet Fancy! may I come to thee,
Though last, yet not the least to me,
Whom often, in the hour of pain,
I've sought and never sought in vain:
Do thou but raise thy magic wand,
And all the charms of Fairy land
Will burst upon the ravish'd eye,
As fair as bright reality!—

Oh! 'neath thy soft and soothing power
I've linger'd many a happy hour,
Inviting thy transmuting skill
To please a thousand fancies of will,
And picture scenes to glad the eye
That charm'd even when the spell was by.
With thee, sweet Fancy! I have trod

The kingly hall, a monarch crown'd,
Proud menials crouching to my nod,

And starry nobles glittering round;
While, with a nation's lavish'd treasure,

I revel'd on the lap of Pleasure,
With every blessing at command

The joys of sense could well demand:—
And—but for that strange, meddling fear,

That ever gave my bosom woe,
Still whispering in the conscious ear.

“There is no lasting joy below;”
And—but for that convincing sigh

Breath'd from the very lips of bliss,
That spoke of weak mortality

In every hour of happiness—
I then had priz'd the pleasures given,
Too much to seek a happier heaven.

We would willingly have quoted other passages abounding in copious diction, and rich and sweet versification, but our limits prevent us. It is, however, in the minor pieces, that Mr Miller's genius appears to

the greatest advantage. We would, in particular, instance the lines (excepting always the unhappy line on which we have inadvertently, perhaps too severely,) to the memory of the Rev. John Dunn; *The Vision*; *The Orphan*; and *The Storm*. *The Infant's Dream*, we think superior to many of Wordsworth's happiest effusions. There is a winning tenderness, and a pathos in it, which would have done honour to that great poet. We conclude our extracts with "*The Soldier's Funeral*," not because it is the best, but the shortest of Mr M's. minor poems.

Saw ye that phalanx move, solemn and slow,

With the sleeper that ne'er shall awaken?

Hear'd ye the loud lamentation and woe
That the sons of the mighty were making?

How sadly sublime is the bugle's wild breath!

And how mournful the funeral train!
To prove that the Soldier is honour'd at death,

'Tho' he fall not to sleep with the slain.

The helmet is vacant—the sable-cled horse
Is wearily drooping his head,
As if he were griev'd for his rider's pale corse,

And wept o'er the bier of the dead!

And the sword, that erst gleam'd in the glory of strife

When the hosts were in terror array'd,
Is still, as a thing that is robb'd of its life,
Or the arm which it never betray'd.

But 'tis o'er;—he, who stood amid thousands that fell,

Is a victim at last to the grave;

The artillery's thunder is tolling his knell,
To hallow the tomb of the brave.

The shout of the battle no more shall awake him,

Nor the echo of Liberty's breath;

For the camp and the field are for ever forsaken—

• He has sunk in the slumbers of death!

THE SEASONS CONTEMPLATED IN
THE SPIRIT OF THE GOSPEL, SIX
SERMONS. BY THE REV. THOMAS
GILLESPIE, MINISTER OF CULTS.
BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH. 1822.

THESE Sermons impose no difficult task on our critical sagacity, yet seldom have we met with a work which

put our critical justice to so severe a test. Their faults and their beauties, though far from being equally numerous, are at least equally prominent, and they sometimes come upon us in the most perplexing alternation. Arraigned on the stern principle adopted by a certain celebrated junto, *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*, their author might fear and tremble; for his offences are exactly of that description, over which a critic, determined to shew his sagacity by censuring, might growl with the greatest satisfaction. Tried by the more generous, but surely as reasonable principle, *Damnatur judex, qui bonum damnat*, he might well be confident of a favourable sentence, for in every page his faults are redeemed by merits of the highest order; and scarcely have our brows been gathered into the frown of reproof, when we find them relaxed into the placid complacency of approbation, or lightened up with the glow of admiration and delight.

Weighed, then, in the equal balance of genuine criticism, he will be found wanting in few of the great qualities which destine an author for extensive and enduring fame. Yet his faults will not altogether kick the beam; and, swinging as they do in pendulous notoriety, they may attract the eyes, and draw forth the animadversions of many a *Malgrowth* critic, who cannot, or will not, appreciate the sterling qualities by which they are so decidedly outweighed.

These faults we do not mean to extenuate. An affectation to display vigour of talent, and originality of genius, to the neglect of the more ordinary and attainable qualities of correctness and taste, is the characteristic vice of modern literature—a vice, which has passed from those ephemeral productions, in which, present effect being the prime object, it might be comparatively harmless, if not beneficial, into works of a graver and more important character, and which, we hesitate not to predict, will operate as an active principle of mortality in some favourite compositions, which, if prepared with more care, and seasoned with better taste, would have continued to be relished and admired, so long as the human mind

retained its sensibility to beauty of sentiment and grandeur of conception. To the ingenious author of these sermons, the term *affectation* would indeed be egregiously misapplied; but, while we are willing to do homage to his powers, we would beg leave to remind him, that the consciousness of natural superiority is no apology for crudeness and negligence; that we like to see Hercules wield his club with grace, as well as with vigour; and that even the symmetry of Apollo may be marred or disguised by awkward attitudes or unbecoming drapery. But we are in danger, we find, of expatiating in censure, while we are rather disposed to give forth our feelings in expressions of regard and of kindness; for with much regard and kindness do we welcome this first avowed production of our author's pen; and if we feel compelled to apply the rod, we lift it in the spirit of duty and affection. As if our author, conscious of his ability to counteract the impression which his blemishes might occasion, were desirous to familiarize his readers with them at once, we find them peculiarly glaring in his very first sentences; and had we shut the book, after glancing at the first and second pages,—whatever idea we might have formed of the propriety of his remarks, or the felicity of his conceptions,—we should have entertained but a poor opinion of either his propriety or felicity in expressing them. The subject of his first Sermon is “Winter; or, God manifested in his pavilions of darkness.” He has chosen for his text the sublime words of David, (2 Sam. xxii. 12.) “He maketh darkness his pavilion around him,” and he thus commences:

To us, who inhabit a *less* rigorous climate—upon whose dwellings, even at this season of darkness, the sun daily directs a cheering influence—who are enabled, amidst the inclemencies of winter, to procure and to *participate* many social and domestic comforts, the habitations of those *less* favourably circumstanced, naturally suggest an aspect of dreariness and desolation. To those, again, who are situated in a *different extreme*, who live under perpetual sunshine, and amidst the undecaying spring of a southern climate; to whom “ice, and snow, and hoar frost,”

are unknown; who, amidst undying vegetation and verdure, endeavour to *apprehend* our winter scenery—our naked and leafless forests—our variable and inclement atmosphere, our “ice in morsels, our snow as wool:” to persons under these circumstances, our cold and ungenial latitudes must, on the other hand, appear comfortless and revolting: and yet certain it is, that no known climate under heaven is totally destitute of the means of supporting, and supplying comfort to man.

Let our author himself attempt to analyse these sentences, and we are quite sure he will be surprised and startled, at the unlucky chance which has led him to crowd into so few lines, and these introductory, so many instances of careless construction, and of improper phraseology. We know the difficulty of entering easily and gracefully upon a subject, even when our brain is teeming with ideas, and when we have traced, in a well-digested arrangement, the order in which they are to be marshalled forth. But we know, likewise, the importance of conciliating, at the outset, the good opinion of our readers, and of affording them no opportunity of cavilling, while their minds, as yet free and disengaged, can coolly attend to every peculiarity of style and expression. But, to escape from the unpleasant and invidious task of censuring, when there is so much to commend, we shall sum up, in a few words, what we think the besetting sins of our author, (which, at the worst, are venial, and easily corrected) that we may leave ourselves some space to enlarge on his better qualities, which are far more numerous and peculiar. The faults which appear to us most remarkable in his style, are the too frequent use of abstract and general terms, which sometimes offend by the novelty of their application, and sometimes render his meaning obscure or doubtful by a strange and harsh combination of terms; an occasional mixing or impropriety of metaphor, suggesting absurd and ludicrous images; a strong propensity to accumulate epithets, which only swell the sentence without adding to the sense; an excessive fondness for alliteration, and a homeliness and vulgarity of expression, which sometimes destroy the effect of

his finest and most animated passages. We should be guilty of great injustice to our author, however, were we to insinuate that these faults are of frequent occurrence; on the contrary, they are so rare, that, compared with the intrinsic beauties of this interesting and delightful little volume, they may be accounted little more than the small dust of the balance; and we should wonder at ourselves, for even pausing to notice them, had not most of them been forced upon our observation at the outset, before we had been subdued, by the author's powerful genius, into the attitude and tone of unqualified admiration. We feel ourselves on much safer ground than in our censures, when we aver, that in *no modern sermons* are all the high attributes of genius more unequivocally displayed than in these now under our review. In sermons on the seasons there is, of course, but little exercise for the reasoning faculty,—though it does occasionally appear in equal vigour with the other powers, which the author's subjects more immediately call forth. But if an imagination, glowing with the brightest conceptions, creating at will the fairest poetical images, and fraught with the most appropriate allusions, yet under the control of a correct and enlightened judgment; if a comprehension, capable of the most extended views and the most profound reflections; if a heart influenced by the finest sensibilities, and expanding with all the sympathies and the charities of our nature,—can constitute any claim to the distinction of genius, assuredly that distinction will be readily awarded to our author by every reader of discrimination and taste. But these sermons possess a yet higher and rarer merit, which constitute, in our estimation, their principal excellence: it is the merit of rendering all these powers subservient to the purest and most ardent religious sentiment, to a devoted admiration of the precious truths and promises which the gospel reveals, and a benevolent and almost enthusiastic zeal to awaken others to a due appreciation of the truth as it is in Jesus,—of the animating motives which it proposes,—the enlarged and glorious views of the divine economy which it opens up,—

and the exalted hopes which it inspires. While we contemplate, with him, the fair volume of Nature, we find it only an appropriate and beautiful introduction to the more instructive volume of inspiration: in the progress, the perfection, and the decay of that immense variety of productions which mark the advance of the seasons towards the dreary conclusion of the year, the period of desolation and death, we read the fate of man,—his short-lived gaiety, bustle, and activity, closed in the hopelessness of apparent annihilation; and are all led, from the chilling and appalling scene, to that gracious system, by which alone the hopes of mortal men are revived, and life and immortality clearly brought to light. The great moral to which our author wishes to conduct us, and of which, indeed, we are never permitted to lose sight, is, that however our minds may be prepared by constitutional sensibility, or by the advantages of education, for enjoying the sublime and beautiful of creation, he alone can contemplate its glories with unmingled pleasure, who can view them as the earnest of those brighter glories to which his Heavenly Father, reconciled through the Saviour, points the hopes of his believing children; he alone can look forth, in calm tranquillity, on the more awful displays of Divine Majesty, in the summer's thunder and the winter's storm, who knows that they are under the direction of that wisdom and benevolence which have effected his escape from more alarming dangers, and can make all things work together for good to his confiding and humble people. Without the formality of regular divisions, a regular and natural arrangement appears in every sermon, which would render it a very easy task to analyse them. This, however, we shall not attempt, but shall content ourselves with a few quotations, to illustrate the remarks which we have ventured to offer, and to give our readers some idea of the author's manner and style.

In his first Sermon, the subject of which is Winter, he begins with adverting to the relative ideas which the inhabitants of different regions naturally form of the horrors and

privations which winter brings to those who live in climes less favoured than their own, and observes, that as there is no latitude where human life may not be sustained and enjoyed, so there is no variety of season, even under the same climate, which is not marked by divine beneficence. Contrasted with the other seasons, winter presents a more sensible evidence of the resistless and unmeasured power of the Creator—an idea which he illustrates in the following original and striking manner:

During the seasons of progressive or of decaying vegetation, we regard, as it were, the ornaments, and the ornaments alone, of a magnificent edifice,—our attention is fixed upon the separate and component parts too much in detail, to obtain any very correct or commanding impression of the whole. But in winter our view is arrested to the simple but magnificent sublimity in which that whole is invested. There is nothing superficial or merely ornamental to withdraw our attention, from the vast, and the solid, and the intrinsic; from the consideration of that strength, harmony, and proportion, by which God has most forcibly expressed the excellency of his working.

Mere bulk, however, and compass, and arrangement of parts, fail of conveying that impression of sublimity, and by implication of "Power," which can only be attained when these attributes are combined, in all their extent, with that of Motion. The sea, at rest in all the glassy smoothness of a boundless plain, is indeed an interesting object; and in the still, small whisperings of reflection, gives distinct manifestation of a powerful Creator: but the same object, impelled into "motion" by the breath of Heaven; animated into full swell and swing by the tempest; mixing and mingling with the cloud; struggling with the fury of a troubled and indistinct horizon; detaching itself from the distance, and coming down upon the shore in threatening, and swollen, and accumulating strength; recoiling, in broken and ponderous fragments, from the opposing rocks; or tossing, as a thing of rought, the labouring vessel;—this indeed is sublime, and irresistibly suggests His immediate presence and operation, "whose way is upon the mighty waters." Man has thus an opportunity afforded him, during Winter in particular, of contemplating the Deity in his most striking and essential attitude—in the demonstration of unmeasured

Power—in "the blackness, and the darkness, and the tempest,"—in all those great and arresting movements to which the elements around him are then subjected.

We are strongly tempted to quote largely from this Sermon, which proceeds in a strain of sustained elevation, and, with no less truth than beauty, contrasts the Divine Power with the impotency of man, and describes that feeling of entire dependence which the season of darkness and desolation induces, leading us to fly to that "unseen power, and sleepless protection, which is neither modified nor obstructed by times nor by seasons, by light nor by darkness;" warns us how we are reminded by this season of our mortal and perishing destiny, and of the instability of all human joys; draws an analogy between the departure of this ungenial period, and of that original winter, when the earth was without form and void; alludes to the indifference with which this annual miracle is regarded, and concludes with these cheering and beautiful reflections:

Here, then, I am called upon, by the voice of approaching Spring, to conclude, for the analogy of the Winter season carries me no farther. And even that season, which is so soon to revive the species, has no influence, alas! upon the departed individual. The returning sun has no power to break open the seal—to roll away the stone—to effect the resurrection of man from the dead. But what the natural sun cannot, the "Sun of Righteousness," thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift! is fully qualified—fairly pledged to accomplish. Upon all those who have already felt what pains Death, the Winter of human being, can inflict, or who may now be anticipating, with anxiety and fear, his approaching triumph, I would earnestly, in conclusion, urge the consolations connected with the resurrection of JESUS. We die indeed daily, in the death of those in whose affection and friendship was our life; we die in our parents—in our brethren—in our children,—and when, at last, the summons is put into our own hands, we often feel "that death has not much to do." How miserable then were we, if, with all these sources of sorrowing, we were left without any suitable, any adequate support,—if, beyond the cloud and the "darkness," the howling wintry desolation, no brighter sky, no fairer promise arose!

But there is an attested fact on the records of inspiration, inestimable in its value, incalculable in the blessedness of its consequences to man—a fact, in the knowledge and in the belief of which, the darkest and most wintry period of our fate, even the shadow of death's valley itself, are relieved and irradiated—a fact which hath visited man's heart with hope, and with faith, and with joy—which hath travelled through the solitudes and the wilderness of the world, speaking peace to the comfortless, visiting the widow and the fatherless, and sweetening and hallowing every enjoyment.

What, then, though this life, which was never meant as a state of unmixed and ceaseless happiness, be dreary and boisterous—though “God maketh darkness pavilions round about Him, dark waters and thick clouds of the sky:” the storms of Winter will pass quickly away, the Sun of Righteousness will arise, “with healing under his wings,” and a spring, at once boundless and eternal, will encompass all.—AMEN.

But were we to indulge our own inclination to quote, we should transcribe almost the whole volume. We shall therefore limit ourselves to a single quotation more, from the Sermon on Summer, which will serve as a fair specimen of the truly evangelical spirit which pervades and animates these delightful productions.

It is indeed cheering to reflect, and to be assured, by an authority which cannot be questioned, that this very frame which has gone down, shall again be built up. But this reparation must be entirely independent of the frame itself, or of those laws by which its existence or progression are regulated. The poor mass of putrefaction which is sown in dishonour, possesses of itself no power of reviviscence. The insect is lodged in its wintry coffin, but the process of corruption is still suspended. You may cut into pieces the dormant serpent, and still you will discover no traces of previous dissolution. But is this the case with the relicts of mortality! Can you predicate in the same words or meaning respecting the unseemly wrecks of the grave?—What power in nature, what known arrangement of Providence, is pledged to repeople, with the varied and variegated children of fancy, that naked and mouldering tenement which even the worm has deserted? What inherent energy can restore to vigour and freshness, that handful of earth which once was flesh, and which, under the influence of

joy or of sorrow, so lately glowed or palpitated?

It is thus, my brethren, that man, even in the midst of accomplishment—placed under the most favourable circumstances of which the present adjustments of nature will admit, is only brought into more immediate contact with melancholy anticipation, and real disappointment.—Having gained the summit, and gazed for a moment around him, he is immediately and unavoidably carried downwards into the gulf beneath.—This surely is not as it ought to be!—There is an ambition of immortality inherent in man;—there is a desire of accomplishment, which no object in nature is capable of satisfying;—there is a power, and a susceptibility of happiness, which nothing on earth is qualified to meet.—Why, therefore, is this ambition awakened, this desire implanted—this power and capability bestowed?—That all-pervading Spirit, who hath proposed himself, and his attributes, as an infinite subject of investigation and inquiry, best can tell.—That merciful and redeeming Power, whose compassion is equally inexhaustible with his wisdom, best can answer.—The Just made perfect, whose privilege and delight it is to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, and who cease not, day nor night, giving glory, can best declare. And he likewise will be enabled to answer, whose heart is right with God, who has viewed, and who continues to view, all which this world can produce, as the means of excitement rather than as the ends of accomplishment; who, having surveyed the land of promise from this Pisgah elevation, calculates and reflects upon the wilderness and waters of Jordan, which, of necessity, intervene betwixt his present station and his final establishment.—AMEN.

The Sermons entitled the “Inference and Conclusion,” are admirable in their kind, but we confess we could not well see how they are entitled to a place in this volume; for they might serve more appropriately as an inference and a conclusion to a series of discourses on the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, than to a course of sermons on the season of the year.

We now take leave of our author, with the expression of our unfeigned admiration of his talents, our esteem for the more endearing and valuable qualities of his heart, and our gratitude for this specimen which he has afforded us of both. We trust that we shall soon be favoured with

another production from his highly-gifted pen: talents, acquirements, and feelings like his, must not be unemployed: he knows the authority by which we are assured, that, "of him to whom much is given, much will be required!"

SONGS OF THE EXILE *.

THERE is still room in our literature for a *Colonial School* of Poetry, which might possess some interesting peculiarities.

SIR William Jones has justly remarked, that European poets have confined themselves too long to one kind of imagery, whose original attractions are, in consequence, now destitute of novelty. A different aspect of nature, other manners and institutions, the superstitions and legends of distant nations, are all legitimate materials with which the bard may build his "monumentum are perennius." Distance of place, also, like the lapse of time, lends that enchantment to the minds of home-bred readers, which gives such powerful effect to the "Arabian Nights," and the ancient works of fiction.

Seeking this source of originality, several of our best modern writers have laid the scenes of their stories in foreign countries. Southey, in our opinion, has never excelled his description of the Palace of India, and of his heroine's transit to immortality, in the "Curse of Kehama." Lalla Rookh is, doubtless, a pretty poem, full of images that breathe, and thoughts that burn. Yet neither of these works has the flavour of the soil. None but a resident, who is partially naturalised in the East, can impregnate his composition with the raciness of Oriental feeling.

Jones is unquestionably the best translator, or, as we rather think, imitator, of Sanskrit and Persian poetry. His "Songs of Jayadeva," are among the finest intellectual treasures which have been imported to us from the

East. The ode from Hafiz, beginning, "Fair Maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight," is also very beautiful.

About ten years ago, Mr Horace Wilson published an elegant translation of the "Megha Duta, or Cloud Messenger" of Calidasa. But with the genius, taste, and industry, which are manifested in this undertaking, he failed to make the Hindu's remote, mystical, and vague conceptions, agreeable to the British public. Mr Atkinson's "Soohrab," an Episode from the Shah Námah of the Persian Homer, though as good, we are assured, as the original, is nearly void of interest to the Western reader. The productions of both these gentlemen display a vigorous intelligence, with which, somehow or other, we find it difficult to associate the character of Indians. From such persons, we want the soul of Oriental poetry, without its cumbrous and misshapen carcase. Let men of genius, therefore, renouncing translation entirely, betake themselves to the study of nature and manners in the East, and present us with genuine pictures, in that perspective, light, and shade, which the European hand alone can give.

Mr Vetch has the imagination and the heart of a poet, with an ardent sense of piety and moral rectitude. But, free from the prevailing cant and hypocrisy, he occasionally gives expression to feelings that have fully as much of earth in them as of heaven. He has indeed exhibited some bad taste in obtruding private and domestic affairs on the public, which even his intimate friends ought seldom to have heard of. The diction is also sometimes careless and inaccurate. Indeed, if the works before us ever fall into the hands of a critic, who is at once dull and ill-natured, he will certainly grin with great complacency at the author's expense.

It were an easy task to extract many ridiculous passages; but we choose rather to shew, that, from among the weeds, may be culled flowers of no common beauty. The following description of the Tufan, or what Thomson calls the Typhon, as it appears on land, is at once accurate, picturesque, and even sublime:

* Sultry Hours, containing Metrical Sketches of India, and other Poems. By George Anderson Vetch, of the Bengal Military Service. David Brown, Edinburgh.

Nature at length, as of existence tir'd,
Wakes from her slumber on the cham-
paign drear,
And as sublime as e'er by bard admir'd,
Comes thron'd upon Tornado's dark ca-
reer ;
See Midnight, in the West, her banners
rear ;
The blood-red Sun looks troubled from
the skies ;
The distant thunder strikes the list'ning
ear ;
Joy fires again the once enthusiast's eyes,
As o'er Heav'n's wide expanse chaotic
grandeurs rise.

Still onward rolls the volum'd shroud of
night,
More awfully in blazing face of day ;
Far in its yawning bosom's dim twilight,
Ten thousand vast terrific eddies play :
Such has my fancy pictur'd in dismay,
The hour that brings the world's conclud-
ing doom :
Instant annihilation marks its way ;
Thus moment smiles in light yon marble
tomb,
And this 'tis wrapp'd from view in night's
devouring gloom.

Some parts of the foregoing are so
concisely expressed, that a single per-
usal scarcely discovers the force and
extent of the description, though the
author is generally too diffuse. We
shall next transcribe a requiem to the
kindred spirit of Leyden, not un-
worthy of that poet and scholar, and
which may bear a comparison with
the apostrophe of the Mighty Min-
strel, in his *Lord of the Isles*.

But thou, lov'd minstrel of my native
land !
Sound is thy sleep on Java's blazing shore ;
First of the sons of song who graced our
strand,
And shall we hear thy thrilling lyre no
more ?
'Tis said, in ancient times, that still before
its master's death, his harp, untouch'd,
would swell ;
But ne'er aerial lyre, in days of yore,
Did breathe so sweet, so sad a passing
knell,
As that in anguish pour'd from thy pro-
phetic shell.

Still, still it vibrates on my ravish'd ear,
With kindred anguish still it wrings my
heart ;

Sometimes demanding Pity's gentle tear,
And now a wayward joy the sounds im-
part :

For such, O Minstrelay ! thy glorious art,
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To soar exulting 'midst the deepest woe,
And oft, when bleeding from Affliction's
dart,
With brighter flames the Minstrel's breast
will glow,
While in immortal strains he bids his sor-
rows flow.

The ruins of imperial Delhi be-
come the subject of some fine verses
in the poem from which we have
quoted so much already. The ima-
gination dwells with no satisfaction
on the graves of tyrants and assass-
ins ; but even amidst an aristocracy
of military barbarians, total strangers
to true glory, some of the Mogul
princes possessed virtues, of which
they were generally made the vic-
tims.

Undone by virtue : scarce I trace their
biers,
'Midst mausoleum-domes that tower au-
gust :
Yet oh ! how nobler are the pilgrim's tears
Shed, generous Dara, o'er thy unmark'd
dust,
Than all the flattery blaz'd on monumen-
tal bust !

The readers of Dow's history will
understand this allusion to the check-
ered and eventful life of Dara Sheko,
the murdered brother of Aurungzebe.
The following lines, which we think
have much originality, pourtray the
present condition of the capital of
the Indian Cæsars :

Far as the eye can reach, the ravaged
scene
A sadd'ning proof of transient art appears,
With here and there a patch of living
green,
Where from the wreck a field the Ryot
clears.
Thus, after many long revolving years,
Nature reclaims her own from vanity !
See ! on yon conquer'd tower she proudly
rears
Her rooted tree, high waving in the sky
Her verdant bower fair, that smiles with
victory !

Of the smaller pieces, the best are
that " On Visiting the Grave of Lieut.
Kirk in Nepal," the one entitled
" May in Scotland," and the lines
" on a Sprig of Heath," of which we
give a specimen :

Thou art the pledge of loose retreats,
From human affectation free,
joyous Echo still repeats
songs of mountain liberty.

While the author continues to obey the impulse of temporary and local feelings, he should embody his thoughts in odes or songs. More industry, and the exercise of a severer judgment than he has yet manifested, are requisite for the composition of a long poem; fifty-five stanzas of "Sultry Hours," for example, having little or no connection, might as well be called so many sonnets.

Let him, in whatever he attempts, beware of imitating great contemporaries. His admiration of Lord Byron is by far too conspicuous on every occasion. Even the Noble Bard's misanthropy is not wholly omitted. But, instead of indulging in scepticism, and arraigning Providence, Mr Vetch ridicules and contemns his fellow-countrymen in India, exceedingly deploing his own exile. We doubt

not that, in these times, the miseries of receiving *pay and batta* are very great.

In Bengal, too, the European community, gay, heartless, and fond of derision, would perhaps prefer light satire to pathos or sublimity. Yet this predilection ought not to encourage Mr Vetch to attempt a theme foreign to his disposition; we mistake much, at least, if he possess the malignity and the nice observation of artificial life, which that kind of poetry requires. But however qualified, it were surely a more laudable aim to ennoble the place of his sojourn, by associating its scenery with lofty and agreeable emotions, which might tend to reconcile some to their lot, who, like the author, are not satisfied with good pay, moderate duty, and princely attendance.

THE GALLANT ADVENTURES OF FRANCIS CORKINCAP, ESQ. A TALE

CANTO FIRST.

See, see! he like a laycock towers—

He'll reek the starns in twa'r three hours! RAMSAY.

A MAUDLIN, moon-struck child of song confess'd,
Parnassian fields to me are ever fair;

From Fancy's fairy land, my mind's possess'd

Of much that's beautiful, and rich, and rare;

All which, like gold pent in a miser's chest,

Nor dazzles, nor delights, while hoarded there;

Since trifles please, and rhyme is now the fashion,

Why should my pen be still?—I'll follow "my vocation.

But, for a subject, let me pause and think—

Yet, surely, inspiration scorns reflection;

Ideas jostle, rhymes like cymbals clink,

'Then why succumb?—I'll, soaring, seek perfection.

I'm fairly fuddled on Castalia's brink,

And sober mortals only know dejection,

While he who's tipsy breathes in ether bland,

Can walk, ride, run, or fly—do any thing but stand!

The state has long been like an *Ætna* grumbling,

The press its crater, pouring smoke and fire,

With such convulsive and continuous rumbling,

As plainly indicates internal ire;

Some bawling loud, some indistinctly mumbling,

For truth, fame, party, friends, or sordid hire;

A fruitful field expands before the Muse;

She hovers o'er my pen, and whispers, "pick and chuse."

The Ministry are reckon'd lawful game,

And many think the hunting glorious sport,

Even I might find a thousand things to blame;

But politics are not the Muse's forte;

There is a clearer, nobler path to fame,
 Than dabbling through the dirty mire to Court ;
 Let would-be Laureates chuse the venal track,
 And change the fiery steed for Ministerial hack.

Were this the path to true poetic glory,
 I own the era's with reflection big ;
 The Muse might frame an interesting story,
 Of classic gown, or law-encumber'd wig ;
 She too might tell of flaming, red-hot Tory,
 Of raving Radical, and maudlin Whig ;
 Of them who, having places, strive to hold them,
 Despising all who love, or hate, or scorn, or scold them.

This path I scorn—another verse I'll try,
 And for a subject trust to time and chance ;
 'Twere found with ease, were I inclin'd to cry,
 But be it known, I'm more inclin'd to dance ;
 The world will furnish cause to mope and sigh,
 For life appears a tragical romance ;
 Yet, why sit down, and o'er its sorrows snivel ?
 I cannot banish physical nor moral evil.

I have it now—a glorious thought indeed !
 I'll write of one whom I have long admir'd ;
 And pleas'd, no doubt, the wondering world will read,
 Applaud the tale, and never cry 'tis tir'd ;
 My pen already has increas'd its speed—
 My brain is teeming—all my soul's inspir'd !
 I scorn the mercenary, servile elf ;
 My verse shall scold nor flatter no man—but myself.

My own biographer—the world shall hear
 The history of a strange and wayward wight,
 The child of folly, frolic, hope, and fear,
 Of fairy dreams, and airy baubles bright ;
 A tennis-ball, impell'd in mad career,
 A meteor, blazing with illusive light ;
 Whose heart obey'd a head too often wrong ;
 Would you know how, or where, you'll find it in my song.

But Madam Prudence whispers, " Pause, reflect ;
 " This is the age of precedent."—'Tis granted—
 And I to custom shew all due respect ;
 I'll fit you there—if that alone is wanted ;
 In no strange noose I'll rashly run my neck ;
 True fortitude is cool, but never daunted ;
 Yes, ma'am, I'll find you precedents in plenty,
 Though one is good in law, and serves the place of twenty.

First comes a pair of chatty, pleasant fellows ;
 Here, take the lead, good, honest, old Montaigne ;
 Thy sterling sense, like wine that richly mellows,
 Inspires, but not intoxicates the brain ;
 See Franklin next, who puff'd at Freedom's bellows,
 And shone a sage, beyond the Western main ;
 A statesman, sprung from what?—a printer's devil !
 Then let us humbly own, that good may come from evil.

Next I might quote the philosophic Hume,
 Who taught to think, to reason, and to doubt ;
 Whose sceptic pen diffus'd a darkening gloom,
 Who shook the faith of many a mind devout,

Nipt every bud that blossom'd on the tomb,
 And vainly tried to snuff Hope's candle out ;
 When he the history of Kings had shewn,
 Then last, although not least, he gave the world his own.

Of Colley Cibber, Cumberland, Rousseau,
 Of Gibbon, Watson, names well known to fame,
 The Muse might tell, and countless numbers more,
 All " ravish'd with the whistling of a name ;"
 Who keenly felt the warm afflatus glow,
 And fondly fann'd the self-approving flame ;
 These, Madam Prudence, look you—point the road,
 And shall I fear to follow where such worthies trod ?

Some hot-brain'd madmen write their lives in blood ;
 Some build a pyramid, some rear a column ,
 Some level mountains ; others stem the flood ;
 Monks court *éclat* in cells, and cloisters solemn ;
 All seek along the stream of time to scud,
 And grace a page in Fame's red-letter'd volume ;
 Some shine in treatises, some in public speeches,
 And Kings, in quest of fame, make petticoats and breeches !

Some seek applause in anarchy and riot ;
 When ruin'd trade and taxes press a nation ;
 While others think, that toil and meagre diet
 Are talismans to cure the tribulation ;
 If these should fail to keep the grumblers quiet,
 A never-failing nostrum is starvation ;
 Some seek the Cape, some fly to cold Quebec,
 While others for New Holland boldly risk their neck !

For me, in camp or court I never shone ;
 The pension-list my name has never graced ;
 I still respect the altar and the throne,
 But sigh, if sycophants are round them placed ;
 I ne'er harangued the mob, in bawling tone,
 Nor *jus divinum* for my creed embraced ;
 But struggling on, with grumbling paid my taxes,
 And laugh'd at spies, plots, mobs, halters, and headman's axes

No foolish friend shall do my memory wrong,
 No envious foe my hapless name shall stain ;
 I loathe the flattery of the venal throng,
 And scorn the censures of the cynic train ;
 I chuse to float upon the wings of Song ;
 And, therefore, sing in Fashion's epic strain,
 Myself the hero, and my life the theme—
 I would not sink forgot in dark Oblivion's stream ;

But still, to shun the egotistic style,
 (For I am modest for a modern poet ;
 Nay, reader, check that dry, sarcastic smile,
 Before we part, my verse shall clearly shew it,)
 I'll keep behind the curtain all the while,
 Though complaisantly I have let you know it ;
 In short, I'll make the Muse (a gentle filly,)
 The pompous *ego* change, and use the modest *ille* .

Methinks I hear the snarling critic cry,
 " Where is the tale ?—your rambling Muse, confound her !"
 But patience, friend !—for greater wits than I
 Have dug a trench, and placed an eighteen-pounder

To guard the entrance to the log-built styce
Of Madam Sow, with all her farrow round her,
Where nought was heard but grunting, groans, and squeaking.
Or crazy boards and timbers to the tempest creaking.

Who has not seen a whisker'd grenadier,
Broad-shoulder'd, brawny-limb'd, and six feet high,
With well-pois'd musket, bayonet fix'd and clear,
Firm martial step, and fiercely flashing eye,
His post to guard the marquise in his rear,
That Captain Bobadil secure may lie:
A pigmy hero, five feet four in shoes,
Of baths, watch-scales, rings, gloves, and essences profuse.

Again you cry, "With similes have done!
For this is—let me see—the twentieth stanza:
'Arms and the man I sing,' were Virgil's tone;
But thou'rt the maddest poet ever man saw,
Or proser, rather—none were ever known
So garrulous, since days of Sancho Panza!
Nay, thou art inadder even than Sancho's master;
Poor raving lunatic!—thy brain is whirling faster!"

There now, again—psha! how you put me out,
When with my subject just about to grapple!
But my ideas all are put to rout
By honest Sancho, blubbering for his Dapple.
'Twas to his praise—though you have heard, no doubt,
Of her, once dowager of Balnawhapple,
Who went in mourning for a favourite monkey,
But, reading Don, cried, "Shame! a man weep for a donkey!"

Thus each on his own hobby set astride,
Though broken-winded, spavin'd, lame, or blind,
Beholds his neighbour with contemptuous pride,
Who mounts an animal of nobler kind;
Instead of gently ambling side by side,
Each plies the spur, to leave his friend behind;
And, proud to show his mettled courser's fire,
Rides round whoe'er he can, bespattering him with mire.

Some bound through bog and fen, o'er fence and crag,
Flints giving fire, to mark their viewless track;
While others o'er the smooth plain creeping, lag,
And fret, and fume, and lash the founder'd hack:
Just now I'm mounted on a gentle nag,
You, courteous reader, follow at my back;
You see your idle carplings nought avail,
So kindly keep your "pscha," and listen to my tale.

Well, to begin—our hero's name was Francis,
Though his familiars fondly call'd him Frank;
Light as the roe that on the heath-bell dances,
He pass'd his youth in many a sportive prank.
But we must take some retrospective glances,
To tell his birth, his parentage, and rank;
High birth and blood are always reckon'd good in
Horses, and heroes too, though worthless in a puddling.

No mushroom upstart he—the family name
Was Corkincap, an ancient, numerous race,
Of such distinction, well could Madam Fame
From sire to son each generation trace;

Werc they inclin'd, they could alliance claim
 With those whose annals History's records grace,
 And kindred count with heroes, poets, sages,
 Whose deathless names are found emblazon'd on her pages.

We might go back when gray-beard Time was young,
 But shall begin with Paris, hot-brain'd boy !
 By beauteous Helen lov'd, by Homer sung,
 A woman's dupe, the curse of hapless Troy :
 Next comes Mark Antony, of honied tongue,
 Who barter'd Fame for Love's voluptuous joy.
 In modern days, the race has oft been known
 To grace the camp, the bar, the pulpit, and the throne.

Frank's father was a Caledonian laird,
 They would have term'd him " Squire " be-south the Tweed ;
 But he for empty titles nothing car'd,
 'Twas not on such his fancy lov'd to feed.
 Arc stars and garters e'er to be compar'd
 With fruitful fields, green hills, and grassy mead ?
 Though some affect to deem them dross and stubble,
 I think to have and hold them is a pleasant trouble.

And even on lands that round Parnassus lie,
 I've found it pleasant in their wilds to stray ;
 For clear and cloudless is their morning sky,
 Green are the fields, and flowery is the way ;
 Though oft, at evening, fogs and mildews fly,
 Each blossom blighting in the close of day :
 Hence would I rather, to reward my toil,
 Have good deep Kentish clay, or Lothian's loamy soil.

This, I must own, 's another short digression,
 For which my Pegasus is much to blame :
 Thus unbroke pointers, to our great vexation,
 Are drawn aside, unmindful of the game :
 And yet, when I consider my transgression,
 Ancients and moderns too have done the same.
 To quote examples would be losing time,
 Besides, it would be wrong to waste my stock of rhyme.

I shall not tell the year when Frank was born,
 Nor whether on the right or left of Tay ;
 Suffice to say, 'twas on a summer morn,
 That blithely graced the merry month of May,
 When snow-white blossoms, on the dewy thorn,
 Breath'd rich perfume, to hail the lord of day ;
 His natal spot a glen so rich and green,
 It might full well have pass'd for fairy-land, I ween.

The birth of heroes Nature deigns to mark
 By some phenomena on earth or sky :
 That morning Luath sat alone, to park
 And bay the white cloud, slowly sailing by ;
 At early dawn uprose the soaring lark,
 His song was sweeter, and his flight more high ;
 Behind the wainscot frisk'd the bearded rat,
 And, most demurely purring, sleek Grimalkin sat.

The wily fox had sought the heath-clad hill ;
 Below, the lapwing flew, with changeless wail ;
 In pleasing murmurs stole the crystal rill,
 Through birch and hazel tangling in the vale ;

The blackbird mellow, and the goldfinch shrill,
Symphonious join'd, to load the fragrant gale,
That softly swept the primrose' dewy head,
And o'er the rural scene ambrosial odours shed.

'Tis—let me see—some thirty years ago
Since Frank left puling on his nurse's lap,
Where his behaviour was but just so-so—
He kick'd the caudle-cup, and spilt his pap,
Dealt round about full many an urchin blow,
And was, I'm told, a most mischievous *chap*;
But being an only child, he soon was petted,
For Mamma could not bear to have her darling fretted.

Oh! it would much delight the Muse, to sing
The sprightly history of his early years;
The morn of life, the gay and sunny spring,
When the young heart Hope's fairy prospect cheers,
When not a pang the careless heart can wring;
Or, if the rosy cheek is gem'd with tears,
It glows with deeper blush, as April showers
Add greenness to the bud, and fragrance to the flowers.

It were indeed a pleasing task, to tell
Of infant sports, and childhood's simple joys,
On village green, brown hill, or shrubby dell,
Which ripening Time with ruthless hand destroys;
For there fond Memory still delights to dwell,
And mourn the absence of those guileless toys,
But ill exchang'd for swords, lace, stars, and haubles,
That swim, like gilded straws, where vile Ambition dabbles.

Ah me! the sun-bright morning speeds apace!
Why will ye not, delicious moments! last?
Must care so early cloud the infant face,
Sad harbinger of woes, that follow fast?
Behold the moping urchin, doom'd to chase
What shuns his reach, till many years have pass'd;
For long and dreary is the thorny road
That leads the loitering boy to Learning's lov'd abode.

Yet, lest the tyro's hours should run to waste,
With letter'd gingerbread she strives to cheat;
And here our hero soon evinc'd his taste,
When Learning's path appear'd so passing sweet:
He conn'd his alphabet in anxious haste,
Delighted read—that he might joyous eat;
His eye the cake in length and breadth would measure,
And still the longest lesson gave the greatest pleasure.

But ah! those halcyon days soon pass'd away!
Less pleasing tasks employ the youngling's hours;
Condemn'd in tedious, tiresome paths to stray,
Where he could gather neither fruit nor flow'rs;
Thus sad and slowly pass'd the ling'ring day,
While drowsy languor chill'd his mental powers,
Till constant thumbing stain'd the dog-ear'd page,
And frowns and waving birch bespoke his tyrant's rage.

What boots to tell his sobs and rising sighs,
When Latian lore did first his sight appal?
The big tears trembled in his bright black eyes,
To hear the pedagogue's imperious call!

"Blockhead! decline that noun!"—The lad replies,

"Yes, Sir, with pleasure I'll decline them all!"

Untimely wit!—and wasted in the air—

Aim'd at a pedant's brain—it found no lodgement there.

When seven long years had roll'd their apple round,

Not Brutus 'self e'er hated Caesar more;

Old Ovid's chaos was confusion found;

And courtly Horace deem'd a horrid bore;

O'er Virgil's song, of soft, harmonious sound,

He slumbering sat, and sometimes dar'd to snore;

When lo! still further trials lay before him,

In propositions, problems, and *pons asinorum*.

To deal destruction to the feather'd race;

At morn, his courser on the fields to prance;

To join fox-hunters in the ardent chase;

At night, to mingle in the sprightly dance;

To gaze in secret on some beauteous face,

Watch every blush, and mark each melting glance;

The bliss that these could to his soul impart,

Beam'd in his sparkling eyes, play'd lightly round his heart

But Prudence whispering that 'twas time to show signs

Of industry and intellectual skill,

With squares and circles, diagrams and cosines,

Frank soon contriv'd a folio book to fill;

His father deeming these were far from slow signs

Of wondrous learning, soon announced his will

To send this second Newton to the College,

That he might load his brain—a blunderbuss of knowledge

No more a boy, free from parental charge,

Frank deem'd his day of happiness begun;

His chain was loos'd, he felt himself at large;

The fields look'd greener, brighter shone the sun;

He long'd to launch young Pleasure's white-sail'd barge,

Before both wind and tide resolv'd to run:

He'd shine—he'd blaze—on airy pinions soar

To Love and Friendship's joys;—could mortal wish for more

Now, gentle reader, to prevent mistake,

You wrong our hero; for I know your mind

Has set him down a debauchee—a rake—

A profligate, to every vice inclin'd;

Methinks I see your head with horror shake;

But not so fast—read on, and you will find,

Though rash and giddy, scorning Reason's rule,

The lad was but a novice—if you please, a fool!

It would delay a more eventful story,

To tell his progress in each different class;

Or trace the several stages of his glaze

And transformations he was doom'd to pass;

One night, a Dilettanti and a Tory;

The next, with sober Whigs he sipp'd his glass;

But they prefer'd plain argument to drinking,

This did not suit with Frank, who loath'd the toil of thinking.

Though truth must own his head was seldom cool,

His hand was open, and his heart was warm;

A soft, good-natur'd, unsuspecting fool,

Who in his life, and never dreaded harm;

The World, and not the College, was the school
Where still he sought that undiscover'd charm,
A kindred heart—which could his own inspire
With Friendship's sacred flame, and Love's more hallow'd fire

For though his stock of classic lore was low,
Achates' friendship Frank had long admir'd ;
He mourn'd Penelope in widow'd woe,
And Sappho's love his soul with rapture fir'd ;
So pure, so sacred, seem'd the fervid glow,
That he whom song had ne'er before inspir'd,
In numbers soft, as coo'd Anacreon's dove,
To Friendship penn'd an Ode—a Hymn to mutual love.

The hapless wretch, with all the world at war,
Whom sunshine sickens, and who frets at rain,
Whose flowing bile can life's best blessings mar,
Is doom'd to linger on, in lasting pain ;
For him Hope lights no kindly guiding star,
Gay summer blooms, and beauty smiles in vain ;
The barbed arrow rankles in his breast,
He, pining, loathes himself, and shuns each happier guest

But he whose bosom care has never wrung,
Whose griefs have vanish'd with the setting sun,
Whose heart by disappointment ne'er was stung,
Who joys to see another day begun ;
To him the world seems kind, and fair, and young,
And smooth the path on which he longs to run ;
Each gale breathes odours, splendour decks the sky,
Truth flows from every tongue, Love laughs in every eye.

And such was Frank—a laughter-loving lad,
With careless face, and light, unclouded mind ;
How could his heart be for a moment sad,
When all were civil, and so many kind ?
And should a wight, so cheerful, gay, and glad,
E'er vainly search for what he long'd to find ?
No ! Walter Wingold saw, and lov'd the youth ;
To mutual friendship pledg'd, they vow'd eternal truth.

Congenial minds have an exhaustless store
Of treasur'd wealth—of hopes and fears suppress'd ;
A mine of secret feelings to explore,
When all is sunshine in the guileless breast ;
On Fancy's pinions borne, they fondly soar,
And talk of bliss, in rainbow colours dress'd :
Such were the friends, by fate now link'd together,
To stick like bars, defying fortune and foul weather.

End of Canto First.

THE PERPETUAL MOTION.

MR EDITOR,

It gives me much pleasure to observe that you are beginning to notice scientific subjects: you are very right in so doing, as it will not only give variety, but add considerably to the value of your very useful Miscellany. It is my humble opinion, that such a procedure is infinitely better than filling it with the splenetic effusions of angry minds, the ebullitions of disappointed envy, or, what is worse, dealing out large portions of scandal, and making use of personalities to wound virtuous sensibility; as is the constant practice in some similar publications.

I am now, Sir, an elderly man, and am sorry to inform you, that I have lost much valuable time, and of course money too, from having been infected, in the early part of my life, with the vanity of hunting after that ignis fatuus, called the "perpetual motion." Common report informed me, that it would immortalize the name of the inventor; that by it the longitude would be discovered; and that, on this account, the British Parliament had offered a premium of ten thousand pounds for the discovery! This was something like assailing a man at all points at once: the acquirement of such prodigious fame flatters his vanity; and the "ten thousand pounds" could be looked upon in no other light than as the reward of distinguished genius!

Under these impressions, I began my career, and pursued it with an ardour which, in any other case, could not have failed to ensure me success. I read, with the greatest avidity, all the accounts of such machines I could any where meet with. For a short time I was amused with the ball of iron and the magnet, mentioned in Bishop Wilkins' *Mathematical Magic*. I afterwards studied the properties of Offyreus's wheel, which, as Gravesend informs us, continued in rapid motion for two months; at the end of which period it was stopped, he says, to prevent the wear of the materials. This astonishing wheel, was, you know, destroyed by the inventor soon after the time of the above-mentioned experiment. I endeavoured, with all my might, to

recover the long-lost secret, and success partly crowned my efforts; for after a great deal of wearisome labour, I constructed a machine, which I then believed would amply compensate the loss which the crazy philosopher had occasioned, when, in a fit of phrensy, he dashed it in pieces. The delight which Newton felt on discovering the law of universal gravitation was not exceeded by mine, when I found that my machine would answer the intended purpose. 'Tis true, it would not *put itself* in motion; but what then? It was sufficient for the purpose if it would *move* perpetually when *put* in motion; and at that time, like many others, I did not quite understand how many requisites were necessary, in order that a machine might become a "perpetual motion."

You can scarcely imagine how my heart palpitated when I sent off a description of this, my first invention, to the Board of Longitude; it was a machine which I had no doubt would determine the Longitude, both at sea and land, with the greatest ease and accuracy. During the first week, my nightly slumbers were frequently broken by the violent perturbations of my mind; and my day-dreams almost continually represented to me the post-man knocking at my door with the wished-for letter that was to crown all my hopes. So certain was I of success, that I actually began to look about for an estate which the ten thousand pounds were to purchase; for, in my mind's eye, I had it already within my grasp. The humble occupation I had till then followed, I now looked upon with disgust; and I saw myself at once elevated to opulence and fame. I waited with patience—yes, Mr Editor, with all the patience I could muster, but no letter arrived; however,

"Day presses on the heels of day,
And moons increase to their decay."

After a few weeks, my mind recovered its wonted serenity, and in about three months more my machine was as free from any violent perturbations as my mind, for at the end of that period, it had completely lost all power, either of perpetuating or continuing its motion. This circumstance occasioned me some un-

easiness; and I was not much amused with the taunting remark of one of my friends, who, on viewing it, exclaimed, "Well! it is a perpetual motion still." At the end of nine months, I received a letter from the Secretary of the Board of Longitude, informing me of what I already knew, *viz.* that my machine would not answer.

It is now carefully stowed in my brother Jonathan's garret, at Brigg, in Lincolnshire, where it may be seen by all who are curious in such matters.

I now turned my mind into a different channel. I thought it possible that the object of my search might be accomplished by means of some of the fluids. I considered, with care, the almost continual oscillation of the mercury in the tube of the barometer; but I could deduce from this motion no practical result. I afterwards endeavoured to turn the tides to some account; but I failed here also. At length, after torturing my mind in a variety of ways, as I was one day reading an account of the rise of water in capillary tubes, it at once occurred to me, that, as the water rises in such a tube to more than an inch above the surface of the water in the vessel in which the tube is immersed, if I placed the tube in an inclined position, the water would run over its top, and as it would fall into the same vessel, the motion thus produced would be perpetual. At this moment my mind was again agitated; I exclaimed, like Pythagoras, "I have found it!" "I have found it!" I now supposed myself to be as great a man as any Pythagoras that ever lived; I did not, however, run out, like him, naked into the street; but I remember the discovery was made in the winter season, when I was warmly and comfortably clothed; had it been made in the summer, I cannot tell what might have happened.

I soon procured a capillary tube, and proceeded very carefully to make the experiment; but the water did not flow! Well, said I, this is curious; but a syphon will run; that the water does not run from the top of the tube, is owing to the pressure of the atmosphere upon it. I now ordered a capillary syphon; and was again dis-

appointed; for the sluggish water, as if envious of my fame, still refused to move*.

Having recovered a little from the stupor into which I had been thrown by the failure of another of my schemes, it soon occurred to me, that if I employed a syphon to carry water over the bank of a river that communicated with the sea, the syphon would run, if the outer leg on the outside of the bank, was bent longer than the inner leg; and because the water would find its way into the ocean, and be brought back by the process of evaporation, which is constantly going on, the motion would be perpetual. I could not, however, employ this method to discover the longitude, either at sea or land, and of course I was not entitled, from this invention, to the "ten thousand pounds!"

Another of my machines consisted of two wheels, A and B; the wheel A had a number of buckets at equal distances round its outer rim; these buckets were so placed, that they would each contain a ball of iron. Seven such balls were always on one side of the wheel A, urging it downwards, and one was in the inside of the wheel B. When the wheel A had arrived in a certain position, the lowest ball fell out of its bucket, and rolled down an inclined plane, placed for that purpose, into the interior of B, where it was carried up to the top of the wheel B, and then it rolled down another inclined plane into the top bucket of the wheel A; and so on. This machine had a very specious appearance, and was mistaken for a perpetual motion by thousands of well-informed persons; I need scarcely add, that the persons I mention were ignorant of the laws of motion, and the theory of mechanics. A similar machine was lately exhibited for a perpetual motion, and a great deal of money made by showing it to the good people of New York, in North America. My last invention of this kind consisted

* I have since found, that nearly the same account is given by Dr Jurin, in the Appendix to Cotes's Lectures on Hydrostatics; I can assure you, however, that the experiments made by me in the manner above

of an iron wheel and four magnets, similar to the one exhibited some time back in Edinburgh, and other places. As the wheel did not move uniformly, and as the power of the magnets soon began to diminish, I suspected it would ultimately fail, and abandoned it altogether. It is necessary to inform you, that my modesty, or, rather, my honesty, would never permit me to exhibit any of my inventions for money; as I had always very strong grounds of suspicion that they would not answer, and my suspicions were always verified in a short time. It was only after a great number of disappointments that I began seriously to think on the subject. I at first wondered how it happened that my schemes should always prove abortive; but I soon discovered that I was entirely ignorant of the theory of mechanics. Not long after, I had also the mortification to perceive, that I had totally mistaken the *specific nature* of the machine which had been so long the object of my search; so that it would have been next to a miracle if I had found it. I now began, in earnest, to acquire a knowledge of the principles of Natural Philosophy, and I very soon found that I had begun at the wrong end of my business.

My misfortunes had created in me serious musings: Yes, said I, in all ages mankind have had some favourite object to pursue; a something bordering on the limits of impossibility. Astrology, or the foretelling of future events, was once the grand charm that led men astray: people are fond of prying into futurity; all men are naturally delighted with what is wonderful; and what pains do they take to deceive themselves! Astrology ruled with despotic sway during the reign of ignorance; but, as knowledge advanced, the chimera retreated; and the few votaries it has now left are ranked, either amongst the most ignorant, or the most knavish of all the human race. Alchemy was another favourite pursuit; to be able to transmute the baser metals into gold was certainly an object of the greatest consequence, and now the very words are particularly detestable. There is no doubt but it

would be liberally patronized by the Ministers of State, and the Members of the British Senate; because, if properly managed, it would enable them to pay off the national debt, and ease the good people of England of the intolerable burthen of taxation. In case of such an event taking place—what joy would be diffused throughout the whole of this great Empire! The people would be wealthy, and the Ministers again able to create places, and to give pensions, *ad infinitum*. But I must return to my subject. The search after the perpetual motion is of the same nature as those of Astrology and Alchemy; it has long amused the ignorant, and deceived the credulous; but men of science, properly qualified to judge of its merits, look upon it as a nonentity, and laugh at its proselytes as deluded creatures, who are pursuing a phantom of their own creation.

I have not much hope of being able to convince those persons who are in search of this shadow of a shade, that their labours will be fruitless. I will proceed, however, to describe the machine they are endeavouring to construct. The perpetual motion is a machine which possesses within itself the principle of self-motion; and, because every body in nature, when in motion, would continue in that state, it follows, that every motion, once begun, would be perpetual, if it were not acted upon by some opposing force, such as friction, the resistance of the air, &c. In order, then, to produce a perpetual motion, we have only to remove all the obstacles which oppose that motion, and it is obvious, that if we could do this, any motion whatever would be a perpetual motion. But how, let me ask, are we to get rid of these obstacles? Can the friction between two touching bodies be entirely annihilated? or has any substance yet been found that is void of friction? Can we totally remove all the resistance of the air, which is a force continually varying? And does not the air at all times retain its impeding force? They cannot be removed, then, so long as the present laws of nature continue to exist; and who will attempt to destroy them? Besides, it

is a well-known principle in mechanics, "that no power can be gained by any combination of machinery, except there be at the same time an equal gain in an opposite direction;" and must there not be some absolute loss arising from opposing forces, as friction, &c.? How, then, can a perpetual motion be found by any combination of machinery? Another necessary circumstance is, that the motion of any such machine *be uniform*; for if it accelerates, it will in time become swift enough to tear itself to pieces; if it retards, it will at length stop. Now, among all the numerous forces acting on machines, — forces, too, which are continually varying, according to known causes, and to the influence of which every machine is constantly liable, — who is there so hardy, as even to imagine that a machine can be constructed, the motion of which shall be constant, and uniformly the same? There is one perpetual motion, and but one, — that is, *I know of but one*, and that was constructed by Infinite Wisdom. The Divine Creator of the Universe has balanced this earth with such exquisite art, that its diurnal revolutions are performed so precisely in the same time, that it has not varied the hundredth part of a second since the time of Hipparchus, which is now more than two thousand years.

All that we can hope is, that the beams of science will diffuse truth more generally through the world; for, otherwise, dreamers of every kind will continue to dream to the end of time.

Yours very respectfully,

ABRAHAM QUIPP.

Beverly, July 13, 1822.

REMINISCENCES OF AULD LANGSYNE.

No. II.

Sethis warldis gloir,

Maist inconstant, maist slid, and transitoir:
Prosperitie in eird is but a dreme.

Gavin Douglas.

Such good-natured readers as have kindly accompanied me in the preceding part of my little tour, will perhaps have the condescension to see me safely again on this side of the Forth; merely from the complaisance which they may think it beco-

ming to bestow on a garrulous and harmless old man. But among these, I trust, there are a few to whom my lucubrations may have some interest; those who, like myself, see their evening sun descending apace, and who look back upon the past with a melancholy delight. Indulging the hope that I may occasionally touch a chord in their bosoms, which will vibrate in unison, I proceed to "tell of all I felt, and all I saw," during my excursion.

Whether it was owing to the salubrity of the fine air which I breathed in the mountain breeze, so pure compared with the dense and heavy atmosphere produced by coal smoke, and other offensive exhalations, constantly arising in our "romantic town;" or if it was from the greater excitement of feeling which I now experienced, I shall not determine; but I felt an elasticity and buoyancy of animal spirits, more than usual; and there were moments when I could believe myself still young, and again treading the fairy ring of my early enjoyments.

One fine sunny afternoon I had sauntered alone to a considerable distance, not for the purpose of viewing agricultural improvements, but to visit a spot, where nature still smiled; in all that rude magnificence and unsophisticated loveliness, once so dear to my heart. Why should I not avow the truth at once? It was the scene where I had first ventured to whisper the tale of love in the ear of my dear departed Ellen! I sought the gray rock where we then sat, and seated myself upon the spot she had once pressed; it seemed still fringed with the same furze; the wild thyme and hare-bells, beneath my feet, appeared still to have retained their bloom; and the streamlet, which murmured over the rocks below, seemed like the voice of a friend. The beams of the declining sun dimpled in the rill, as they shone through the branching hazel and slender birch, whose leaves flickered in the breeze: from a thicket of broom on my left, I heard the twitter of the linnet; and close on my right rose a heathy bank, breathing fragrance from its spiky flowers, more delicious to the senses than all the essences and perfumes that ever scented

the atmosphere of a Prince's-Street exquisite in his summer evening's promenade; while the hum of the mountain bee, probing its purple bells, lulled me into a state of repose, in which all the world was forgotten, and the Arcadian scenes of youth, love, and innocence, bloomed around me. While lost in this pleasing hallucination, a soft female voice, at a little distance, warbled in tones of ravishing simplicity, the beautiful air of "*O'er the muir among the heather:*" every note thrilled to my heart, and confirmed the delirium which had overpowered me. Of those alive to the charms of Scottish music, perhaps few are insensible to the simple pathos of this expressive air; but to me it had an infinitude of nameless charms, arising from association. It was the favourite of my Ellen, and, of course, also mine; I had wooed and won her heart, amidst scenes, to which the words of the song were peculiarly adapted: when fate had immersed us both in "city smoke, amidst the hum of men," she would then chaunt it, as a lullaby to our infant Anna, smiling on her bosom. At present, I listened, and for a moment believed that I heard her "wood-notes wild," in melting tenderness, exclaiming,

"O the days that I have seen,
Among the bonnie blooming heather!"

Alas! the minstrel (a vulgar-looking girl) appeared; the fairy visions of Fancy were instantly dispelled; and officious Memory told me, that Ellen's once lovely form sleeps in the Greyfriars' Church-yard; her hallowed dust blended with that of the faithful martyrs, who sealed their testimony with their blood: that our little Anna slumbers by her side; the rank grass and filthy weeds fattening on their graves, from which I have been rudely repulsed, by the satellites of power, as I sought to shed the tear of fond affection above their grassy bed. Ye rulers, who issued this unfeeling mandate, did you ever love?—were you ever husbands or fathers?

"O but man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high
heaven,
As make even angels weep!"

Those who, like me, have fondly loved, and lived to see the tender tie rent asunder—to lament the dissolution of that fabric, on which their hope of earthly happiness was perched—will excuse, perhaps participate, in the "joy of grief" which I have thus indulged, and will echo my exclamation, when awaking from my reverie, that human life is but a dream.

Although the illusion was dispelled, and the vision fled, which had cheated and delighted my fancy, yet the impression which remained, and the emotion which I felt, were too sacred for mixing with any base alloy; I, therefore, after leaving a scene which had for the present lost its charms, prolonged my walk, and arrived at home, so late, that the family were beginning to be alarmed for my safety.

Next morning, after breakfast, recollecting that one of the bonneted acquaintances whom I had met in the church-yard had informed me that he resided at a small distance beyond the farm, I resolved upon visiting him. Saunders Mitchell had been a school-fellow of mine, and his wife, Mary Watson, was a servant at my grandfather's when I resided there. She was at that time reckoned the bonniest lassie in the parish, and perhaps my attentions to her indicated that I thought her so. I wished to have some conversation with Saunders, and had also some curiosity to see how his Mary looked at threescore and five, for it was commonly said in her youth, that she was too bonnie to wear well. Saunders had been bred a plough and cartwright, had been long employed by his laird, and stood so high in his good graces, that he had got a house, garden, and small glebe of land, rent free, with which, and his little savings in his better days, he lived very comfortably. I had known Saunders to be a lad of rather superior intellect, and fond of reading, before I left that part of the country. Upon making some inquiries concerning him, my cousin said, that many gave Saunders Mitchell credit for abilities, which, for his own part, he had never been able to discover; and the common sense that he had was so blended with strange prejudices and

old-style notions, that little of it could be made useful in the affairs of life, being quite inapplicable to the habits and opinions of the present day. This character of my *quondam* friend only served to whet my curiosity. I resolved to see him and judge for myself, and, should I find encouragement, spend the day in his company. On my arrival, I found the old man digging potatoes, on the edge of a common adjoining to his little farm, assisted by a fine rosy-cheeked girl, about seven years of age. "Come awa, Sir," said he, as I approached; "this is kind, to visit an auld acquaintance; but I had some thought that ye wad maybe gi'e me a ca', for *auld langsyne*. Will you stap in, an' rest you?" "By, and by, Saunders; I am an idler, and in no hurry, let me not interrupt your labour." "My labour, Sir, is of little value; I'm just takin' up a few potatoes for our dinner. You're looking at them, an' I dare say, thinking them nae great crop; but ye dinna ken that there was never ony thing but whins an' heather here before; an' I'll ha'e a pickle fine corn after them, niest year, if I'm spared to see it." "I observe you have not adopted the plan of planting, which I had wot to see on ground of this kind, by laying a few rows of seed potatoes on the heath, then digging round them, and throwing the earth over them." "Na, na, Sir; that was what our fathers called *lazy beds*, an' they were weel nam'd. I turn o'er as mickle ground in the summer season as I'll need niest year, an' by that means my little farm is aye augmenting; the laird allows me to improve what I like; he kindly gave me three acres of good land, an' I have now mair than four. I'm doing good to mysel'; an' whatever some of your newfangled economists may say, I think the man who raises corn, instead of whins an' heather, is also doing good to his country; even a fir-tree, or a broom buss, is better than a bare an' barren moor."

Observing that his basket was now full, as he stood leaning over his spade, I said, "Now, Saunders, I will accompany you in; but who is this fine girl?—your grandchild, I would suppose; for she has the eyes of your

Mary." "Yes, Sir, she is my grandchild, an' an orphan; but 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'" He gave the spade to the girl, and raising the basket on his arm, with an erect and firm step led the way to his cottage. When I approached it, I was agreeably surprised to see the woodbine and the Ayrshire rose forming a verdant arch/er the entrance, and hanging in festoons around the window; thing by no means common in that part of the country. We were met by the venerable Mary, before we reached the threshold. "How are you, Mr ——" said she, with a gentle smile; "weel, I've been wondering if ye could leave the country without speering for your auld sweetheart; come awa in." She led the way to the ben house, neatly paved with stone, smooth and clean; the furniture fitted and boxed around, something like a ship's cabin; plain wooden-bottomed chairs, arranged around the room; a wainscot table stood in the centre, and a snow-white lawn curtain shaded the little sash-window. "We are auld-style folks, Mr —, an' ye'll maybe no like our timber-bottomed chairs," said she. "I like every thing I see," said I; "it reminds me of *langsyne*." "But some are sair changed since ye saw them last," said Mary, glancing first at a mirror, then at me, and lastly at her husband. He perceived the appeal, and said, "I think you ay the same as ever, Mary, an' wadna niffer for the best and bonniest lassie in a' the parish." "Thank ye kindly, John Anderson, my jo!" I now saw, with sincere pleasure, the looks of mutual affection which this happy couple exchanged with each other; and addressing myself to Mary, said, "I expected to see much greater change in your face; your cheek has indeed lost its early bloom, but it still wears the freshness of health, and I observe that the glance of love can still light up your eye; as it blinks blithely on your Goodman." "An' I find that you can still flatter," replied she. "But my lines ha'e fallen in pleasant places; nae life is without trials; but mine have been light, altho' I maybe thought them sair enough; but we have nae right to complain of the dispensations

of Providence. My gudeman has been sac kind for twa score years, now, an' aye kinder ilka day, that as lang as I can look him in the face, it canna be ither than wi' a blithe blink, altho' it is far frae the glance of langsyne."

Bread and cheese were now placed on the table. "You must excuse me; for having newly breakfasted, it is impossible for me to eat," said I. "An' will ye no eat wi' me?" "Indeed I cannot at present." "Weel, I've seen anither day! I've seen the time, when you thought nae cakes good but of my baking; and fond as you were of milk-parridge, wad have rather ta'en bread an' milk for breakfast, than them of ony ither body's makin' than mine. You said that my curds and whey were better than Meg Smith's curds, wi' the best cream in the dairy: but you maun be sair changed now, whan you'll no brak' my bannock!" "Yes, Mary, I remember all that, and how nice every thing was that came from your hands; although, perhaps, your sparkling eyes, and the smile that dimpled in your glowing cheek, increased their flavour. However, that I may ascertain whether you have still preserved your culinary skill, if it will be no inconvenience to you, I will do myself the pleasure of dining with you to-day, provided you agree to give me nothing but milk-porridge, cakes, curds, and cream." "Ah! Mr —, you cou'dna tak' parridge now: I'se gi'e you a brandered errock, an' we'll get the curds by way of a desert." "No, no; if you will not agree to my terms, I'm off!" "Weel, weel, then, we maunna lose the pleasure of your company; it shall be just your ain way." I might be mistaken, but I thought that the eyes of this worthy couple beamed brighter at my proposal of stopping to dinner.

We now began to talk of our schoolboy pranks, and, by a natural progression, slid into conversing about our after pursuits and amusements, Mary interlarding her sly jokes occasionally. Having gone over much of what had once been, we talked of what now is; and although I found that Saunders had some peculiarities of opinion, I was amused with many of his observa-

tions. "I am sorry," said I, "to see my cousin's cottar town annihilated. Is that system of depopulation general here?" "It was so; but there's now little mair to do; they've sweeped awa' maist a' that can be removed; but I'm of opinion, the rage for large farms is rather past, and that, by and by, the farmer will get tired of 'adding house to house, and field to field, till there be nae place for the poor, that he may be placed alone in the earth.' Although poets are not the best authorities on subjects of political economy, yet, bating a few fanciful exaggerations, I am much inclined to join wi' my favourite Goldsmith, in his lament over the ruined Auburn, and also to agree with his assertion, that

'A bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be sup-
plied.'

"I am aware that the prevalent opinion of the day is in opposition to this, and that the great outcry is about a surplus population. A celebrated writer introduced this doctrine in a work which has been generally read; and, in my opinion, with much good sense he has blended some strange notions, which he lays down, without any qualifying clause, as the principles of abstract truth, that admit of universal application, although they ought certainly to be received with many exceptions. For instance, in this braid, unqualified way, he asserts, that ilka man has a right to do what he likes wi' his ain, an', of course, that nae man has a right to find fault wi' a gentleman, although he should turn a' his land into ae farm; aye, an' mair odd conclusions than that. Now, Sir, let us just, by way of trying the soundness of his doctrine, suppose that the Duke of Bedford, who is rich, should tak' it in his head to turn a' his lands into a forest, or a hunting park; an' the Duke of Bridgewater mak' a' his estate a fishing-pond, keeping just as much under corn as wad sair their ain establishments; and that ilka laird in the kingdom wha was able should copy their example, what wad be the consequences? The nation wad pe-

rich by famine, an' the world become a wilderness. It may be said, that this is supposing what can never happen till men become mad; but we ilka day see men wha have 'method in their madness'; and I think it quite fair to suppose an extreme case, for trying a doctrine laid down without any limitation. Look at what they've been doing in the Highlands,—burning biggings by scores, I may say by hundreds. The feudal system, wi' a' its ills, was a land of Goshen compared wi' this. We've seen the farmers ding down their cottar-houses; an' if they were to burn the half of a' the corn they raise, it wad only be 'doing what they like wi' their ain,' and applying the principle which I've been disputing. But baith lairds and farmers will yet see their folly; the consequences are no yet felt, but they'll kythe by an' by. In a generation or twa, if the same system be carried on, the race of brave mountaineers will be extinct, an' the hardy lowland peasantry degenerated into the poor an' sickly descendants of sedentary artisans. We see, by the statistical tables, that the population is increasing; but look where the increase is taking place. You'll hardly find it in any country parish, unless it contains a spinning-mill, or some other public work; or a manufacturing village, where the inhabitants have feu-charters. The increase is about large boroughs, where, I believe, are to be seen the extremes of virtue and vice, happiness and misery; while in the country we are daily losing that happy mediocrity which was aces our pride an' ornament. In our ain parish, I believe, the population is less than it was thirty years ago, although we have the addition of about threescore young an' auld at the spinning-mill, where there had wont to be neither house nor hold. But this maun ha'e an end; for, as Hamlet says, it canna come to good."

"You mention spinning-mills—what is your opinion of them?" said I. He replied, "Your question is sae general, and undefined, that I hardly ken what you mean, an' am therefore at a loss how to answer you. Do you mean for increasing the national wealth, and making private fortunes, or their effects on the manners and

morals of the people?" "I shall be glad to have your opinion upon all these points." "I'm maybe no weel qualified for a' that, an', by an' at-tour, I'm an auld-style man; but I've observed things, an' thought about what I've seen, an' ha'en some opportunities of conversing wi' them wha ken mair about them. I think there needs be nae hesitation in pronouncing spinning-mills a great addition to our national wealth and prosperity, by enabling us to improve and enlarge our manufactures, and extend our commerce; they are also the means of employing private capital to advantage." "I should be inclined to doubt your last assertion; for I have heard of many flax-spinners becoming bankrupts." "So have you in ither trades, less exposed to the fluctuations of the times. Ye ken, Sir, that in a' trades some are imprudent, an' ither's unfortunate—baith gang to the wa'. But perhaps there is nae trade in Britain, wi' as mickle capital embarked in it, that's had as mony difficulties to struggle wi', since the beginning of the present century, as mill-spinning. It was new, and very imperfectly understood, even by the maist experienced. Some embarked in it, relying on their knowledge, but wi' nae capital; ither's wi' capital, but ignorant of the trade, baith in theory and practice; and, lastly, adventurers, wha had neither money nor experience: amang a' thae classes, there were many who cou'dna stand, although the trade had been steady. But they had still greater difficulties to grapple wi'. The war involved this country wi' Russia, and the raw material became scarce and high-priced. At one period the prospect was gloomy in the extreme. Many, because flax was dear, believed it would never again be cheap; thus the trade became a mere matter of speculation, a game of chance, in which many ventured—some frae choice, ither's frae necessity, when the odds were sair against them. The fall in value of the raw material came; many had large stocks on hand, and were ruined."

"Wi' regard to the effects of spinning-mills upon society, I think them, like ither great works, unfavourable to the morals of the people; and, in a manner peculiar to themselves, tend-

ing to retard, or even to choke, the expansion of intellect in those employed about them, excepting always a few of the managers an' artificers, wha necessarily have some portion of scientific knowledge an' mechanical skill, which daily experience maun extend. But when we think of the great bulk of those employed, an' consider that maist part have been put in, at about ten years of age, to stand in a particular spot for twelve, perhaps fourteen hours a-day, watching the revolutions of the machinery before them, whirling wi' a velocity sufficient to make their little brains dizzy, an' a loud, but monotonous and ceaseless din, roaring around them, enough to ding them deaf or doited; I can scarcely imagine an occupation mair adapted for crushing intellect in the bud. Should they continue in that stupifying track till sixteen, or, as is often the case, till twenty years of age, what maun the poor creatures be? The years when the young mind should be expanding, like the buds in spring, spent without the communication of ideas frae others, an', instead of being able to form any for themselves, placed in a situation where aulder heads wad be incapable of thinking, prevented from mixing in society better-informed, they maun, of necessity, remain ignorant. What can they ken, or do, that can make them useful, either to themselves or ony ither body in the world, out of the track in which they have so lang travelled, like blind horses? They are incapable of making, or even of mending their ain claes; then what sort of wives an' mithers wad they mak', think ye?" Here Mary interposing, said, "Wives an' mithers! makin' and mendin'! poor things! I've seen mony one of them wha cou'dna wash a wise-like dud to themselves. Poor creatures! how cou'd they, when they never had an opportunity of learning?"

"This," said I, "is a melancholy account of their mental improvement. If they are ignorant of good, may I hope they are equally unacquainted with evil?" "Ah, Sir! did you ever see a rig of land sae poor, as to produce neither corn nor weeds? Na, na! if there's nae guile seed sown, there will soon spring up a crop of weeds, rank an' unprofitable, an'

some of them poisonous." "But is no care taken of them? have they no instruction?" "Very little, I doubt, in general. About sma' mills, where the bairns have their parents to gang hame to at e'en, there's nae great danger, provided the family be well order'd at hame. If they reside in a village, the cummers, as they grow up, conceive themselves members of society, and consider that they have a character to support; but it is seldom that this is the case wi' a' that are employed; about a large work it can never be. Good spinners are always scarce, an' the masters maun procure them where they can, without any scrupulous inquiry about character; they are accordingly collected frae a' the four winds of heaven; generally so ignorant, that they have nae principles, either good or bad; they are the mere creatures of habit, an' that often formed in a bad school. Now, say that only two or three of that sort get in to a work, we a' ken, that a single scabbed sheep may spill the hale flock. Besides, they are in general a wandering race, tempted to change, either by the prospect of some advantage, or from a restless disposition. It is easy to see, that they must be poor an' improvident. Instead of a quiet an' decent hame, they are huddled together in lodgings, where the simple an' guileless innocent comes into close an' continued contact with the votary of licentiousness, hackneyed in the paths of vice. I need not speak of the consequences; 'evil communications corrupt good manners.' Few attend the kirk; some want clothes, and others inclination—many want baith; an' I maun say, that though I excuse the masters in many things, they are at nae pains to promote their attendance. The consequence is, that in the country the day is spent in idleness, if not worse; in a town, it passes in drunkenness an' debauchery. I have conversed wi' many overseers an' mechanics, who have been at different mills, and they candidly owned, that they never kent a wark of thirty or forty hands, but a black sheep wou'd ha'e been found amang them. Of those at the mill beside ourselves, mair than the half never enter the kirk door; an' mair than a fourth part attends wi'

any regularity. Masters canna, perhaps, altogether prevent this; but they might do mair than is done baith by precept an' example: wad they try to gie the bairns some education when young, they wad be mair easily managed, an' better servants as they grew up; but a sina' wark canna bear the expence of a schoolmaster, an' some of the great anes think naething about it.

"Oh, Sir, it's a lamentable change frae the days of langsyne; whan you an' I were youngsters, a man wha wad ha'e denied the Bible was looked upon wi' horror: he wad ha'e been a wonder through the hale parish, an' wad have been fleyed to let his principles kythe. Now, we ha'e Deists, wha will openly argue against God's Providence, saying bauldly, that the Bible is a bundle of fables! this they do in the presence of the young, wha are o'er ready to suck in the poison. We have a free press, an', like a' ither blessings, it's sair abus'd; it is a fruitful field, an' produces a plentiful crop, baith of healthful herbs, bonnie flowers, an' noxious weeds; to it we are indebted for baith our civil an' religious liberties; by it we are enabled to civilize the most barbarous nations, an' send the glad tidings of the gospel to the ends of the earth, an' the isles of the sea; but frae it we ha'e also the refined an' subtle poison of false philosophy, for the learned, an' the rude attacks of profane wit, an' blasphemous ridicule, reduced to the level of the meanest capacity. When we see the principles of infidelity avowed in the most undisguised an' daring language, coming into the hands of the common people, in weekly newspapers, an' cheap pamphlets, nae wonder that their minds are corrupted.

"But I canna help thinking, that many wha believe themselves sincere Christians have nae little wyte of this. We have now sae many new sects an' parties, ilka ane rinning down anither, an' insinuating, sometimes saying braid out, that a body's wrang except themselves. Wi' mair zeal than discretion, they wrangle about words, an' detached texts of scripture, till they heat their heads mair than they mend their hearts. Their want of Christian charity stag-

gers the young mind, which begins to entertain exalted ideas of the greatness an' goodness of the Deity; while it furnishes weapons for the adversaries of revelation, an' gives occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme. My observations may seem, perhaps, rather like the peevish captiousness of age, than the dictates of sound sense; they may be are sae, for I'm an auld man, an' canna adopt the new fashions, neither in dress nor in philosophy; baith are sae different frae the days of *langsyne*." After a pause, he seemed about to say something further, when Mary, clapping his shoulder, said, "Come, gudeman, ye've quarrelled aneugh wi' the warld for ae day; it will no be your words nor mine that will mend it; let us set the example, by sweeping clean before our ain doors, that's the way to shame our nei'hours, an' mak' a clean causay."

The cloth was now laid, white as the snow which shines on the top of Mount Battock, and the purely polished horn spoons were what I had not for many years seen. Her milk porridge was placed on the table, in a basin for each person. "Ah! this is a departure from auld use and wont," said I, "when as many as could reach it ate from the same dish." "That was an indelicate auld fashion, which is better abolished," said Mary. "But I'm fear'd you'll mak' a poor dinner, Mr——." "Indeed I am feasting," said I. The curds and cream were delicious, and I was enabled to compliment Mary without doing violence to truth. I should have observed, that Saunders implored a blessing upon our food, in a style and reverence of manner very different from that of my cousin, formerly mentioned. "Weel, Sir," said Mary, "there's no an auld acquaintance, wha cou'd have sitten down at our table, wha cou'd have made us baith so happy as we are to see you here; your presence minds me of *langsyne*."

She had made some alterations in her dress, and being seated opposite to me, pointed to a small brooch in her breast, saying, "D'ye ken that, Sir?" "I cannot say that I do," replied I. "An' yet it's your ain present to me, when I was to be bride's maiden, an' you *alleckoy*, at Mcg-

Tamson's marriage; these were our daft days, Mr —; yeh hardly looked at a lass but mysel', on that occasion; an' I canna say that I car'd meikle for any ither but you, for as mony strappin' callans as were there. But ilka ane has their ain body ordain'd for them; an' I'm sure my lot has been a happy ane; though I was a young, thoughtless lassie, an' may be a wee light-headed. I had mony braw wooers, an' got a hantle a' bits o' bonnie things frae them; but they are a' awa' langsyne except that ane, which I've aye preserved as a keep-sake; for though I had forgotten you as a sweetheart, the gude-man an' me baith minded you as a friend."

The whisky bottle was now set upon the table, and Saunders said, "I'm nae glass-breaker, Sir, an' ye'll get nae punch here; but we'll no be the warse of a dram of good Glenlivet, after a milk dinner."

Having tasted, "Na, na," said Mary, "tak' a drap mair, it will never wrang you; its no like the trash frac the big stills that ye get in Edinburgh." The venerable man now returned thanks for our mercies, and the table was uncovered.

After some desultory conversation, I mentioned another great change which had taken place in so many of our landed gentlemen deserting their country for the Continent. "Ay, ay," said he, "its e'en true, and I'm wae to see't; for I've aye thought, that the mair of our gentry wha staid at hame, it was the better for the country; though, in our young days, they took a jaunt to London, that didna matter meikle; but now they set off to France, bag an' baggage; bide awa' for years, an' come hame wi' their bairns' heads fu' of foreign notions, an' contempt for their ain country; forchy spending their incomes abroad, which I think detrimental to our ain nation; but I find that this, like mony mair of my opinions, is getting auld style; an' I've seen something upon the subject, which has puzzled, but not convinced me. Mary, fetch me that newspaper lying on the book-shelf in the closet. I'll let you see something in't, Sir, which I canna understand, you'll maybe explain it." Mary handed the paper to him, when, putting on his

spectacles, and glancing over it, he said, "Ay, that's the paper: now, Sir, look at that letter frac a correspondent, an' try if you can explain it to me. I see the writer thinks it quite the same thing, whether a landlord spend his rents at hame or at Rome; indeed, he gangs farther, an' says, that it wad be better that every idler, however meikle siller he might spend, should leave the country; but I'm no master of his reasoning upon the subject." I had just begun to peruse the article, when a tap at the door announced some stranger—and Mary introduced her brother, who lived about a dozen of miles distant. After some mutual family inquiries, Saunders resumed his subject, requesting me to read the article aloud. When I had finished, "Now, John," said he, to his brother-in-law, "what do you say to that? Explain to my friend here, whether you ken any difference since your auld laird died, an' your new ane went abroad; an' gi'e us your opinion of that paper just read." After a slight cough or two, John said, "I see what the chiel's driving at, but dinna understand his proofs: he talks about bills of exchange, an' drawing an' redrawing; now that's ayont my capacity to comprehend, for I never have my name at a bill but ance a-year, wi' twa or three of my neighbours, for a pickle corn an' fodder. They tell me that bank-notes are bills; I think it was as weel when we had fewer bills, and mair hard clink. But, wi' respect to our auld and new laird, I'll state a few simple facts; an', as that chap in the paper says, 'dispute them wha can.'

"Ye mann understand, Sir," addressing himself to me, "that I'm a blacksmith, an' live within less than a mile of the laird's mansion-house; his estate extends o'er a' the parish, foreby some wings in that adjoining. I took up house thirty years ago, an' have aye keepit the same hillock head. At that time, few squires in the country could have equalled our laird for wealth; an' nane, I'm bauld to say, deserved it better: he was a public-spirited man, lived like a lord, an' paid like a prince. When he came to the estate, it was sadly out of order; there were about five hundred acres of it no worth as many

shillings of rent of ouny man's siller. Weel, Sir, he set to wark, ditching, draining, dyking, gardening, bigging houses, an' planting muirs, till things put on quite anither face in a few years, an' the number of people employed was wonderful. I had the smith-work, an' kept a journeyman and twa 'prentices, and wrought little except to the laird. My nei'bour, the wright, was in the same situation; there were aye three or four gardeners, besides several auld men for keeping the policies an' walks clean; I coudna count the number of livery-servants, stable-boys, chamber, dairy, an' laundry maids, about the place: an' the whole of them aye dressed like ladies an' gentlemen. The shoemaker and tailor in our village had three or four men each, an' got good part of their trade frae the place; we had a grocer, brewer, baker, an' butcher, in the village, an' a' were thriving. The laird, lady, bairns, an' servants, attended the kirk regularly, an' set a good example to the parish. He went about amang his tenants; saw wha were thrifty an' wha were sluggards; encouraged an' assisted him who was struggling wi' a bad farm, an' a large family; and sent a boll of meal to this poor widow, an' a sack of potatoes to anither. When the lady heard of a poor body sick, she either visited, or sent what was needful; an' if the case was dangerous, sent the family doctor. Skimmed milk an' whey were distributed daily; an' about half a score of servants, such as mysel', had liberty to pasture a cow each, among the hedges an' avenues. In short, Sir, that's only a sample of the comforts an' happiness that the good laird spread around him. Alas! shortly after the battle of Waterloo, this worthy man was gathered to his fathers, an' was succeeded by his son, a captain in the army. The widow, accompanied by her daughters, retired to Edinburgh upon her jointure; the young squire came home, took possession, an' was married to a dashin' English lady soon after.

"As new lairds have generally new laws, we were a' in hopes that alterations and improvements would take place, an' give fresh employment to them whom the death of their kind master had laid idle; when, to our

great disappointment, the squire an' his lady set off for France, where they still remain. The servants were immediately discharged, an' the house shut up, except lodgings for a housekeeper an' a servant-maid, who are upon board-wages, an' have neither a kail-stock, nor a spoonful of milk, but what they buy in the village. That part of the estate which was farmed by the late laird is turned into grass parks, which are let annually. The factor, who lives near by, occupies the garden; an' his riding horse, with a number of cows, pasture upon the lawn in front of the house. I, the wright, shoemaker, an' tailor, have, long ago, discharged a' our journey-men, an' tak' nae mair apprentices; the grocer an' baker have become bankrupts; the brewer has dropped business, an' the butcher has turned mole and rat-catcher. The farmers are fighting wi' hard times, an' crying to the factor for a reduction of rents,—but he says he has nae authority. Of the many laid idle, numbers have left the village, an' some have emigrated; house-rents have fallen, an' we have still a good number empty. The auld men who had wark about the place, an' also several widows, are now upon the parish, an' the poor's funds are very sair diminished, from the deficiency in the weekly collection, since the family left the place, and the decline of trade. The toll-bar adjoining to the place has let for ten pounds less, annually, ever since the auld laird's death. Not a cow dars be seen under the hedges, an' nae beggar finds it worth while to gang within the gate. After stating thae facts, I think ye needna speer my opinion about that paper."

"Ay," replied Saunders, "we have mentioned a few of the consequences of your laird's absence, in his ain neighbourhood; but look how it affects the public revenue. His house, and several mair in the village, shut up; nae livery-servants, game-keepers, dogs, horses, gigs, an' ither carriages, the assessed-taxes maun severely suffer. Now, we have still to add to that, the diminished consumption of wines, spiritous liquors, malt, soap, candles, an', in short, every taxed luxury, or necessary in life, occasioned by that one man's absence; there maun be a deficiency

in the taxes in the same proportion. Now, if a' our gentry were to gang abroad, what wad be the consequences—especially at a time when we have mair labourers than can find employment, and mair corn than we can consume? This may be auld-style reasoning; but I would like to hear our new-fashioned political economists answer, in the same simple language, and level to my shallow capacity." I was about to make some observations on the subject, but Saunders was sent for, to visit an old man in the neighbourhood, thought to be dying. The afternoon was far spent, I therefore took my departure, ruminating upon his concluding observations, which I have since discovered are directly opposed to those of a Journal, in which subjects of political economy are regularly discussed.

My further observations must, I find, form the subject of a subsequent letter. Meantime, I am,

Sir,

Yours very respectfully,

SENEX.

ON THE EARLY ITALIAN ROMANCES.

No. II.

THE last article on this subject brought us to the 22d Canto of *La Spagna*, by Sostegno di Zinabi, the very first Italian Romance on the story of Charlemagne and his Paladins, and the second work in that language written in the octave rhyme.

We left off where the army of Charles had been besieging the Moors in Pampeluna for seven years: during this time, Machario, nephew of Ganelon, by treachery endeavours to obtain possession of the throne of France, and of the Emperor's queen, Galerana. Charles, however, being supernaturally informed of his proceedings, is conveyed in a single night to Paris on the back of a demon. The particulars of his journey, of his conflict with the scullions, and of his reception by the faithful Gione, have been already detailed. We will now proceed to the introduction of the Emperor, in the disguise of a pilgrim, (a dress Orlando had induced him to put on before he left Pampeluna,) to his Queen, on the day Ma-

chario was to have been crowned, and Galerana married to him by force.

Gione gives the supposed pilgrim the refreshments his long abstinence required, and hastens to inform the Queen, Galerana, of his arrival with tidings from Charlemagne. He knocks somewhat loudly and impatiently at her chamber door.

The door within was strongly barr'd and lock'd :

Trembling, the Queen arose from her sad bed,

Thinking it was Machario that had knock'd,

And whom that day she was perforce to wed.

Soon found she by her fears that she was mock'd ;

She heard Gione's gentle voice instead :

" Lady, a pilgrim has arriv'd from Spain
With tidings of the Emperor Charlemagne !"

Thus having heard, the Queen, with breathless speed

And eager joy, open'd her chamber door,
And told Gione instant to proceed,

And let her know the news the pilgrim bore.

Gione answer'd, " It is good indeed ;
Better than all that we have heard before :

The pilgrim has seen Charles, whose banners wave
Around Pampeluna, with his peerage

brave."

She hastily follows Gione into his apartment, where Charles had been refreshing himself after his long journey, and where he anxiously expected the return of the young man. It must not be forgotten, that Charles is in disguise, and that many years have elapsed since he last saw Galerana.

Gione to his chamber led the Queen,

And Charles upon his knee before her fell :

She, with a courteous and benignant mien,
Rais'd him to stand beside her, for too well

The news he brought could not be heard,
I ween.

Through his long hair his eyes she could not tell,

And ere her own had o'er his person run,
" Tell me (she cried) what news of I'-pin's son ?"

She also mentions various peers, without whom the name of Charles is seldom introduced.

Said Charles, "They all are safe and
well, thank Heaven :
Around Pampluna⁴ beheld them all.
Charles and his peers for many months
have driven
The Pagan dogs within their lofty wall.
No battle yet the enemy has given,
Nor on the Christians dares un'wares to
fall."
The Queen, when thus she heard the
pilgrim say,
Joy'd they were safe, but griev'd for the
delay.

The main incident of what immediately succeeds, is obviously borrowed from the 17th book of the *Odyssey* :

A little dog had closely follow'd now
The Queen, who kept it seventeen years
or more.
Each morn and night would Charles this
dog allow
To come into his chamber, long before
He warr'd in Spain : caress he would bestow
Which from no other hand the creature
bore.—
It knew its master in a moment's space,
Leapt up with joy, and fondly lick'd his
face.
It fawn'd upon him from his head to foot,
Nor could he, though he strove, its joy
restrain.
The Queen awhile beheld the wonderment,
And ponder'd what the dog had in its
brain.
Still on the pilgrim leapt the grateful
brute,
As he were some one whom he knew
again :
"Say why my dog, if you the reason know
(The Queen enquir'd) now fawns upon
you so ?
"Hast thou within this palace liv'd of
old ?
As squire or page hast thou resided here ?
To all save Charles it ever yet was cold,
Nor others to it could themselves endear."
Then looking up, Charles thus made answer bold :
"Nor page nor varlet I in earlier year :
The love of this poor beast may well surprise
When thou thy husband canst not recognise !
"That I am Pepin's son need'st thou be
told—
The Emperor of Rome, and King of
France ?
Although in pilgrim's weed thou me behold,
Without my armour, sword, and shield,
and lance ;

Or if no purple robes my form enfold,
Or Alexandrian cloth, a single glance
Should have inform'd thee that I was the
King,
Without this doubt and tedious question-
ing !"

The lady gaz'd upon the pilgrim's face,
And seeing it so deeply trench'd, she
cried,

"Charles look'd not like the victim of
disgrace :

Where is Gioiosa* ? is it at thy side ?"

"'Tis here !" he said, removing every
trace

Of care and toil, or striving them to hide :
And by the cross upon his sword he swore
How he had rid as man ne'er rode before.

Nevertheless, the Queen is somewhat hard of belief ; but after the Emperor has shown her a ring she gave, and the natural mark of a crucifix upon his right shoulder, she is convinced. A very curious circumstance follows, related with the utmost simplicity :

Both, in fierce transports of unbounded
bliss,

Embrace'd until their breath was almost
spent,

And still redoubling every joyous kiss,
E'en to the ground they fell, and were
content :

Gione deem'd such conduct much amiss,
(At distance he had heard not what it
meant,)

And rushing forward with his staff in
hand,

Cried, "How now caltiff, ruffian, can'st
not stand ?"

Gione would have struck the pilgrim, but for the interposition of the Queen, who informs him that it is the Emperor. It is needless to detail the manner in which Charles, aided by Gione and some ancient followers, defeats and kills Machario. In the 24th canto, Charles returns to Pampluna, leaving Gione vicegerent in his capital. In the next canto, Pampluna is taken, by the assistance of King Desiderio, with his barbarous forces from Tuscany and Lombardy. Canto 27th relates the death of Gione, who had raised a

* The name of the sword Charles wore. The Paladins had all their swords of especial virtue, and particular names : Orlando's was called *Durindana*, Rinaldo's *Frusberta*, Oliver's *Alacbar*, &c.

force in Paris, and had marched to the support of the Emperor: he was killed on his return from an embassy to Marsilio, being set upon treacherously by 200 Pagans. An incident, not reflecting any great credit on Orlando, is given in canto 28th, where he is engaged in a conflict with Serpentino: the latter falling back upon his horse from the effect of a blow, the lacing of his armour gives way, and leaves his thigh bare.

The Pagan cried, in voice of humble slave,

"Hold, and allow my armour to relax !
It is more vile in deeds to kill than save :
To grant me this will bring thee no disgrace !"

Orlando answer'd like a baron brave—

"First yield thee conquer'd now before my face !"

"Never ! (he answer'd,) but will death aby."

Orlando struck him on his naked thigh.

Serpentino consequently bleeds to death. Strictly, no doubt, Orlando had a right to take advantage of the accident, especially as the armour of the Pagan was enchanted; but in canto 5th he had pursued a very different and more generous conduct towards Ferrau. We must now hasten over minor details, by no means devoid of interest, in order to arrive at this author's description of the *dolorosa rotta* (as Dante calls it) of Roncesvalles: and here, as elsewhere, it must not be forgotten that he is admitted to be the first poet who ever touched the subject in detail. To Pulci's four cantos, (25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th, &c.) giving an account of the same, or nearly the same events, we shall have occasion to allude as we proceed, and we shall also refer to some of the old French romances on the same subject.

The Christians carrying every thing before them, Marsilio, the Moorish King of Spain, alarmed at their progress, sends proposals to Charles, to pay an immense tribute, and to become a Christian. Ganelon de Pontieri (commonly known by the name of Gan the traitor) is dispatched by Charlemagne to arrange the terms of a truce. He arrives at Bagossa, where, in consideration of vast presents, he settles the whole plan by which Orlando, and most of the other Paladins, are to be de-

stroyed. Two miracles are wrought while the scheme is concerted, in order to show the wrath of Heaven: the throne on which Marsilio and Gan are seated breaks down, and the waters of a fountain turn blood-red. Pulci (xxvi. 72.) says that a storm accompanied this dreadful change; and it is worth remarking, that though Zinabi gives all the circumstances by which the treachery is to be accomplished, in canto 30th, Pulci dismisses them thus, with considerable brevity: Ganelon has been recommending that Marsilio, in attacking the Christians at Roncesvalles, should divide his army into three squadrons of 100,000 men each:

The first great squadron you shall send before,

With camels laden as with food and wine:
The foe will gain an easy conquest o'er
These, but employ'd to cover your design.

Still must your mighty army suffer more,
Although your troops like lions should combine.

Your second squadron, too, must be defeated,

And by your third the triumph be completed.

(*Morg. Mag.* xxv. 107.)

There is considerably more force in Zinabi's description:

The Christians shall these hundred thousand kill;

Against them then the second band address,

Which in the end must meet a fate as ill:
Yet shall the Christians suffer much distress,

And rivers of their blood your troops shall spill;

And when they hope to rest their weariness,
Must your third squadron from behind advance,

To hunt the remnant down with sword and lance. (*Canto xxxi.*)

In order, however, to render this arrangement intelligible, it is necessary to mention, that Charles had agreed to retire with his army to the other side of the Pyrenees, leaving only Orlando and the Paladins, with 20,000 men, to receive the tribute. Marsilio had consented to send, and to conduct him to Paris to be baptized. It was therefore of the absence of Charlemagne with the main body of his army, that the traitor

Gan wished to take advantage. It is but fair to admit, that Pulci makes Marsilio display considerably more art in leading Gan to betray his monarch: however, from the character of Gan, this was a sort of work of supererogation.

Orlando and Oliver, who appear to be in chief command at Roncesvalles, are not without apprehensions that the Pagans will attack them, in defiance of the truce, and they agree to keep alternate watch—Orlando till midnight, and Oliver till day-break. In the 31st canto we meet with the following stanza:

Ere o'er the verge of earth the sun 'gan rise,
 Oliver cast an anxious look to Spain,
 As an old tailor at his needle pries:
 He saw a host upon the wide champaign,
 Over one-fourth he could not cast his eyes,
 So numerous were they upon hill and plain,
 With banners white and red, blue, black,
 In crowds,
 And rolling o'er the earth like swollen clouds.

This was the first appearance of the treacherous foe; and it deserves notice, that the figure in the third line, *Siccome nell' ago il vecchio sartor*, is to be found in Dante's *Inf.* cxv.

*E sì ver noi aguzzavan le ciglia
 Come 'l vecchio sartor fa ne la cruna.*

This simile will be impressed upon the mind of some of our readers who have not read Dante, by the fact, that it was quoted by Mr Brougham during the late Queen's trial. Oliver instantly feels conscious of the guilt of Gan, and hastens to wake his cousin, Orlando, who insists that he has not been asleep an hour; and when Oliver describes what he has seen, Orlando tells him, in plain terms, that he is drunk, and that the wine has created the illusion.

*Orlando disse secondo ch' imbraco
 Tu puzzi da vino, e sei ancora imbricato
 E 'l vin t'ha fatto mal che tu bevesti
 Che t'ha fatto veder in visioni, &c.*

Oliver, however, compels him to mount the hill, and convinces him of the fearful truth. The whole of this is omitted in Pulci, excepting the bare fact of the arrival of the enemy. Orlando refuses peremptorily to sound his magic horn, by

which Charles, though twenty miles distant, might be summoned to give timely assistance. The author of *Morgante Maggiore* lays great stress upon this fool-hardy valour of Orlando, who declares, that if Caesar, Scipio, Hannibal, Marcellus, Darius, Xerxes, and Alexander, all marched against him at once, he would not sound his horn.

Che per città mai non volli sonarlo.

The Christians resolve to perish bravely, and, suddenly arming, the conflict begins in canto 32d, and by noon of the first day, the advanced guard of the Moors, consisting of 100,000 men, is annihilated. Among the Pagans we find Mambri-no, whose supposed helmet cuts so important a figure in *Don Quixote*. What is said of him is not much to his advantage:

Brave Oliver encounter'd on the plain
 Huge King Mambri-no, wounding him in front:

His armour could not the assault sustain,
 Nor could its plates the temper'd weapon blunt.

Now saw he death approach, and in his pain,

Fearing that him the Paladin would hunt
 Over the field, he turn'd his horse and flew
 To those whom, flying, he must still pursue.

In the next Canto, the Christians, many of whom were killed, and more wounded, continue the struggle against a second army of 200,000 men, under Grandonio, sent by Marsilio. In the 35th canto, the author has contrived to insert an interesting incident: he has before spoken highly of young Baldwin, nephew to Gan, (the only member of the family of Maganza that seems to merit praise,) and has given the reader a high notion of his generosity and courage. Fighting in the midst of the field, Baldwin kills many Pagans, but finds that not one attempts to attack him. Meeting Orlando, he tells him of this singular circumstance, and the Paladin instantly divines the cause, viz. that Baldwin wears a surcoat (or *sopra-vesta*, as Pulci terms it) known to the Pagans, and which Gan took care he should wear, in order that he might be spared amid the general carnage. Orlando accordingly de-

sires Baldwin to throw it off, declaring that he should thereby learn if Ganelon had betrayed the Christians: Baldwin complies, and rushing unarmed into the fray, and not being known, he is instantly killed. The death of Baldwin is an episode, told with considerable pathos; but we have not space to dwell upon it. At the end of this, the second day's conflict, the number of the Christians is reduced to a valiant and desperate few, whom Orlando addresses at the break of the third day, encouraging them to fight to the last. Of canto 36th, which narrates the events of the third day, we must speak somewhat in detail; only six Paladins now remained alive, and towards noon they lose the brave and magnanimous Marquis Oliver of Vienna, who is of so much importance in the stories of this time, but of whom, on account of the brevity of our summary, we have been able to say comparatively little. His death is thus related:

Baldracca's Calif, in the bloody chase,
Against the Marquis his huge lance ad-
drest:

The solid shield and armour both gave
place,
And the blue steel was planted in his
breast:

But noble Oliver, in fierce embrace.
With both his arms this new-found mis-
tress prest,
Exclaiming, "Saracen, ne'er think to fly,
For if I fall, we will together die!"

Then stepping back, he with his sword
deliver'd

A furious blow, with such resistless force,
That all defences it as nothing shiver'd,
And cleft him to his seat upon his horse.
The blood, like fountain, from the carcase
sever'd,

Besmeared the Marquis standing near the
corse.

Then, having bound his wound, receiv'd
so late,

He darted forward, madly desperate.

Bleeding, he scour'd the cumber'd field
again,

Until all sight and consciousness he lost;
And, in the agony of rage and pain,
Orlando, that great Paladin, he crost,
Bowing e'en him upon the splashy plain,
By one dread blow upon his helm em-
boss'd.

Orlando, on the stroke, in daz'd surprise,
To Oliver uprais'd his doubting eyes.

"My dear and valiant cousin!" then, he
said,

"Why against me is thy fierce rage di-
rected?"

Art thou, on sudden, become renegade?
Hast thou our Faith, our God, and Christ,
rejected?"

"Pardon!" cried Oliver, "nor me up-
braid;

I knew thee not, nor here to meet ex-
pected.

Wounded to death, I cannot see the day,
But, brother, if thou haply 'scape, I pray,

"To my dear sister, fairest Aldabell,
Commend me lovingly, I here entreat.
And now, since I despise this nation fell-
Oh, let me die amid the battle's heat!"
Orlando's grief all utterance did repel,
Yet would he thus last sad request com-
plete:

Taking his cousin's charger by the rein,
He turn'd him to the thickest fight again.

"Now strike, strike home, my noble
coz!" he cried;

"Thou art among thy deadliest foes once
more."

Oliver spur'd his horse's bleeding side,
And woe to him that came his way before!
Full thirty Pagans by his weapon died,
Weak as he was, within the battle's core.
Him and his steed could no defence op-
pose

Till he had hewn a passage through his force.

Out of the field, to his pavilion, there
His generous charger carried him at
speed;

When the Burgundian, dauntless Oliver,
Half fell, half lighted from his panting
steed.

Then having made to highest God his
prayer,

His mighty soul forsook its mortal weed.
While his brave horse, as in revengeful
rage,

Return'd against the foe, new war to wage.

Pulci, when relating nearly the same circumstances, (varied, principally, by making the Calif of Baldracca wound Oliver treacherously,) fails to communicate to this part of the story any thing like the deep interest which Zanabi excites. Those who wish to make the comparison, may do so by consulting *Mor. Mag.* cxxvii. 59 to 70. It will be recollected, that it was stated in the first article on this Romance, that Pulci, who cites Turpin and others frequently, was of course under the necessity of denying that the good archbishop was killed at Roncesvalles. Zanabi, who quotes no

such authority, gives the subsequent account of his death :

The sun was fast declining to his set,
In middle course between the noon and eve,

When Turpin the great Paladin address'd,
To tell that Heaven did all their friends bereave.

Still would Orlando to the fight have prest,
Though vex'd with thirst, that made his parch'd tongue cleave :

But Turpin crieth, " Let us now breathe a while,

And for a moment quit these Pagans vile."

Together through the bloody field they wade,

And when they had dismounted in the tent,

Said Turpin, mournfully, " My dear comrade,

With long fatigue I feel my senses spent."

These heavy words he had no sooner said,
Than God's blest angels made a bright descent,

And amid songs and hymns of joy and grace,

Bore Turpin's soul to Heaven's holy place.

Orlando all disconsolate was left ;

In his heart's anguish, and in pain severe,
He drank at a small streamlet from a cleft,
And, thanking Heaven for his reviving cheer,

He said, " Oh God, since I am thus bereft
Of all companions, let me die e'en here !"
Thereat from Heaven a vivid splendour broke,

And thus a voice to great Orlando spoke :

" To thee companions the true God will give,

Such as on this dread field he did allow ;
Men bold and vigorous as did ever live,
And on this bloody day have fallen now."

" If that may be, if highest God revive
That race," replied Orlando, bending low ;
That mighty race, if he restore to life,
I die contented in this mortal strife."

Another voice return'd, " 'Tis not the will
Of God those worthies to re-animate :
Since Christ, the Saviour, death appear'd
to kill,

Soon to expire will yield thee comfort great."

The voice then ceas'd, Orlando too was still,

And on the past began to ruminate.

While thus the day's disasters he reviv'd,
His squire, Terigi, suddenly arriv'd ;

from whence it does not very clearly appear. The French romances (we quote from one printed in 1588, but first published much earlier, and en-

titled, *La Conqueste du Grand Roy Charlemaigne des Espaignes*) give it somewhat differently. *Et lors demoura le Roy Marfurius avec peu de gens. Adonc Roland le vid, si vint à luy et le mit mort incontinent et les cent chevaliers Chrestiens qui estoient avec Roland en celle rencontre douloureusement furent occis, excepté Bandonyn et Thierry qui de paour s'enfuyrent au boys : mais apres que Roland eut occis le Roy Marfurius, il fut tellement oppressé que de quatre lances il fut navré mortellement et frappé de pierres, cassé et blessé de faux dards et de traicts mortels : non obstant ces tourments, outre la volonté des Sarrasins, il saillit hors de la bataille puis se sauva le mieuz qu'il peut.* We hear nothing in Pulci or Zinabi of Baldwin and Thierry running away into the woods through fear, nor of Orlando escaping from the battle, and saving himself in the best way he could, unless we are to infer the latter from what immediately follows in Zinabi's production :

Orlando to receive him was right glad ;
" Let us proceed to yonder rising ground,"
He said, and both mov'd on in silence sad,
On foot, until at length the hill they found.
Orlando on a rock, as he were mad,
Struck Darlindana, with an echoing sound,
Thinking to shiver thus his well-tried brand,
But e'en the rock could not its edge withstand.

Again, and yet again, he struck his sword
Upon the jagged rock, its blade to break,
With all the strength that in his arm was stor'd ;

But vainly struck—the rock was all too weak.

Ceasing his fruitless efforts, he ador'd
Unequal'd God, and of his sword thus spake :

" Oh, noble steel ! so strong the rocks to hew !

Until my death thy worth I never knew.

" Had I but known thy virtue from the first,

I ne'er had doubted, temper'd as thou art,
Prov'd in this hardest trial, latest, worst !"
Putting his horn to mouth, his mighty heart,

Ev'n with the force of his own blowing, burst,

And from his visage the red blood did start.
The Saracens upon the field below
Fled in dismay, when thus they heard him blow.

This mode of terminating the existence of the renowned Christian champion, is infinitely finer than letting him, as the French romances have it, die of the wounds inflicted by the enemy. It will be seen, however, that he does not expire until he has twice repeated the blast. *La conquête de grand Roy Charlemagne*, before quoted, puts a very long address to his sword into the mouth of Orlando; and that of *Gallien Restauré* thus speaks of the manner in which he endeavoured to dispose of his sword, that it might not fall into the hands of the enemy: "*Après que le noble Roland eut fait plusieurs regrets à son épée, il vit une roche auprès de lui, et croyant rompre son épée, il en frappa contre ladite roche trois coups, mais au dernier coup qu'il donna, il fendit la roche en deux. Quand Roland vit qu'il n'avoit point endommagé son épée et qu'il ne le pouvoit casser, il eut grand déplaisir; car il appréhendoit qu'elle ne tombât entre les mains des payens, il la jeta dans la rivière, puis fit sa prière au Seigneur.*" Zinabi, however, reserved the magic sword of Orleone for a different purpose. Pulci enlarges considerably upon the incidents of the poem before us, but he does not add to them: he makes Orlando fix the point of his weapon in the earth, and embrace it, (xxviii. 152.) and it may be worth remarking, that he represents the Paladin as giving the first blast of his horn, before the death of Oliver:

*E sono tanto forte
Ch'el sangue uscì per la bocca e pe'l naso.*

After Orlando has twice sounded his horn, so that Charlemagne, at *St Jean Pied de Port*, on the other side of the Pyrenees, heard it, he feels that he is dying, and tells his squire Terigi to haste, after he has expired, to the Emperor—

"And tell him all the treachery of Gan, When to Marsilio sent on embassy: Tell him that twenty thousand to a man have died this day, to glut the Pagan's rage!"

Then lifting up his horn, once more he

To sound it fiercely; but beside his page He fell upon his knees, spent, broken-hearted,

And, praising God, his lordly soul departed.

The angels of the Lord, as it ascended,
So Christ himself had bade, receiv'd his soul,
And carried it where anthems, never ended,
Are sung in bliss. Terigi mark'd the whole,
As he hung o'er Orlando's corse extended:
He clasp'd it close, and wept without controul;
Crying, "Ah, sweetest Lord! my dearest hope and stay!
Wherefore has Heav'n thus torn thy life away?"

"Ah, how can I to Charlemagne return,
And tell him, noble master, of thy fate?
Ah, how will he in wasting anguish mourn
The Champion of the Church and Christian State?"

And where to find thy equal shall he turn
Among his people, lost, disconsolate?"
Thus made Terigi his unheard lament,
Then kiss'd the corse, and on his way he went.

The particularity with which Pulci represents Orlando, just before he breathes his last, composing himself into a becoming attitude, with his sword upon his breast, and his arms crossed like figure of a knight upon a tomb, is somewhat ludicrous:

*Ma prima il corpo compose a la spada
Le braccia in croce e'l petto al pome fitto.*

It reminds one of Liston, in *Bombastes Furioso*, putting on his nightcap, and making himself comfortable, before he dies.

We had fully intended to have concluded Zinabi's poem in the present article, but so much interesting matter remains, in the signal punishment of Gan, in the death of Aldabella, wife to Orlando, and in the bloody vengeance taken on Marsilio by Charles, that we must defer it until the next month.

A TRUE AND AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF "ILL TAM."

NO VII.

ABOUT this period of my existence, I became exceedingly useful in the forming and forwarding of love-affairs. I had, in fact, gained my fourteenth year, and had learned more from Nature than ever I did either from Ovid or Cæsar. I did not, indeed, as yet, venture to launch into the rough and hazardous seas

of courtship on my own bottom ; but I was deemed a safe and a skilful pilot, in navigating the venturous barks of others. I used to approach windows, tap at doors, whisper through chimks and crevices, communicate intelligence by winks, and coughs, and shreds of songs, in the most dexterous and intelligible manner imaginable. For all of which exertions, in the service of love-smitten swains, I was rewarded with rides, now and then, in carts, and on horseback, and with the good will, in short, of all the courting neighbourhood. One instance of my method of doing business in this way I shall take the liberty of particularizing : "Leezy Lawson" was the toast of the parish. She was a farmer's daughter, young, buxom, and active, though occasionally visited by the "water-brash," and a little pitted by the small-pox. Yet, upon the whole, she was a vast object of pursuit, having made as many conquests, I seriously believe, as the little piece of revolving paper, over my head, attracts flies. Yet, true it is, and proper to be added, that none of these lovers soiled in the least her reputation, which continued, in spite of all the old maids in the neighbourhood, flawless and sound. But what a queer squad, after all, and how diversified in their character and appearance, these lovers, or (as they were termed by their sweathearts) these "lads" were !

First, there was the "donnert Laird o' Dryland," and he came riding on horseback, and bribed "Ill Tam" with a white saxpence, to "tak' the brae, and let the lass ken o' his coming." But Leezy couldna' bide him ; he wanted spunk, she said, and had once "sought a kiss, without ha'in' smeddum to tak' it." Then there was "Farmer Will," young, sprightly, and dashing ; but then he was reported as a "gay-deceiver ;" more fond of fishing than of fish ; boastful of his conquests, and truly in love with nothing but himself. His visits, she couldna' abide, "nor could she be fashed wi' his gab." Then there was "Dyker Tain ;" he was a great favourite, for he was sly, and made a good use of his time ; had the grip of a smiddy vice, and could father an invention,

or, in other words, tell white, flattering lies, with the best of them ; but then, except the cauld stances, which he handled all day lang, the fient a thing had he to depend on. "Sutor Sandy," too, was a lover, but his hands smelt and felt of rosin, and his father was sorely afflicted with scrophula. His breath, too, was sermiply wholesome. Roving "Jock Johnstone," the south country drover, had somewhat formidable pretensions. He rode a good horse, swore a round oath, boggled at nothing, except at the kirk style of a Sabbath morning ; and truth compels me to add, he was the father of a couple of as fine boys as ever brought the blush of shame o'er the cheek of credulous woman. Jock had always an hour's company of Leezy when he came the road ; and he seldom, such was his pressure of business, wished for more. The "Dominie," too, with his handsome ankles, and smart white-skin stockings, devoted a few Saturday evenings to love and Leezy. His was truly a pitiable case, for though his encouragement was small, his passion was strong, and would occasionally vent itself in the shape of sonnet or song. Kirks and markets were reserved by Leezy for him ; and I have seen him often, on such occasions, wagging his long-tailed coat with a peculiar air, cracking his knowing joke, and spending his money like a prince. Last of all, in this somewhat lengthy and Penelope list of suitors, there was "Butler Rab," spruce as a bantam, smart as a roebuck, and ornamented like a maypole, or gardener's "Adam" on procession-days ; and it is upon him, and upon his courting advances, that my narrative at present turns.

In all the full blow and blaze of table finery, did this hero of the sideboard and knife-box appear before me, one moonlight evening, supplicating my good offices in procuring him an interview with Leezy. This favour, after manœuvring over dungs, hills, through nettles, and along dark passages, I at last accomplished ; and placed the expectant lover, as instructed, in an "out-house," where the men-servants slept, and the winter's peats were safely lodged, there to await the promised interview. As fate, or fortune, or the devil would

have it, "Rab" accidentally came into contact with a broken peat-breast, whereupon, first one peat, and then another, and latterly, a full and overwhelming rush, accompanied by a tub-full of suspicious water, descended upon, and nearly suffocated him. I heard the rush and the scream, and ere I had arrived at the scene of action, or rather of suffering, I found our hero employed in dashing the water out of his coat-tails upon the stone-cheek of the door. There was no remedy, for in every respect our hero's presence was offensive, even to the least susceptible sensibilities. So he was glad to take to his heels, and relinquish a barn lodging and peastrae interview with Leezy, for his own snug bed at the back of the scullery. As he conceived this to have been a trick or practical joke executed upon his dandy person, he never returned to the charge; and being a "wee fushionless," as the auld guidewife o' Gilchristland expressed it, his absence was the less regretted.

In love-making, however, as in fishing, they who have been aiding and assisting to the sport and convenience of others, are very apt to adventure at last for themselves. In this amusement, it is true, it is either dance or hold the candle; but then the candle-holders, like Rob the Ranter with his bags, are apt to combine two offices into one; and whilst they afford facilities, and present occasions to others, mix in the dance, and participate in the glee themselves. "Can a man," says scripture, "take fire to his bosom, and his clothes not be burnt?" and can a boy of fourteen be brought into continued contact with blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, and fat round arms, and plump female forms, without feeling the desire of adventure? True it is, that his little capital may share the fortunes of the South-sea bubble; but the risk, and even the probability of this, will not be sufficient to prevent, at this inexperienced and most adventurous age, the hazard. I have been young, and I am now fifty, and in the whole course of my inflammable and mercurial experience, have I never felt the passion of love as I did at the age of fourteen. It was then a new, as well as a most

exquisite feeling; timid as the fawn in the presence of the party beloved; yet, strong as the lion, and impetuous as the mountain-flood, in secret. It was then an unadulterated passion, pure from every foreign admixture, and acting with all the directness and simplicity of nature—engrossing the whole boyish heart, and converting it for the time into a crucible, in which to melt down fair images, delightful interviews, sweet smiles, and condescending favours. Of purity, and innocence, and Platonic sensations, those may speak who have experienced them; for my own part, I am a sinful descendant of a sinful progenitor—a degenerate plant of a strange vine; and I freely confess, that at this sheepish, modest, unassuming period of my life, I felt as every son and daughter of Adam feels, and have never, at any posterior stage of my eventful life, been more truly a slave, if you will have it so, to all the force, fervour, and blind impetuosity of the great master Passion. Yet, with all this, I was most decidedly virtuous, and outrageously delicate, in all my actions, and would sooner have put my foot into a flow peat fire in full blaze, than have risked myself in the company of any female of less delicate conduct and conversation than myself. It was for this very reason, that though I was often in Leezy's company, and had every opportunity of becoming familiar with her many and prominent attractions, I never truly felt them. There was a grossièreté about the whole business, not only in the number, but still more in the character of her lovers, as well as of her own conduct, and even conversation, which kept me completely aloof, and preserved me a most faithful messenger on all occasions of private and confidential dispatch. But there was a little dumpy, and quite juvenile form, exhibited before my delighted eyes, in the office and character of "byre or dairy-maid," to whose attractive and overpowering charms my soul within me bent and submitted most implicitly. Were I to designate, without limitation, this girl as my first love, I should state a falsehood; for I was in love at the age of nine with a fair, well-dressed girl, whom I saw one

morning standing in the porch-way of the schoolmaster's house; and I was in love about the same time with Mary Mather, who accompanied me about half-way home from school, and whose face was spotted and fennickled, in a most bewitching manner, by the sun—and I was in love with Jean Gibson, who met me at the Bullester bushes, and gathered sloes in her mother's check-apron—and I was in love with "Polly Stewart*," who learned to read and count, and was far advanced in book-keeping. But on all these occasions, the feelings which I owned, and the sentiments I entertained, and the images my solitude conjured up, were far and widely different from those which, on the present occasion, I experienced for the "*Κρη βαθυκολπος*," Peggy Millar. In every sense of the word, as it is understood at fairs, and at markets, and at evening trysts, and at penny-weddings, this was indeed and in verity my first love. I can still place her before myself, though not before the reader—if any such should light on these papers—in all the delightfulness of her sunny and guileless existence; sprightly as the lark, playful as the kitten, active and industrious as the bee, and encompassed with more indescribable graces than ever was Dido, or Venus, or even the fair and faithless Helen herself. Her eyes were large, and of the most fascinating hazel—a colour which even age, and imbecility, and decrepitude itself, must confess to be irresistible. But colour without water, is like the diamond without the polish and the setting. The water of this girl's eyes, as it sparkled to the light, or facilitated and enforced the movements and the power of the revolving orbs, penetrated, in excitement and extacy, even to the heart's core of every admirer. The poison of the tarantula is less efficient in occasioning maddening derangement, than was this searching and insinuating liquid. And, in respect of her person, it is sufficient for my purpose to add, that Hogarth's lines

of beauty were never better exemplified. You would have taken her for a Cupid in petticoats—a little dumping of loveliness, enveloped in movements and attitudes of grace. Some way or other, every thing she did indicated soul; and yet she was the daughter of a widow, had long been an orphan, and had only learnt to read the New Testament at school. Her manners—and why not speak of her manners?—though the girl was poor, and an orphan, her manners were so soft, mild, and conciliatory, that every body liked, at least nobody disliked her; even Francie Robbison himself laid aside his stocking occasionally, and descended from the altitudes of his office, as corrector of morals, to toy and romp it with Peggy. But Francie was never a favourite; and, unless on one occasion, when he filched a red-checked apple from her pocket, Francie's hand was never permitted to come into contact or intercourse with her person. Had you seen this little grizzet, as I have seen her, with her petticoats tightened around her ankles, at the milking of the ewes, singing like a mavis, and moving like an antelope,—had you seen her, as I have seen her, at the stacking of the hay, tramping down the fork-fulls, and glowing from breast to brow with the

"Bloom of young desire, the purple light of love,"—

had you seen her, as I have often seen her, through the boretree hedge of my mother's kail-yard, employed at a monthly washing, and accommodating herself and her lovely person to all the duties of the task she had undertaken;—and, lastly, had you seen her, as "Rob Rankin" and I used to see her, at the morning, and mid-day, and noon-milking of the folded cows, when, in our official capacities of "letter-to" and "remover" of the calves, we stood each of us at our post, prepared even to anticipate the wishes and signals of the fair milker;—had you seen all this, which I have had the good fortune to see, you would have read this imperfect and inadequate eulogy upon "Peggy" with more interest than you are likely, circumstanced as you are, to do.

I cannot, consistently with truth,

* Of whom Burns wrote thus:

"Lovely Polly Stewart,
There's not a flower in a' the land
That's half so fair as thou art."

say that I was the favoured admirer of Peggy's charms; for, somehow or other, "Rob Rankin," who was fully two years older, and who had the immediate prospect of being advanced from his present ignoble employment to that of junior ploughman, contrived to be present in my absence—to be more useful and obsequious than I, even in my own presence—and to venture upon freedoms to which I dared not even in thought to aspire; but still I think, somehow or other, the girl had what you may term a warm side for me; for she was exceedingly kind to my mother, obliging to my aunts, and even fed Rover occasionally with market-fare, from the inexhaustible stores of her pocket. With me, personally, she was always timid, and even distant, and seemed to consider my school-education as entitling me to a kind of respect, which she cared not, and aimed not to preserve for others. Had she offered, as some of her predecessors in office actually and most vociferously did, to kiss me, I had certainly taken to my heels, crossed the dyke at the first slap, and been seen by her no more for a month to come. But, circumstanced as I was, I could get no rest, night nor day, for thinking, and pondering, and wishing, and contriving, and hoping, and fearing, in reference to my sweet Peggy. I had no definite aim in all this; it was not necessary that I should. I never thought of a closer union, or of any union or change of relation at all; but the phantasy had taken hold of my brain, and had troubled, and even moved my heart; and at school, and at the fishing, I could not shake off the engrossing idea. It is not surely to be wondered at, that, amidst all this derangement and diversion in favour of Peggy, my school tasks should be neglected. I sunk, I am ashamed to confess how low, amongst my class-fellows; became first careless, then callous, and latterly systematically obstinate. I set the master, and shame, and propriety, at defiance; and read, or rather passed over, the Eclogues of Virgil, (with the exception of the second!) and the Metamorphoses of Ovid, with about as much benefit and information as if I had read them in Hebrew. In this

phrensy of infatuated and perverted feeling, I had recourse to every species of deception to accomplish my purposes. I even constructed a lodge in the midst of the adjoining wood, and within one of the crevices of the "Cat Craig," where I remained all day, constructing cross-bows, reading Allan Ramsay's "Pattie and Roger," and thinking most manfully, and till my very ears cracked again, of Peggy. I used to fall asleep sometimes, and dream odd dreams, and see strange visions; and ever as evening and the school dismissal-hour returned, I ventured home with a lie in my mouth, or implied, at least, by my conduct, to my mother. For upwards of eight days I was enabled to continue this skulking and wretched state of existence, and I believe would actually, of my own accord, have renounced it, had I not been surprised by Francie's dog, "Whitefoot," into adieuement which absolutely threw my mother into tears, and had almost lost me the favourable opinion which, even through all my follies, I had hitherto retained of my aunts. I felt, indeed, and keenly, the misery and the disgrace which I had incurred; but the idea of Peggy had taken such a hold over all my firmer and more hallowed resolutions and perceptions, that I was, in consequence of this premature and irresistible affection, hurried even into more desperate and fearful measures than any I had as yet adopted.

"Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat," if it be not classically, is at least morally true. I had now reached that advanced period, in the fearful fever of folly, when I could neither suffer a cure, nor continue long under the disease; and the incident I am now about to narrate, will serve to shew how fast and how far they gallop,

"Whom devils and lascars drive!"

There had long existed a competition, or rivalry, betwixt "Rob Rankin" and me, on the score of presents. Cranes, cranberries, blaberries, wild strawberries, rasps, hackberries, sloes, nuts, crabs, with now and then a purloined handful of "razels and groats," were poured into Peggy's lap, from the overcharged cornucopia of our bounty. Hap-

py he who could anticipate Peggy's wish, in reference to any thing which enters in at the mouth; for then, cost what it might, at all risks, and through all obstructions, it was immediately attained and bestowed. Somehow or other, Rob had hit upon a kind of bastard apple, which grew, as I afterwards learnt, in the "white-side linn;" and with this he, at once, fairly out-did me, and I was consequently thrown back upon my shifts and inventions, to discover some method of recovering my lost ground in the maiden's good graces. I had often, on my way, of a fine summer afternoon, from school, scene, and admired, and even lingered, to contemplate over the hedge, the fine red-cheeked and tempting apples which grew in the orchard of the "old Castle." I had even proceeded so far as to pick up one or two which the wind had tossed over the fence, and I believe, if my recollection be accurate, I had even appropriated a few with a clecky-stick, constructed for the purpose of bringing the branches bearing the fruit within my grasp. Having tampered with the sinful thing, I had familiarized my mind to the evil; and although I had so far resisted the suggestions of my own appetite, as never to meditate, heretofore, an absolute and systematic inroad or breach upon an enclosed orchard; yet now, that I saw no other way of combating the bastard fruit which "Rob Rankin" had brought so inopportunately to tell against me, I began to meditate, in a kind of indistinct and hesitating manner at first, but afterwards more definitely, a descent upon the Factor's apples. To inform "Rob Rankin," however, of this scheme, would be only undoing with the one hand what I was accomplishing by means of the other; so I had recourse to a spirit fully as adventurous as Rob, "Auchincarrn herd," namely, the red-doubt and mischief-making "Will Hiddlestane." Our plan was soon discussed, being simply to advance through the Castle-wood upon the orchard, which was but insufficiently enclosed, about twelve o'clock at night, and, by the help of a loose bag, or sack, fairly to bear away as many apples as we could carry on our backs.

In revising my life and conduct, I am not a little startled at the extent to which my folly had now run, nor can I easily, sitting as I now do in the quiet and discriminating chair of reflection, conceive how I contrived to forget so soon, and even to encounter all those religious instructions, and that excellent moral example, which was adhibited to my ears and eyes, to my daily observation. Yet forget it all I certainly did, and even contrived to convert the fair garment of piety and religion into a mask for my knavery—an apology before God and man for my impiety and downright vice. It was no unusual thing for "Rob Rankin" and me at this time to spend our Sabbaths, (when permitted, by recommendation of Dr Glauber, or Surgeon Senna-leaf, to remain at home,) in boiling carrots, making scar-scones, or roasting potatoes in the hearth-ashes; and then, after having jaded and worn out our spirits with every manner of active and bustling folly, to betake ourselves to our chapters and psalms, and even to family worship, by the dyke or the hedge-side, as a full and a complete discharge of all debt contracted with the Deity on the occasion. Yet all this, though bad enough in all conscience, was, in my eye, far less sinful, and infinitely less dangerous, than the act in which I was, along with my new accomplice, Will Hiddlestane, about to engage. The very idea of stealing, in any shape, was fearful, as it came up to my mind, charged and loaded with prisons, and fetters, and ropes, and executions. On one afternoon, when nobody was in the school, the boarders being all at dinner, I had indeed already appropriated a fine bunch or parcel of most inviting fly hooks; but had not advanced a mile on my way home with my prize, when my conscience snote me so severely, that I was glad to make great speed back to the school-house, and to return the stolen goods to the "Grammatical Exercises," from betwixt the leaves of which I had extracted them. I had frequently stolen gooseberries and currants from a corner bush in the master's garden; but this was scarcely deemed "stealth," as the berries were ex-

tracted through the hedge from the outside. Nothing, I verily believe, short of the motive which now actuated and impelled me, as it were, blindfold and headlong, could have made me resolve upon the hazardous measure contemplated. And what has not the same motive effected! What mischief and woe, and worse than folly, have not the fair Helens, and Eloisas, and Marys, and Bettys, and Tibbys, and Nannys, and Peggys, of this wide world, occasioned!—but it is full time to drop moralising, and proceed with my history.

Well, away we marched, of a dark September night, without fear or dread of spiritual and diabolical interference, along the turnings and windings of the lonely Castle-wood footpath. We reached at last the notorious beech-tree, upon the bark of which the initials of several generations of school-boys are engraved; and at the foot, and under the impervious shade of which, we had resolved to deposit our spoil, as we collected it, and to rendezvous at last. Long did we sit, watching the lights in the castle windows, and listening to the ceaseless bay of "Ponto," the house-dog. At last we could see a candle blaze through a stair-case, and ultimately take possession of the eastern tower of the building; a head, enveloped in a white night-cap, disappeared suddenly from our view as the shutters closed, and the candle was apparently extinguished. Another light passed across the court, into the "Clerk's" chamber, and we could hear "Ponto" called in, and the bolt turn. All now was silence, except that occasionally a slight breath of wind came rushing, or rather gently floating, from the distance, over the wide ocean of leaf, and branch, and fruit—dying away again suddenly, and leaving every top erect, and every limber twig motionless and still. It was one, or it might be half-past one o'clock, of a dense cloudy morning, and the work for which we had ventured so far was yet to accomplish; for my own part, I felt a kind of horror creep over my whole body; and imagined every instant that I saw men watching, with muskets presented towards us, under every adjoining hedge or tree. Our

own whispering became alarming, from its stunning noise; and although Will Hiddlestane affirmed that his courage remained undiminished, I could feel, that, even in a warm and genial air, he trembled and shook like a wabron leaf. I would have willingly retreated—as would my companion, I am quite certain, likewise—at this awful moment; but neither of us had the courage to be the first to express our wish. A slight breeze, however, at this critical moment, came down; the old oaks began to move and rustle; and the tall elms, and still taller beech, made a pretty tolerable commotion. Never was breeze more acceptable to the watching and whistling mariner, during a calm, than this was to us, as we lay squat, and fearfully expectant of some unforeseen mischief, under the old beech-tree. As the rabbit sallies forth from its hole, after an evening shower, and whilst the rainbow is splendid in the east; as the deer-stalker (say, for example, his Grace the Duke of Atholl, so redoubted in the princely sport) steals *in* and *in* upon the course, or the lair, of the branchy-headed monarch of the mountain; as our Edinburgh Volunteer Sharp-shooters used, in the year 1804, to lie in ambush amidst the whins and the quarries of Craigmillar Castle; so cautiously, so warily, and silently, did we advance from beneath the "Patula fagus," upon the hedge, and upon the "slap," and ultimately upon the well-known trees of the orchard. There was one tree which bore fruit of a particularly beautiful shape, and altogether tempting appearance;—the country people, in going to church, had called it, in my hearing, the "Lang Meg*:" so to this Lang Meg we had determined, to pay our addresses in the first instance. All went on well: we found the tree; knew it at once, by the shape of the trunk, and the roughness of the bark; ascended, both of us, incontinently, and divided the wide-spreading orb of branches into two hemispheres, for our separate conquests. The green and jirging fruit came ever and anon in contact, not only with my fingers, but with my mouth, and cheeks, and nose;

* Paradise Pippin.

and I could have wished myself all naked skin to enjoy the touch, and all hands and fingers to pluck. Again and again I stuffed my pockets, and every part of my dress which could admit of a single apple; and again and again I returned to the beech, and deposited my burden. My associate, I could observe, did the same, though we exchanged as yet no words, and seldom came even into perception of each other. "What kind o' anes are ye getting on that side, Will?" whispered I, at length, after I had covered my whole person in a panoply of Lang Mags; "are ye getting big anes, man?" repeated I, shedding the branches at the same time with my arms, and trying, but in vain, to discover the poison, or hear the voice of my copartner. This was a little odd; and I was endeavouring, but in vain, to account for it, when I heard my associate suddenly drop from a lower branch—for I was now on the very topmost bough—and could mark that he was making a pretty tolerable use of his heels, not towards the beech, as I expected, but in an opposite direction, and across the orchard. I had hereupon just commenced the operation of swinging myself, branch by branch, to the ground, when, in an instant, my ears, and eyes, and whole soul and body, were enveloped in, and penetrated by, fire, and smoke, and sound: I felt precisely as if I had been suddenly blown up a great many leagues into the air, and far above the clouds; and as if all my limbs had been commingled with the surrounding and absorbing elements. I dropt, however, by the law of gravitation, not upwards, as I supposed, but downwards,—and was not a little surprised, and even mortified, to find, upon calling in my limbs to their wonted duties, that I was still alive, was possessed of local being, and was exposed, in spite of all that had happened, to thought and reflection, to arrestment, and consequent shame and suffering. I sprang, however, instinctively to my feet, and without waiting to debate the matter with my understanding, I took to my heels with the rapidity of the stricken deer. I had not run fifty yards, when I found myself, like the fly in

the honey-pig, or the wasps in the poisoned bottle, up to the ears in mud—absolutely immersed amidst the confines of an immense and reeking dunghill, in something little less tenacious, and greatly more offensive, than the Psahnist's miry clay. As I lay here prostrate, and resembling one swimming through chaos for his life,—or like the devils floundering in Pandy,—with my nose only, and the upper section of my face, above the surface of the "pool," a horrible shape, and shaggy roughness, swept over me—and I could hear in an instant the violent barking of "Ponto." There was evidently no time to be lost;—I arose with what dispatch I could, a kind of "rudis indigestaque moles," like the aboriginal births on the banks of the Nile,—I shook myself for one single moment, into shape, and motion, and speed; but ere I had retreated many paces, my course was again opposed, by an invisible and powerfully counteracting body;—down we came, by the concussion, to the ground together, and learnt, at the same instant, our mutual mishap. "Is that you," said I, "Will? Oh! Godsake, man, is that you? What will we do—what will we do?" Will answered me only by making use of my shoulders in rising, and by vanishing in an instant. Hereupon another shot was fired in my immediate neighbourhood; and I could hear the "Clerk" giving out a "seek them, boy—catch them boy, Ponto," in most vehement and terrifying tones. Up I sprung; dashed forward blindfold upon the thorn hedge; forced myself, in desperation, through it; tumbled several yards down a steep descent on the other side; and, to use an Irish mode of expression, fairly landed at last in the midst of a moat, or pond of water. I lay still as the night, which was now again most teasingly breathless; and could hear Ponto pass, panting and woufing, along the inside of the hedge, through which I had so opportunely, and with so much difficulty, escaped. As I lay here, supine, and literally immersed in troubles, and dangers, and alarms, the clouds broke, and separated above me, and I could see the blue sky, all studded and sparkling with stars. "Happy, happy stars," thought I,

as I lay, breathless, and almost lifeless, from apprehension ; " ye are comfortably, and securely, out of this scrape ; you have stolen no apples ; been exposed to no gun-shots ; stuck in no dunghills ; forced no hedges ; and fear and apprehend no pursuer ; you have no dread of the future, no dismaying recollection of the past ;—with you, even with the most diminutive and insignificant of your hosts, would I now willingly exchange places, and character, and fortune ; I would even become a night-clock, or a hooting-owl, a bat, or a corn-creak, provided I could find wings to escape from this terror !"

To encrease my dismay and embarrassment, upon putting my hand to my head, I found that my hat was absent without leave, and probably deposited by this time in the " Clerk's" chamber. This very hat, so well known from its narrow rim, or rather from the absence of a rim altogether, and from its pitched and tarred crown, would undoubtedly be adduced in evidence against me ; it would convince the master of my guilt, satisfy my mother that I could not well be innocent ; and being nailed on Sabbath to the church door, would give intimation of my shame and guilt to the whole parish. I should undoubtedly be tied to the foot of the master's desk, and regularly caned for an hour each day, for a month to come. I should break my mother's and my aunt's heart with grief and vexation. I should probably be shot dead by the Factor, whose apples I had stolen, and afterwards dismissed, either to the gallows or Botany Bay, by the " Laird himself." Was ever poor sinner brought step by step into such a dilemma as this ! and all to pleasure a pair of blue, watery eyes, and a round plump form—all to give a momentary satisfaction to one who was now lying snugly in her bed, and snoring every dog awake by the kitchen fire. I could have torn the flesh from my fingers, and the very tendons from my feet, when I reflected coolly, as I had now the advantage of doing, upon all this. And let my sufferings, at this crisis of my destiny, be a warning to all " Ill Tam's," in future ; and whenever they are disposed to substitute vice for folly, crime

for mischief, and downright blackguardism for heedless fun, let them think of my reflections and sufferings in the Castle Moat.

It may be necessary to mention, that by crawling upon my hands and my knees to the spot where I had fallen so suddenly from the tree, I found my hat ; and by repairing along the windings of the Castle-wood foot-path, I overtook likewise my associate Will. A division, for, on his part, he had not forgot the sack at the beech tree, took place betwixt us. And having lodged my share, in order to secure their keeping, in a hay rick in the Carse meadow, I had the satisfaction next evening, upon arriving from school, of hearing from my mother, that a great pose of apples had been that day discovered in taking down a hay-stack, and that all the hay-workers had been enriched with the spoils. Thus my " ill gotten gear" came in misery, and went in disappointment ; and the lovely hazel-eyed Peggy Miller was never a single apple the better of my enterprize, after all.

P. S. I must inform you, Mr Editor, before parting for the present month, that although not mentioned in my last communication, my Uncle's papers have been regularly read over to the twin sisterhood of the North Bridge. Their opinions have been decidedly unfavourable hitherto ; but as they anticipate better things, when their brother comes to speak of his college and tutoring experience, they have, for the sake of the connection, permitted these preliminary pages to pass. All with them now is hustle, and confusion worse confounded. The King is to be down on the 12th of August—yea, even ere this paper shall appear ; and the Bailie's wife, with five-and-twenty grocers' daughters, are all to fit out in finery, suiting the occasion. They wish me, besides, to mention, that they can accommodate the public on the event of the King's appearance at Edinburgh, with their front parlour, immediately over the fishing-rod ; (which is to be removed, not to interfere the view,) at ten guineas a head ; a small acknowledgment to the servant ; but although, in compli-

ance with their request, I have given the above intimation, I am well aware, at the same time, that if all goes on as proposed, it can be of no use in a certain quarter. He has also advanced some bold assertions, which can do no service to them or to the public. Yours ever, X.

LEGEND OF MARSEILLES.

THERE is a tradition in Marseilles, that, on a particular night, about 200 years ago, all the clocks of that city were put forward one hour—a tradition which is said to have had its origin in the following story :

There lived in the vicinity of that city a Monsieur Valette, a gentleman of ancient family, and of considerable fortune. He had married Maria Danville, daughter of the mayor of the city, a young lady, who was, from her beauty, called “the Rose of Marseilles,” and who united to every personal charm, dispositions the most amiable, and a mind the most accomplished. He had the happiness of seeing himself beloved by the most charming of her sex ; a happiness not always enjoyed in France, where marriages are usually contracted by the parents, with too little regard to the affections of their children, and where the heart, therefore, is but too seldom given with the hand. It is on this account, perhaps, that the marriage state in that country is considered as one of more freedom to both parties than with us, where the affections are left less constrained in the choice of their object. M. Valette was blest with two sons and two daughters, the fair fruit of a happy union, and he dwelt in a beautiful villa in the vicinity of the city, and commanding an extensive view of its fine bay ; a seat which had been the favourite residence of his ancestors.

As his children grew up, however, he was induced to remove to Paris, which both he and Madam Valette conceived to be more favourable to the education of their family, though he was himself fond of rural retirement ; a rare taste, amongst a people where all the noble and opulent flock to the capital, the seat of the Court, and leave almost deserted one

of the most picturesque and beautiful countries in the world. Hence it is that pastoral and descriptive poetry are so little relished or cultivated in France, where the pleasures of rural nature are either not fully appreciated, or connected with low and vulgar associations. The removal of M. Valette to Paris was deplored by his tenantry, to whom he had been as a father, but particularly as Monsieur Le Brun, whom he had left factor on his estate, was, though a just man, and religious, of harsh manners, and of a precise and unaccommodating temper.

M. Valette found it necessary in Paris, as all persons of distinction do, to mix with the gay and the fashionable : the time that had been given to the enjoyments of domestic retirement was now consumed in the giddy round of fashion and amusements, and his open and generous temper led him into a mode of life which but ill accorded with the moderation of his fortune. He made frequent demands on his factor for renewed remittances ; and this man was forced to use rigorous and oppressive measures, to procure for his master the necessary means of expense. The scanty vintage of the preceding years had made such demands doubly hard to be obeyed ; and Le Brun became as odious to the tenantry as Valette himself had been respected and beloved.

These circumstances were but too little known to Valette, or his generous soul would have revolted from a manner of life which wrung from the sweat of the labourer his hard-earned wages. One night, as he slept in Paris, the form of his factor appeared to him, covered with blood, informing him, that he had been murdered by his tenantry on M. Valette's estate, for rigour in collecting his revenue, and his body buried under a particular tree, which he minutely described. The ghost of Le Brun, moreover, requested him that he would undertake an immediate journey to Marseilles, and deposit his remains in the tomb of his ancestors ; a request the importance of which will be duly estimated by those who know the horror with which the Catholics contemplate the idea of having their remains depo-

sited in ground which has not been consecrated by the church. To this request Valette assented, and the apparition immediately disappeared.

The morning came, to dissipate the gloom which the vision of the night had occasioned; and though he had been for some time astonished at the unusual silence of Le Brun, yet he could not help considering the whole as a mere illusion of the imagination. The stories of ghosts he had always considered as fit only for the nursery, and his manly and enlightened mind was wholly uninfluenced with the least tincture of credulity or superstition. To have taken so distant a journey, on such a pretence, he knew would be interpreted as the height of superstition; and he concealed an incident, the very relation of which must have subjected him to the ridicule of his acquaintance. "You are more thoughtful than usual, papa!" said one of his daughters to him next morning at breakfast. "I am thinking, my dear," said M. Valette, "why I have been so long in hearing from Le Brun. I need money, and my demands have not been supplied."

Night now came, again to usher in that period of reflection which the dissipation of the day had banished, and about the solemn hour of midnight, Le Brun again appeared, to reproach him for his negligence. There was an evident frown in his countenance; and he besought Valette why he had delayed to fulfil his earnest request? Valette again promised immediate obedience, and the night was no more disturbed by so unwelcome an intruder. Morning came again, the gaiety of which even the voice of sorrow can scarcely resist; and the same train of thoughts occurred to him as on the day preceding. "It must still be a dream," said he to himself; "though a remarkable one certainly! To-day will probably bring me the expected letters from Le Brun, and I must yet delay a journey which must subject me at once to ridicule and inconvenience."

The messengers from the dead seldom petition in vain; and the third night the expected vision appeared, with a terrible frown in his countenance, and reproached Valette for

his want of friendship to the man whose blood had been spilt in his cause, and for disregard to the peace of his soul. "If you will grant my request," said the phantom, "I promise to give you twenty-four hours' warning of the time of your own death, to arrange your affairs, and to make your peace with God." M. Valette promised, in the most solemn manner, that he would set off next morning for Marseilles, to execute the awful commission; and, with a look of confidence in his words, the ghost of Le Brun vanished from his sight. Valette rose next day with the light, and alleging to his family that he had business of urgent necessity, which immediately called him to Marseilles, accompanied by a few faithful domestics, he departed to visit the seat of his ancestors, after an absence of ten years. There, alas! he found but too fatally realized the murder of Le Brun. Under the tree that had been so minutely described, and which grew in the solitary corner of an adjoining forest, he found the mangled remains, which, after the manner of his country, he caused to be decently interred in the family vault. He in vain, however, made every search for the murderers. The same cause which had occasioned the death of the unfortunate Le Brun, led the tenants to the most obstinate concealment of the manner of it; and Valette saw, with horror and regret, the miseries which they had suffered, in times of extreme difficulty, merely that he might be furnished with the means of extravagance. "Had I imagined," he exclaimed, "that my unsatisfactory pleasures would have cost so dear, I would long since have retired from fashionable life, and sought that happiness in the peaceful seclusion of a beautiful country, which was always most congenial to the wishes of my soul. I shall return to my estate," continued he, "that my children may learn to relish its beauties, and acquire an attachment to its tranquil pleasures, and to its simple inhabitants. May the blood which has been shed prove a memorable lesson to my sons of the misery of extravagance, and the guilt of oppression." Impressed with such reflections, M. Valette no sooner returned to Paris,

than he communicated to his accomplished partner, the once "peerless Rose of Marseilles," and the still lovely mother of a virtuous offspring, the matured and unalterable purpose of his soul. Madame Valette, having accomplished the principal object of her residence in Paris—the education of her family—assented with pleasure to a return to those tranquil enjoyments which were ever dearest to her heart. In little more than a year they found themselves again in the chateau of their ancestors, and their return was hailed by a delighted tenantry—by the widow and the fatherless—by the indigent and the afflicted. To relieve the distresses of the poor was neither the least important nor pleasant employments of this benevolent family, and on them descended the blessings of those who were ready to perish.

About eight years after their return from Paris, the family mansion demanding repairs, they found it necessary, for some time, to remove to Marseilles, where they resided in the house of M. Danville, the father of Madame Valette. Time, which wears away even the rocks of the earth, had weakened the impression of his dream from the mind of Valette, and cares of a more tender and domestic nature chiefly occupied his thoughts.

Sitting one night, after supper, in the midst of his happy family, a loud and sudden knocking was heard at the gate; but when the servant went to open it, he found nobody without. After a short interval, the same loud knocking was again heard, and one of Valette's sons accompanied the servant to the gate, to see who demanded admittance at so unreasonable an hour; but, to their astonishment, no one was to be seen there neither. A third time the knocking was repeated still louder and louder, and a sudden thought darted across the mind of Valette, that this was the ghost of Le Brun, come to fulfil his awful promise. "I will go to the gate myself," said he; "I believe I know who it is that knocks." This presentiment was too truly realized. As he opened the gate, the factor appeared, whispered to him, that next night, at the same time, for it was now the twelfth

hour, he must prepare himself to leave the world!—then, waving his hand, as if to bid adieu, the ghost of Le Brun disappeared, to return no more.

M. Valette returned, pale and ghastly as the phantom he had seen, to his happy domestic circle; and, upon their anxious and urgent inquiries as to the cause of his uneasiness, related, for the first time, the incident of the dream, and the promised warning which he had just received. A sudden gloom and melancholy was spread over the faces of all present. Madame Valette threw her arms round the neck of her husband, and embraced him with tears; while his lovely daughters clung round his knees, exclaiming, "that they never could outlive so good a father!" M. Danville, however, obstinately declared his incredulity, and considered the whole as one of those unaccountable illusions to which even the strongest minds are sometimes liable. He viewed it like the apparition which appeared to Brutus before the battle of Philippi, while that great, but unfortunate patriot, was sitting lone and melancholy in his tent. No sooner had M. Valette retired to his apartment, than M. Danville endeavoured to impress the same opinion on the family of his son-in-law. Apprehensive lest the very imagination of the event might occasion it, or at least be attended by disagreeable consequences, he thought upon a device, which, as mayor of the city, it was in his power easily to accomplish. This was to cause all the clocks of Marseilles to be put forward one hour, that they might strike the predicted hour of twelve next night, when it should only be eleven; so that, if there really were any thing in the warning of the ghost, when the time should be believed by Valette to have past over without any event supervening, he might be persuaded to dissipate the imagination with which he was so deeply impressed.

Next day the unhappy Valette made every effort to arrange his worldly affairs according to his wishes, procured his will to be executed in legal form, received the sacrament, and prepared himself with all decency

and solemnity for the awful event which he anticipated. The evening approached. From a large open window, which looked into a beautiful garden, and commanded an extensive view into the surrounding country, he saw the sun go down, as he believed, for the last time. For the last time he beheld its blessed light irradiate the blue heavens, and gladden the green earth. He thought the myrtles and acacias, as they bowed their limber heads to the breeze, waved him a last adieu. He imagined that the fountains, that threw their drizzling spray on high, fell back into their basins with a more plaintive murmur. The shadows of night now came down upon the world, which he believed were to usher him in to the darkness of the grave. He beheld the stars twinkle in the azure heaven with a milder radiance than usual. He viewed with tears of affection the wife of his bosom, and his beloved children, sitting around him, with looks of concealed thoughtfulness and sorrow. "To leave you, the dearest objects of my affection," said he within himself, "gives to death all its anguish. It were not heaven to be without you. But we part to meet again."

He considered himself like a criminal doomed to death, waiting the hour of his execution, and counting the few remaining moments he had to live. The lamps were now lighted in the hall; and he sat in the midst of his family, and partook of the last supper which he believed he was ever to eat upon earth. The clocks of Marseilles tolled the eleventh hour. "My dearest Maria," said he to Madame Valette, "I have now only one hour to live. There is to me but one hour betwixt time and eternity." It approached. There was an unusual silence in the company. The twelfth hour struck, when, rising up, he exclaimed, "Jesu! Maria! have mercy on my soul! my hour is come!" He heard the hour distinctly ring out through all the bells in Marseilles. "The Angel of Death," said he, "delays his coming. Could all have been an illusion? No, it is impossible!" Here M. Danville interposed. "The clock," said he, with

a tone of irony, "has deceived you. He is one of the lying prophets of Ahab. Are you not yet safe? Consider the whole as a powerful illusion of the imagination, and banish, my friend, a thought which so completely overwhelms you." "Well," rejoined Valette, "God's will be done: I shall retire to my chamber, and spend the night in prayer for so signal a deliverance; for so I must always consider it." M. Danville secretly congratulated himself on the success of his device: they parted—never to meet again!

After having been nearly an hour in his bed-chamber, M. Valette recollected that he had left, by mistake, in his library, a document of importance to his family, unsigned, to which it was necessary his name should be affixed. In passing from his bed-chamber to his library, he had to cross by the head of a flight of stairs, which led immediately down to the cellar where M. Danville kept his choicest wines. At this spot he heard a confused noise of voices underneath, and instantly ran down to the bottom of the stairs, to ascertain the cause. But no sooner had he descended, than an unseen arm stabbed him to the heart. At this fatal moment, all the clocks in Marseilles, which are mentioned to have been put forward one hour, now struck one in the morning, or, as it should have been, twelve at night, the exact time predicted by the ghost of Le Brun.

The fact was, the cellar of M. Danville had at that period been broken into by robbers, who, perceiving themselves discovered, saw no other means of escape, than by murdering the ill-fated Valette, by whom they had been surprised. But these men were the unconscious instruments in the hands of Fate. The dagger that stabbed Valette to the heart, proved that the decrees of Heaven are irresistible, and that there is an hour appointed for all the posterity of Adam.

Such is the reason, according to the tradition in Marseilles, why, on one particular night, all the clocks in that city had been put forward one hour.

EBEN. ANDERSON'S ACCOUNT OF
THE ROYAL LANDING.

DEAR SIR,

NEVER was I so proud as at this moment, of my King and of my countrymen,—of that firm, manly, honest-hearted Presence, which has been recognised with the voice of acclaim on our shores, and of that truly Scottish feeling under the bannering and welcoming of which a Prince of the House of Brunswick has entrusted himself, most entirely and unreservedly, to our hospitality. Of the memorable fifteenth of August, when the foot of our King for the first time pressed Scottish soil, we will ever speak and reflect with enthusiasm; and our posterity will, we have little doubt, for centuries to come, re-echo and protract the voice of proud, and loyal, and patriotic acclamation. I can penetrate down through the darkening and deepening distance of ages, to the time when the year 1822 shall supersede the 1745; and age and grey hairs shall be held in veneration, and consulted with eager interest and respect, according as they can circumstantiate and particularize events, and circumstances, and anecdotes, of this memorable era; an era which requires only the removed station of a few years to present to the contemplative eye of the patriot and historian the most striking monument of unity, consistency, and sublimity. At present, the very magnitude and interest of the subject becomes oppressively overpowering; one feels as if they were contemplating, with the naked eye, and from a diminished distance, the sun in his glory. Events so crowd upon events, that, like the carriages in the advance which is at this moment making towards the King's levee, they distract by their numbers, while they astonish from their importance. One is lost in the whirl and succession: the surrounding objects spread out, and melt down, and soften and commingle into one indistinct and dizzying whirl; and it would require as many weeks as I can at present command hours, to write any thing discriminating or characteristic upon the subject. But no matter—"dulce est desipere in loco;" with the thousands, and tens of thousands, by

whom I am surrounded, and the hum of whose voices is on my ears, I may be permitted to say—aye, and to shew,

"Θεῶν Θεῶν μωρύνει;"

And who is there that wears a heart, and, above all, a Scottish heart, and is conscious at the same time of the presence and value of the trust—who does not rejoice, and who is not bound down, by every law of honour and necessity, to rejoice and exult in that delicious madness, and giddy delight, by which he is surrounded, and in which he is absorbed? The standard of humanity is apparently increased; men have, all of a sudden, shot up into something approximating more nearly to the higher natures; and the one national soul and sentiment has swelled out and extended into a painful and sublime expansion. The presence of the King has, by a kind of chemical affinity, attracted all hearts, and voices, and persons, towards one point, upon whose intense brightness the eye of distant nations, and of posterity, will long be fixed in curious and painful enquiry. The rainbow-colouring and arch of our national loyalty has been thrown in one vast span over the head of our venerated monarch; and he has advanced into the Halls of his Fathers, possessed of more than ever even the most favoured amongst these could boast of—the full and undivided confidence and affection of every man and mother's son in Scotland. And is this a time, I repeat it anew, to write essays, and moralise, and look wise and instructive? Is this a season for leading articles, and excellent papers, and elegant disquisitions? Nay, rather let my sentences partake, even at the risk of the canker-worm and gall of criticism, of the universal delirium, and rock and vacillate, as it were, from side to side, with the very drunkenness of joyful excitement.

Yet, after all, I must lower my tone a little, for I am absolutely out of breath, and, at this rate of working, the moral machine must ignite and explode from over action. We are verily bound, out of accommodation to our less; it may be, less favour need
ers, to into the second He-
ven of moderated wisdom—to plan

one foot upon the table land of reflection, and the other upon the yet commoved waters of feeling, and to unfold to the public view a scroll, and a parchment, stained and cyphered by the great outlines of the "King's Landing."

Never, I own, was I so proud of our countrymen as on this occasion, and I care not who know it. We are a brave, and a proud, and a loyal people, clothed, thank God, in the garments of comfort, and conducting ourselves, at all times, with a suitable reference to the proprieties of the occasion. On Thursday last, there was no English rabblement; no Irish feeling, run mad; nothing extravagant or outrageous; all went on as if each individual of the countless numbers present, had previously arranged, and planned, with his most distant fellow-spectator, in what manner they were to act in unison with each other; and yet all went off with that heartfelt, and heart-demonstrated enthusiasm, which is altogether incapable of imitation or counterfeit. To have looked at the multitudes which lined the shores of Leith, and connected themselves, by one continuous communication, with the hosts and the inaccessible, in place and calculation, of the Calton Hill, one would have imagined that some serious accident must unavoidably have occurred; or that all the vigilance of the Police would have been unequal to the preservation of quiet, regularity, and order; and yet, amidst all this extent and density of crowding, there was, somehow or other, room; and over it there was decency, and a kind of awe and veneration, which imparted a moral sublimity to the whole. When the first gun announced his Majesty's descent from the Royal Yacht into the boat, every heart beat short, and every nerve and sinew felt as if they had been traversed and paralysed by a shock of electricity. And whilst the interminous salutes, and reverberation, continued from ship, and pier, and battery, one might have heard a pin drop into the bosom of the waters within Leith pier; but, when the kindling shout from the rigging of the vessels in the harbour bespoke our gracious Sovereign at hand, and when the royal flag was caught, in glimpses, waving,

and floating, and flapping to and fro, amidst the uncertainty of the obstructed and hesitating breeze; and when his Majesty ascended with a firm, and graceful, and manly deportment, the stairs of the platform, and stood erect, and "every inch a king," upon his own Scotland—oh, then! it was not in the shout, or in the waving of hats, or in the spreading forth of handkerchiefs, or in the commoving of masses and millions, that the sublimity and intensity of delight consisted,—but in that still, and breathless, and truly sublime pause, which ever and anon intervened betwixt the successive peals of acclamation. The King looked, and paced the platform, and accosted the company appointed to meet him, altogether like a gentleman;—and, as he ascended his carriage, drawn up at the extremity of the carpeted way, the eyes of all were upon him, in a glistening, and gratified, and silent delirium of respectful delight.

A baker lad, I observed, in my immediate neighbourhood, charged with a thick, and I have no doubt a palatable gingerbread cake, which he kept concealed under the lap of a white apron, and from delivering which to his Majesty, at this favourable instant, he was prevented by a more considerate and respectful townsman, who kept a fast hold of the lad by the shoulders, repeatedly exclaiming, "Keep back, I tell ye, man—keep back—Are ye mad? Are ye demented? Ye'll shame us a'—ye'll disgrace the hale Town o' Leith, man!" and then, appealing to the constables in the immediate neighbourhood, he requested that the possessor and cake should both be taken into immediate custody.

A fish-wife, who was likewise stationed near me, after having obtained her long-contested object, in spite of all authoritative admonitions to depart from the station which she persisted in occupying, held the following soliloquy: "Heh, Sirs, an' that's the King! An' a bonnie, sou-sy, fair-looking man he is, too; an honest-looking man, atweel; an' no a pimple on a' his face either. I could readily infer, from the honest woman's looks, as well as words, that her loyalty was fixed and rooted immovably for life. "But am no pleased wi' his wig awa," exclaimed

a voice from an adjoining door-way, over which a barber's basin was suspended; "it disna sit easy upon his crown; and looks for a' the world like a nivefu' o'haslock woo. Am sure, if he wad only say the word, his Majesty wad be welcome to the very best wig in my shop." "Hout, had ye're tongue," rejoined, in a shrill but penetrating tone, one who, from the authority and sternness with which she seemed to speak and look, I should have deemed the barber's wife; "think ye his Majesty has nae mae wigs at hame, man? ye ken yesterday was rainy, an' there's nae saying but we may ha'e a shower or night, the day—sae ony auld wig is guld enough for sic broken weather!"

The procession at last moved on, in a long line of chivalrous and heraldic order, such as has not been exhibited in Scotland for several centuries back, and such as, in these (in point of chivalry) degenerate days, her own Scott alone could have mustered up into keeping, and bearing, and historic truth. At this instant I was overtaken by a countryman and farmer, who had just landed, with all his band of shearers at his heels, from Fife, and who, with a good-natured communicativeness, not unfrequent in that county, and among that useful and respectable class of people, proceeded to inform me, that his "boon," who had actually agreed to cut down some corn that was drap-ripe, had, upon the firing of the morning or warning gun, suddenly thrown down their hooks, be-taken themselves to the shore, and some in one way, and some in another, had all reached the harbour in time to see the "landing." He himself, though loth to lose so good a day, had e'en followed their example, and was now so highly gratified with a sight of his Majesty, who, he said, very much resembled in features his "auld faither," that he had rather the hail crop war shaken down wi' a nor-west wind, than ha'e mist the view he had just obtained. As the procession moved along Leith Walk, the honest farmer and I kept constantly alongside of the Royal carriage; and we could not help remarking, with delight, the princely, and yet kindly and condescending manner, in which the King met the ever-repeated and kindling congratu-

lations of his people. The condescension, yet entire propriety and becomingness of his whole deportment, extracted frequent applause from my astonished and admiring companion. "Na, look at that, now!" said he. "He's nodding and smiling to the poorest and the meanest body among them! An' see how he's conversing wi' that queer chiel walking beside him, in the bonnet and the tartan, an' the fallow hasna the manners to tak' aff his cap either!"

When we came into a full front view of the Calton, the sight was indeed most imposing and extraordinary. The whole rock, brae, and eminence, were lichen'd over with one crust. It seemed as if men and women had sprung up from the soil, and that the same soft and kindly breeze which met and kissed the ripened fields of grain, had actually come into contact with a matured and full-grown crop of humanity. Thick as the leaves on Valambrosa, faces ranked with, and crowded upon faces, row behind row, and tier above tier, even up and away unto the very summit and balustrade of Nelson's Monument. One could not help thinking of the vale and acclivities of Armageddon, where multitudes shall assemble, on an occasion which, and which (perhaps) alone, would or can be deemed more interesting than the present. Nothing could exceed the good-humour which pervaded, not the mob—for of that description of citizens, properly speaking, there was none present—but the multitude, the mass; every one accommodating his neighbour to the utmost of his power, and all concurring, in one common effort, to maintain good order and decorous conduct in the Royal presence. If there was any circumstance that could at all be considered as faulty or improper in the behaviour of the people, it was their tardiness on some occasions, and at the delivery of the city-keys in particular, to take off their hats; but this error, which originated solely in ignorance, and was the farthest possible removed from disrespect, was instantly remedied when any appeal to become uncovered was made to them. "Tak' aff ye'r hat, Jock," said a voice behind me, in the press at the City-gate; "tak' aff ye'r hat, or I'll send my clecky ayont it!" "Ye needna be see rea-

dy wi' ye're sticks, Tam," rejoined the party addressed; "the King's no looking this way now, man!" After all, perhaps, the most imposing part of the whole procession awaited the Royal eye, as he turned the corner of St Andrew's towards Prince's-Street and the Regent's Bridge. It was here that the King was observed to look, and to point, and to stretch out his arm towards the Calton Hill, with demonstrations of deep and lively interest; and as he advanced under the Monument, immediately beneath the humanized acclivity, which rose up into one waving mass of acclaim above him—and as he came first into view of his royal residence of Holyrood—he was evidently greatly agitated, and actually rose up from his seat, in order to express his overpowering emotions. Such a sight, indeed, on such a ground, and at such a time, when shall any of us again contemplate! That his Majesty was gratified by the whole exhibition and getting-up, it would be a libel upon his good sense and his taste, as well as his heart, not to presume; but we have direct and undoubted testimony to the point.

"I have been told," exclaimed the King to one of the Lords in attendance, upon his arrival at Holyrood, "I have been told that you are a proud nation, and I now see that you are well entitled to be so; for you live in palaces, and act like gentlemen. Where," added his Majesty to another eminent personage who stood beside him, "where were the lower classes to-day? I saw none of them!"

Upon the whole, though I mixed intentionally with the multitude, and was hurried along, amidst the mass, from the landing at Leith to the entrance at Holyrood, I did not hear one expression of discontent or disaffection towards his Majesty. One man, indeed, who in Leith Walk had got himself pitched upon the narrow edge of a wall, caped with rubbish from the glass-works, and who seemed to be supported rather upon his hands than upon his natural seat, as he moved and hitched along, apparently in a state of great bodily suffering, from the hard and cutting projections beneath him, grumbled out, in the agony of his soul, an excla-

mation, which I cannot permit myself to set down. The impiety, however, as well as the disloyalty of that solitary and unique ejaculation, may be lawfully traced to that bodily inconvenience under which the poor man laboured. The heart, I have no doubt, and the head, were rightly affected; but they were, for the moment, over-ruled by a feeling at once fundamental and radical.

In a word, then, and to take leave of this delightful subject for the present, we have witnessed a sight which no nation under heaven can exhibit but ourselves: the entrance of a King—the people's choice, and the nation's pride, and the law's protector—into the land of his forefathers; coming in the confidence of his heart, without guard or protection, save the arms and the bosoms of his people: that entrance exhibited from grounds eminently fitted for the purpose—elevated, and every way convenient, bold, spacious, varied; amidst scenery of the most romantic cast, and amidst houses, and streets, and public buildings, altogether unrivalled. We have witnessed all this, with a dignity and a moderation, under an aspect of deep feeling and unalterable affection, which place us, in the eyes of Europe, on a level with the most polished, and most free, and the most venerated city and nation of antiquity. Our "City of Palaces" has been denominated the Athens of the British Isles, and even without the desirable and imposing aid of a Parthenon on our Acropolis, we have contrived most gloriously to support and verify the title. We have not only exhibited to our Prince the present sentiments of a happy and a loyal population, but we have placed all this, as it were, in a stronger and more imposing light, by bringing it into contact and contrast with ages, and manners, and sentiments long gone by. The elastic wand of our Master Magician has reflected on our native land a hue, and a cast, and a bearing of literature and taste, of which we are proud, and of which our latest posterity will be equally proud, we doubt not, to acknowledge the obligation.—Yours, faithfully,

EBEN. ANDERSON.

17th August 1829.

LONDON THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

London, August 3.

THE two last pieces announced as forthcoming at the conclusion of my last, have, in the interval between that date and the present, lived and outlived their day—I shall therefore say little or nothing about them; for the old proverb, if it be applicable at all, ought to be equally applicable to men and things. Nevertheless, it is, in some respects, directly the reverse with dramatic productions, and the subjects of them;—of men it is said, Death takes the good, too good on earth to stay,

But leaves the bad, too bad to take away; but, (praised be the powers of theatrical damnation!) with plays, “utter destruction and remediless” only follows the bad—those that are not worth preserving:—“a strange discordance this (says Sir Thos. Brown) between man and his works, and only to be reconciled by futurity; when we shall see why here the works of man are allowed a longer existence than the works of God.” But I am writing a theatrical critique, not an ethical discourse, or a moral lecture. It is very true, that, by dint of those worst enemies of managers, free-admissions—and of those worst enemies of authors, partial friends, an indifferent piece, for a night or two, may “hold death at the arm’s-end;” but, as Mother Cole (not quite equal in authority to Sir Thomas Brown) sagaciously as well as elegantly observes, “they must die for all that.” This seems the sort of death to which Shakespeare alludes (I forget in which play) when he talks of

Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll;
the said “written scroll” being the before-mentioned bad play.

The idea that runs through “Peter Pin” (one of the two performances above referred to) is original; and the manner in which it is worked

This “empty eye,” filled with “a written scroll,” might, Mr Editor, serve your “clever and piquant” correspondent (as you call him in your monthly *Address*) with a new illustration of a bull, if, indeed, he had not sufficient modern authorities.

up into a farce does not altogether want ingenuity. Liston, who played the principal character, that of a fish-monger, was sure to do his utmost for the part, and he literally carried it through. Whenever he was not upon the stage, the impatience of the auditory was very unequivocally evinced; and there was a deplorable absence of force and character in the other personages. It is now the fashion to say, that every dramatic production is borrowed from the French; and some, who wish to shew that they have travelled, will swear that they have seen the originals on the Paris boards. Accordingly it was asserted, that even “Peter Pin” was an importation; but I confess I could trace nothing in his conduct or discourse that looked as if he had ever enjoyed the benefit of foreign travel.

As to “All in the Dark, or the Banks of the Elbe,” (the other short-lived piece,) people in London are yet “all in the dark” why it obtained that title. Play-writers, now-a-days, seem to be following the system of the book-makers to whom Dr Arbuthnot alluded in his *Miscellanies*, when he talked “of the sleepless nights spent by some miserable drudge in inventing a strange and striking title-page, which should have the additional recommendation of giving no notion of the contents of the book.” Those who saw “All in the Dark,” did not feel interest enough to take much pains in obtaining light upon the mysterious point. I believe it is admitted, that all the incidents, and most of the dialogue of this production, were first represented on the other side of the Channel. I fancy that the Manager of the English Opera-House wishes they had remained there. The music is by a Mr Livius, (formerly an amateur, but now a professional composer;) and it is but justice to say, that the success of the piece (such as it was) is mainly to be attributed to the delicacy and sweetness of some of the airs.

I do not say that both these after-pieces will not be played again; for at our Summer theatres, where three entertainments are given every night, they have an ingenious way of thrusting things down the throats of the public: they insert a bad farce between two good ones—something like

the Irishman's mode of passing a bad shilling.

London, August 6.

The sudden death of Emery will occasion a vacancy in the drama, that can be supplied by no actor at present on the stage: it is a public misfortune, and in this light it has been universally considered and lamented, independently of the feeling excited on behalf of his wife and numerous family. There is now no one left who can play Caliban, Tyke, or even Fixtore. It was a great mistake, committed only by those who were incompetent to estimate Emery's powers, to suppose that his chief merit lay in the purity and richness of his Yorkshire dialect. This was the least of his excellencies, and the proof of it is, that he might securely rest his reputation upon characters to which that provincial singularity was not necessary. His Sir Toby Belch was as rich a piece of acting as was ever seen upon the stage, and if it were somewhat too coarse, it shewed off the other parts of the play in better contrast; however, to call it too coarse was a degree of fastidiousness shewn only by such as are prone to find fault, and who could make no other complaint against the performance. It is needless to dilate upon talents that must be fresh in the recollection of every play-goer; and as all our daily newspapers have given sketches of his biography, I am also spared that undertaking.

A very productive benefit was given for his family, (which has been left in a very destitute condition,) at Covent-Garden Theatre, and a very liberal subscription has been entered into. Some considerable remittances have been made from Ireland, but we do not hear of any from the north of the Tweed; to be sure, Emery was there but little known, and it was not fair perhaps to expect that, those who were obliged to come to Parliament for a sum to complete a national monument for the embellishment of "the intellectual city," would be found very ready with their cash on an occasion like the present, when there existed no particular claim on their generosity. Your readers must pardon this remark, Mr Editor, but in London, the demand of £.10,000, to which I have referred, occasioned some surprise, notwithstanding the

plausible explanations of Lord Binning in Parliament: I hope they will not try,

D'un mot innocent faire un crime d'Etat.

Before I quit Covent-Garden Theatre, I must say a few words upon the bad prospect, for the public, at least, if not for the proprietors, held out in its next season. It appears that Young, Macready, Liston, and Miss Stephens, (to say nothing of performers "of less mark and note,") are all discharged. Admitting that both the two first were not wanted, which is by no means clear, I do not see how the Manager is to get on at all, without Liston and Miss Stephens. Who can supply Liston's place? nobody; and in consequence of his non-engagement, certain plays and after-pieces are not acted, and some of the most sterling productions of the drama must be banished from the boards of Covent Garden. With regard to Miss Stephens, I hardly know how to trust myself to speak of her: she is in all ways so delightful a creature, that, were these days of romance, I could almost pursue her like a second Orlando,

Che per amor venne in furore e matto.

Miss M. Tree, no doubt, is a most accomplished singer, with great natural powers; but she must always remain second to Miss Stephens, and cannot attempt pieces of music that Miss Stephens has accomplished. It is very true, that, in one respect, Miss M. Tree is more accommodating—she has no objection to appear on the stage in breeches—a degree of indelicacy to which Miss Stephens cannot bring her mind, and I like her the better for it. The error lies at this house, in having an actor, especially a tragic actor, for a manager; and if, as is reported, the absence of Young, or Macready, or of both, is to be supplied by Mr C. Kemble, who is to play Coriolanus, Cato, Hamlet, and parts of that class, the chance of a profitable season to the proprietors will even be less than many have imagined. Mr C. Kemble is a very respectable man, of respectable talents, but not such as to qualify him for the parts he is about to undertake. Let any body recollect what was thought of him while his brother John Kemble was on the stage. Charles Kemble may have improved,

but his recent advancement is partly to be attributed to the race having degenerated, and partly to the almost total want of a good figure, on our London boards. He must not think that he has any claim to monopolize all the principal parts in tragedy and comedy: he certainly has not talents for the first, and he begins to want youth and elasticity for the last. How much a decent shape merely will do for an actor, who has only the commonest requisites of his profession, and one of the most inexpressive turnip-formed faces in the world, may be seen in the progress of Mr. Barnard of Drury Lane, whom I can recollect almost as low in the dramatic scale as Mr. Atkins of Covent Garden, who has risen from a letter-carrier, only to the post of a conspirator in "Venice Preserved," and a highwayman in the "Beggars' Opera." He never can ascend any higher, though, judging only from his nose, he would be entitled to a very prominent situation. The modern gods can only call him "Nosey;" the times are past when Booth (not the first actor of Cato) was wittily told, "to come from behind his nose, that he might be heard."

It was said that Young was engaged at Paris, but, it seems, that scheme has failed most miserably: every body now very sagaciously enquires, "Who could have expected it to answer?" What the *Drapeau Blanc* remarks of the company, is very true, viz. that it consisted of third and fourth-rate actors only: this is the most credible, when we find Mr. Penley at their head. It may not be amiss here, to insert a short extract of a letter I have obtained from one of them, who, though a clever and well-educated fellow, has no great gifts for the stage, which, nevertheless, he embraced several years ago, as "an amorous probationer." He says:—

"You recollect the lines in 'The Antijacobin':

'Thelwall, and ye, no lecture as ye go,
And for your pajs get pelted;' &c.

They are very applicable to the sort of reception we have experienced, from this most polite, most hospitable, most refined, and most accomplished nation. What think ye of this exclusively gallant and chival-

rous people pelting, not merely actors, but actresses, and pretty ones too, with potatoes, stones, apples, copper-money, and rotten-eggs? Well may our vocation say with the French satirist,

*La théâtre fertile en censeurs pointilleux,
Chez nous pour se produire est un champ
perilleux.*

"Poor B——, as Othello, on the first night, suffered cruelly, but not worse than unfortunate Desdemona. Had the play been 'Lear,' there would have been no need of an artificial storm: the 'hailstone chorus' might have been given with great effect. The second night was worse than the first. This is what the Parisians, the genteel and civilized Parisians, who, like the old Romans, call all others barbarians, denominate Retaliation; it was retaliation with a vengeance. I begin to think that there is some very sound sense and reason in the exclamation of Goldsmith's prisoner, 'that he hated the French, because they were all slaves, and wore wooden shoes.' This reminds me, that among other missiles employed against us, were several pairs of old *sabots*."

A great many ferocious details might be inserted, taking the representation of all that occurred only from the French journals; but what I have quoted is quite sufficiently disgusting. The outrage was obviously not committed by the *canaille* of Paris, because, on the second night's performance, the price of admission was so high, as to exclude the lower orders from the theatre of *La Porte Saint Martin*.

London, August 6th.

I wish I could speak as favourably as some of our daily papers, regarding the claims of Miss Paton, who, a few nights ago, made her debut at the Haymarket, in the part of Susanna, in "Figaro." She is by no means new to the musical world, as she is a very distinguished proficient on the harp, and has frequently sung with much applause at concerts. Every body knows what sort of character that of Susanna is, and what sort of music she has to sing; so that nothing need be said about the manner in which Miss Paton, acted, the one, and sung the other. Her appearance is prepossessing both as re-

lates to her figure and her face, and she plays with more life and spirit than is usually evinced by such as rely almost exclusively for applause upon their voices; her action is indeed often redundant and laborious, but in this respect improvement is easily to be attained. Her voice is of sufficient compass, and most of its notes are clear, round, and harmonious; practice has given her, too, a facility in the use of them, rarely exceeded, and her modulations and cadences are, therefore, generally very perfect. This is saying a great deal in her favour, but not so much as has been said, when she was not merely compared with, but stated to surpass Miss M. Tree. There is but one female singer on the stage who does surpass her, and it will be long, if indeed the time ever arrives, when Miss Paton can rival her. Miss Paton's lower tones are by no means so rich and full as those of Miss Tree, and, with all her skill, she wants that flexibility which gives novelty in Miss Tree, to the repetition of every air. I allow, nevertheless, that Miss Paton is a very accomplished artist, to borrow a word from the French. I would often rather borrow their words than their thoughts.

Liston played Figaro in his own style—inimitable, yet not without blemishes, and the chief of these was playing too much to the audience. His countenance (but that is not his fault) may be called a standing grimace, and he makes the most of it. He has been worked very hard at this theatre since the commencement of his engagement; but the best of it is, that he seems to enjoy his labour. Meet him in the street, and he seems gloomy and dull:—he is out of his element; but on the stage he is the very life of the scene. The audience is always disposed to be delighted with him, and they laugh heartily at the most insignificant trifles: they look at him (as Molière says, in his *Critique sur L'Ecole des Femmes*) avec des grands yeux, comme une personne qui ne devoit pas être faite comme les autres. I can recollect all the comic players upon the London boards, from the time of Snett downwards, but I never saw one of his rich and most peculiar drollery.

All the subordinate actors at this house are bad. It is the fashion with managers now-a-days to place their reliance upon what is technically called a *star* or two: to be sure, the rest of the company may say with Cassius,

“The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings;”

unless, indeed, the fault of incompetence be attributable elsewhere. Nature has not meant most of them to be any thing but what they are, or indeed to be that: for instance, she never intended that Jones should play the part of a gentleman, or of a dragoon officer, (which, however, is not always the same,) and he has recently shown that he is aware of it, for he has thrown up the part of the Captain in Mr Kenny's last play of “John Busby.” Mr Baker not only sustains the character, but looks it better.

Nothing new is announced at this house, and it is probable that its short season will end without the representation of any thing but what has already been many times seen.

London, August 11th.

The Manager of the English Opera House, instead of bringing forward any thing really deserving the name of an *English Opera*, has hitherto contented himself (not the public) with melo-dramas and musical farces. Miss Paton (the only female singer of note brought out during the last two years) we have seen at a theatre which, in general, professes to have little or nothing to do with music. If the Manager would engage men and women who have voices and science, and who are capable of getting up such pieces as “The Beggar's Opera,” “The English Fleet,” “The Cabinet,” “The Travellers,” or even “The Devil's Bridge,” (bad as it is, in every respect, but the music,) he might ensure success. Instead of doing so, he brings forward Mr T. P. Cooke as a melo-dramatic actor, who actually has scarcely any recommendation but a long leg, a long nose, and a strong pair of lungs. He who is surpassed by several actors at the Cobourg, and even at Sadler's Wells, is, at this moment, the “great prop and stay” of the Lyceum.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

Auld England held him lang and fast ;
 And Ireland had a joyfu' cast ;
 But Scotland's turn is come at last—
 Carle, now the King's come !

Sir Walter Scott.

Fluellen. By Cheshu, I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it ; I will confess it to all the orld ; I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God, so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

King Henry. God keep me so !

King Henry V.

It was, indeed, a proud day for Scotland, when she saw land on her shores the first monarch of the House of Brunswick who had vouchsafed to confer upon her that distinguished honour. In no part of this great empire, perhaps, are the principles of loyalty and liberty so happily blended as in our native land, the civil and religious institutions of which are inseparably connected with a firm and unalterable attachment to the reigning family. Our loyalty is not a passion, but a sentiment ; deeply cherished, and powerfully influential, because it has descended to us from our forefathers, whose characters we revere, and whose actions we are proud to imitate : our love of liberty is a sacred principle, generated by the spirit of our institutions, fostered by the high intellectual cultivation of our people, moderated by the sober and philosophical cast of our national character, and associated with the name and interests of that family, from the accession of which to the throne of these realms, we date the commencement of our civil, political, and religious freedom. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written to the contrary, by the injudicious advocates of the rival hierarchy, the genius of presbyterianism, though democratical in its form and apparent character, is essentially and decidedly favourable to a limited monarchy. Of this allegation, the most convincing proofs might, if necessary, be produced. It is true, that our forefathers, detesting the intolerable tyranny that would have forced upon them a religion which they abhorred for its affinity, in form, and, in a great mea-

sure, in character, to the spiritual despotism under which they had so long groaned, and from which they had emancipated themselves at the expence of many dreadful sacrifices, did take up arms against a family, which, though sprung from themselves, became infatuated by a fondness for foreign influence, and sought to govern, by dispensing with, or in violent and direct opposition to the laws. It is true, that the Presbyterians were mainly instrumental in effecting the expulsion of the House of Stuart, and in bringing about the glorious Revolution of 1688. It is true, that on many subsequent occasions they have shown an extreme jealousy of measures, which they believed favourable to the growth of Popery, Prelacy, and arbitrary power, and have gone all constitutional lengths in opposition to what they conceived subversive of, or injurious to, that form of ecclesiastical polity, which had been founded by the exertions, and hallowed and endeared by the blood of their martyred forefathers ; and which, by its severe simplicity, and the utter absence of all pageantry and holy paraphernalia, was so congenial to the spirit which the Reformation had engendered in Scotland. But it is no less true, that, with all this attachment to a form of religious worship, peculiarly adapted to the rigid and uncompromising character of our people, and with a love of liberty as unquenchable as it was rational and well-regulated, presbyterianism has, on every occasion of actual trial and need, proved itself an insurmountable, an invincible bulwark to the throne, and has stood at equal distances from the wild and uncalculating ebullitions of a generous and disinterested, but dangerous and destructive loyalty, which could only display itself by insurrection against the state, and the mad projects of visionary reformers, factious agitators, and blood-thirsty anarchists. In the Forty-five, the Presbyterians, to a man, remained firm in their fidelity to the House of Hanover ; and in spite of the most violent recollections, and the most individualy shaken and attachment to

perated guardians of their rights and liberties, and which had been raised to the throne by a powerful and mighty people, resolved to emancipate themselves from tyranny and oppression, yet warmed with the strongest attachment to the principles of a limited and legitimate (we do not use the word in its modern cant sense) monarchy.

In truth, we have always considered the revolution of 1688 as the most memorable example recorded in our history, of the attachment of all ranks of our people to the monarchical form of government. The bonds of society had at that eventful period been completely dissolved. A rightful sovereign, actuated by his just and natural fears, had abdicated the throne, and, of course, put an end, for the time, to all regular government. The sovereign power had been thrown into the democratic branch of the constitution, and a door thereby opened for all those theoretical absurdities, and practical atrocities, which we have, in our own time, seen so deplorably and awfully exemplified in France. But the experience so dearly purchased in the time of Charles I., and the long Parliament, was not lost, either on the nation or its representatives. The government was speedily re-organized, and a sure foundation laid for that subsequent moral, political, and intellectual greatness, to which, by the blessing of Providence on our honest means and endeavours, this happy country has latterly been raised.

The consolidation of Scotland and England, by the act of Union—a measure which the Stuarts, prior to the Revolution, and in the very zenith of their power, could never effect,—was safely and happily accomplished; and while it paved the way to future greatness, by a combination of strength and power, and by laying a foundation for the gradual extinction of those national jealousies and feuds, which, for so many centuries, had inflicted innumerable evils upon both countries, it tended to freshen and invigorate the attachment of the Scottish Nation to the new order of things, and to predispose them to accede, as they afterwards did very cordially, to the great

measure of the settlement of the Protestant Succession in the House of Hanover. Accordingly, for upwards of three-fourths of a century, these feelings and principles have been daily and hourly gaining strength and force; and hence it may now be safely asserted, that no family was ever so firmly seated on a throne as the House of Brunswick on that of these kingdoms. Ruling by the combined titles of perfect legitimacy and popular choice, their government, amidst all the convulsive commotions and difficulties with which it has at different times had to struggle,—amidst the dismemberment of one portion of the Empire, and the rebellion of another,—has not merely surmounted every obstacle, and quashed all opposition, but has been the means, in the hand of Almighty God, of raising the United Kingdom to a pitch of greatness and renown unequalled in ancient story, and destined, we believe, to excite the wonder and astonishment of future ages. Time has removed every rival claimant out of the way, and the Jacobites, once so formidable by their zeal and union, exist only in those immortal effusions of the muse, in which the fruitless struggles of a brave and generous, though misguided people, still live, and will continue to live, and to delight those who, had they then been alive, would have arrayed themselves on the opposing side. Our arms, too, both by sea and land, have been crowned with unparalleled triumphs, and Britain raised to the proud rank of the “Queen of Nations.” Peace, with her train of concomitant blessings, now waves her benignant and reviving sceptre; and the difficulties with which our people have so long struggled, and the privations they have, with such heroic fortitude, endured, are rapidly vanishing, and must, we would fain hope, speedily disappear. The tide of national prosperity, so long at the ebb, has again begun to flow. Wars have been turned into peace to the ends of the earth; and men are now converting their spears into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. The hollow predictions that pronounced the point of our highest national elevation, as that from which we were to

fix the commencement of our decline and fall, have been happily and completely falsified. Contentment and happiness are daily diffusing, and spreading wider and wider among our people. Thanks to the enlightened and liberal spirit of the age in which we live, the inestimable blessing of education, hitherto so extensively felt and so justly appreciated in this part of the island, is making prodigiously rapid advances in every other part of the country; and the period, we think, is near at hand, when the benevolent wish of our late revered Sovereign, of happy memory, will be accomplished to the very letter. All ranks and classes of the people, diffusing as they do in matters of lesser moment, are duly sensible of the extent of our national advantages and privileges, and have learned, as the sphere of their intelligence was enlarged, to estimate them higher by comparison and contrast. Hence every man feels himself deeply and individually interested in the welfare and prosperity of his country. Its glory, he finds, is not an empty name, the shadow of a shade,—fitted for no better purpose than to eke out an idle rhyme, or round the periods of a rhetorical declaimer,—but a veritable, a substantial guarantee of his best rights and immunities. He feels, also, that kings and governors do not live and rule for themselves alone, but, like faithful guardians, watch over the rights and interests entrusted to their care; preserve tranquillity at home, and make the nation respected abroad; maintain the equal operation of the laws, and temper judgment with mercy.

It is only in such a government as this that public men can ever establish themselves firmly in the hearts and affections of a great, free, and enlightened people: it is only by a people like our own, that a monarch, on reaching their shores, can be welcomed with the spontaneous and unbounded applause of heart-felt affection and national loyalty: it is only by their viewing him as their common guardian and protector, as *Paterfamilias*, that a King can ever learn to secure a lasting share of a nation's gratitude,—to render them content and peaceable at home, and

invincible abroad,—and to assure himself that their attachment to his person and family will remain proof against every chance, every misfortune; and, in the hour of trial—should it ever come—cause them to rally round his menaced throne, and expend their best blood in his cause.

We have been led insensibly into this train of feeling and sentiment, by the happy event, which has united every heart and quashed every party distinction in Scotland. Nothing, indeed, can be imagined more auspicious or fortunate than the Royal Visit to this ancient kingdom. We are proud to think that the monarch, whose presence now fills and adorns our long-deserted Palace, is sprung, not remotely, from the race of our native princes, for the memory of many of whom, we avow it, we cherish an affectionate and fond regard. By this happy event, we have ceased to feel that our ancient and independent kingdom has been swallowed up by our more powerful neighbour, and become a mere province in the empire: we feel that the King is the Sovereign of *all*, not of a favoured few of his subjects: and, by this memorable proof of his confidence and regard, we are delighted to discover, that he had in his own mind done justice to the steady and unalterable attachment which Scotchmen have so long cherished to the House of Brunswick. It will be the better for both parties that this auspicious event has happened. His Majesty will, by his personal observation, receive the most convincing and indubitable evidence, that, as far as the King and Constitution are concerned, but *one* sentiment pervades all ranks and all classes of our countrymen: while the appearance amongst us of the FIRST SOVEREIGN, AND MOST ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMAN IN THE WORLD, must do much to rivet and render indelible the attachment and affection of the people.

Less prone to engage in political bickerings than the English, and infinitely less enthusiastic and volatile than the Irish, the opinions and sentiments of Scotchmen are more steady and enduring. No demagogues have sown the seeds of treason here, or inoculated our people with their pes-

tilent seditious virus. Cautious, inquisitive, and thoughtful, new opinions, especially on matters connected with religion and politics, are heard by Scotchmen with excessive incredulity, or subjected to an ordeal that sooner or later brings to light their true value. The temperament of our people is too cool to be excited and inflamed by the flashy and furious tirades of the common traders in disaffection, and quack-menders of the constitution; while the knowledge so extensively diffused amongst them, joined to their natural acuteness, very speedily enables them to detect and turn into ridicule the shallow and miserable sophisms that mislead the ignorant, the credulous, or the unwary. Such rank and pestilent weeds cannot thrive in our rocks and barren soil; and we rejoice in proclaiming the fact; for sooner shall the heath desert our native hills, and the vineyards of France, and the orange groves of Italy, be transferred to the "land of deep glens and mountains wild," than Scotchmen prove false to the religion, honour, and loyalty, which have descended to them as their proudest and holiest inheritance from their revered and illustrious forefathers, the founders of those institutions to which they are indebted for their intellectual and moral greatness.

Viewing, therefore, the character, habits, feelings, and manners of our people, it was not to be expected that, in the external manifestations of loyal devotion, the reception of our beloved Sovereign should be characterized by any wild or extravagant burst of enthusiasm,—by the straining of throats, and the deafening clamour of giddy vociferation. No:—deep feeling is seldom very loudly or extravagantly expressed; and no kind of enthusiasm is more volatile and evanescent, than that of mere momentary impulse, created by an unusual spectacle, thrilled by the electrical influence of consenting multitudes, and having no permanent domicile either in the head or the heart. Yet, on the occasion of his Majesty's landing at Leith, and procession to Holyrood, the consenting and animating cheers of the thousands assembled to witness that memorable and happy event, surpassed all that

our most sanguine imaginations had conceived or anticipated. When the thunder of the artillery announced that his Majesty had quitted his yacht in the Roads, and was approaching the shore,

Then, bursting broad, the boundless shout to Heaven,

From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.

On every hand rebellow'd to their joy

The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills.

Through all her turlets proud Dunedin shook;

And from the void above of shatter'd air.

The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground."

The salutes from the ships of war and the batteries were renewed the moment he set foot on the shore, and were again answered by the joyful acclamations of the people. The procession, which certainly was arranged with a taste and skill which do infinite honour to all parties concerned in the matter, almost immediately commenced; and at every step, his Majesty was received, by his delighted and loyal subjects, with loud cheering and waving of hats by the gentlemen, and with the waving of handkerchiefs, and every demonstration of attachment, by the ladies. The order and decorum every where observed were truly wonderful. Each person was in his place, and calmly and patiently waited till the Sovereign approached his station, in order to testify his loyalty. In this manner, there was a sort of *feu roulant* of cheers, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, during the whole procession. When his Majesty arrived in view of the Calton Hill, as he approached the barrier, he seemed peculiarly struck with the *coup d'oeil* of the hill, covered with a vast number of thousands of well-dressed people, who had ascended this commanding eminence to gain a more complete view of the procession, as it proceeded up Leith Walk, and to await his Majesty's approach by Waterloo Place. But if this view was superb and impressive, a still more magnificent vista opened, as his Majesty approached, from the west, the Calton Hill, which, beside its original compliment of occupants, was now covered with nearly the whole of the people who had diverged from the

line of the procession at Leopold Place, and ascended the hill, in order to enjoy another view of the Sovereign, and to testify, by reiterated cheers, their affectionate and loyal regard to his sacred person. At this interesting moment, the Calton Hill had literally the appearance of a mountain of human beings; and his Majesty is said to have been deeply affected by the sight, heightened as it was by the unrivalled scenery that now burst on every side upon his view;—the city, below, deserted by its inhabitants of every age and sex,—the Calton Hill, with the Monument towering loftily from the centre of the dense multitude by which the rock was completely covered and shrouded from view,—Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag, lifting up their aged and rock-crowned heads in the foreground, and to the right,—and the sea, in the distance, Britannia's peculiar element, completed a view which is not equalled in any part of the world. There was something exceedingly and picturesquely sublime in the whole scene: a nation, for a nation it was, assembled to hail, with one heart and with one tongue, the arrival of their Sovereign in the capital of his ancestors,—the grandeur of the surrounding scenery,—the novel and striking effect of the procession, composed, in a great measure, of the brave and hardy sons of the mountains, renowned equally for their courage and loyalty; and of the Scots Greys, whose martial appearance and heroic deportment elicited the encomiums of Napoleon at Waterloo, where they more than sustained the hereditary renown of Scotland in arms,—the tasteful costume of the Royal Archers,—the splendour of the Royal Equipage and Retinue,—and, above all, the undisturbed harmony of loyal sentiment that animated every bosom, and flowed from every tongue;—all formed a scene too deeply impressive and affecting ever to be remembered without exultation. And we repeat it, it was a proud day for Scotland, and a proud day for the British Monarch. It proved that our party feuds and distinctions, keenly as they are sometimes agitated and maintained, are as nothing, when the question is to unite in demonstrating our attachment to the King and Constitution,—that the

country is not only sound at the core, but in every member, and in every limb,—and that in all parts of the land, “fræ Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats,” the cordial greetings of his people wait upon that accomplished Monarch, with whose House and name their dearest blessings, and the proudest national triumphs, are so inseparably associated.

When the procession reached the Palace of Holyrood, a Royal salute was immediately fired, from guns which had been previously dragged up to the summit of the Calton Hill and the brow of Salisbury Crag,—with the finest imaginable effect; while the Castle-guns, and the military drawn up at the head of the Mound, replied by a *feu de joie*. In one word, the whole scene was transporting and delightful in the highest degree; and we have heard that the King has expressed himself in terms of the most flattering and unqualified approbation, both of the appearance and demeanour of the people, and of the taste, propriety, and effect, with which every thing had been arranged and conducted. Indeed, it may safely be asserted, that no city upon earth is so well adapted for such a scene of display as Edinburgh. The width of the streets, the peaceable and orderly habits of the people, and the constantly shifting magnificence of the scenery, to whichever hand you turn, presented facilities at once of display and accommodation, which added mightily to the general effect, and permitted the procession to commence and terminate, without being impeded by a single instance of confusion or disorder, or sullied by a single act of indecorum. These are truly subjects of self-congratulation, and we state them with the most reckless indifference to any charges of intense or over-weening nationality, to which they may subject us from our jealous and angry rivals of the South. To any such charges, if preferred, we answer, “Go you, and do likewise;” and we shall never grudge you a page or two of well-merited encomium on the decorous and respectful propriety of conduct manifested by your fellow-citizens and countrymen.

Of the conduct of the Royal Personage himself, on the occasion of the commencement of this great Na-

tional Festival, it will be sufficient to say, that it was peculiarly gracious and condescending. Some persons remarked that he looked paler than ordinary, which we believe was the fact, and which may be well accounted for, by the fatigues of the voyage, and the sudden shock he had received by the melancholy and most unexpected intelligence of Lord Londonderry's death. He, however, bowed to the people on all sides, with that grace peculiar to himself, in answer to their repeated plaudits; and, if we might judge from appearances, seemed to feel deeply the manner in which he was received, and which, to tell the truth, was more animated and enthusiastic than we could have ever anticipated.

Vosque veraces cernisse Patres,
Quod semel dictum est, stabilisque rerum
Terminus servet, bona jam peractis
Jungite fata.

Of all monarchs that have ever swayed the sceptre of these realms, His Majesty George IV. has been the most fortunate. His reign has been rendered for ever memorable by a series of triumphs, which, whether we consider the glory with which they have illuminated the national diadem, or the mighty political results that have followed from them, have had the effect of eclipsing and overshadowing all our former achievements. By sea, we have long been without a competitor or an enemy; while, on land, the victory of Waterloo, the most decisive and important ever gained by the arms of a brave and free people, may be said to have absorbed into the accumulated mass of British glory the former renown of the French arms,—invincible only when not opposed to those of England. In this view, the following lines of Horace are singularly appropriate:

"Jam mari terraque manus potentes
Medus, Albanasque timet securus:
Jam Scythiæ responsa petunt, superbi
Nuper et Indi.
Jam fides, et pax, et honor, pudorque
Priæus, et neglecta redire virtus.
Audet, apparetque beata pleno
Copia porum."

We have no room, and little inclination, to speculate on the political consequences that may follow on this visit of his Majesty. Of this, however, we are fully sa-

tisfied, that he will return to England with the most favourable impressions of the character and temper of his Scottish subjects; and that the thousands who have flocked to the capital, from every corner of the Land o' Cakes, to hail the arrival of their Sovereign, will repair to their respective homes, with their hearts expanded and enlarged by an additional infusion of loyal principle, to transfuse into the minds of those less fortunate than themselves, the sentiments which they have imbibed, or the enthusiasm which has been awakened in their minds. The day in which they first beheld their Sovereign, will, indeed, be *dies creti notandus*; and as it recurs, in succeeding years, will freshen and revive their feelings of loyalty. To his Majesty also, the consequences will not fail to prove beneficial. He will have seen, with his own eyes, this portion of his kingdom, and observed the spirit by which the people are influenced; and he will henceforward be able to judge more clearly and accurately of every measure that has Scotland for its object. We are not among the number who congratulate themselves on this Royal Visit, as the forerunner of certain advantages and privileges, which, they imagine, will, as a matter of course, be conferred on our Northern capital. We look for, we ask for, no such thing. We do not wish to sell, for a certain price, our affection to the person of the Sovereign; and we hope nothing will be conceded or done which will give the slightest ground, even to the malicious, to throw out such a sneer.—We are satisfied that we have seen our Sovereign, and that he has seen us: we flatter ourselves that both parties will be the better for this knowledge of each other; and that the more frequently his Majesty throws himself on the affections and confidence of his people, the more thoroughly will he be convinced that their affections are sincere, and their confidence steady and invariable. We conclude with the beautiful lines of Philips:

Rejoice, oh, Albion! never'd from the world

By Nature's wise indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without; in *ONE* su-
premo
Entirely blest.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The *Odyssey* of Homer, translated into English prose, as literally as the idioms of the Greek and the English languages allow, with explanatory notes, by a Member of the University of Oxford, will soon appear, in two volumes octavo.

Capt. Manby, author of "the Means of saving Persons from Shipwreck," has nearly ready for publication, a *Journal of a Voyage to Greenland in 1821*, with graphic illustrations, in one volume quarto.

Military Memoirs of the Civil War between the People of England and the Stuarts, are in the press; being the personal memoirs of John Gwynne, and an account of the Earl of Glencairn's expedition, as General of his Majesty's forces, in the Highlands of Scotland, in the years 1653 and 1654; by a person who was eye and ear-witness to every transaction; with an appendix of documents.

A work is in preparation of Gems, principally from the Antique, drawn and etched by R. Dagley, author of "Select Gems, Compendium of Art, &c." with verse illustrations, by the Rev. G. Croly, A. M. author of "Catiline," a tragedy, &c.

A volume of English Melodies will speedily be published, selected from the original scores and early printed copies in the library of William Kitchener, M.D.

The Life and Times of Daniel de Foe, with a copious account of his writings, and anecdotes of several of his contemporaries, are preparing by Walter Wilson, Esq.

Osmond, a tale, by the author of "the Favourite of Nature," is printing in three volumes 12mo.

Political Facets, and other Pieces, by the author of "the Political House that Jack built," collected by himself into a handsome volume, with 120 cuts, and a preface, will appear in a few days, and the author's portrait will be prefixed.

The School for Mothers, or the Politics of a Village, a novel, is printing in three volumes.

An *Abridgement of Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England*, in a series of letters from a Father to his Daughter, is printing.

The Political Life of George the Fourth, announced.

In the present month will be published, A new System of Arithmetic, on a plan entirely original, by J. Walker; also a Key or Exposition of the New System.

Mr Wilson, teacher of dancing, and

author of several works on dancing, has in the press, the *Danciad*, or *Dancer's Monitor*, being a descriptive sketch, in verse, of the different style; and methods of dancing quadrilles, waltzes, country-dances, reels, &c.

Mr Hogg has in the press, a new edition, with considerable improvements, of his "Concise and Practical Treatise on the Growth and Culture of the Carnation, Pink, Auricula, Polyanthus, Ranunculus, Tulip, and other Flowers."

Sylva Britannica, or *Portraits of Forest Trees in different parts of the Kingdom*, remarkable for their size, beauty, or antiquity, to be drawn and etched by J. G. Strutt, will speedily be published.

The Elements of Chess, with diagrams, are printing, by Mr Lewis.

A second edition of Mr Haaper's *Treatise on Hoar-stones* is printing.

EDINBURGH.

Tables of Interest at 4 per Cent.; by James Marshall, Accountant.

Speedily will be published, in one volume, 12mo., with woodcuts, &c. A *Concise System of Mensuration*; containing Algebra, Practical Geometry, Trigonometry, the Mensuration of Surfaces and Solids; Land-Surveying, Gauging, &c.; with proper Tables, adapted to the use of schools. By Alexander Ingram, Mathematician, Leith.

Translation of Legendre's Elements of Geometry.—A translation of this classical and popular work on Geometry, which has gone through so many editions in France, is now in the press, and will be published in a short time. The work is edited by Dr Brewster, and under the sanction of M. Le Chevalier Legendre, who has communicated several important additions to the Editor. As all the diagrams are engraven on wood, so as to accompany the propositions, this edition will possess a very great superiority over the original work, where they are given in copperplates at the end of the book.

In a few days will be published, in one volume 12mo., *An Essay on Faith*. By Thomas Erskine, Esq. Advocate, author of "Remarks on the Internal Evidence for the Truth of Revealed Religion."

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

SPAIN.—Since the publication of our last Number, intelligence of important events at Madrid has been received. The agitations in Spain, to which we have frequently alluded, has at length produced an explosion, which has resulted in the triumph of the constitutional government. The spirit of hostility to the new order of things, which has been long secretly lurking in the bosoms of the Royal Guards, and which has been cherished by the agents of the court, and by the infatuated and selfish members of the religious orders, burst out with a fury that endangered the infant liberties of Spain. The cause of these counter-revolutionary proceedings has been shortly this:—At the conclusion of the Session of the Cortes on the 30th June, the King attended in person, to prorogue that assembly. Already a feeling of irritation existed between the Royal Guards and the populace, and as soon as the Cortes had separated, the popular feeling was displayed by cries of "Liberty and the Constitution," to which the Guards, whose previous conduct had provoked the strife, answered by exclaims of "Absolute Power!" A quarrel ensued, in attempting to appease a meritorious officer was killed by the licentious soldiery. On the evening

of the 2d of July the minds of the soldiers, stirred up by shouts that the King was in danger, elevated the standard of revolt, and, to the number of from 1500 to 2000 men, marched out of the city, and took possession of the Prado, a fortified station in the neighbourhood of the capital, where they demanded that the King should be restored to his former rights—that is, to the right of governing his people without the interference of a representative assembly! For several days the rebellious Guards kept possession of their strong hold, demanding, from day to day, supplies of rations from the government. As might have been foreseen, their revolutionary proposal was rejected with disdain. Negotiations having failed, they determined to appeal to arms; and on the morning of the 7th they entered the city in hostile array, in three divisions, one of which was charged with the duty of seizing the park of artillery, another with dislodging the militia, a body of armed citizens, from the square of the constitution; and the third was to support the operations of the two other bodies, by occupying a principal gate of the city, and thus controlling the ingress and regress of the capital in that direction. In every one of these attacks they were successful. They were met by the militia, and

tia, by the artillery, and by a battalion of officers, headed by Generals Morillo, Balasteros, Alaya, and Riego, and some desperate fighting took place, in which, according to some accounts, from two to three hundred of the Guards were killed and wounded. Routed in all directions, they found themselves reduced to the necessity of seeking an asylum in the King's Palace, and a deputation from them proceeded to the Hall of the Cortes (where the Permanent Deputation had assembled) and offered to lay down their arms; the ultimate result was, that *all the King's Guards* were marched from Madrid.

Previous to this, the Permanent Deputation of the Cortes received an answer from the King to an application that had been made to his Majesty, in which he announced, that any interference on his part must be confined "to a manifestation of his desire to stop the effusion of blood," but declaring, that "it was inconsistent with the dignity of his Royal Person that his Guards should be disarmed," which had been demanded by the Cortes. A warm debate ensued, when it was finally agreed to tell his Majesty, that, as a "preliminary to any arrangement, it was necessary for him, in order to prove that he was at full liberty, to entrust the protection of his Royal Person to subjects faithful to the oaths which they had taken; and by no means to a Guard which had disgraced their laurels by the most incredible perjury, and the blackest perfidy." The King was ultimately induced to yield to this requisition, and gave the necessary orders for carrying the arrangement into effect. In the mean time, however, the battalions of Guards, hearing what was determined on, took to flight. They were immediately pursued, and more than one-third of them taken.

It appears that, tranquillity being restored, the national militia, who had been encamped in the Square of the Constitution from the 1st to the 17th July, broke up, and retired to their homes, after having proceeded in great pomp to the house of the Municipality, to receive the thanks of the Authorities. The artillery, which the mutiny of the Guards had rendered necessary to be brought out, was taken back to the Park; and the men requisite to do the duty of the garrison were all that remained under arms.

On the 14th July, a special commission, consisting of the officers of the garrison, and the volunteer militia, was appointed by the King, for the purpose of trying the authors of the late revolt, and *active measures* were immediately commenced.

into four classes:—1. The officers; 2. The soldiers taken whilst firing; 3. The soldiers taken with arms; and, 4. Those arrested without arms.

A number of distinguished individuals, suspected of disaffection to the new order of things, have been banished from the capital to different provincial towns. Besides the Duke del Infantado, banished to Badajoz, and the Marquis de las Amarillas to Grenada, Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Castelar had been exiled to Carthagena, Lieutenant-General Count de Cassama to Valencia, Field Marshal D. T. Longa to Badajoz, Brigadier D. J. Sanchez Cisneros to Avila, and six other military and civil officers, of high rank, to Grenada.

A new ministry has been appointed, consisting of men better disposed to the new Constitution. Palafox has been nominated Captain of the Halberdiers. General Lopez Banos, Governor of Navarra, and one of the companions in arms of Riego has been appointed to the ministry of war; M. Calatrava, a patriot in the Cortes of last year, to the ministry of the interior; the Marquis of Santa Cruz is nominated minister of the King's household; Quiroga, Captain-General of Old Castile, to succeed General Espinosa, called to the government of Navarre; and, finally, General Mina goes as commander to Galicia, and Brigadier Palarea is named Political Chief of Madrid.

At the date of the last accounts, the city of Madrid was tranquil. The people had shewn no disposition to abuse their victory, or disturb the peace. During even the battle of the 7th, we are told that no disorder took place in Madrid; beyond the immediate range of the mutinous Guards; and that not a house was robbed, or a farthing's worth of property forcibly taken from any one. The same orderly conduct seems to have been observed in the provinces, and in all the towns which the news had reached. At Badajoz, at Salamanca, at Alcantara, at Avila, and wherever the revolt of the Guards had been heard, the authorities had assembled to take measures for supporting the Constitution, and had been nobly seconded by the zeal of the people and the good spirit of the troops.

FRANCE.—There is little interesting from this country, if we except the angry discussions which still continue in the Chamber of Deputies. In one of these, lately, M. Foy charged the French Ministers with encouraging the Spanish conspirators. He alluded to the *deceit* between the late revolt and the appearance of Q. on the frontiers, and contended, that un-

der the pretence of a *cordon sanitaire*, a real army had been assembled on the frontiers of the Pyrenees, with the view of ultimately assisting the counter-revolutionists of Spain. The Minister for Foreign Affairs represented all these charges as calumnious, and denied that the French ministers had hitherto exercised any interference in Spanish affairs. The trial of the persons accused before the Court of Assize at Colmar, of being concerned in the conspiracies of that town and Belfort, has commenced, but none of the witnesses, who have hitherto been examined, seem to establish even the fact of a conspiracy having at all existed, much less the connection of any of the accused with it.

GREECE.—The contest between the Turks and Greeks still continues, and is marked by the same exterminating and ferocious spirit. No quarter, it is said, is given to the men on either side, and the women and children are sold as slaves. On the 22d of June last the Greeks made a successful attack on the Turkish fleet at Scio, of which the following account is given in the Austrian Observer :

“Three Greek fire-ships, disguised as merchantment, and appearing to be laden with tobacco, anchored before Thessalonica, and had been for some days near the Turkish fleet. As they had hoisted the Austrian flag, and had Austrian papers either forged or taken from some Austrian vessels, they were considered as harmless, and disturbed by nobody; nor were they hindered when they took a position in the evening very near the Admiral's ship. On the following night these same vessels, (with what materials, or instruments, is not known,) set fire to the ship of the Capitan Pacha, and two smaller ships of the line. The crews of the two latter succeeded in extinguishing the flames, but the Admiral's ship blew up, with the Capitan Pacha and the whole crew. The corpse of the Capitan Pacha was found floating on the sea, and was buried at Scio the next day. The Greeks had already made two other attempts, which failed. Their stratagem must have been contrived this time with great cunning and ability.”

The Greek Senate assembled at Corinth has declared in a state of blockade all the coasts still in the power of their enemies, either in Epirus, the Peloponnesus, Eubœa, or Thessaly, and extending from Epidaurum (Toulun) to Salomica. The same prohibition is equally extended to the ports of the isles in the Egean sea, the Sporades, and those of Candia, still occupied by the Turks. Advices from Smyrna mention that the Greeks had

taken Napoli di Romania, in the Morca, and that Athens was also in their possession.

AMERICA.

UNITED STATES.—The commercial treaty between France and the United States was signed at Washington on the 24th ult. by John Quincy Adams, Esq. on the part of the United States, and the Baron Hyde de Neuville, the French Ambassador, and was ratified on the same day by the President.—It consists of eight articles, and two separate articles, and imposes reciprocal duties on goods imported into the ports of each in vessels belonging to the other country. American produce, imported into France in American bottoms, is to pay a duty not exceeding 20 francs per ton, above what it pays if imported in the ships of France. French produce, similarly imported into the United States, is to be charged an additional duty of three dollars 70 cents. per ton. No right of search is allowed on either side, but all Consuls, Vice Consuls, &c. are required to give up deserters reciprocally, upon proofs of their being so.

An act has passed the Congress, the first section of which authorises the President, “on satisfactory evidence being given, that the ports in the islands or colonies in the West Indies, under the dominion of Great Britain, have been opened to the vessels of the United States, to issue his proclamation, declaring that the ports of the United States shall thereafter be open to the vessels of Great Britain, subject to such reciprocal rules and restrictions as the President may deem expedient.”

MEXICO.—General Augustin Iturbide has been crowned Emperor of Mexico.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Advices have been received at New York from Chili to the 11th March. General San Martin had resigned the Protectorship, but retained his office as General of the Army. The Marquis Ortalga, of Truxillo, had been appointed Supreme Director of the Government of Peru. The Royal Spanish Army was still encamped about forty leagues from the city of Lima, consisting of about 5000 men. General San Martin, with about 10,000 regulars, and 8000 militia, was still in possession of Lima.—Accounts were received at Baltimore on the 25th ult. from Colombia, which state that the fort of Vigio, commanding the town of Porto Cabello, had surrendered to the republican arms, which gives the independent army a commanding position to Lombard the island in the harbour, which is now the last hold of the Spaniards.

PROCEEDINGS OF PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—June 14.—The Marquis of Lansdown proposed his motion for an inquiry into the present state of Ireland, which he had formerly postponed, in consideration of the indisposition of the Earl of Liverpool. The object of the Noble Marquis was to make such alteration in the condition of Ireland as might improve the situation of the people, and especially ensure tranquillity. The Earl of Liverpool opposed the resolution as unnecessary, and because it went to imply a censure on the Government, particularly on the Noble Marquis at the head of the Irish Administration, and contended, that the grievances of Ireland must be sought, not in the Government, but in the state of society in that country. The Lord Chancellor attributed the cause of much of the evil complained of to the absentees, in advising to whom he observed, that if many of the Noble Peers whom he saw around him would spend but three months in the year on their estates in Ireland, their conduct would soon change the face of the country. After a long discussion, which was happily conducted with a rare exemption from party feeling, the proposition was rejected by a majority of 18.

June 19.—The Committee at a third time on the Marriage Act Amendment Bill. Lord Redesdale, as he had intimated, introduced his clause in substitution of those negatived by their Lordships, which were ordered to be printed, as part of the Bill, in order to their proper consideration. The effect of these will be, to prevent the possibility of any marriage, solemnized by the consent of the parties, being rendered null and void, even should the parties be married under false names; but in the latter case, an adequate punishment is to be inflicted on the party committing the fraud, while the marriage remains indissoluble. The Bill, with its amendments, was reported, and ordered to be re-committed.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—June 3.—The Report on the Military and Naval Pensions Bill, and the reduction of taxes consequent the ~~con~~, produced a long discussion. The result was, the adoption of the Report, with the exception of the proposition for the reduction of the duty on Salt, as affecting Ireland. Upon this point Sir J. Newport complained, that while the proposed Resolution remitted the tax in England, it in effect augmented it as to Ireland. The Resolution in consequence stood over for re-consideration until Wednesday. In the discussion

which took place upon the Corn Importation Bill, Mr Curwen, Mr Western, and several other Members, stated, that it was generally disliked in the country, and that the agricultural interest preferred the law as it now stands. Sir Thomas Lethbridge added, that in the event of the Bill passing through that House, he was intrusted with one hundred petitions, to be presented to the House of Lords against it. In the Committee, Mr Canning moved, that the proprietors of foreign corn should be permitted to take out certain portions of wheat for the purpose of grinding it into flour; that when so ground, they should be permitted to expose it for sale, with a view to exportation, for the space of six weeks. After the expiration of this period, the whole sold to be verified by the Custom House documents to have been shipped for the purpose of exportation, and the residue to be again placed in the storehouses appointed for its reception. This motion was agreed to by a majority of 116 to 29. In the early part of the evening, Mr Coke presented two petitions for Parliamentary Reform, the first of which, from Greenhoe in Norfolk, charged the House of Commons, in direct term, with corruption, and all its base and mischievous appendages. On account of this indecorous language, Mr Freemanle moved that the petition should not be received. Mr Calcraft defended the objectionable language, by an ingenious distinction between the House of Commons and those who sit in that House. Sir J. Newport maintained, that insolence, and Mr J. Smith contended that falsehood, were no sufficient grounds for rejecting a petition—propositions which, combined, would go a great way to prove, that the question, whether any petition ought to be received or rejected, is a superfluous ceremony. Notwithstanding these arguments and doctrines, however, the petition was rejected. The other petition, though urging the necessity for Reform in a style sufficiently vehement, presenting nothing so unequivocally insolent, was received.

June 5.—Sir J. Mackintosh brought forward his motion for the amelioration of the English Criminal Code. The object of the Honourable and Learned Gentleman was, that the House would, in the next Session, take into consideration the state of the Criminal Law. This was opposed by the Attorney-General, who moved the previous question; but the Resolution, in an amended form, was carried, on a division, by a majority of 16;

the numbers being.—For the Previous Question 101.—For the Resolution 117.—Mr Wallace then moved the third reading of his Bill for altering the Navigation Law, &c. which, after a short discussion, was passed.

6.—An animated discussion took place on the motion of Mr Peel for leave to bring in a Bill to continue the Alien Act for a year. The motion was ultimately carried by a majority of 189 to 92.

7.—Mr Goulbourn moved the second reading of the Irish Police Bill, a measure which is intended to take the appointment of Peace Officers throughout Ireland from the Grand Juries, and to substitute a corps of stipendiary Constables appointed by the Lord Lieutenant. The Bill was warmly opposed by Sir J. Newport, Sir H. Parnell, Lord Althorpe, and Messrs S. Rice, Abercrombie, Brougham, &c., but, on a division, was carried by a majority of 113 to 55.

10.—The Report of the Committee on the Corn Bill was brought up, when the Clause to allow the Foreign Corn now in warehouses to be ground for exportation, was rejected by a large majority, the Ayes being 31; Noes 116. The Report was then received, and the Bill ordered to be read a third time on Wednesday.

11.—A discussion took place on the presenting a petition relative to the repeal of the Salt Tax. Some were in favour of a partial repeal, but by far the greater proportion of the House were anxious to effect an entire repeal of that oppressive tax. The Chancellor of the Exchequer stated, that Scotland should be wholly exempt from the duty upon Scotch salt; and in order that Ireland should at least suffer nothing, if she gained no advantage by the alteration, that the proposed duty of 2s. should be paid in Irish currency.

Mr Western then brought forward his motion on the subject of the currency, and, in the speech with which he introduced it, he ascribed the present distress complained of in the Agricultural Districts to the Bill of 1819, which had brought us back to the resumption of cash payments. His object was to obtain the appointment of a Committee, to consider of the effects produced by that Act, "on the agriculture, manufactures, and commerce of the United Empire, and on the general condition of the different classes of society therein." The Hon. Gentleman was answered by Mr Huskisson, who, not satisfied with merely giving the motion a simple negative, proposed as an amendment, with a view to restore permanent tranquillity to the public mind on this delicate question, that the House should adopt the resolution of 1696, namely, "That this House

will not alter the standard of gold or silver, either in fineness, weight, or denomination." This Resolution he preferred to a mere negative to the motion of Mr Western, because it is a more express declaration that the House will take no steps towards tampering with the currency, either in the way proposed by Mr Western, or in any other. On the 12th, the subject was resumed, and the debate continued till a quarter past three o'clock the following morning, when, on a division, the motion was rejected by an immense majority, there being against it 194, and only 30 for it.

13.—Mr Goulbourn obtained leave to bring in a Bill empowering Ecclesiastical and other persons to lease Tithes in Ireland. The Right Hon. Gentleman stated, that the proposed measure must facilitate a commutation, and could not in any wise be a bar to that object.

14.—A very interesting conversation followed the presentation of a petition from the County of Kent, on the subject of Agricultural Distress, and Parliamentary Reform, to which the notorious William Cobbet had succeeded at the Meeting, in getting a clause added, respecting the interest of the public debt. The leading Members on both sides of the House pressed forward with the utmost anxiety, to declare their abhorrence of the clause, and the doctrine of forcible reduction.

17.—The State of Ireland was, this evening, the subject of a short conversation. Mr John Smith, chairman of the Committee at the City of London Tavern stated, under an oppressive sense of feeling, that the authentic accounts were of the most appalling description. From sources beyond all doubt, and after a survey of several baronies in the county of Clare, there are now found in that county ninety-nine thousand six hundred and thirty-nine persons, who have no possible means of existing for several months but on charity. In the south-west part of the county of Cork, there are one hundred and thirty-two thousand persons in the same horrible situation; whilst in one barony of the county of Clare many have already perished of hunger.—Mr Spring Rice likewise stated, that in the city of Limerick, there are several thousands of beings also without hope but charity; and these facts were corroborated by Sir Edward O'Brien and Mr Vesey Fitzgerald, as well as admitted by the official authorities present.

A short discussion took place in a Committee on the Lord Advocate's Bill for regulating the Scots Royal Burghs, which led to two divisions, on both of which the

majorities were in favour of the Learned Lord's measure.

19.—Mr Daly rose to make his proposed motion on the subject of Tithes in Ireland; but at the request of Mr Peel, and other Members, consented to postpone it until next Session. Mr Hume then took the ground relinquished by Mr Daly, and moved,

"That this House will, early in the next Session, take into consideration the state of the Church Establishment in Ireland, and the manner in which Tithes are collected in that country, with the view of making such alterations and amendments as, under all circumstances, may be necessary."

A debate ensued, in the course of which Sir John Newport moved as an amendment.

"That, with a view to the tranquillity and happiness of Ireland, this House will, in the early part of the next Session, take the subject of Tithes, as affecting that part of the United Kingdom, into its most serious consideration, with a view of substituting, for the present precarious and vexatious mode of supporting the Established Church, a full and liberal equivalent, fairly assessed and levied."

After a long discussion, the Amendment was rejected by a majority of 7.—Mr Hume's motion was negatived without a division.

20.—Mr Kennedy moved the second reading of the Scots Juries Bill, which was opposed by the Lord Advocate, chiefly on the grounds of the antiquity of the present law, and the great advantages which the Scots prisoner had over the English, in the information as to the charge, the witnesses, and the Jury, delivered to him fifteen days before trial. Sir J. Mackintosh, Mr H. Twiss, and Mr H. Drummond, supported the motion, which was opposed by Lord Binning.—Mr Peel, conceiving that peremptory challenge ought to be introduced, without altering the mode of selecting Juries, voted for the second reading, in the hope that the Bill might assume a less objectionable shape in the Committee, which was carried without a division. The Bill was accordingly read a second time.

21.—Mr Wallace withdrew his Warehousing Bill for the present Session, with the distinct assurance that he should bring it forward again in the ensuing one.—Lord Archibald Hamilton also postponed his resolution respecting the Scots County Representation till next Session.

24.—A resolution proposed by Mr Brougham, declaratory of an opinion that the influence possessed by the Crown is destructive of the independence of Parlia-

ment, and inconsistent with good government and the public welfare, was negatived on Monday night by a majority of 216 to 101.

25.—An animated discussion took place on Mr Abercromby's motion for the appointment of a Committee, to inquire into the conduct of the Lord Advocate, and other Law officers of Scotland, as connected with the public press of that country. The Hon. Member was answered by the Lord Advocate, who defended his connection with the Beacon, to the establishment of which, at the solicitation of several gentlemen, his friends, he had merely lent pecuniary aid, but never exercised any control over, or paid any attention to the publication. With regard to the Correspondent, and the Glasgow Sentinel, the learned Lord pointedly denied having ever any connection with them whatever. He then explained and justified the conduct of the law officers in the case of Northwick, one of the proprietors of the Glasgow Sentinel, which had been alluded to by the Hon. Member. The Lord Advocate concluded by observing, that, if it pleased Parliament by their vote to remove him from his situation, he should console himself with the reflection that many gentlemen could be selected for the office much better qualified to perform its duties than he was. But this he would say, that no man could be found who would endeavour to act more fairly, or to conduct the business attached to the situation with greater moderation and candour than he had uniformly done.

Mr Abercrombie's motion for inquiry was opposed by Mr Peel, and the Marquis of Londonderry, and supported by Sir James Mackintosh and Mr Lockhart. On a division, it was negatived by a majority of 25—the numbers being 120 to 95.

26.—A resolution was moved by Mr Creevy, in favour of the repeal of the 57th Geo. III. for granting pensions to persons employed in high civil offices. The motion was opposed by Mr Bankes, who moved that the House should pass to the other orders of the day, which was carried by a majority of 101.

27.—Mr Wilberforce submitted a set of Resolutions on the subject of the Slave Trade, embracing the present state of that detestable traffic—the obstacles which have hitherto obstructed its final abolition—and an enumeration of the Powers who have co-operated with Great Britain for the suppression of the inhuman speculation, as well as of those who have openly permitted its continuance, or have virtually sanctioned it, by the inefficiency of

their prohibitory laws and declarations, or by secret connivance. The Resolutions were all agreed to, without either amendment or division.

28.—Mr Kennedy, in moving the order of the day for a Committee on the Scots Juries Bill, stated, that he meant to withdraw every part of the Bill for the present Session, except that which related to giving to persons accused of crimes a right of peremptory challenge to the Jury.—After a short discussion, the Bill, as amended, was agreed to. The same evening Mr Abercomby brought forward a petition from W. M. Borthwick, complaining of the usage he had met with from the Law

Officers of the Crown in Scotland. The petition was brought up, and farther inquiry on the subject is to be proceeded in. Another effort was afterwards made by Mr Curwen to obtain a total repeal of the Salt Tax, but without success. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the suggestion of Mr C. Hutchinson, agreed that, on the exportation from Ireland of any Salt made in Ireland from Rock Salt, the production of Great Britain, a drawback should be allowed to the maker of such Salt in Ireland, not exceeding the duty paid on the importation of such Rock Salt, which is the only alteration in the plan of the Right Hon. Gentleman.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

MAY.

9.—*Rein-Deer*.—On Sunday morning, the Norwegian schooner, *Patrioten*, arrived at Leith from Drontheim, with 66 live Lapland rein-deer. These animals were collected by Mr Bullock, junior, son of the celebrated naturalist, during a tour in Norway, and have been brought over with the intention of attempting their naturalization in Britain. From these creatures feeding on a species of moss not eaten by any of our own domestic animals, and from the circumstance of that moss existing in abundance in many parts of this island, where it is regarded as a useless and troublesome weed, we consider the result of this experiment of Mr Bullock's as extremely interesting to many of our Highland proprietors and others, on whose lands suitable pasturage for the rein-deer may be found; and not to them only, but to the country at large, it is a matter of vast importance, to have thus a prospect, without any encroachment on the means of supporting all our other flocks and herds, of becoming possessed of a plentiful supply of a new species, which, with little care, may be rendered equal to any of the others, either as an animal of labour, or as an article of food. This is the third importation of deer which Mr Bullock has made into this country. In bringing over the first cargo, the whole died excepting two, in consequence of their being detained too long on ship-board; the whole of the second importation was safely landed at London; and in order that the present cargo might be preserved, the officer of Customs, immediately on arrival here, permitted them to be landed, and secured in a place of safety.² The whole were removed yesterday morning from Leith, at five o'clock, to the west country.

27.—*Blasphemous Publications*.—At the Old Bailey, of this date, Carlile's shopman, who refused to give his name, but whose person was sufficiently identified, was tried before the Common Sergeant (Dunman), and found guilty of publishing a blasphemous and seditious pamphlet. The crime was aggravated by the defence of the prisoner, who defended every article of the publication, styled the Bible "an obscene book," "an infamous book," and proceeded in such an indecent mode of comment on particular passages, that the women and boys were ordered out of court. The Common Sergeant, in passing sentence, stated that it was increased by the improper nature of the defence, and ordered the prisoner to be confined 18 months in the house of correction, and at the end to find smetics for five years, himself in £100 and two in other £10 each. The prosecution was by the Constitutional Association.

31.—*Executions*.—On Tuesday, William Robison was executed at Jedburgh, for housebreaking and theft, of which he was convicted on the 22d April.—On Wednesday, William Campbell, for a similar offence, suffered the last sentence of the law at Glasgow.—And this day, William Gordon, for the murder of his wife, and Robert McIntosh, for the murder of Elizabeth Anderson, a woman who was pregnant by him, were executed at Aberdeen.

—*New Bridge at Cromond*.—Yesterday afternoon, the foundation stone of a new bridge to be erected over the river Almond, about a hundred yards above the present Cromond-bridge, was laid by James Hope Vere, Esq. of Craigie-hall, assisted on the occasion by the Grand Masonic Lodge of Scotland, and deputations from most of the Lodges of Edin

burgh and the surrounding country.—The procession moved from Craigie-hall-house about three o'clock, and reached the ground on which the bridge is to be erected about a quarter before four. After the brethren were arranged, the Rev. Dr Lee, Grand Chaplain, delivered a very appropriate and impressive prayer, supplicating the divine blessing upon the undertaking. The coins of his present Majesty, the newspapers of the day, and several other mementoes, were deposited beneath the stone, which was lowered to its site amidst the cheers of the surrounding multitude. The day being remarkably fine, a great concourse of spectators were present.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.—On Wednesday the 22d instant, Alexander M. Anderson, convicted of fraud and wilful imposition, was sentenced to seven years' transportation; and on Monday the 27th, David Jameson and Henry Miller were convicted of housebreaking and theft, and sentenced to transportation for life.

JUNE.

5.—Thomas Donachy, convicted at the Glasgow Circuit Court of breaking into a spirit-cellar in the Gorbals, and stealing a quantity of wines, and some rum, was executed in front of the jail there. He was about 21 years of age; was born in the county of Derry, Ireland, and was brought to Glasgow a considerable time since by his parents.

Litigation.—The avidity with which the Scots litigate about trifles, has long been proverbial. Take the following instance:—In June 1821, a quarto Bible was pledged by a person of the name of Bill with William Stewart and Co. pawnbrokers in Glasgow. The amount advanced on the pledge was *five shillings* sterling. The pawnbrokers having refused to restore the Bible, Bill, in November last, presented an application to the Magistrates of Glasgow to compel restitution of the Bible, on payment of the 5s. The defenders objected to the jurisdiction of the *Magistrates*, maintaining that the acts 39 and 40 George III. c. 49, by which the business of pawnbroking is regulated, conferred a *privative* jurisdiction on Justices of the Peace in all questions arising out of the said statutes, to the exclusion of every other Judge. Bill, on the other hand, maintained, that the jurisdiction of the Justices was not *privative*, and that, at all events, the charter in favour of the Magistrates of Glasgow conferred on them the power of Justices of the Peace within the burgh of Glasgow. The Magis-

trates over-ruled the objection, and Lord Alloway (31 June 1822) affirmed their judgment.

8.—**Canal steam-vessels.**—With a view to the introduction of steam-vessels on canals, a very interesting experiment was made in the Union Canal this day at two o'clock, with a large boat twenty-eight feet long, constructed with an *internal* movement, upon the principle of the model invented a considerable time ago by Mr Wight, Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, and exhibited to a general meeting of the Highland Society of Scotland in the month of January last. A Committee appointed for the purpose, by the Directors of the Highland Society, attended to witness the experiment, and a meeting of the Union Canal Company's Committee of Management having taken place at one o'clock, the chairman and most of their principal members were also present. The boat had twenty-six people on board, and, although drawing fifteen inches of water, she was propelled by only four men, at the rate of between four and five miles an hour, while the agitation of the water being confined entirely to the centre of the canal, was observed to subside long before it reached the banks, and consequently obviating its hitherto-destructive tendency in washing them into the canal. We understand that the gentlemen of both Committees expressed themselves highly satisfied with the results of this experiment, from which it seems to be obvious, that canal navigation by steam-vessels, on Mr Wight's plan, is not only practicable, but, by a little experience, will soon be found preferable to the present tedious and expensive method of dragging with horses.

Edinburgh Police.—The Functionaries vested with the power of nominating a Superintendent of Police, on Thursday last appointed Captain Robertson, of the 7th Fusiliers, to that office.—This gentleman is likely to give satisfaction to all parties, and we understand the appointment has been very highly approved of by the Commissioners.

Mr Borthwick.—The trial of Mr Wm. Murray Borthwick, accused of taking documents from the Sentinel Office, originally insisted in at the instance of the Lord Advocate, and afterwards at the instance of his *quondam* partner Alexander, has now been given up, and the warrant for detaining Mr Borthwick in jail was next day withdrawn, and he is now at liberty.

15.—**Caledonian Canal.**—An official paper, printed by order of the House of

Commons, states the estimate of the sum requisite to be granted in the present Session of Parliament, in order to enable the Commissioners for the Caledonian Canal to proceed in opening the navigation between the eastern and western seas, at £.25,000, clear of all deductions.

17.—*Post Office*.—William Kerr, Esq. Secretary to the General Post Office, Edinburgh, having resigned his situation after a period of service extending to forty years, has been succeeded by Mr Godby, from the General Post Office, London.

20.—*Royal Edinburgh Volunteers*.—The Right Hon. the Lord Provost has received a letter from the Secretary of State, conveying his Majesty's permission to discontinue the services of the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers for the present.—The regiment was re-embodied in 1819, and consisted of nearly 800 gentlemen.

High Court of Judiciary.—On Monday the 24th, Daniel Forbes and James Logan were convicted of shop-breaking, and sentenced to fourteen-years' transportation.

JULY.

8.—*Thunder Storms*.—A visitation of thunder and lightning, surpassing all existing knowledge of such atmospheric events, either in Foreign or European climes, was experienced at Southampton on Saturday morning. It was so appalling, that many persons forsook their houses in terror, lest they should become their grave. The forked lightning dating in different directions, together with the tremendous loud bursts of thunder, presented a scene awfully sublime. St Michael's Church, in this town, has felt the powerful effect of the lightning, which struck the spire a few feet above the tower, forced some of the stones from its body, and hurled them into the street. During this month, a succession of violent thunder storms was experienced throughout the greater part of the island, and very considerable damage was done by the lightning in various quarters. Several individuals, and numbers of cattle and sheep, were killed by the electric fluid.

Revenue.—The accounts of the British revenue have been made up to the present quarter, ending 5th July. The produce for this quarter exceeds the produce of the corresponding quarter by £.1,600,000. In the Excise there is an increase of £.791,000.—In the customs of £.780,600. In the Stamp duties of £.102,000. In the land tax of £.133,000, and in the miscellaneous services of about £.28,000. There is a decrease in the assessed taxes of £.153,000; also in the Post Office.

10.—*Jury Court*.—*Lord Archibald Hamilton versus Duncan Stevenson*.—

This action, which came before the Jury Court, on the 20th ultimo, was for damages for various libellous articles in the Beacon Edinburgh newspaper, of which the defender was printer, in the months of April, May, and June, 1821. In these articles, the pursuer was held up as a person who wished to excite groundless discontent among the lower orders, and who endeavoured to place them at variance with their rulers. He was accused of corresponding, for improper and unconstitutional purposes, with people of low character; of being regardless of his high birth, and corresponding with people of a suspicious cast on political subjects; of having so far degraded himself, as to become the patron of suspected patriots, and of being unceasing in his endeavours to bring himself into notice, and certainly not at all scrupulous as to the means of doing so, &c. Mr Cockburn appeared for the pursuer, and called several witnesses to disprove the charges against his client, and to prove, that in his correspondence with the persons referred to, Lord Archibald Hamilton only acted according to his duty as a member of parliament. Mr Macneill addressed the Jury for the defender; and after the case had been summed up by the Lord Chief Commissioner, the Jury retired about three quarters of an hour, and returned with a verdict for the pursuer on all the issues, with one shilling damages. This day Mr H. Cockburn moved the Court for expences. Mr McNeill opposed the motion; and after some discussion, in which all the Judges were of one opinion, the Court decided full expences to the pursuer.

18.—Yesterday the Magistrates and Council finally resolved on building on the Mound, having obtained the concurrence of the Prince's-Street feuars, and the heirs of the late Mr Tod, to a plan furnished by Mr Playfair. This plan is very similar to one on which we have more than once bestowed our unqualified approbation. It differs in so far, that the beautiful facade intended for shops does not reach to Prince's Street. Between 80 and 100 feet are cut off, leaving a space destined for a magnificent public building, which it is intended should comprise apartments for the Trustees for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures, the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and the Society of Arts. The plan is truly magnificent, and, if carried into effect, will prove a very great ornament to the city.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. ECCLESIASTICAL.

July 11.—The Rev. Joseph Lawrie of Dumfries appointed by the Honourable the East India Company second Minister of the Presbyterian Church in Bombay.

15.—The King has been pleased to present the Rev. Alexander Macfarlane to the United Churches and Parishes of Crathie and Braemar, in the Presbytery of Kincardine O'Neil and county of Aberdeen, vacant by the death of the Rev. Charles Machardy.

II. CIVIL.

Members returned to serve in Parliament.

March 10.—Borough of Buckingham—Right Hon. William Henry Freemantle.

16.—Town of Drogheda—Wm. Meade Smith, Esq.

25.—Shire of Argyle—Walter Frederick Campbell, Esq.

30.—City of Lincoln—John Williams, Esq.

April 15.—Borough of Dartmouth—Hon. James Hamilton Stanhope.

28.—Borough of Macclesfield—John Douglas of Gillingham.

May 1.—Borough of Shaftsbury—Hon. Robert Grosvenor.

25.—Borough of Saltash—William Russell of Bancepath Castle, Durham.

III. MILITARY.

Brevet Capt. Thornton, 15 Dr. to be Major in the Army 19 July 1821.

1 Life G. Lieut. H. W. Barton, Capt. by purch. vice Wyndham, 67 F. 29 Dec.

Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Burrows, Lieut. do. do.

W. W. Rooke, Cornet and Sub-Lieut. do. do.

4 Dr. Gds. Lieut. Rickaby, Capt. by purch. vice Hamilton, ret. 11 July 1822.

Cornet Magan, Lieut. do. do.

Cornet Armit, from h. p. 3 Dr. Gds. do. do.

1 Dr Lieut. Windlow, Capt. by purch. vice Green do.

Cornet Webb, Lieut. do. do.

Cornet and Adj. Smith, rank of Lieut. do. do.

Low. Aug. John, Lord Muncaster, Cornet by purch. vice Webb 11 July.

Genl. Cadet H. Curtis, from R. Mil. Col. do. do.

Cornet by purch. vice Lord Belfast, prom. 20 June.

9 Lieut. Browne, Capt. by purch. vice D'Este, prom. in 11 F. 18 do.

13 Lieut. Hon. J. Stewart, from h. p. 5 Dr. Lieut. vice Trisham, exch. rec. diff. 18 July.

15 Capt. Phillips, Major by purch. vice Whitford, ret. 11 do.

Lieut. O'Donnell, Capt. by purch. do. do.

Cornet Wright, Lieut. by purch. 18 July.

Cornet Callaghan, Lieut. by purch. 11 do.

G. P. Rose Cornet, by purch. do.

3 F. Gds. Capt. Hon. Edward Stopford, Adj. vice Hammond, res. Adj. 4 do.

2 F. W. J. Berops, Ens. by purch. vice Wilmet, 7 F. 11 do.

3 Bt. Maj. Marlay, Maj. by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Roberts, ret. 20 June.

Lieut. Lockyer, Capt. by purch. do.

Ens. Carnae, Lieut. by purch. do.

G. L. Christie, Ens. by purch. do.

Lieut. Bell, Capt. by purch. vice Robinson, ret. do.

2d Lieut. Wood, from Rifle Brig. Lieut. by purch. vice Rowley, 92 F. 19 do.

Ens. Wynnot, from 2 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Hall 11 July.

11 Capt. D'Este, from 9 Dr. Maj. by purch. vice Campbell, ret. do.

12 Lieut. Jenkins Capt. vice Molloy, dead do.

Ens. Shafto, Lieut. do.

12 F. Ens. Dantes, from 30 F. Ens. 11 July.

20 Genl. Cadet R. M'Dermott, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Boates, 12 F. do.

22 Capt. Castelli, from 80 F. Capt. vice Lockwood, exch. 18 do.

31 Ens. Greuber, Lieut. vice M'Carthy, dead 20 June.

A. L'Estrange, Ens. do.

33 Ens. Gibson, from h. p. Ens. Riddell, dead 4 July.

54 Lieut. Bromhead, Capt. vice Rea, dead 27 June.

Ens. Clarke, Lieut. do.

H. Wilson, Ens. do.

57 Capt. Chambers, from h. p. 25 F. Capt. vice Hely, exch. rec. diff. 18 July.

Ens. Donelan, Lieut. 11 do.

Lieut. Jackson, Adj. vice Deaman, res. Adj. only. do.

63 Capt. Leake, Major by purch. vice Macleoth, ret. 18 do.

Lieut. Douglas, Capt. by purch. do.

Hon. H. S. Fane Ens. by purch. do.

69 T. Shoolland, late of 75 F. Qua. Mast. vice Stevens, dead 11 do.

70 Ens. Christie, from h. p. 95 F. Ens. vice Hughes, exch. 18 do.

80 Capt. Lockwood, from 22 F. Capt. vice Castelli, exch. do.

51 Lieut. Boyce, Capt. by purch. vice Macdonald, ret. do.

Ens. M'Rae, Lieut. by purch. do.

Genl. Cadet G. M. Eden, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.

91 Lieut. Macleachlan, Capt. vice Arch. Campbell, dead 5 May.

Ens. Ducaut, Lieut. do.

Hosp. Assist. Robertson, Assist. Surg. vice O'Donnell, dead 4 July.

Rifle Brig. J. Master, 2d Lieut. by purch. vice Wood, 7 F. 20 June.

1 Ceyl. R. H. H. White, 2d Lieut. vice Page, res. 4 July.

Garrison.

Bt. Maj. Falla, h. p. 48 F. Town Maj. Gibraltar, vice Fraser, res. 4 July 1822.

Royal Artillery.

2d Capt. Louis, from h. p. 2d. Capt. vice Conroy, h. p. 17 June 1822.

1st. Lieut. Kett, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Robinson h. p. 20 do.

2d Capt. Grantham, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Pak - enham, h. p. 1 July.

Commissariat Department.

Assist. Comm. Gen. Henderson, from Irish Comm. Dep. Comm. Gen. 24 May 1822.

Medical Department.

Assist. Surg. Wiley, from h. p. 1 Vet. Bn. Assist. Surg. to the Forces 4 July 1821.

Hosp. Assist. D. J. Stewart, Apothecary, vice Taylor, dead 11 do.

Staff.

Lieut. Col. Torrens, 58 F. Dep. Adj. Gen. E. Indies, vice Murray, res. 20 June 1821.

Maj. Stanhope, h. p. 36 F. Dep. Qua. Mast. Gen. East Indies, with Rank of Lieut. Col. vice Torrens do.

Exchanges.

Lieut. Col. Hulme, from 1 F. with Capt. Ford, 7 F. Lieut. Col. Abbey, from 72 F. with Capt. Brownlow, 1 Ceylon Regt.

Lieut. Col. Sir C. W. Dance, from 2 Life Gds. with Major Mac Neil, 84 F.

Major Hon. E. Cust, from 55 F. with Bt. Lieut. Col. Rolt, h. p.

Bt. Major Gardiner, from 1 Life Gds. rec. diff. between Full Pay Life Gds. and Full Pay Inf. with Capt. Lord Bingham, h. p. 74 F.

Capt. Turner, from 13 Dr. rec. diff. between Full Pay Troop and Full Pay Comp. with Capt. Thornton, h. p. 78 F.

Capt. Calvert, from 72 F. with Capt. Hall; h. p. 52 F.

Lieut. Loftus, from 4 Dr. rec. diff. between Full Pay Cav. and Inf. with Lt. Fancourt, h. p. 91 F.

- Lieut. Mussen, from 6 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. McQueen, h. p. 5 Dr.
 — Markham, from 12 F. with Lieut. Glover, 72 F.
 — Clayhills, from 25 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Sloane, h. p. 67 F.
 — Greig, from 25 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Beale, h. p. 81 F.
 — Webber, from 56 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Horne, h. p. Rifle Brig.
 — Manning, from 40 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Ganning, h. p. 21 Dr.
 — Gilbert, from 65 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Havelock, h. p. 21 F.
 — Wood, from 7 F. with Lieut. Bourke, h. p.
 — O'Kelly, from 11 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Cortfield, h. p. 22 F.
 — Jordan, from 15 F. with Lieut. Havelock, 65 F.
 — Steele, from 99 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Browne, h. p. 28 F.
 — Edwards, from 58 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Seymour, h. p.
 — Roberts, from 66 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Kirwan, h. p. 71 F.
 — Ens. & Lieut. Talbot, from Gren. Gds. rec. diff. with Count Percival, h. p. 2 Dr. G.
 — Ens. & Lieut. L'E. Trange, from 5 F. Gds. rec. diff. with Ens. and Lieut. Fairfield, h. p.
 — Ensign Northwick, from 25 F. with Ensign Barron, h. p. 9 F.
 — Watkins, from 80 F. rec. diff. with 1 Lt. 1 Lt.
 — Thomas, h. p. 22 F.
 — Hennerman, from 60 F. rec. diff. with 21 Lieut. Crough, h. p. Rifle Brig.
 — Dawson, from 61 F. with Ensign Mallet, h. p. 91 F.
 — Scott, from 42 F. with Ensign McDonald, h. p. 17 F.
 — Paym. Brennan, from 41 F. with Paym. Alsapp, h. p. 97 F.
 — Paym. Haldane, from 55 F. with Capt. Hewke, h. p. 5 W. I. R.
 — Staff. Surg. Baillie, from Rec. Dist. with Surg. Brady, h. p. Rec. Dist.
 — Assist. Surg. S. Gilder, from Coldst. Gds. with Assist. Surg. F. Gilder, h. p. Gren. Gds.
 — Assist. Surg. Campbell, from 57 F. with Asst. Surg. Inghish, h. p. 95 F.
 — Vet. Surg. Gooss, from 11 Dr. with Vet. Surg. Percival, h. p. 25 Dr.
 — Cor. and Sub-Lieut. Phillips, from 2 Life Gds. with Lieut. Hamilton, 11 F.
 — Cor. and Sub-Lieut. Watford, from 1 Life Gds. rec. diff. with Cornet Chetwynd, h. p. 15 Dr.
- Resignations and Retirements.**
 Lieut. Col. O'Hara, 2 W. I. R.
 — Roberts, 5 F.
 Major Baldwin, 58 F.
 — Jackson, 72 F.
 — Hamilton, 4 Dr. Gd.
 — Whitford, 10 Dr.
 — Campbell, 11 F.
 Capt. Miligan, 2 Life Gd.
 — Green, 4 Dr.
 — Robson, 7 F.
 — Tiede, 5 Dr. Gds.
 — Sibthorp, 4 Dr. Gd.
 — Wynne, 25 F.
 — Loggan, 92 F.
 Lieut. Nicholson, 2 Life Gds.
 — Arnold, R. Horse Gds.
 2 Lieut. Page, 1 Ceyl. Reg.
 Cornet Thornhill, 7 Dr.
 Quart. Mast. Nourse, White Ml.
 — Hamilton, Lanark Ml.
- Appointments cancelled.**
 Major Gen. Elliott, from late 5 Vet. Bn. as Col. of 3 Vet. Bn.
 Capt. Chisholm, 1 R. Vet. Bn.
 Lieut. Ross, 2 W. I. R.
 Assist. Surg. Backhouse, 15 Dr.
- Deaths.**
 General Morshend, 51 F.
 — Coates, 2 F. Hestington, near York
 22 July 1822.
 Major General Atskill, East India Comp. Serv.
 Madras
 24 Nov. 1821.
 H. E. of Orford, W. Norfolk, M. June 1822.
- Col. Evans, h. p. African Co. 15 June.
 Lieut. Col. Geddes, 85 F. Ceylon 5 Oct. 1821.
 — Catchpole, h. p. 25 Dr. Barnstable, De- 9 July 1822.
 von Schlutter, h. p. 3 Lane Ger. Leg. Stade, Hanover. 25 May.
 Major Loftus, 9 F. Antigua 10 March.
 — Molloy, 12 F. Madras 5 Feb.
 — Wilson, late of R. Mar. 15 March.
 O'Shaughnessy, 51 F. Culeutta 21 Oct. 1821.
 Captain W. A. Grant, 71 F.
 Oldham, R. Art. Dover 50 May 1822.
 — Sutherland, ret. full pay, London 4 June.
 — Flack, late 1 Vet. Bn.
 — Innes, h. p. 79 F. Tannach, near Wick 29 April 1822.
 — Binny, 11 Dr. Benhamptore, Bengl 26 Nov. 1821.
 — Fitz Gerald, 87 F. Fort William, Bengl 10 Dec.
 — Arch. Campbell, 91 F. Jamaica, near May 1822.
 — Crawley, R. Art. Clontarf, near Dublin 10 July.
 — Greede, h. p. 52 F. (Adj. Oxford Ml.) Headington 21 do.
 — North h. p. 71 F. Cove, Cork, Ireland 5 July 1822.
 — Champion, h. p. S. W. I. R.
 Lieut. Gilbert, Adjutant, 29 F. Dublin 25 April.
 — Hay, 51 F. Madras, 26 Sept. 1821.
 — Bateman, 50 F.
 — Hallowell, 2 Ceylon Regt. Baduh, Ceylon 1 Nov.
 — Hepburn, Inv. disd., Portsea 21 May 1822.
 — Lewis, late 6 Vet. Bn. Br. 10 Feb.
 — Mitchell, late 8 Vet. Bn. Perth 21 May.
 — Fott, 15 Dr. Bangalore, Madras 1 Jan.
 — John Roe, (20 30 F.) Madras 6 Dec. 1821.
 — McCarthy, 4 F. Dundalk, Ireland 5 June 1821.
 — Joseph Mulligan, 65 F. Bombay 29 Dec. 1821.
 — Charleston, R. Art. Newfoundl. 4 May 1822.
 — Hopwood, h. p. R. War. 11 mo, 12 June.
 — Robertson, h. p. 21 F. Edinburgh 26 Dec. 1821.
 — Young, h. p. 86 F. 1 May 1822.
 — Fox, h. p. Nova Scotia Fenc. Batts Nova Scotia 2 do.
 — Finner, h. p. Indep. Comp. Ireland 19 April.
 — J. Cochran, Stirling Militia, at Stirling 25 June.
 — Crookes, h. p. 62 F. at Dreg Hedda 28 Dec. 1821.
 21 Lieut. Probert, Rifle Regt.
 — Ensign Cooper, 11 F. Culeutta 1 Dec. 1821.
 — F. Smith, 16 F. at Kandiy, Ceylon 7 Dec.
 — Foster, h. p. 5 F. 27 March 1822.
 — Douglas, h. p. 75 F. Edinburgh 10 May.
 — Telford, 55 F. Dundee 20 April.
 — Bellingham, 6 F. 1. Calde Drift, Cape of Good Hope 25 March.
 — Rakeel, 55 F. Finner 1 May.
 — Whitney, h. p. 15 F. (late of 2 F.) Bandon Ireland 2 do.
 — Hayme, h. p. 64 F. St. Helena 6 July.
 — Williams, h. p. 6 F. Irish Brig. 10 Jan.
 Paym. Godfrey, h. p. 10 F. 1 June.
 Quant. Mad. A. White, h. p. 15 Dr. Wesley 1, June.
 — Embree, h. p. Trilcton's Dr. Nov. 4 Aug. 1820.
 Scotia
 Dep. Assnt. Com. Gen. Duke, Barbadoes 11 May.
 Physician Dr. R. Gordon, Brevet Deputy Insp. h. p. 24 May.
 Surg. Mackey, 65 F. Bombay 11 Nov. 1821.
 — J. A. Campbell, Brevet Deputy Insp. h. p. 10 March 1822.
 — Trumble, Forces, Honduras, 19 March 1822.
 — Davidson, h. p. 30 F.
 — Clarke, East Middlesex. Ml.
 Assist. Surg. O'Donnel, 91 F. Jamaica 20 March.
 — Fearon, ret. full-pay, Coldst. Gds. Sunderland 27 May.
 — Williams, h. p. Greek Lt. Inf. Florence 6 April.
 Vet. Surg. Burroughs, h. p. 4 Dr. Brighton 2 June.
 Apothecary Taylor, on passage to West Indies on board the Buxton April.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1822.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	
July 1	M.45 A. 56 M. 14 A. 53 M. 11 A. 65 M.44 A. 58 M.45 A. 58 M.42 A. 59 7 A. 59 8 A.60 9 A.61 10 M.44 A. 59 11 M.50 A. 61 12 M. 11 A. 51 13 M. 13 A. 57 14 M. 11 A. 56 15 M. 11 A. 59 16 M. 12 A. 57	29.594 .658 .625 .482 .553 .595 .595 .653 .656 .666 .720 .758 .694 .803 .874 .853 .596 .475 .398 .402 .450 .540 .527 .565 .676 .712 .786 .81 .62 .64 .64 .64 .729	M.62 A. 62 M.60 A. 62 M.61 A. 60 M.63 A. 64 M.65 A. 60 M.65 A. 61 M.65 A. 66 M.66 A. 63 M.65 A. 66 M.64 A. 66 M.68 A. 66 M.58 A. 59 M.62 A. 68 M.65 A. 61 M.62 A. 64 M.64 A. 62		Cold morn. sunsh. day. Changeable, th. & lig. aft. Changeable, foggy & sun. Ditto. Clear foren. dull aftern. Changeable, very hot. Clear sunsh. warm. Changeable, rain at night. Fair morn. showery day. Fair, with sunshine Fair, sunsh. rain at night. Heavy rain morn. f. day. Cold foren. very hot aft. Fair & warm with sunsh. Fair, with sunshine. Cloudy, and very hot.	July 17	M.19 A.55 M.51 A. 60 M.52 A. 56 M.51 A. 64 M.50 A. 63 M.51 A. 61 M.48 A. 63 M.50 A. 62 M.47 A. 60 M.18 A. 57 M.52 A. 61 M.46 A. 57 M.42 A. 50 M.41 A. 55 M.41 A. 53	29.559 .558 .575 .516 .426 .561 .244 .275 .505 .505 .545 .537 .595 .505 .256 .156 .275 .515 .384 .460 .465 .550 .251 .326 .529 .501 .275 .527	M.58 A. 61 M.64 A. 64 M.60 A. 62 M.67 A. 67 M.67 A. 66 M.66 A. 64 M.64 A. 63 M.62 A. 64 M.64 A. 65 M.63 A. 67 M.60 A. 62 M.61 A. 58 M.59 A. 59		Rain most of day. Th. & lig. af. with hail &c. Heavy rain and foggy. Hot day, sh. rain aftern. Day, th. & l. with hail &c. Day, th. & l. with rain. Fair morn. rain day. Dull morn. showery day. Dull, with showers. Fair day, h. rain, night. Cble. hot and showers. Day dull, with showers Cble. hot and sunsh. Warm foren. dull aftern. Fair, but dull rainy nt

Average of Rain, 1.186 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

SINCE the date of our last, rains have been frequent and copious, though by no means regular. The extremely dry state of the soil, about the middle of last month, rendered the effects of ordinary showers imperceptible; but the amount that has fallen in many places, since the 18th of July, exceeds five inches, so that, in general, the ground is now tolerably moist. These rains, however, came too late for the major part of the crop; the only parts that were much benefited were late-sown barley, a few late varieties of oats, turnips, potatoes, cutting-grass, and pasture.—Wheat, early oats, and barley, were too far advanced to receive any advantage from the rain. After the soil became saturated, the consequent evaporation that took place produced a cold temperature near the earth's surface; on the last day of July the mercury in the thermometer fell as low as 42°, at ten P. M.; since that period, it has gradually become more elevated, and now ranges from 55° to 68°.

In the lower districts, shearing commenced partially about the beginning of the present month, and a considerable breadth of wheat, pease, &c. is now cut down.—Wheat, though shorter than usual in the straw, is sound in the ear, and will reach an ordinary average crop. The extra breadth under that species of grain, in consequence of the partial failure of the last turnip crop, and the mildness of last Winter, will likely produce a glut in the wheat market, which may oblige the dealers in foreign grain to keep their bonded wheat on hand another season. Late-sown barley has improved considerably, but still the barley crop is sadly deficient; and it would not be surprising to see the flars price of barley, for next season, as high, or even higher, than the price of wheat. Oats are, in many instances, something deficient. On several farms, where sales have been effected by outgoing tenants, whole fields of oat, consisting of from ten to twenty acres, have been sold by auction at ten shillings per acre—not much more than half the price of the seed;—upon the whole, the oat crop will be something below an average, and sadly deficient in bulk. The consequent scarcity of fodder will reduce the price of cattle (already low) at the Autumn fairs, unless an unexpected demand arrives from the South.

Yellows are in good condition for receiving the seed-furrow; potatoe-grounds have been well cleaned, and the produce is likely to be abundant.

Perthshire, 13th August 1822.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

		Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.		Quar. Loaf.		R. & P. Meal	
		Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.	Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.	Bls.	Prices.	Bls.	Prices.
July 1		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
21		24 6	24 0	26 10	16 6	18 6	15 6	18 6	13 6	16 0	0 10
		23 6	30 0	27 4	17 0	22 6	15 6	19 6	14 0	16 6	0 10
Aug. 7		25 6	30 0	27 9	18 6	20 0	16 0	19 0	14 0	16 6	0 10
		79 7	23 6	28 6	26 7	18 6	22 6	16 0	19 0	14 0	16 6

Glasgow.

1822.	Wheat, 240 lbs.			Oats.		Barley, 720 lbs.		Brs. & Pse.	Oatmeal	Flour,
	Dantzic.	For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.	stirl Meas.	140 lbs.	280 lbs.
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
July 18	—	—	—	25 27	15 17	18 20	21 20	15 16	14 17	15 17
25	—	—	—	25 27	15 18	18 20	21 20	15 16	14 17	15 17
Aug. 1	—	—	—	25 27	15 17	18 20	21 20	15 16	14 17	15 17
8	—	—	—	25 27	15 25	18 20	21 20	15 16	14 17	15 17

Haddington.

1822.		Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1822.	Oatmeal.		
		Holls.	Prices.	Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr Peck	Pr Peck
July 19		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	July 15	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
26		48 5	24 0	28 0	26 2	16 21 6	16 18 5	12 14 6	10 15 0	11 6	15 5	1 0
Aug. 2		61 9	25 0	29 6	26 7	18 22 0	14 18 0	12 15 0	12 16 0	22	11 6	15 6
9		50 2	25 6	29 0	26 6	18 25 0	14 17 6	12 15 0	12 15 6	29	11 0	16 3
		58 8	22 6	27 6	25 10	18 22 6	11 17 6	11 15 0	11 15 0	5	11 0	15 5

Dalkith.

London.

1822.		Wheat.		Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb		Quar Loaf
		per. qr.	per. qr.			Fd & Pol.	Potal.	Pigeon.	Tiek.	Boiling	Grey	Fine	2d	
July 15		s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
22		28 55	16 21	16 22	14 22	19 25	21 28	20 25	30 32	21 26	15 50	58 42	—	9
29		28 55	16 21	16 22	14 22	19 25	21 28	20 25	30 32	21 26	15 50	58 42	—	9
Aug. 5		28 55	16 21	16 21	14 22	19 25	21 28	20 25	30 32	21 26	15 50	58 42	—	9
		26 54	16 21	16 21	14 22	19 25	21 28	20 25	30 32	21 26	15 50	58 42	—	9

Liverpool.

		Wheat.		Oats.	Barley.	Rye.	Beans.	Pease.	Flour.		Oatmeal.	
		70 lb.	45 lb.						Eng	Amer	Eng	Eng
July 16		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	—	—	—	—
25		4 0	9 0	2 6	2 9	2 9	25 27	28 51	—	—	—	—
30		4 0	9 0	2 6	2 9	2 9	25 27	28 54	—	—	—	—
Aug. 6		4 0	9 0	2 6	2 9	2 9	25 27	28 54	—	—	—	—

England & Wales.

1822.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
July 6	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
13	42 6	18 2	19 4	19 0	27 0	26 11	—
20	43 1	18 5	19 3	18 5	27 10	28 8	—
27	43 2	25 5	18 4	18 7	25 2	26 9	—

PRICES CURRENT.—AUGUST 8, 1822.

	LEITH.			GLASGOW.			LIVERPOOL.			LONDON.		
	—	@	—	—	@	—	—	@	—	2s. 6d.	@	—
TEA, Bohea, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 9	—
Congou,.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Souchong,.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
SUGAR, Musc. cwt.												
B. P. Dry Brown,.....	52	60	52	55	49	55	52	56				
Mid. Good, & Fine Mid	70	82	56	70	56	71	57	66				
Fine and very fine,....	80	82			72	77	68	71				
Brazil, Brown,.....					18	24	17	21				
White,					27	35	29	35				
Refined, Double Loaves,....	120	130					102	116				
Powder ditto,.	96	100					80	96				
Single ditto,...	88	96	98	110			79	80				
Small Lumps,.....	84	90	88	92								
Large ditto,.....	81	86	80	85								
Crushed Lumps,.....	35	52	80	86								
MOLASSES, British,.....		29	27	27 6	25	29						
COFFEE, Jamaica,												
Ord. good, and fine ord.	100	105	96	105	96	109	96	108				
Mid. Good, & fine Mid.	105	120	107	122	110	118	116	138				
Fine, and very fine,....					121	130	140	156				
Dutch, Triage & very ord.					78	96						
Ord. good, & fine ord.	120	135	101	113	98	111						
St Domingo,.....	122	126			96	100	97	107				
PIMENTO (in bond), lb....	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	9			8	8 $\frac{1}{2}$						
SPIRITS, Jam. Rum, 16 O.P.	2s. 0	2 2	1 8	1 10	1 9	11	1 8	1 9				
Brandy, gal.....	4s. 3d.	4 6					3 3	3 6				
Geneva,.....	1 10	2 0										
WINES, Clar. 1st Gr. bhd..	£. 15	55					20	50				
Portugal Red, pipe..	34	46					19	48				
Spanish, White, butt..	31	55					30	65 $\frac{1}{2}$				
Teneriffe, pipe	28	30					26	2om-				
Madeira,.	45	65					40	nder-				
LOGWOOD, Jamaica, ton,...	£. 7	7 7				8 15 9 5	9 9					
Honduras,.....						9 10 9 15	10 0					
Campeachy,.....						10 0 10 10	11	per-General				
EUSTIC, Jamaica,.....		8				9 0 9 10	6	gh, Mrs Adol-				
Cuba,.....		11				10 0 11 0	10	of John An-				
INDIGO, Caraccas, fine, lb..	6d. 11 6					9 0 9 7	10	hard of Requests,				
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot,	1 8	2 2						tan Johnstone, a				
Ditto Oak,.....	2 9	3 3										
Honduras Mahogany,...	1 0	1 6	1 2	1 8	0 11	1 0		in Queen Street,				
TAR, American, brl... ..	20	21			11			Dick, of Glen-				
Archangel,.....	16	17						e, a son.				
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Candl.	37				37 6	—	35					
Honic melted, cwt....	—						—					
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton,...	42	43					41	'quhour,				
Petersburgh Clean,....	38				53	—	—	second				
FLAX, Riga Th. & Dr. Ra.	50						53					
Dutch,.....	50	90					42	47 $\frac{1}{2}$				
MATS, Archangel,.....	85	90					85					
BRISTLES, Peters. Ffst	14	15					13					
ASHES, Petersburgh Pearl,							—					
Montreal ditto, cwt....	18	47	48	45			48	49				
Pot.....	34	35	36	38	36 6	37	35	36				
OIL, Whale, tun,.....	£. 22	20 10	21				19	20				
Cod,.....	—	—	—				19	20				
TOBACCO, Virg. fine, lb....	7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.	8	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 8	7	7 $\frac{1}{2}$					
inferior,.....	5	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	0 3	3	4					
COTTONS, Bowed Georgia,			0 8	0 9 $\frac{1}{2}$		9 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$				
Sea Island, fine,....			1 4	2 0		1 5	—	—				
Demerara & Berbice,...			0 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 11 $\frac{1}{2}$		1 11	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$				
Pernambuco,.....			0 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 10	0 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 0 $\frac{1}{2}$				
Maranham,.....			0 11	11	0 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 10 $\frac{1}{2}$						

Course of Exchange, London, Aug. 13.—Amsterdam, 12 : 9. Ditto at sight, 12 : 4. Rotterdam, 12 : 8. Antwerp, 12 : 5. Hamburg, 37 : 9. Altona, 37 : 10. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 50. Bourdeaux, 25. 80. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 157. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 36½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 43½. Lisbon, 52½. Oporto, 52½. Rio Janeiro, 47. Dublin, 9½ $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. Cork, 9½ $\frac{1}{2}$ cent.

Prices of Bullion, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.—Foreign gold in bars, £3 = 17 = 6d. New Doubloons £3 = 13 = 9d. New Dollars, 4s. 9d. Silver in bars, standard, 4s. 11d.

Premiums of Insurance—Guernsey or Jersey, 10s. 6d.—Cork or Dublin, 10s. 6d.—Belfast, 10s. 6d.—Hambro', 7s. 6d. to 10s. 0d.—Madeira, 15s. 9d. to 20s. 0d.—Jamaica, 30s.—Greenland, out and home, 5 gs. to 8 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from 17th July, to 7th Aug. 1822.

	July 17.	July 25.	July 31.	Aug. 7.
Bank Stock.....	246½	248	251½	
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. reduced.....	80½	80½	81½	81
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. consols.....	79½	80	80½	80½
3½ $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. do.....	91	91½	92½	92½
4 $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. do.....	97½	98½	99½	99½
5 $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. navy annuities.....	—	—	—	—
India Stock.....	246½			
— Bonds.....	53 pr.	64 p.	62 p.	
Exchequer bills, (£. 1000).....	5 pr.	6 pr.	7 pr	7 6
Consols for account.....	80 $\frac{3}{4}$	80½	80½	80½
French 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents.....	—	91 fr. 65c.		

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th June and the 20th July 1822; extracted from the London Gazette.

Abbot, H. R. Throgmorton-street, broker.	Leister, J. jun. Stockport, money-lender.
Adams, J. Spalding, miller.	Lloyd, G. Cumberland-st. Mary-le-bone, brewer.
Allen, J. S. Towcester, linen-draper.	Lovegrove, J. Cranham, Gloucestershire, timber-dealer.
Armstrong, G. A. Princes-square, coal-merchant.	Lucas, R. and H. Southampton, linen and woollen drapers.
Bailey, J. Canwick, Lincolnshire, maltster.	Luck, G. Shore-ditch, hosier.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Matthews, D. Carlisle, mercer.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Mendham, S. Bryans-tone-street, merchant.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Marr, R. C. Rathbone-place.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Miggins, G. and J. Bootmain, Carlisle, hat-manufacturers.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Oakley, J. Southampton, bricklayer.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Paper, W. F. High Holborn.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Parker, J. and J. Ellison, Belmont, Lancashire, calico-printers.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Peyton, W. G. Upper Thames-street, merchant.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Phone, W. jun. and T. R. Grey, confectioners.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Powell, T. Goodrich, Herefordshire, corn-dealer.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Pritchard, T. Chesham, linen draper.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Prycock, J. Doncaster, hosier.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Randley, J. and E. J. Duggs, Stone, iron founders.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Reeve, J. W. Craven-buildings, muslin-dealer.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Rider, J. Winchester-house, Broad-street, next chancery.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Ridgway, J. C. Old Kent-road, linen draper.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Robertson, G. Wapping, ship chandler.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Rothwell, J. Mordfield, Bleach-works, Lancashire, dealer.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Saunders, W. Beckington, Somersetshire, schoolmaster.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Smith, J. Rugby, Warwickshire, coal and corn merchant.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Snappe, W. Cheshire, grocer.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Thompson, P. and C. A. Tom's Coffee-house, Cornhill.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Thompson, J. Leman-street, oilman.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Thorpe, J. sen. Cheshire, calico-printer.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Todd, W. and W. F. Courthorpe, Langbourn Chambers, timber-merchants.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Twanley, S. Aston, Warwickshire, miller.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Warner, W. jun. North Walsham, Norfolk, squire.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Waterhouse, J. and J. Green, Repton, maker of boots.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Watts, J. sen. Bradford, Wilts, dealer.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Weston, M. Welling, Somersetshire, draper.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Wilkins, W. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, wine-merchant.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Williams, S. Minding-lane, broker.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Woodcroft, J. Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, linen-draper.
Barnard, W. Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, tea-dealer.	Young, J. G. Ship-lake, merchant.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced July 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Anderson, Alexander, merchant in Edinburgh.
Campbells & Co. merchant in Glasgow.
Clark, John, watch-maker in Greenock.
Ellegood & Smith, merchants in Glasgow.
Finlay, Thomas, wood-merchant in Elie.
McCraken, James, merchant & ship-owner in Glasgow.
Melville, John, merchant, Grahamston, near Falkirk.
Morrison, James, merchant in Edinburgh.
Newlands, James, & Laikie Fraser, jewellers and watch-makers in Glasgow.
Oulter, George & Peter, cattle-dealers, Mains of Mouse.
Panton & Smith, manufacturers in Edinburgh.
Howley, Josiah, wine-merchant in Glasgow.
Sandeman, Thomas & Co. manufacturers in Perth.
Sandman, William & Hector, merchants in Perth.
Sandeman, William & Co. merchants in Edinburgh, Leith, and Perth.
Simpson, Andrew, merchant in Cromarty.

Turnbull, Sandeman, merchant in Glasgow.
Wilson & Gentie, victuallers in Glasgow.
Wright, Alexander, fish-curer in Banff.

DIVIDENDS.

Clark, William, cotton-spinner in Paisley; by William Jeffrey, accountant there.
Duncan, James, merchant in Dundee; by Ogilvie & Son, writers there.
Galloway, William, merchant in Edinburgh; by Kincaid Mackenzie, merchant there.
Gordon, James & Matthew, cattle-dealers in Overlaw & Kirkland; by James Niven, Kirkcudbright.
Johnston & Wright, merchants in Leith; by R. Mowbray, merchant there.
Scott, James, grain-dealer, Bridge of Don; by William Stuart, advocate, Aberdeen.
Sibbald, John, & Co. merchants in Leith; by the trustee there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1822. May 1. At Stanchill Barracks, near Kingston, Jamaica, the Lady of Capt. Robt. Anderson, 4th regiment, a daughter.
2. At North Nelson Street, (Edinburgh, Mrs. Durbachon, a daughter.
3. At No. 6, Dundas Street, Edinburgh, Mrs. Colquhoun Grant, a son.
4. At Erory, Mrs. Fraser, of Belnam, a son.
5. At Cumberland House, the Hon. Mrs. Fleming, a daughter.
June 2. At Stirling, Mrs. Forrester of Craigmart, a daughter.
— At Coats Crescent, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Sinclair, a daughter.
3. At 55, George Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Major A. Mackay, a daughter.
— In St. James's Place, London, the Lady of Woodbine Parish, jun. Esq. a son.
4. At Dumfriesshire, the Lady of William Hay, Esq. of Drumelzier, a daughter.
— At Bighouse, the Lady of Major Mackay, of Bighouse, a son.
5. At Hoguor, the Lady of Sir W. Dick, Bart. a daughter.
— At Portrack, the Lady of Alexander Hailey Maxwell, Esq. a son.
— At Fortrose, the Lady of John McKenzie, Esq. a son.
8. Mrs. Gordon, of Milngavie, a daughter.
— At Cathcart House, Mrs. Howard, a son.
10. The Countess of Dartmouth, a son and heir, at his Lordship's house, Berkeley Square, London.
— At Mylnethid, Mrs. Mylne, a son.
15. At Castlefield, the Lady of Colonel Fraser, a son.
15. At Hopetoun House, the Countess of Hopetoun, a daughter.
16. Mrs. Christie, Rosemont, a son.
19. At 114, George Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Captain Menzies, a daughter.
22. At 56, Albany Street, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Robert Kerr, a daughter.
— At Bellfield, the Lady of Capt. A. Campbell, a son.
23. At his house, in Rotterdam, the Lady of James Henry Turing, Esq. a daughter.
28. The Lady of Wm. Rose Robinson, Esq. Advocate, a son.
29. Mrs. Wm. Young, 55, Great King Street, Edinburgh, a son.
July 1. At Edinburgh, Mrs. Norman Lockhart, a son.
— At Stockton, the Lady Charlotte Macgregor Murray, a son.
4. At Strathgarve, Mrs. Mackenzie, of Strathgarve, a son.
— At 46, Frederick Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Carlyle Bell, Esq. W.S. a daughter.
5. At South House, Liberton, the Lady of Alex. Mackan, Esq. of Jamaica, a son.

July 5. At Edinburgh, Mrs. Heriot, of Ramornie, a son.
6. At Barns, Mrs. Burnett, of Barns, a son.
8. The Lady of Thomas C. Hagar, Esq. a daughter.
9. At Brahan Castle, the Hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, of scaforth, a daughter.
10. At Lossit, the Lady of George Macneil, of Ugadale, Esq. a son and heir.
11. At Donnot House, the Right Hon. Lady Kennedy, a son.
15. At the Manse of Kinglassie, Mrs. Cumyng haime, a son.
17. At Dalzell House, Mrs. Hamilton, of Dalzell, a daughter.
19. In Coats Crescent, Edinburgh, Mrs. Abercromby, of Birkenbog, a daughter.
— At Nain Grove, the Lady of Colonel Anderson, K. T. S. and C. B., a daughter.
20. At Balamoon, Mrs. Carnegie, a son.
21. At Eagle-carmie, the Lady of Major-General the Hon. P. Stuart, a daughter.
22. At 57, George Street, Edinburgh, Mrs. Adolphus Ross, a daughter.
— At Aberdeen, Mrs. Angus, wife of John Angus, Esq. Commissioner of the Board of Requests, Calcutta, a daughter.
— At Stirling Castle, Mrs. Captain Johnstone, a son.
24. At Lord Wemyss's house in Queen Street, Edinburgh, Lady Elcho, a son.
— Lately, in Roxburghshire, Mrs. Dick, of Glen-sheal, a son.
— At Lockbuy House, Mrs. McLane, a son.

MARRIAGES.

1822. Feb. 11. At Calcutta, Sir R. D. Colquhoun, of Tilly Colquhoun, Bart. to Anna Maria, second daughter of James Colvin, Esq. of Calcutta.
June 1. At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, Charles, eldest son of Sir Wm. Wake, Bart. of Courtney Hall, in the county of Northampton, to Charlotte, second daughter of Cranford Tait, Esq. of Harviestown, N. B.
— At Prince's Street, Edinburgh, Capt. William Stirling, youngest son of the late William Stirling, Esq. of Keir, to Anne Charlotte, second daughter of Sir Alex. Charles Maitland Gibson of Clifton-hall, Bart.
— In Park Place, Edinburgh, William Grant, Esq. of Congalton, to Susan, eldest daughter of the Honourable Lord Sutherland.
3. At St. Pancras Church, London, Francis Garden, Esq. advocate in Aberdeen, to Helen, third daughter of James Young, Esq. of Percy Street.
— At Auldhousfield, William White, Esq. Gibraltar, to Christina, eldest daughter of James Young, Esq.
4. George Sligo, Esq. of Aldhame, Haddingtonshire, to Anna Seton, daughter of the late B. Outram, Esq. of Butterley Hall, Derbyshire.

June 1. At Hospitalfield, in the county of Forfar, the Hon. William Maule, of Panmure, to Miss Barton, grand-daughter of the late David Hunter, Esq. of Blackness.

5. *F. Gaiden, Esq. of Braco Park, Aberdeenshire, to Helen, daughter of J. Young, Esq. of Percy Street, London.*

6. *At Tobermory, George Martin, Esq. writer, to Isabella, second daughter of John Macdougall, Esq. collector of customs.*

8. *At St Mary-le-bonne New Church, London, George Banks, Esq. M.P. second son of Henry Banks, Esq. M.P. of Kingston Hall, Dorset, to Georgina Charlotte, only child of Admiral Nugent.*

10. *At Scotstown, Michael Bruce, Esq. eldest son of Sir William Bruce, of Stenhouse, Bart. to Miss Isabella Moir, daughter of Alexander Moir, Esq. of Scotstown.*

— *At Barrosa Place, Perth, James White, Esq. to Mary Gavin, eldest daughter of the late Mr Marquis, Kenmore.*

11. *At Lixmount, Peter Campbell, Esq. Great King Street, Edinburgh, to Katharine, daughter of Thomas Williamson, Esq. of Maxton.*

— *At Westbarns, Mr John Yule, W.S. to Morri-son, fifth daughter of the late Robert Brown, Esq. Westbarns.*

13. *At Skene Square, Aberdeen, Capt. S. Manson, of the 15th regiment, to Ann Mary, daughter of the late Dr James Walker, parish of Hanover, Jamaica.*

15. *At the British Ambassador's Chapel, Paris, the Duc de Coigny, to Henrietta, only child of Sir Hew Dalrymple Hamilton, of North Berwick and Bargany, Bart.*

17. *At Cuttstraw, James Wilson, of Spott, Esq. to Isabella, second daughter of John King, Esq. of Cuttstraw.*

— *At Lambeth Palace, London, the Hon. Robt. Smith, M.P. for the county of Buckingham, and only son of Lord Carrington, to the Hon. Elizabeth Katharine Forester, second daughter of Lord Forester.*

— *At Edinburgh, Capt. Francis F. Locke, R. N. to Jessie, eldest daughter of the late Major David Robertson, Assist. Barrackmaster-General, North Britain.*

18. *At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, Lord Frances Gower, second son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, to Miss Greville, daughter of Lady Charlotte Greville.*

21. *At Mary-le-bonne New Church, London, David Pennant, Esq. of Downing, in the county of Flint, to the Lady Caroline Spencer Churchill, only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.*

25. *At Allanfield, Mr Robert Scott, merchant, Leith, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Thos. Allan, Esq. of Allanfield.*

26. *The Rev. Harvy James Sperling, A.M. son of Henry P. Sperling, Esq. of Park Place, Berks, domestic chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Rockingham, and rector of Popworth, St Agnes, to Ann, eldest daughter of the late John Macnab, of Newton, Perthshire, Esq.*

July 1. *At Munfield House, East Lothian, the Rev. Weaver Walter, M.A. of St John's College, Cambridge, to Lilias, daughter of the late Spencer Cochrane, formerly Lieut.-Colonel in the Hon. East India Company's service.*

— *At Kenly, Nicol Allan, Esq. of the Hercules Insurance Company, Scotland, to Ann, daughter of the late David Kay, Esq. Kenly.*

3. *At Edinburgh, Patrick Dudgeon, Esq. of East Craig, to Jane Alexandrine, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Duncan, of the Hon. East India Company's service.*

4. *At Montague House, Privy Gardens, London, Lord Stopford, son of the Earl of Courtown, to Lady Ann Montague Scott, daughter of the late Duke of Buccleuch.*

5. *At Edinburgh, Captain James Fraser, 78th regiment, to Christina, eldest daughter of Robert Gray, Esq.*

8. *At Edinburgh, Mr Sylvester Reid, W.S. accountant and Depute Clerk of Courts, to Georgina, daughter of Mr Alexander Kidd, writer in Edinburgh.*

29. *At London, Henry Lindsey Bethune, Esq. of Kilsyth, in the county of Fife, to Miss Couls, second daughter of John Trotter, Esq. of Larkhall Park.*

— *At Stretcham Church, Surrey, Capt. Macon,*

of the late 100th regiment, to Miss Gordon, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Gordon.

— *At Glasgow, Keith Macdonald, Esq. H. E. I. C. S. to Miss Flora Macalister, second daughter of the late Col. Norman Macalister, of Carnhill, and Governor of Prince of Wales Island.*

16. *At Quarrelwood, the Rev. John Jeffrey to Miss Marion Allan, second daughter of the late Wm. Allan, Esq. of Newlands, Kirkmahoe.*

— *At Glamis, Andrew Alexander, Esq. Professor of Greek in the College of St Andrews, to Esther, youngest daughter of the late Patrick Proctor, Esq. of Glamis.*

18. *At Tain, George Mackenzie Ross, Esq. of Aldie, to Susan, second daughter of John Dunlop, Esq. Balmakell.*

— *At Perth, Dr Colin Lauder, physician, Edinburgh, to Miss Margaret Ross, daughter of the late James Ross, Esq. Procurator-Fiscal of the county of Perth.*

20. *At London, Lawrence Peel, Esq. to the Right Hon. Lady Jane Lennox, fourth daughter of the Duchess Dowager of Richmond.*

23. *At Glasgow, the Rev. Hugh Dewar, of Stonehouse, to Jessie, youngest daughter of James Henderson, Esq. late of Knoch Bank.*

25. *At Edinburgh, Charles Kinloch, Esq. of Gourdie, to Miss Agnes Mylne, daughter of the late James Mylne, Esq. of Mylnefield.*

— *At Edinburgh, William Henry Cock, Esq. younger of Knowles, Lancashire, and of the island of St Bartholomew, to Home, youngest daughter of Dr William Farquharson, physician, Edinburgh.*

— *At the Episcopal chapel, Glasgow, Jas. Russell, Esq. merchant, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late Colin McNabb, Esq. of Upper Canada.*

DEATHS.

1821. Nov. *At Mahabad, East Indies, Mr Boswell Cochrane Gillespie, son of the late Dr Thomas Gillespie, physician in Edinburgh.*

1822. Jan. 31. *In India, in the 57th year of his age, Captain Beauchamp Mackintosh, of the Madras artillery, second son of the late Colonel William Mackintosh, of Millbank.*

April 29. *In the City Road, London, aged 60, Captain A. F. Baillie, R. N.*

— *In the village of Charlvestown of Moyne, Adam Mason, aged 105. During the whole of his life he enjoyed excellent health, and retained the use of his faculties almost literally to the last. He never required spectacles to read the smallest print; and the only faculties which in the last failed him were those of hearing and memory.*

30. *At Prince's-Street, Edinburgh, John Findlay, Esq.*

May. *At St Andrew's, New Brunswick, Mrs John Mackenzie, a native of the parish of Gospy, and sister to Lieut.-Colonel Wm. Munro, Hon. East India Company's Service, Madras.*

2. *At Glasgow, Mrs Jean Murray, relict of the late Rev. James Sinclair, Stronsay, matron of the Charity Workhouse of Edinburgh.*

— *At Wellington, Shropshire, the Right Hon. Lady Eleanor Elizabeth King, daughter of Edward, Earl of Kingston. Her Ladyship was in the 66th year of her age.*

— *At Inverwick, East Lothian, Mr Robt Duncan.*

3. *At Edleston manse, the Rev. Dr Patrick Robertson, minister of Edleston.*

— *At Dunrobin manse, Angleshire, Mrs Margaret Campbell, widow of Duncan Campbell Esq. of Glenachan, and daughter of the late Neil Campbell, Esq. of Dunstaffnage.*

5. *At Balkh, aged 57, Mrs Ross, wife of Capt. John Ross, K.S. R.N.*

6. *Miss Ann Jones, wife of the Rev. T. S. Jones, D.D. Edinburgh.*

— *At the Manse of Reesels, Mrs Harriet Gordon Robertson, wife of the Rev. Donald Esq., minister of that parish.*

— *At his house, Hill-Street, Berkeley Square, London, in the 84th year of his age, the Hon. and Most Rev. William Stuart, Archbishop of Armagh, and Lord Primate of all Ireland. His Grace was the fifth and youngest, and last surviving son of John Earl of Bute. He was translated from the See of St David's to the Primacy of Ireland in December 1800.*

May 6. At Rutland Square, Dublin, his Grace the Right Hon. and Hon. Charles Broderick, D.D. Lord Archbishop of Cashel, Primate of Munster, and Lord Bishop of Emly. His Grace was translated to the Archepiscopacy in 1801. He was consecrated Bishop of Clonfert in 1795, and Bishop of Kilmore in the succeeding year. His Grace was brother to Lord Viscount Middleton, was a Commissioner of the Board of Education, a Treasurer to the Board of First Fruits, and a Vice-President of the Society for Discountenancing Vice.

7. Lady Burdon, wife of Sir Thomas Burdon, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and youngest sister of Lord Stowell and the Earl of Eldon.

— Mr Edward Simpson, musician in Edinburgh. The regretted individual was not more admired for his skill in his profession, than respected for his private worth. He has left a very large family, almost entirely destitute.

8. At No. 1. Drummond Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Nelson.

— At Kirkcudbright, A. Thomson Mure, Esq.

— At Causewayside, Edinburgh, Mrs Fairbairn, widow of Mr John Fairbairn, bookseller.

— At Long's hotel, Bond-Street, London, M. Russell, Esq. M. P. of Humepeeth C. the, in the county of Durham, aged 57.

9. At Alth, Mrs Mary Nicol, wife of the Rev. Alex. Nicol, Episcopal minister there.

10. At Eastmans, near Ormiston, Mr James McRobb, solicitor at law.

— Thomas Gale Douglas, Esq. of the 75th regiment, second son of Archibald Douglas of Adderton, Esq.

— Henry Johnston, Esq. of Meadow Bank, aged 69 years.

11. At her house in Maitland Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Robertson, relict of the late Mr Jas. Burdon, West Craigs.

— At the school-house of Kirkpatrick Juxta, in the 75th year of his age, Mr James Mitchell, who for many years discharged the duties of parochial teacher with much propriety.

— At Glasgow, about two days after the birth of a daughter, who survives, Isabella, the wife of the Rev. B. Marden of that city, aged 2.

12. At his Lordship's house in Grosvenor Square, London, aged 71, the Right Hon. Charlotte, Countess Fitzwilliam.

13. At No. 107, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Bathorn.

— At Aberdeen, the Rev. Charles McHardy, minister of Cuthrie and Braemar, in the 76th year of his age, and 53d of his ministry.

— At Maxwelltown, Capt. George Williams, at the advanced age of 91, after a few weeks illness, which he bore with Christian patience and resignation. The deceased was supposed to be the last person in that part of the country who fought at the battle of Quebec.

14. At his house, 17, Hanover Street, Edinburgh, James Hag, Esq.

— In Richmond, Virginia, John Wood, Esq. a native of Scotland.

15. At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Carmichael, merchant.

— At Paris, the Duke of Richelieu, Peer of France, Lieut. General of the army, and late Prime Minister of France.

16. At Edinburgh, Mrs Broughton, wife of Mr C. Broughton, W. accountant.

— At her house, Vanburgh Place, Leith Links, Mrs. Patterson, wife of George Patterson, Esq. R. N.

— At Ayr, Mungo Sloan, Esq. of Ayr Bank, universally regretted.

— At Church House, Tenbury, Worcestershire, Alexander Johnston, Esq. a native of Gifford, in East Lothian, and one of the oldest surgeons of the royal navy.

20. At Nether Kirkcudbright, parish of Glenearn, Robert Wilson, Esq. in the 57th year of his age.

21. At Largo Manse, Mrs Oliphant, widow of the late Rev. Mr Oliphant.

— At Perth, Lieut. James Mitchell, late of the 8th veteran battalion, and many years Adjutant of the 89th or Connaught Rangers. This most respectable, and much-lamented officer, had risen from the ranks by his own merit and good conduct. He had fought in many of his country's battles, was severely wounded at Orthes, and was at Corunna, under Sir J. Moore. He was in the

42d year of his age—24 of which he had spent in his Majesty's service.

May 21. Mr Thomas Sibbald, Governor of the Jail of Edinburgh, very generally regretted.

— At Kirkcaldy, Alex. Adam, Esq. aged 82.

— At Maybole, Mrs Hutcheson of Southfield.

24. At Torbolton, by Dornoch, Col. Alex. Sutherland of Culmally.

25. At London, her Grace the Duchess of Grafton, aged 74.

— In Jamaica, George Gregory, Esq. from Edinburgh, merchant in Kingston.

26. At Edinburgh, Mrs Svirright, widow of the late Thomas Svirright, Esq. of South House.

— At her residence in Hertford Street, May Fair, London, the Dowager Countess Grey. Her Ladyship was only daughter of George Grey, of Southwick, in the county of Durham, Esq. and widow of General the Right Hon. Charles, first Earl Grey, K. B. Few persons, at the advanced age of 78, have left the world so deeply and so generally regretted. In the various characters of daughter, wife, mother, and friend, an exemplary attention to every duty, a total renunciation of self, and an ardent anxiety for the happiness and prosperity of others, marked her course, and rendered her an object of universal love and admiration.

27. Lady Anne Maria Pelham Clinton, daughter of the Duke of Newcastle.

— At Manse of Rhynie, the Rev. James Mylne, aged 79.

— At Ham, Surrey, Margaret, wife of General Gordon Forbes, aged 76.

29. At Edinburgh, Mrs Agnes Stewart, relict of John Moncreiffe, Esq. of Suchowood.

30. At Edinburgh, James Crosbie, Esq. late merchant in Drumsheugh.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Ramsay, supervisor of Excise, Edinburgh.

31. At Glasgow, Dr D. Aitken, surgeon, R. N. in the 62d year of his age.

June. At Vienna, the beginning of this month, aged 80 years, Baron Pulkendorf, the celebrated Austrian statesman.

3. At his seat, Englefield Green, Berkshire, the Right Honourable Viscount Bulkeley.

4. At Chelsea, in the 76th year of his age, and 58th of his service, Captain Alexander Sutherland, of the late 1st staff garrison company.

— At Peterhead, Jas. Hutchison, Esq. aged 87.

— At the advanced age of 95, Mrs Maryon Chalmers, relict of Wm. Cochran, Esq. of Newton.

6. At Tartan Cottage, Argyllshire, Captain Anderson, late of the 19th lancers.

— At Castle Mains, Campbell Douglass, Esq.

— At Lochryan House, Thomas Carson, Esq.

— At the Grove, near Durham, in the 6th year of his age, after a short illness, Stephen George Kemble, Esq. the comedian, and formerly manager of the Theatres Royal, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Glasgow, and Edinburgh.

7. At his house in Pathhead, Fife, Mr Robert Mitchell, land-surveyor.

— At Dumfries, James Heron, Esq. of Drumcoltran.

— At his house, 15, New Street, Edinburgh, the Rev. Wm. Dun.

8. At Dunbar, Mr David White, teacher of the grammar school, much and justly regretted. He taught that school for about 40 years, with great ability and success, and many of his scholars are now holding high offices of trust and responsibility in different parts of the world.

9. William McBean, Esq. of Tomatin.

— At Aberdeen, John Burnett, Esq. of Elrick.

— At Houndwood House, Robert Lisle Coulson, Esq. of Houndwood, Berwickshire, a Captain in the royal navy.

— At Taynish, in Argyllshire, Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Ross, in the 80th year of his age.

15. At Wooler, Mr George Bennet, wine and spirit merchant, aged 63. He was a descendant of the Bennet family of Marfield, and kinsman of Sir William Bennet, the father of the Gentle Shepherd, immortalised in the poem of Allan Ramsay.

— At Balamuir, Perthshire, at the advanced age of 94, Mr James Butter, upwards of 60 years farmer at that place.

— At Greenock, Archibald McGoun, Esq. in the 82d year of his age.

14. In Duke Street, Westminster, in her 97th

year, Margaret, widow of H. Banks, Esq. of Kingston Hall, and mother of H. Banks, Esq. M.P.

June 15. At Colzaum, Capt. Robert Davidson, of the late 83d regiment.

— At Banff, Mrs Margaret Duff, sister of the late General Patrick Duff, of Carnoustie.

16. The Right Honourable Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford, High Steward of the borough of Lynn. He is succeeded by his son Horatio Lord Walpole, now Earl of Orford.

17. At London, the Marquis of Hertford, K. G.

— At Leith, Anne, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr Russel.

— At Lugton, near Dalkeith, Major George Lewis Macmurdoo.

19. At Eastertyre, Major Alexander Macglashan, of Eastertyre, late of the East India Company's service.

21. At the manse of Bervie, Mrs Glegg, spouse of the Rev. Mr Glegg, minister there.

— At Edinburgh, Alexander Nicholson, Esq. nephew of the late Lieut-General Nicholson.

22. At Cringletie, Major Murray.

23. At Edinburgh, Mrs Ballantune, widow of the late Patrick Ballantune, Esq. of Orchard.

— At Herberthshire Printfield, Neil Carnie, Esq. in the 88th year of his age.

— At Surrey Buildings, near Glasgow, Mrs Campbell, aged 92, relict of James Campbell, Esq. of Carsaig, Argyllshire.

24. At his house in Devonshire Place, London, James Hunter Blair, Esq. M.P. for Wigtonshire, in Galloway.

— At London, in her 86th year, Mrs Morrison, widow of the late General Morrison.

— At Inverness, in the 71th year of her age, Mrs Barbara Nicolson, relict of the Rev. Malcolm Nicolson, late minister of the parish of Kiltarity.

26. At Dunkeld, Dr James Fisher, aged 66.

— At Leith, Mr John Mann, merchant.

27. At Hutton Lodge, near Malton, Yorkshire, Mr General Macleod.

28. At Lanthouse, near Glasgow, Alexander, third son of Alex. Smith, Esq. banker, Edinburgh.

— At Bellegrove Place, Mrs Elizabeth Sword, relict of George Douglas, Esq. of Woodlands.

29. John Lindsay, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

— At Sea Bank, Rothsay, Miss Christian Brown Hamilton, daughter of the late Wm. Hamilton, Esq. of Canthlaw.

— In the house of his sister-in-law, Mrs Grant, Dowager of Kilgraston, at Portobello, near Edinburgh, in the 77th year of his age, Sir John Macgregor Murray, Bart. of Lanrick and Balquhider. Sir John Macgregor Murray was allied, by birth, to many of the most ancient Highland families, and was lineal male representative of Patrick Macgregor of that ilk, one of the chieftains, whose names stand enrolled in a bond of union for the defence of his Majesty King Charles I. subscribed in January 1615.—For his distinguished public services in the East Indies, Sir John received the dignity of Baronet; and during a highly meritorious, but unostentatious career, in the course of which, his intimate acquaintance with, and enthusiastic attachment to, the language and manners of the Highlanders, rendered him eminently useful to his clan and countrymen, he became endeared, by his private virtues, to a numerous circle of friends and adherents, who in his death experienced an irreparable loss.

30. At Park Place, Teldington, Susan, the wife of Colonel Sir Robert Arbuthnot K.C.B., Coldstream Guards.

— At Dollar, Mrs Ann Campbell Steven, spouse of Mr P. Steven, of Dollar Institution.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Ann, Countess of Annesley.

July 1. At his house, West Nile-Street, Glasgow, James Macgillivray, Esq. late of Carbeth.

2. At Rathburn Place, near Edinburgh, James Davidson, Esq. late surgeon 2d battalion Royal Scots.

3. At Auchmannoch, Mrs Burella Hunter, wife of Arthur Campbell, Esq. of Auchmannoch.

4. Suddenly, in the 58th year of his age, the Rev. George Mitchell, who had been 31 years school-master of Cluny, and latterly assistant minister of that parish.

5. At his house, in Pathhead, by Kirkealdy, after a long illness, Mr John Anderson, manufacturer.

July 7. Mr Wm. Neilson, sen. manufacturern Paisley, in his 77th year.

8. At Port Glasgow, the Rev. John Forrest, in the 80th year of his age.

— At Howard Place, near Edinburgh, Mrs Helen Currie Lamont, spouse of James Lamont, Esq.

— At Burnside of Dalbeattie, Mrs Coupland, wife of David Coupland, Esq. late of Gregory.

9. At Tarare, near Lyons, on his way to Geneva, John Forbes Mitchell, Esq. of Gloucester Place, Portman Square, and Phainston, in Aberdeenshire, in the 37th year of his age.

10. Lady G. Pratt, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Camden.—About three o'clock the young lady was seized with a shivering fit, supposed to have been caused by her having walked in the garden with thin shoes, and at six she expired.

12. At Prestonpans, Captain Thomas Simpson, (B) R.N. aged 52.

— At Sidmouth, Magdalen, wife of Henry Harvey, Esq. and daughter of Sir James Hall of Dungleas, Bart.

13. At Edinburgh, John Jeffrey, Esq. late of Allerbeck.

— At Inverness, in the 49th year of his age, Mr Duncan Robertson, merchant.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Patrick Cunningham, goldsmith, aged 37.

14. At Edinburgh, Alexander Fullarton, Esq. late land-surveyor of the customs at Perth, in the 86th year of his age.

16. At Kindacee House, Charles Henry, infant son of Charles Robertson, Esq. jun. of Kindacee.

— At Laurieston Place, Edinburgh, Mr John Drummond, linen manufacturer.

— At Fulwood Lodge, near Liverpool, in the 35d year of her age, Margaret, the wife of William Smith, Esq. and eldest daughter of the late Wm. Forsyth, Esq.

— At Provandhall, John Buchanan, Esq. of Provandhall.

17. At Edinburgh, Mr William Plum, merchant.

— At Biel, William Hamilton Nicolson, Esq. of Duleton and Belhaven.—No tribute can be more pleasing to the memory of this venerable and lamented gentleman, than the profound respect and regret with which the announcement of his death has been universally received. The value of his honourable character receives its highest and amplest testimonies, we think, in the sincere and open regret of his very extensive and intelligent countrymen—in the undiminished sorrow of this affectionate community, who were so long encouraged in their industry by the variety and usefulness of his tasteful improvements—and, still more, in that deep domestic grief which pervades his afflicted family, which best speaks the value of the man, and which, though less seen and less heard, yet far outweighs, in our estimation, every other eulogy which can possibly be paid. Honoured throughout a lengthened life in the elevated society in which he moved, a void is now felt, which indeed it will not be easy to supply.

23. At Alanton, near Dumfries, Mr Whigham, relict of Robert Whigham, Esq. of Hallday hill.

25. Mr John Emery, of Covent Garden Theatre.—After an illness of three weeks, caused by an excessive inward debility, brought on, as it is supposed, by a diseased liver, and which at last attached itself to the lungs, Mr Emery breathed his last a few minutes past eight o'clock in the evening at his house in Hyde Street, Bloomsbury, London. He was in his forty-seventh year. He has left an amiable wife and seven young children to lament his loss.

Lately, at his residence in Montague-Street, Russell Square, London, David Hunter, Esq.

— At his residence in Hawke-Street, Portree, aged 76, John Hepburn, Esq. late Captain in the 21st regiment, or North British Fusiliers, and one of his Majesty's Knights of Windsor.

— At Cork, where he had gone for medical assistance, the Right Hon. John de Courcy, Lord Kinale, Baron Courcy, and Baron of Rungroff, Premier Baron of Ireland.—His Lordship's ancestor was presented in 1762 to his late Majesty, and had the honour of asserting the ancient privilege of his family, of wearing his hat in the King's presence. The late Lord also enjoyed the same privilege.

THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

SEPTEMBER 1822.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

<i>Days.</i>	<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>		<i>Days.</i>	<i>Morn.</i>		<i>Even.</i>	
Oct. 1822.	H.	M.	H.	M.	Oct. 1822.	H.	M.	H.	M.
Tu. 1	2	4	2	23	Th. 17	2	59	3	14
W. 2	2	44	3	5	Fr. 18	3	29	3	45
Th. 3	3	22	3	44	Sa. 19	4	0	4	19
Fr. 4	4	6	4	27	Su. 20	4	37	4	57
Sa. 5	4	19	5	16	M. 21	5	18	5	41
Su. 6	5	43	6	14	Tu. 22	6	10	6	42
M. 7	6	49	7	26	W. 23	7	18	8	0
Tu. 8	8	11	8	56	Th. 24	8	38	9	1
W. 9	9	40	10	17	Fr. 25	9	40	10	26
Th. 10		52	11	21	Sa. 26	10	56	11	21
Fr. 11		46	—	—	Su. 27	11	46		
Sa. 12		8	0	30	M. 28	0	10	0	32
Su. 13		47	1	6	Tu. 29	0	54	1	17
M. 14		22	1	39	W. 30	1	41	2	5
Tu. 15		56	2	12	Th. 31	2	25	2	48
W. 16	2	28	2	44					

MOON'S PHASES.

<i>Mean Time.</i>				
	M.	•	H.	
Last Quart., Mon. 7.	19	past	3	after.
New Moon, Tues. 15.	5	—	1	morn.
First Quart., Wed. 23.	20	—	5	morn.
Full Moon, Wed. 30.	12	—	9	morn.

TERMS, &c

October:

- 10. River Tweed closes
- 11. Old Michaelmas.
- 25. St. Crispin, M.

* * The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

SEPTEMBER 1822.

NAPOLEON IN EXILE; OR, A VOICE
FROM ST. HELENA.

In our Review of the former of these volumes, we followed no general rule in the selection of our extracts, and, accordingly, were led to exhibit to our readers some delectable specimens of that petty and inglorious sort of vexatious warfare carried on against the Fallen Chief, by his highly-accomplished and indefatigable gaoler and tormentor, Sir Hudson Lowe, the selection of whom, for that enviable and honourable office, reflects so much honour on the discrimination, if not the humanity or justice, of the British Government.

The disingenuous practices here denounced, however, and the incessant complaints, accusations, heart-burnings, altercations, and remonstrances, to which they unavoidably gave birth, so sicken the mind *, by their frequent repetition, that, in our notice of the second volume, we shall endeavour to steer clear of these humiliating topics, and to confine our attention, and that of our readers, to matters of less sombre character, and more refreshing interest.

We recommence our extracts, then, with the following particulars respecting Moreau and Pichegru, (including the treachery of the former

to his brother conspirator,) which are at once new and interesting:—

Afterwards he conversed for some time about Moreau, and said, that he was by no means a man of that superior talent which the English supposed; that he was a good general of division, but not adapted for the command of a great army. “Moreau was brave,” said he, “indolent, and a *bou vivant*. He did nothing at his *quartier général* but loll on a sofa, or walk about with a pipe in his mouth. He scarcely ever read a book. His disposition was naturally good, but he was influenced by his wife and mother-in-law, who were two intriguers. I recommended Moreau to marry her at the desire of Josephine, who loved her because she was a creole. Moreau had fallen greatly in estimation on account of his conduct towards Pichegru. After Leoben, the senate of Venice were foolish enough to stir up a rebellion against the French armies, without being either sufficiently strong themselves, or having adequate assistance from other powers to promise the slightest hope of success. In consequence of this, I caused Venice to be occupied by the French troops. An agent of the Bourbons, the Count d’Entragues, whom I suppose you have heard of in England, was there at the time. Fearing the consequences, he escaped out of Venice, but on his way to Vienna (I think he said) he was arrested on the Brenta by Bernadotte, with all his papers. As soon as it was known who he was, he was sent to me, being esteemed a man of some

* In reference to his disputes with Sir Hudson Lowe, Napoleon might say, with truth, as he of the “sevenfold shield” (*clipei dominus septemplex Ajax*) said proudly, but contemptuously, of his artful and cunning rival, in their contest about the possession of the armour of Achilles:

*Ipsæ tulit pretium jam nunc certaminis hujus;
Quod cum victus erit, MECUM certasse feretur.*

importance. Amongst his papers we found his plans, and the correspondence of Pichegru with the Bourbons. I had them immediately attested by Berthier and two others, sealed and sent to the Directory, as they were of the greatest consequence. I then examined d'Entraigues myself, who, when he saw that the contents of his papers were known, thought there was no use in attempting concealment any longer, and confessed every thing. He even told me more than I could possibly have expected; let me into the secret plans of the Bourbons, with the names of their English partizans, and, in fact, the information I obtained from him was so full and so important, that it determined me how to act on the moment, and was the chief cause of the measures I then pursued, and of the proclamation which I issued to the army, warning them, that, if necessary, they would be called upon to cross the mountains, and re-enter their native country, to crush the traitors who were plotting against the existence of the republic. At this time Pichegru was chief of the legislative body. The Count d'Entraigues was so communicative, that I really felt obliged to him, and I may say that he almost gained me. He was a man of talent and acuteness, intelligent and pleasant to converse with, though he proved afterwards to be a *man-ouvris sujet*. Instead of putting him in confinement, I allowed him to go where he pleased; Milan, gave him every indulgence, and did not even put him in *surveillance*. A few days afterwards I received orders from the Directory to cause him to be shot, or, what in those times was equivalent to it, to try him by a military commission, and sentence to be immediately executed. I wrote to the Directory, that he had given very useful information, and did not deserve such a return; and, finally, that I could not execute it; that if they still insisted upon shooting him, they must do it themselves. Shortly after this, d'Entraigues escaped into Switzerland, from whence the *cognin* had the impudence to write a libel, accusing me of having treated him in the most barbarous manner, and even with having put him in irons; when the fact was, that I had allowed him so much liberty, that it was not until after he had escaped for several days that his flight was discovered, and then only by having seen the arrival of the Count d'Entraigues notified in the Swiss papers, which at first was thought to be impossible, but on sending to examine his quarters, it was found to be true. This conduct of d'Entraigues greatly displeased all who at Milan had been witnesses of the indulgent manner in which

I treated him. Amongst others, some ambassadors and diplomatic characters were so much offended, that they drew up and signed a declaration contradictory of these accusations. In consequence of the information gained from d'Entraigues, Pichegru was banished to Cayenne.

"Immediately after the seizure of d'Entraigues, Desaix came to see me. Conversing with him about Pichegru, I remarked, that we had been greatly deceived, and expressed my surprise that his treason had not been discovered sooner. 'Why,' said Desaix, 'we knew of it three months ago.' 'How can that be possible?' I replied. Desaix then recounted to me the manner in which Moreau, with whom he had been at that time, had found in the baggage of the Austrian general Klingspor a correspondence of Pichegru's, in which his plans in favour of the Bourbons were detailed, and those of the false manœuvres which he intended to put in practice. I asked Desaix if this had been communicated to the Directory? He replied, 'No;' that Moreau did not wish to ruin Pichegru, and had desired him to say nothing about it. I told Desaix that he had acted very wrong; that he ought immediately to have sent all the papers to the Directory, as I had done; that, in fact, it was tacitly conniving at the destruction of his native country. As soon as Moreau was informed that Pichegru was found out, he denounced him to the army as a traitor, and sent to the Directory the papers containing the proofs of it, which he had kept concealed in his possession for some months, and allowed Pichegru to be chosen chief of the legislative body; though he knew that he was plotting the destruction of the republic. Moreau was accused this time, and with justice, of double treachery. 'Thou hast first,' it was said, 'betrayed thy country, by concealing the treason of Pichegru, and afterwards thou hast uselessly betrayed thy friend, by disclosing what thou oughtest to have made known before; but which, when concealed by thee until it was discovered by other means, ought to have ever remained a secret in thy breast.' Moreau never recovered the esteem of the public again."

I mentioned the retreat of Moreau, and asked if he had not displayed great military talents in it? "That retreat," replied the emperor, "instead of being what you say, was the greatest blunder that ever Moreau committed. If he had, instead of retreating, made a *détour*, and marched in the rear of Prince Charles," (I think he said,) "he would have destroyed or taken the Austrian army.—

The Directory were jealous of me, and wanted to divide, if possible, the military reputation; and as they could not give credit to Moreau for a victory, they did for a retreat, which they caused to be extolled in the highest terms; though even the Austrian generals condemned Moreau for having done it. You may probably hereafter," continued Napoleon, "have an opportunity of hearing the opinion of French generals on the subject, who were present, and you will find it consonant to mine. Instead of credit, Moreau merited the greatest censure and disgrace for it. As a general, Pichegru had much more talent than Moreau *."

We cannot say we think the speculation we are about to quote very remarkable either for the soundness of its premises or the probability of its conclusion. Before Russia can invade India, Persia must first be brushed from the map; an achievement which, opposed, as it must necessarily be, by the whole force of the British empire in both hemispheres, the Russians are by no means likely ever to accomplish. But even had they succeeded in attaining this preliminary object, still, though British ascendancy in India might be endangered by the intestine commotions which such an event would naturally create, yet it does by no means follow that it would be destroyed, or even very seriously endangered. By the majority of the natives of the Indian Peninsula, the mildness, impartiality, and justice of the British Government, have been felt and acknowledged; and hence, reasoning from the known principles of the human mind, the people would rather be inclined to bear those ills they have, than fly to others that they

know not of." In the next place, we have a formidable army in India; inured to the climate—thoroughly acquainted with the country and the people—brave—and, as frequent experience has demonstrated, firmly attached to the British interest. The Russians, on the contrary, with the exception of some of the barbarian hordes, whom they sometimes call up from the womb of the desert, and who are rather an incumbrance than a help to a regular army, would speedily be consumed under the burning sun of India, like the Crusaders of old, in the Holy Wars in Syria; or, to take a more recent and palpable example, like the French troops in their fatal retreat from Moscow, under the intolerable rigours of a Russian winter. Throw into the balance, also, the enormous resources of this mighty empire, as contrasted with the limited means of Russia, the employment which we should certainly contrive to create for a large portion of the Russian troops in Europe,—the probable invasion of Poland, for the possession of which she has violated so many treaties, and committed so many crimes,—the endangering of Finland,—the annihilation of her trade,—the destruction of her capital and her seaport towns,—and the almost certain formation of a coalition against her among the powers of Europe, justly and politically jealous of such excessive aggrandizement;—let the reader, we say, throw these considerations into the scale,—weigh well the import of the other topics which we have just hinted at,—and then ask himself, if the following speculation be any thing but one of those splendid and

* Madame de Staël, catching the favourite note of our own Opposition prints, asserts that this conspiracy was wholly of Buonaparte's hatching, and that George Cadoudal acted merely as his agent, in entrapping two men whose talents and reputation he feared. The good lady, however, has given us nothing but her own assertion in proof of this notable discovery. Now, in the first place, Pichegru was a declared and notorious Bourbonist, and by Madame de Staël's own showing, Moreau was excessively imprudent; which may surely account for the detection of the plot, without the necessity of calumniating the memory of Cadoudal. In the next place, had Cadoudal been a mere agent of the police, it is not very likely that he would have been executed for rendering so essential a service to the Republic, as discovering a plot which had threatened its very existence; or, to the first consul, by removing two formidable rivals out of his way. We have never heard that it was the practice of the French Government to hang their own spies, however free they may have sometimes made with those of other people who fell into their hands. The reader has already seen with what indulgence Buonaparte treated Entraigues, though a traitor, merely because he had communicated important information at a critical moment.

romantic fictions, with which great minds are sometimes known to amuse themselves :

After leaving the bath, Napoleon spoke about Russia, and said, that the European nations would yet find that *he* had adopted the best possible policy at the time he had intended to re-establish the kingdom of Poland, which would be the only effectual means of stopping the increasing power of Russia. It was putting a barrier, a dyke to that formidable empire, which it was likely would yet overwhelm Europe. "I do not think," said he, "that I shall live to see it; but you may. You are in the flower of your age, and may expect to live thirty-five years longer. I think that you will see, that the Russians will either invade and take India, or enter Europe with four hundred thousand Cossacs, and other inhabitants of the desert, and two hundred thousand real Russians. When Paul was so violent against you, he sent to me for a plan to invade India. I sent him one, with instructions in detail." (Here Napoleon showed to me, on a map, the routes, and the different points from whence the army was to have proceeded.) "From a port in the Caspian Sea he was to have marched on to India. Russia," continued he, "must either fall or aggrandize herself; and it is natural to suppose that the latter will take place. By invading other countries, Russia has two points to gain,—an increase of civilization and polish, by rubbing against other powers*, the acquisition of money, and the rendering friends to herself the inhabitants of the deserts, with whom some years back she was at war. The Cossacs, Calmucks, and other barbarians, who have accompanied the Russians into France, and other parts of Europe, having once acquired a taste for the luxuries of the South, will carry back to their deserts the remembrance of places where they had such fine women, fine living; and not only will not themselves be able to endure their own barbarous and sterile regions, but will communicate to their neighbours a desire to conquer these delicious countries. In all human probability, Alexander will be obliged, either to take India from you, in order to gain riches and provide employment for them, and thereby prevent a revolution in Russia; or he will make an irruption into Europe, at the head of some hundred thousand of those barbarians on horseback, and two hundred thousand infantry, and carry every thing before him.

* The literal English of his words.

What I say to you is confirmed by the history of all ages; during which it has been invariably observed, that whenever those barbarians once got a taste of the south of Europe, they always returned to attempt new conquests and ravages, and have finally succeeded in making themselves masters of the country. It is natural to man to desire to better his condition; and those *canaille*, when they contrast their own deserts with the fine provinces they have left, will always have an itching after the latter; well knowing, also, that no nation will retaliate, or attempt to take their deserts from them. Those *canaille*," continued he, "possess all the requisites for conquest. They are brave, active, patient of fatigue and bad living, poor, and desirous of enriching themselves. I think, however, that all depends upon Poland. If Alexander succeeds in incorporating Poland with Russia, that is to say, in perfectly reconciling the Poles to the Russian government, and not merely subduing the country, he has gained the greatest step towards subduing India. My opinion is, that he will attempt either the one or the other on the projects I have mentioned; and I think the last to be most probable."

The "Ten Years Exile" of Madame de Staël we have always regarded as a deplorable example of the self-delusion created by overweening vanity—of the influence of a powerful imagination, in distorting and magnifying to monstrosity the most simple and ordinary occurrences—and of that morbid self-love which Madame de Staël has herself so eloquently depicted in her character of Rousseau; and which, blind to the clearest truths, and captivated only with its own delusions, imagines the whole world engaged in a common conspiracy to thwart its favourite objects. What assignable purpose could Buonaparte propose to himself by persecuting a helpless woman? The truth seems to be, however, that any restraints to which that celebrated female was subjected, were the natural consequences of her restless and intriguing disposition, of an affectation of singularity, and of a desire to attract notice, by speaking or acting in opposition to the public sentiment, or the conduct of the government. No one, accordingly, can read, without a smile, her absurd gabbling about "the system of *fusion* adopted by Buonaparte," or the hero-

ics in which she imagined she was raising an imperishable record of her hatred to arbitrary power; while, at the same time, she was secretly offering to become "*black and white*" for the man whom, in her seditious coterries—where she took especial care to have every person assembled who was known to be obnoxious to the imperial government—she described as the common enemy of the friends of liberty in every nation of the world. The real truth seems to be, that Buonaparte could never be made to comprehend, that the support of a glib-tongued *bluc-stocking* was indispensable to the security of the imperial throne, and, accordingly, took no pains to attach to his interests a woman, who was only formidable by the libels she might indite, or the calumnies she might propagate. Had Napoleon, however, been complaisant enough to pronounce Madame de Staël *la première femme du monde*, who doubts that we should have been spared the posthumous *sottises* of the "Ten Years Exile," and that the book "On Germany" would never have been burnt by the Duc de Rovigo, because no niche had been found in it for the army of France and Napoleon the Great? That the precautions adopted against Madame de Staël were solely of a preventive character,—to anticipate the mischief she might occasion, and without the least admixture of a vindictive spirit,—is evident from the fact, that, after she had, by her folly, incurred the marked displeasure of the emperor, his brother Joseph continued to visit, befriend, and patronize her, without the remotest interference on the part of Napoleon to prevent him. The anecdote we are about to give, will, we think, place the motives of Madame de Staël beyond controversy.

Napoleon then spoke about Madame de Staël. "Madame de Staël," said he, "was a woman of considerable talent and great ambition; but so extremely *intriguing* and *restless*, as to give rise to the observation, that she would throw her friends into the sea, that at the moment of drowning she might have an opportunity of saving them. I was obliged to banish her from court. At Geneva, she became very intimate with my brother Joseph, whom she gained by her

conversation and writings. When I returned from Elba, she sent her son to be presented to me, on purpose to ask payment of two millions, which her father Neckar had lent out of his private property to Louis XVI. and to offer her services, provided I complied with this request. As I knew what he wanted, and thought that I could not grant it without ill-treating others who were in a similar predicament, I did not wish to see him, and gave directions that he should not be introduced. However, Joseph would not be denied, and brought him in spite of this order, the attendants at the door not liking to refuse my brother, especially as he said that he would be answerable for the consequences. I received him very politely, heard his business, and replied, that I was very sorry it was not in my power to comply with his request, as it was contrary to the laws, and would do an injustice to many others. Madame de Staël was not, however, contented with this. She wrote a long letter to Fouché, in which she stated her claims, and that she wanted the money in order to portion her daughter in marriage to the Duc de Broglie, promising, that if I complied with her request, I might command her and hers; that she *would be black and white for me!* Fouché communicated this, and advised me strongly to comply, urging, that in so critical a time she might be of considerable service. I answered, that I would make no bargains."

"Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy," continued he, "I was accosted by Madame de Staël in a large company, though at that time I avoided going out much in public. She followed me every where, and stuck so close that I could not shake her off. At last she asked me, 'Who at this moment is *la première femme du monde?*' intending to pay a compliment to me, and expecting that I would return it. I looked at her, and coldly replied, 'SHE WHO HAS BORNE THE GREATEST NUMBER OF CHILDREN,' turned round, and left her greatly confused and abashed. He concluded by observing, that he could not call her a *wicked* woman, but that she was a restless *intrigante*, possessed of considerable talent and influence."

Our next extract shall exhibit an account of a singular character.

Mr Manning, accompanied by Captain Balston, came up to Count Bertrand's. The former told me that he had been directed by the governor, for what reason he could not divine, not to communicate

to the Count that he had sent a few presents to him for Napoleon. After they had been about an hour at Count Bertrand's, Napoleon came in, accompanied by General Montholon. He accosted Captain Balston first, and observed, "Oh, I have seen you here before." He then asked Mr Manning some questions. Manning related, that he had been in France in 1805, (I think,) and was one of the persons who had been detained; that he had written a letter to him, (Napoleon,) stating that he was travelling for the benefit of the world at large, which had procured his release. "What protection had you?" asked Napoleon. "Had you a letter from Sir Joseph Banks to me?" Manning replied, that he had no protection whatever, not letter from Sir Joseph Banks, nor had he any friends to interest themselves in his behalf; that he had merely written a letter to him stating his situation. "Was it your simple letter which obtained your liberty?" asked Napoleon. "It was my simple letter," replied Manning, "that induced you to grant it to me, for which I am very grateful, and beg to thank you." Napoleon asked him where he had lived? &c., and looked at the map of the countries in the atlas of Las Cases, asking a variety of questions about the route he had taken; whether he had seen the Grand Lama; the manners, customs, &c. of the countries he had passed through.

Manning gave him a clear and concise reply to every question; said, that he had seen the Lama, whom he described to be an intelligent boy of seven years old, and had performed the same ceremonies in his presence as were done by others who were admitted to it. Napoleon said, "How did you escape being taken as a spy?" "I hope," replied Manning, "that there is nothing in my countenance which would indicate my being a spy;" at which Napoleon laughed, and said, "How came it to pass that you, being *profane*, according to their ideas, could gain admission to the presence of the Lama?" Mr Manning answered, that he honoured and paid respect to all religions, and thereby gained admission. Napoleon desired to know if he had passed for an Englishman, and observed that the shape of his nose would indicate his being an European? The other replied, that he had passed for a native of Calcutta, but he believed it was known that he was an Englishman; that there were some casts of men there who had a similar formation of nose. Napoleon then observed with a smile, that "*Messieurs les voyageurs* frequently told *contes*, and that the existence of the Grand Lama had

been denied by several." Manning answered, "*Je ne suis pas du nombre de ces voyageurs là*; that truth was not falsehood;" at which Napoleon laughed, and asked many other questions. Manning related, that the chief part of the revenues of the Grand Lama arose from presents made to him by the princes, and others who believed in him; that temporally, however, he was subject to the Chinese; that he never married, neither did his priests; that the body into which, according to their belief, the spirit passed, was discovered by signs known only to the priests. Napoleon then asked several questions about the Chinese language, the late embassy, if the Russians had ever penetrated in that direction, and whether he intended to publish an account of his travels? after which, he asked Balston some questions about his ship, wished them a good-morning, and departed.

There is no part of Buonaparte's public conduct which has been the subject of more violent and bitter animadversions in this country, than his detention of the English resident in France, after the rupture of the so-called and precarious peace of Amiens. Napoleon himself defended the measure on the principle of retaliation, asserting, that he only did by land what the British had previously set him the example of doing at sea. On the validity of this plea we pronounce no opinion; but we do assert, that the kind consideration and indulgence which he showed to many literary men, were such as to reflect upon him the highest credit. Of this Mr Forsyth and Mr Dodwell, — to say nothing of Mr Manning, whose case is now, for the first time, brought under public notice—are striking examples. The former of these gentlemen was, for a considerable time, permitted to reside in Paris, and to indulge in the most unlimited intercourse with literature and literary men, and but for the outrageous conduct of many of the English *détenués*, might have had this indulgence greatly extended, or perhaps even procured his liberty. The latter, through the means of M. Le Chevalier, the celebrated author of the book on the Topography of Troy, was suffered, on his parole, to extend his travels to Greece and the Ionian Isles; the fruits of which have been given to the world in his Antiquarian and Classical Tour in Greece, by far

the most learned and satisfactory work which has yet appeared on that rich and almost inexhaustible field of inquiry. The case of Mr Manning, who, on his "simple letter," obtained his liberty, furnishes another illustration of the spirit by which the imperial government was actuated in every thing which related to the extension of knowledge, and the improvement of letters, and must, we should imagine, prove somewhat puzzling to those individuals whose favourite topic is the remorseless character of the despotism which Napoleon had organised and established in France. Now, to these persons we say, take the history of all the Bourbons, from the first elevation of that family to the throne, till the present hour, and we defy you to produce as many instances of a similar consideration and generosity displayed during any or all of the wars waged with this country, as the despot Napoleon exhibited in the course of a few years, even when carrying on a *bellum intermedium* with the country of those persons to whom the indulgence in question was extended.

Although, in our notice of these volumes, we have been careful to avoid, as much as possible, those extracts which, however interesting *per se*, have already become hackneyed, by being bandied about in all the Museums, Literary Gazettes, and Newspapers of the kingdom, we cannot refuse a place to the following character of Murat, which is truly and powerfully delineated, and rendered intensely interesting by those brief and rapid historical notices which Napoleon, upon all such occasions, introduces,--with peculiar felicity and effect.

I informed him that Colonel Macirone, aid-de-camp to Murat, had published some anecdotes of his late master. "What does he say of me?" said Napoleon. I replied, that I had not seen the book, but had been informed by Sir Thomas Reade that he spoke ill of him. "Oh," said he, laughing, "that is nothing; I am well accustomed to it. But what does he say?" I answered, it was asserted that Murat had imputed the loss of the battle of Waterloo to the cavalry not having been properly employed, and had said, that if he (Murat) had commanded them, the French would have gained the victory. "It is very probable," replied Napoleon; "I could not be every where; and Murat was the best cavalry officer in the world. He would have given more impetuosity to the charge. There wanted but very little, I assure you, to gain the day for me. *Enfoncer deux ou trois batallons*, and in all probability Murat would have effected that. There were not, I believe, two such officers in the world, as Murat for the cavalry, and Drouot for the artillery. Murat was a most singular character. Four and twenty years ago, when he was a captain, I made him my aid-de-camp, and subsequently raised him to be what he was. He loved, I may rather say adored me. In my presence he was as it were struck with awe, and ready to fall at my feet. I acted wrong in having separated him from me, as without me he was nothing. With me he was my right arm. Order Murat to attack and destroy four or five thousand men in such a direction, it was done in a moment; but leave him to himself, he was an *imbécille* without judgment. I cannot conceive how so brave a man could be so *faible*. He was nowhere brave unless before the enemy. There he was probably the bravest man in the world. His boiling courage carried him into the midst of the enemy, *plus d'un chevalier**, and glittering with *l'épée*. How he escaped is

* The immortal lines on Murat, contained in Lord Byron's Ode from the French, bear such a striking coincidence with the traits of character so graphically thrown together in the above extract, that we cannot refuse ourselves the gratification of transcribing them.

"And thou, too, of the snow-white plume!
Whose realm refus'd thee even a tomb;
Better hadst thou still been leading
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding;
Than sold thyself to death and shame
For a meanly royal name,
Such as he of Naples wears,
Who thy blood-bought title bears.
Little didst thou deem when dashing
On thy war-horse through the ranks,

Like a stream which burst its banks,
While helmets cleft and sabres clashing,
Shone and shiver'd fast around thee—
Of the fate at last which found thee:
Was that haughty plume and low
By a slave's dishonest blow?
Once—as the moon sways o'er the tide,
It roll'd in air the warrior's guide;
Through the smoke-erect night
Of the dark and sulphurous fight.

a miracle, being, as he was, always a distinguished mark, and fired at by every body. Even the Cossacs admired him on account of his extraordinary bravery. Every day Murat was engaged in single combat with some of them, and never returned without his sabre dropping with the blood of those whom he had slain. He was a paladin, in fact a Don Quixote in the field; but take him into the cabinet, he was a poltroon without judgment or decision. Murat and Ney were the bravest men I ever witnessed. Murat, however, was a much nobler character than Ney. Murat was generous and open; Ney partook of the *cunaille*. Strange to say, however, Murat, though he loved me, did me more mischief than any other person in the world. When I left Elba, I sent a messenger to acquaint him with what I had done. Immediately he must attack the Austrians. The messenger went upon his knees to prevent him; but in vain. He thought me already master of France, Belgium, and Holland, and that he must make his peace, and not adhere to *demi-mesures*. Like a madman, he attacked the Austrians with his *cunaille*, and ruined me. For at that time there was a negotiation going on between Austria and me, stipulating that the former should remain neuter, which would have been finally concluded, and I should have reigned undisturbed. But as soon as Murat attacked the Austrians, the emperor immediately conceived that he was acting by my directions, and indeed it will be difficult to make posterity believe to the contrary. Metternich said, 'Oh, the Emperor Napoleon is the same as ever. A man of iron. The trip to Elba has not changed him. Nothing will ever alter him: all or nothing for him.' Austria joined the coalition, and I was lost. Murat was unconscious that my conduct was regulated by circumstances, and adapted to them. He was like a man gazing at the scenes shifting at the opera, without ever thinking of the machinery behind, by which the whole

is moved. He never, however, thought that his secession in the first instance would have been so injurious to me, or he would not have joined the allies. He concluded that I should be obliged to give up Italy and some other countries, but never contemplated my total ruin."

The following will, no doubt, amongst a certain class, be regarded as an additional proof of that utter disregard and contempt of human suffering, for which Napoleon has been supposed to be so remarkable.

Some packages and cases, containing a superb set of chessmen and table, two magnificent carved ivory work-baskets, and a set of ivory counters and box, all of Chinese manufacture, sent to Count Bertrand, for Napoleon. They were accompanied by a letter, stating that they had been made by order of the Hon. Mr Elphinstone, for the purpose of being presented to the distinguished personage whose initials they bore, as a mark of the gratitude entertained by the donor, for the extraordinary humanity displayed by him, which was the means of saving the life of a beloved brother*. A letter from Sir Hudson Lowe, also came with them, stating, that when he had promised Count Bertrand, a day or two before, that they should be sent, he was little aware, that on opening them, he should have discovered something so objectionable, and which, according to the letter of his instructions, ought to prevent their being sent.

General Wurmser, the brave defender of Mantua, appears to have impressed Napoleon in the most favourable manner, no less by his integrity than his courage. He liked, he said, a brave soldier, who had undergone *le baptême du feu*.

He subsequently related some anecdotes of General Wurmser. "When I commanded at the siege of Mantua,"

The soldier rais'd his seeking eye
To catch that crest's ascendancy,—
And, as it onward rolling rose,
So mov'd his heart upon our foes.
There, where death's brief pang was
quickest,
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
Strew'd beneath the advancing banner

Of the eagle's burning crest—
(There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
Who could then her wing arrest—
Victory beaming from her breast?)
While the broken line enlarging
Fell, or fled across the plain;
There be sure was Murat charging!
There he ne'er shall charge again!"

* "The day before the battle of Waterloo, Captain Elphinstone had been severely wounded, and made prisoner. His situation attracted the attention of Napoleon, who immediately ordered his surgeon to dress his wounds; and perceiving that he was faint from loss of blood, sent him a silver goblet full of wine from his own canteen. On the arrival of the Bellerophon in England, Lord Keith sent his grateful thanks to Napoleon, for having saved his nephew's life." *Author's Note.*

said he, "a short time before the surrender of that fortress, a German was taken endeavouring to effect an entrance into the town. The soldiers, suspecting him to be a spy, searched, but found nothing upon him. They then threatened him in French, which he did not understand. At last a Frenchman, who spoke a little German, was brought, who threatened him with death, in bad German, if he did not immediately tell all he knew: He accompanied his menaces with violent gestures, drew out his sword, pointed it at his belly, and said that he would rip him up. The poor German, frightened, and not understanding perfectly the broken jargon spoken by the French soldier, concluded, when he saw him point at his belly, that his secret was discovered, and cried out, that there was no occasion to rip him up, for if they waited a few hours they would have it by the course of nature. This led to further inquiries, when he confessed that he was the bearer of dispatches to Wurmser, which he had swallowed when he perceived himself in danger of being taken. He was immediately brought to my head-quarters, and some physicians sent for. It was proposed to give him some purgative, but they said it would be better to wait the operation of nature. Accordingly he was locked up in a room, and two officers of the staff appointed to take charge of him, one of whom constantly remained with him. In a few hours, the wished-for article was found. It was rolled up in wax, and was not much bigger than a hazel nut. When unrolled, it proved to be a despatch from the Emperor Francis to Wurmser, written with his own hand, enjoining him to be of good heart, to hold out a few days longer, and that he would be relieved by a large force which was coming in such a direction under the command of Alvinzi. Upon this, I immediately broke up with the greatest part of my troops, marched in the route indicated, met Alvinzi at the passage of the Po, totally defeated him, and returned again to the siege. Wurmser then sent out General * * * with proposals to treat for the evacuation of the fortress. He stated, that though the army had provisions for four months, he was willing to surrender upon honourable terms. I signified to him that I was so well pleased with the noble manner in which Wurmser had defended the fortress, and entertained so high an opinion of him, that, although I knew he had not provisions for three days more, I was willing to grant him an honourable capitulation; in fact, that I would concede to Wurm-

ser every thing he desired. He was greatly astonished at the good information I possessed of the deplorable state of the troops, and still more with the good terms I offered, acquainted as I was with his distress. Wurmser was won by it, and ever afterwards entertained a great esteem and regard for me. After we had agreed upon the principal conditions, I sent an officer into the town, who found that there was only one day's provisions remaining for the garrison. Previous to this, Wurmser used to call me *un garçon*. He was very old, brave as a lion, but so extremely deaf, that he could not hear the balls whistling around him. He wanted me to enter Mantua after we had agreed upon the capitulation; but he considered that I was better where I was. Besides, I was obliged to march against the Pope's troops, who had made a treaty with me, and afterwards broke it. Wurmser saved my life afterwards. When I got to Rimini, a messenger overtook me with a letter from him, containing an account of a plan to poison me, and where it was to be put in execution. It was to have been attempted at Rimini, and was framed by some of the *canaille* of priests. It would in all probability have succeeded, had it not been for this information. Wurmser, like Fox, acted a noble part."

The passage we shall next quote is particularly interesting, by its relation to one of the bravest and most chivalrous commanders in the British army; we mean the Marquis of Anglesea.

General Gourgaud informed me this day, that at the close of the battle of Waterloo, when the charge made by the French had failed, and the English charged in their turn, a part of the cavalry of the latter, with some *tirailleurs* intermingled with them, approached to within a hundred, or a hundred and fifty toises of the spot where the emperor was standing, with only Soult, Drouot, Bertrand, and himself. Close to them was a small French battalion drawn up in a square. Napoleon ordered Gourgaud to fire some shots from two or three field-pieces which belonged to the battalion, to drive away the cavalry, which were approaching nearer. This was put into execution, and one of those shots carried away the Marquis of Anglesea's leg! Napoleon then placed himself with the column, and waited to charge, exclaiming, "*Il faut mourir ici, il faut mourir sur le champ de bataille.*" At this time the English *tirailleurs* were firing at them, and they expected every moment to be charged. Labedoyère was

galloping about like a madman, with his arms extended before him, seeking to be killed. Napoleon was prevented from throwing himself amongst the enemy by Soult, who laid hold of the bridle, exclaiming, that he would not be killed, but taken prisoner; and, with the aid of the others, finally succeeded in compelling him to leave the field, at the time there was none other than the above-mentioned small column to oppose the Prussians, who were advancing. Napoleon was so fatigued, that on the road to Jemappe and Philipville, he would have frequently fallen from his horse, had he not been supported by Gourgaud and two others, who were the only persons with him for some time. He was silent for a long time. When on the road to Paris, it was decided, at one moment, that the emperor should, instantly on his arrival, go booted and spurred to the senate, which would have had a great effect, but this resolution unfortunately was not acted upon.

Buonaparte's account of the leading monsters who figured during the Reign of Terror, though it runs counter to the opinions which have pretty generally prevailed in this country, can hardly fail to be read, with deep interest, as well as to prove of the utmost importance to the future historian.

I asked his opinion about Robespierre. "Robespierre," replied Napoleon, "was by no means the worst character who figured in the revolution. He opposed trying the queen. He was not an Atheist; on the contrary, he had publicly maintained the existence of a Supreme Being, in opposition to many of his colleagues. Neither was he of opinion that it was necessary to exterminate all priests and nobles, like many others. Marat, for example, maintained, that, to insure the liberties of France, it was necessary that six hundred thousand heads should fall. Robespierre wanted to proclaim the king, *hors de la loi*, and not to go through the ridiculous mockery of trying him. Robespierre was a fanatic, a monster, but he was incorruptible, and incapable of robbing, or of causing the deaths of others, either from personal enmity, or a desire of enriching himself. He was an enthusiast, but one who really believed that he was acting right, and died not worth a sou. In some respects Robespierre may be said to have been an honest man. All the crimes committed by Hebert, Chaumette, Collot D'Herbois, and others, were imputed to him. Marat," continued he, "Billaud de Varennes, Fouché, Hebert,

and several others, were infinitely worse than Robespierre. It was truly astonishing," added Napoleon, "to see those fanatics, who, bathed up to the elbows in blood, would not for the world have taken a piece of money, or a watch, belonging to the victims they were butchering.—There was not an instance, in which they had not brought the property of their victims to the *comité* of public safety.—Wading in blood at every step, they believed they were doing right, and scrupled to commit the smallest act bordering upon dishonesty. Such was the power of fanaticism, that they conceived they were acting uprightly, at a time when a man's life was no more regarded by them than that of a fly. At the very time that Marat and Robespierre were committing those massacres, if Pitt had offered them two hundred millions, they would have refused it with indignation. They even tried and guillotined some of their own number, (such as l'abbé d'Egmont,) who were guilty of plundering. Not so Talleyrand, Danton, Barras, Fouché: they were *figurants*, and would have espoused any side for money. Talleyrand, *c'est le plus vil des agitateurs, homme contemporain, sans opinion, mais homme d'esprit*. A *figurant* ready to sell himself, and every thing, to the best bidder. Barras was such another. When I commanded the army of Italy, Barras made the Venetian ambassador pay to him two hundred thousand dollars, (I think he said,) for writing a letter, begging of me to be favorable to the Republic of Venice, with which I." (here he made use of a most significant gesture.)—"I never paid any attention to such letters. From my first career, I always commanded myself.—Talleyrand, in like manner, sold every thing. Fouché in a less degree; his traffic was in an inferior line."

I asked how it had been possible that Barrère had escaped during the different ebullitions of the Revolution? "Barrère? —*parceque c'est un homme sans caractère*. A man who changed and adapted himself to every side. He had the reputation of being a man of talent, but I did not find him so. I employed him to write, but he did not display ability. He used many flowers of rhetoric, but no solid argument. Nothing but *coglionerie* wrapped up in high-sounding language.

"Of all the sanguinary monsters," added the emperor, "who reigned in the revolution, Billaud de Varennes was the worst. Carnot, *c'est le plus honnête de hommes*. He left France without a sou.

"Fouché," added he, "never was my confidant. Never did he approach me without bending to the ground. For him

I never had esteem. As a man who had been a terrorist, and a chief of jacobins, I employed him as an instrument to discover, and get rid of the jacobins, Septembrizers, and others of his old friends. By means of him I was enabled to send into banishment, to the isle of France, two hundred of his old associate Septembrizers who disturbed the tranquillity of France. He betrayed and sacrificed his old comrades and participators in crime. He never was in a situation to demand my confidence, or even to speak to me without being questioned, nor had he the talents requisite for it. Not so Talleyrand.—Talleyrand really possessed my confidence for a long time, and was frequently acquainted with my projects a year or two before I put them into execution. Talleyrand is a man of great talent, although wicked, unprincipled, and so covetous of money, as not to care by what means he obtains it. His rapacity was so great, that I was obliged, after having in vain warned him several times, to dismiss him from his employments. Sieyès also possessed my confidence, and was a man of great talent, but, unlike Talleyrand, Sieyès was an upright man. He loves money, but he will not try to obtain it otherwise than by legitimate means; unlike the other, who will grasp at it in any form."

Three different times the story of the secret assassination of Captain Wright is alluded to, and Buonaparte as often denies the fact, and asserts that Wright destroyed himself in prison, from an heroic determination never to betray his employers. He also alludes to the story propagated in a pamphlet said to have been written by the Duc de Rovigo, (Savary,) that Fouché had caused Wright to be secretly assassinated, knowing that it would be agreeable to his master; and maintains, that, if such was really the fact, he himself must have commanded it,—as "Fouché, if even so inclined, never would have dared to do it," for he knew he would have been hanged directly. He admits, however, that Fouché might have held out threats to Wright, with a view of extorting discoveries; but adds, that he was never put *au secret*, which would infallibly have happened, had the intention been to dispose of him by private assassination; and that, by examining the gaolers and turnkeys, the Bourbons have "every opportunity of

proving it, if such really took place." At the same time he states, that it was his intention to have had Wright tried by a military commission, for having landed assassins in France; but that he does not remember what dissuaded him from doing so. This he describes without the least reserve, as a course at once clear and justifiable; and asks, "What would your Ministers, or even your Parliament, have done to a French captain that was discovered landing assassins in England to murder King George? If I had, in retaliation of the assassins sent to murder me, sent others to murder * * *, and the Bourbon princes, what would have been done to the captain of the vessel who had landed them in England, if he were taken? They would not have been so lenient as I was with Wright. They would have had him tried and executed *sur le champ*!"

For obvious reasons, we leave the following extract to speak for itself:

Napoleon observed, that he was at a loss to conceive from whence the EDINBURGH REVIEW had obtained so much accurate information respecting him. "That circumstance," said he, "of the *déjeûné de trois amis*, I never told to any person. It is true that I was the author, and that it produced great effect in France; but I do not recollect ever having disclosed it to any one. There are, however, some mistakes in the Review. I never knew Barras at Toulon. My first acquaintance with him commenced at Paris, after the siege of Toulon.

Napoleon *ought* to have known somewhat of the requisites necessary to form a great Commander. His opinion on this subject will no doubt weigh with posterity; how the following may be relished, at present, we know not, and care not:—

The talents requisite in a good general then came under his observation. "The mind of a general ought to resemble, and be as clear as the field-glass of a telescope, *et jamais se faire des tableaux*. Of all the generals who preceded him, and perhaps all those who have followed, Turenne was the greatest. *Maréchal Saxe, à mere general, pas d'esprit; Luxembourg, beaucoup; le grand Frédéric, beaucoup*, and a quick and ready perception of every thing. Your Marlborough, besides being a great general, *avait aussi beaucoup d'esprit*. Judging from Wellington's actions,

from his dispatches, and above all, from his conduct towards Ney, I should pronounce him to be *un homme de peu d'esprit, sans générosité, et sans grandeur d'âme*. Such I know to be the opinion of Benjamin Constant, and of Madame de Staël, who said, that, except as a general, he had not two ideas. As a general, however, to find his equal amongst your own nation, you must go back to the time of Marlborough; but as to any thing else, I think that history will pronounce him to be *un homme borné*."

"I took the liberty," says Mr O'M. "of asking what he considered to be the happiest time of his life, since his elevation to the throne? 'The march from Cannes to Paris,' was the reply; which will surprise nobody who reads our next extract*:

"To shew you the confidence that I had in the disposition of the army," said he, "I need only recount to you an event which will be consecrated by history. Five or six days after my landing at Cannes, the advanced guard of my little army met the advance of a division marching from Grenoble against me. Cambronne, who commanded my troops, wanted to address them, but they would not listen to him. They also refused to receive Raoul, whom I sent afterwards. When I was informed of this, I went to them myself, with a few of my guard, with their arms reversed, and called out, 'The first soldier who pleases may come forward and kill his emperor.' It operated like an electric shock, and '*Vive l'Empereur*' resounded through the ranks; the division and my guards fraternized, all joined me, and advanced together to Grenoble. Close by Grenoble the brave Labedoyere, a young man, animated by the noblest sentiment, and disgusted by the conduct of the *misérables*, against whom France had fought and bled for so many years, joined me with his regiment. At Grenoble, I found the regiment in which, twenty-five years before, I had been captain, and some others, drawn up on the ramparts to oppose me. No sooner did they see me, than enthusiastic cries of '*Vive l'Empereur*' were heard, not only from them, but from the whole of the national guard and the populace; the gates were torn down, and I entered in triumph. What is singular, and which strikingly shews the sentiments of the troops, is, that in a moment the six

thousand men, by whom I was thus joined, mounted old tri-coloured cockades, which they had kept as a treasure, when the army had been obliged to adopt the Bourbon anti-national flag. I advanced to Lyons, where I was joined by the troops charged to defend it against me, and the Count d'Artois was happy to escape, escorted by a single dragoon, from the city he had commanded a few hours before. To all his intreaties, offers, and prayers, '*Vive l'Empereur*' was the reply."

Napoleon's account of Chateaubriand only confirms the impressions very generally entertained of the character of that hypocritical and canting turncoat—*ci-devant* Buonapartist, now ultra-royalist. Renegades necessarily fly to extremes, and are invariably the most abject adulators of that system, or of those individuals whom they are the foremost to betray. "*C'est un de ces lâches qui crachent sur un cadavre*."

"Chateaubriand," said he, "is an old emigrant, who was appointed secretary to Cardinal Fesch, when the latter was ambassador to the court of Rome, where he contrived to render himself disliked by the Pope and the cardinals, notwithstanding the *galimatias* which he had published upon Christianity. While he was there, he endeavoured to persuade the old king of Sardinia, who had abdicated and turned *religieux*, to renew his claims to the throne of Sardinia. The king, suspecting him to be a *mouton*, *le mit à la porte*, and made a complaint to me of his conduct, which caused his disgrace. While I was in power, he was one of the most abject of my flatterers.—'*C'est un fanfaron sans caractère, qui a l'âme rampante, et qui a la fureur de faire des liors*.'"

We can only make room for another extract, in which Napoleon delivers some explanation of the causes which led to the subversion of his power, and which we consider as an appropriate conclusion to the copious and interesting quotations which we have already made from these lively and entertaining volumes.

"Had it not been for that fatal suspension of arms in 1813, to which I was induced to consent by Austria, I should have

* The passionate attachment of Napoleon to the French people is manifested by a codicil to his will, dated Longwood, April 16, 1821:—"Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Français que j'ai tant aimé!"

succeeded. The victories of Lutzen and Wurtzen (Bautzen ?) had restored confidence in the French forces. The King of Saxony was triumphantly brought back to his capital ; one of the corps of the French army was at the gates of Berlin, and the enemy had been driven from Hamburg. The Russian and Prussian armies were preparing to pass the Vistula, when the cabinet of Austria, acting with its characteristic perfidy, advised the suspension of hostilities, at a time when it had already entered into engagements with Russia and Prussia ; the armistice was only a delusion, to gain the time necessary to make preparations, it being intended to declare against France in May. The unexpected successes obliged it to act with more circumspection. It was necessary to gain more time ; and negotiations went on at the congress of Prague. Meternich insisted that Austria should have the half of Italy, and made other exorbitant conditions, which were only demanded, in order to be refused. As soon as she had got her army ready, Austria declared against France. After the victory of Dresden, I was superior, and had formed the project to deceive the enemy, by marching towards Magdeburgh, then to cross the Elbe at Wittenberg, and march upon Berlin. Several divisions of the army were occupied in these manœuvres, when a letter was brought to me from the King of Württemberg, announcing that the Bavarian army had joined the Austrians, and, to the amount of eighty thousand men, were marching towards the Rhine, under the command of Wrede ; that he, being compelled by the presence of that army, was obliged to join his contingent to it, and that Mentz would soon be invested by a hundred thousand men.

" This unexpected defection entirely changed the plan of the campaign, and all the preparations made to fix the war between the Elbe and the Oder became useless. At Leipsic, afterwards, I was victorious on the 16th, and should have succeeded on the 18th, had not the whole Saxon army, which occupied one of the most important positions in the line, deserted to the enemy, with a train of sixty pieces of cannon, which were immediately turned against the French. Notwithstanding this, the field of battle remained in possession of the French, and the allies made a retrograde movement on the same day. During the night, I ordered the army to retire upon our supplies behind the Ister. The defection of some other German corps afterwards, and the premature blowing up of the bridge at Leipsic, caused the most disastrous effects. When the army had

passed the Saale, it should have rested to recover from its fatigues, and receive ammunition and other supplies from Erfurth. Intelligence, however, arrived, that the Austro-Bavarian army, under Wrede, had arrived on the Mein by forced marches, and it was necessary to march against it. Wrede was driven from his position at Hanau, completely beaten, and himself wounded. Conferences afterwards took place at Francfort, and proposals for peace were offered, on condition that I should renounce the protectorate of the Confederation of the Rhine, Poland, and the departments of the Elbe ; but that France should be preserved in her limits of the Alps and the Rhine. Those conditions were accepted as bases. This congress, however, like the others, turned out to be a delusion ; as, at the moment that those pacific proposals were made, the allies violated the neutrality of Switzerland, which they entered in large force. At Chatillon, afterwards, they presented their *ultimatum*, in which they demanded that France should be reduced to the limits she had previous to 1792, which I rejected. Had it not been for the subsequent treachery of Talleyrand, Marmont, and Augereau, the allies would not have succeeded in forcing upon the throne a detested family, against whom, for twenty-five years, the nation had combated ; and France would not have been degraded by the spectacle of a king upon the throne, who had the baseness publicly to declare, that he owed it to the Prince Regent of England."

It has been too much the fashion in this country, to consider Napoleon Buonaparte in the light in which Lucan, in the second book of his *Pharsalia*, paints Julius Cæsar :

Cæsar, in arma furens, nullas, nisi sanguine fuso,
Gaudet habere vias ; quod non terat hoste vacantes
Hesperiae fines, vacuosque inrumpat in agros,
Atque ipsum non perdat iter, consertaque bellis
Bella gerat : non tam portas intrare patentes
Quam fregisse juvat ; nec tam patiente colono
Arva premi, quam si ferro populatur et igni :
Concessa pudet ire viâ, civemque videri.

Many circumstances have, however, conspired to obliterate this hostile prejudice, and to induce the public

to reconsider the grounds of authority on which it was at first so implicitly adopted. No mere tyrant was ever passionately beloved, or faithfully and heroically served, by a great and enlightened people! When Napoleon first rose to eminence and power, France was just emerging from the anarchy and horrors of the revolution; and never man had a more difficult part to perform, than that assigned him. Every thing like attachment to regular authority had vanished. The laws were only so many skins of useless parchment. Constitution had rapidly followed constitution to the tomb of all the Capulets, and property and life were equally precarious and insecure. To restrain the lawless, and to protect the peaceable; to organise a system of laws equal in their operation, because sound in the general principles on which they were established; to concentrate and embody the energies of the nation, and to raise the renown of the French arms above the proudest eras of former history; to impart the stimulus of security to agriculture, and to foster and encourage commerce; in a word, to re-model and re-organize the whole frame of society in France, was a task adapted only to the master-spirit and genius of that singular man, decreed by fate to terminate his days in an inglorious exile, on the humid summits of the insulated rock of St Helena. His throne was founded on opinion; and when, by his reverses, that opinion was withdrawn, it tumbled to pieces, as a matter of inevitable necessity. Yet when we reflect on the notorious, but remarkable fact, that the people were even more firmly rivetted in affection to his power during the empire, than when he ruled under the forms of a republic; and when we think of the facility with which, in 1815, he subverted the Bourbon Dynasty, we cannot help asking ourselves, is this the atrocious and blood-thirsty monster under whose iron rule France so long groaned, and in her emancipation from which she was represented as so unanimously rejoicing? Is this the fierce and cold-blooded despot, reckless equally of the laws of nature and the rights of man, who governed under the frightful and colossal sha-

dow of his military renown? Such things may sound well in the loyal rhymes of "Paris, in 1815," and in the sesquipedalian periods of our Laureates, court parasites, and hungry expectants of bishoprics, places, and pensions; but the philosopher and the historian will draw different conclusions from sounder and less doubtful premises. Of the private character and habits of the man, these volumes furnish an interesting and valuable record; and it is none of the least merits of their manly and "fearless" author, that, actuated mainly by a love of truth, he has had the courage to brave the obloquy of court sycophants and hireling scribblers, and to set down what he heard, and what he witnessed, even should it redound to the credit, and tend to justify the character and conduct of our inveterate, but great, and, in many instances, generous enemy. We say *generous*, and we have weighed well the import of the word, as well as the occasion on which we have used it; for if generosity consist in doing justice to the high and eminent qualities of a powerful, pertinacious, and inveterate foe; if generosity consist in ascribing all the lofty magnanimity of Roman virtue to the nation which had accomplished his downfall; if generosity consist in having, on many occasions, done much to alleviate the unavoidable and dreadful miseries of war; if generosity consist in having done more acts of kindness to our countrymen, prisoners in France, than were ever returned to the French prisoners in England; if, in fine, generosity consist in having formed an almost romantic estimate of the disinterestedness and high-toned feeling of our national character; then, we assert, was Napoleon, not merely a formidable, but a generous enemy. Never, indeed, was a higher compliment paid to a nation, than that implied in Napoleon's surrendering himself to the British; and never, let us add, was a compliment more deplorably unmerited. But we console ourselves with the reflection, that the act of a junto of mean-spirited and vindictive rulers, cherishing, in peace, the feelings and the feuds generated by a long and furious war, was not a national act, and that future times

will not attach to the free-born spirit of our countrymen, renowned throughout the whole of their history for the Roman virtue—*parcere subjectis*,—the stigma of a transaction nearly unparalleled in the annals even of the most barbarous tribes, and, what is still worse, inoculated with a character of inexpressible baseness, when viewed as a mere subserviency to the fears and misgivings of the race of bigotted *imbéciles* who ascended the French throne under cover of foreign bayonets.

But we have yet a word or two to say of the book from which we have extracted so largely. We repeat it, that, in the characteristic sketches which it gives of this great and singular character, it bears the internal stamp of irresistible authenticity: and although the form of a journal may, and sometimes does, lead to repetitions, which might have been well spared, this neither detracts from its value, nor impairs its veracity. On the contrary, a more regular treatise, or a more systematic classification, would have assumed such a questionable shape, that nothing could ever have obliterated the feeling, that the whole was a piece of home manufacture. The very errors* of the performance are favourable to its moral credit. It is plainly the work of a man of shrewd sense, and pretty general acquaintance both with men and affairs, but wholly unaccustomed to write. Had it, therefore, been manufactured at second-hand, as some have insinuated, we should have met with few or none of those *indicia* of truth, which a thorough-bred “slender clerk” could

so easily have avoided. Besides, the personal veracity and honour of a British naval officer are solemnly and earnestly pledged for every avowment; and till these are successfully impugned and subverted, we do not see how it is possible to refuse our entire assent to his statements. With regard to Sir Hudson Lowe, indeed, nothing can be easier than for *him* to disprove the narrative of Mr O'Meara, if it be *really false*.[†] Intimately acquainted, as he must be, with every circumstance, and assisted, as he would no doubt be, by the officers of his staff, the admirals who successively commanded on the station, the distinguished persons—and, among the rest, Lord Amherst—who were introduced to Napoleon, and by the whole weight, knowledge, and influence of the British Government,—never man, surely, was placed in a better condition to defend himself against the aspersions of an inferior officer: and if the allegations of the book are false, never man had a better title to demand that his traducer should be visited with the full weight of legal vengeance. Yet has Sir Hudson Lowe taken any measure to disprove the bold and strong avowments of Mr O'Meara? Has he, in the conscious rectitude of his intentions and conduct, come forward to submit his wrongs to a British Jury,—to join issue with the defendant,—to prove the falsehood of his statements,—and to call for that ample, and even vindictive redress, to which, in such *supposed* circumstances, he would be clearly entitled, and which, beyond all dubiety, he would receive? Instead

* The book is written in a lively, and, in some instances, a powerful, but by no means accurate style; which, in our judgment, completely refutes the accusation that it is *not* the composition of Mr O'Meara. It is just such a production as we should expect from a shrewd, sensible, and intelligent man, who had not been accustomed to attend to the minute accuracies of style, and who was more concerned about the matter than the manner of his work. To satisfy the reader of the justice of this remark, we shall take the liberty to select a few examples. “The reader may form his own opinion *upon* the correctness of this assertion, when he is informed, that twelve pounds of the only kind of snuff he used *was* brought,” &c. II. 285. Note. “*Halle là*, is General Buonaparte amongst you? Are you *him*? Oh, then, if you are *him*, you may pass.” II. 238. “Maresca had two sons, *whom* as well as Antonio, the boatman, and *his sons*, *avre* faithful to Sir Hudson Lowe.” II. 320-21. A more miserable sentence than this last was never penned. We had marked a variety of similar reasons against the hitherto undisputed authority of old Priscian, both in the first and second volumes; but we consider these as sufficient to establish our point.

† The following story, which Mr O'Meara gives merely as he received it, we

of this, if he remain silent, what conclusion, we ask, must the public draw from *that* fact? It is not enough to say, that Mr O'Meara was removed from his situation, because his conduct was not to the Governor's liking. This will make no impression on any body who knows the circumstances, and who recollects the ridiculous pretences on which Mr Stokoe was brought to trial, and dismissed the service soon after. Nor can we imagine any thing more preposterous, not to say insane, than to assert, as has been done, that Mr O'Meara was gained by the French, and that he never saw them but acting a part, in order to impress him more favourably in regard to their character, than the truth, if known, would have warranted. This sort of pitiful game we can conceive possible to be played for a few days, or even weeks; but that it should have been carried on for years, is incredible and impossible.

But let us attend, for a moment, to the assumptions contained in this statement, which has been put forth with as much assured gravity as if it had been some self-evident truth, or incontrovertible maxim. First, then, it supposes that the French at St Helena were so accomplished adepts in deception, as to be able, for years, to personate, *to the very life*, and *so as to deceive common observers*, characters which did not belong to them! In the next place, it takes for granted, what does by no means appear to be the case, that Dr O'Meara was so consummately obtuse, that all this *hothuring* could take place, without his misty Hibernian optics obtain-

ing even a solitary glimpse of the truth. The first of these suppositions we fearlessly pronounce to be impossible; and, with regard to the second, we shall *believe* it when it is *proved*—but not till then. The only conceivable purpose which Napoleon and his suite could have had in view, by assuming fictitious characters, was to impress Mr O'Meara more favourably of themselves, individually: with regard to their public actions, these were already matter of history, and might be explained, defended, or extenuated, but could not be concealed from the knowledge of any man in the situation of Mr O'Meara. And, again, with regard to the view which Napoleon was pleased to give of his actions and government, the author has laid an outline of his information before the public; pledging himself, not for the truth or falsehood of the statements, the soundness or unsoundness of the opinions founded on them, but simply for the fidelity with which they are chronicled. Upon the whole, therefore, we not only see no reason to disbelieve the statements contained in Mr O'Meara's work, but, on the contrary, we account it a valuable addition to the scanty knowledge we previously possessed of the greatest man, perhaps, that ever lived; we consider the "fearless and excellent" spirit he has displayed, such as does him honour, and impresses us favourably with regard to his character; and we cordially recommend his book to all those—and they are a vast number—who take an interest in the characters and events to which the last twenty-five years have given birth*.

would willingly believe untrue. If it be not, the Brutality which it indicates was not surpassed by Domitian, in the wildest intoxication of his demoniacal fury:

"While Count Montholon was sick, Sir Hudson Lowe, ingenious in inventing new vexations, refused to correspond with Count Bertrand, and wanted to insist upon having a direct correspondence with the emperor, *either by the visit of one of his officers twice a-day to him, or by letter*. To attain this, he sent Sir Thomas Reade or Major Harrison to Longwood several days, who entered the house, proceeded to the outer door of Napoleon's apartments, against which they continued to knock for some time, claiming, '*Come out, Napoleon Buonaparte!*'—'*We want Napoleon Buonaparte!*' &c.; concluding this scene of uncalled-for outrage, by leaving behind them packets of letters addressed to '*Napoleon Buonaparte,*' written in the usual Plantation-House style."

* If we consider the detention of Napoleon as a prisoner of war in time of peace, and peace, as a breach or contravention of the law of nations, and the treatment he received at the hands of the country to which, confiding in its generosity and hospitality, he had surrendered himself, as a violation of national honour, what must be

EARLY ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

No. I.

It is an odd thing for me to sit down to write *criticisms* on the Elder Dramatists. If ever there was a set of individuals, who wrote without having a fear or even a thought about those slashing gentry, called "critics," it was the writers whom I am now to speak of. The whole turn and tenor of their compositions unequivocally shew, that there was nothing of the spirit of authorship about them. That is, they did not sit down to write upon a subject with the impression that their productions were to be "examined, pondered, probed, vexed, criticised," with microscopic eye—that they were to go through the fiery ordeal of comparisons with former writers, and to be judged of by pre-established rules—that they were to be greeted by admiring thousands, or trodden under foot, according as their compositions were, or were not, squared by the rule and line of an established set of maxims. Nay, if we may judge from the heedless indifference with which they threw their works upon the world, it would appear that their hearts were even callous towards that noble bubble, reputation—that the music of fame did not "touch their trembling ears"—that if they served the purpose of the moment, and gained the dinner of to-morrow, any body was welcome, for them, to any overplus of glory or renown that might re-

main. What they did, seemed much more a matter of course, or any everyday sort of exertion, than the effect of an ardent worship of the Muses, or a strenuous struggle for the palm of learning or literature. Indeed, I should say, that these circumstances were amongst the most peculiar in the character and situation of those mighty spirits, who have given its highest and most characteristic lustre to English literature, and ought most especially to be kept in view in perusing their productions.

I may, therefore, set out with remarking, that it will be a useless waste of time for any one to toil through their writings, whose mind is so completely subdued by the finished productions of a refined and fastidious age, that every careless expression, and every coarse freedom of thought, acts upon his delicate frame like a shock of electricity—who loves to see every thing smoothed down to the level of pretty correctness—who is curious in criticising phrases, and learned in expounding the rules of rhetoric. To all such I may say—"Sus apage, haud tibi spiro!" These old Dons are caviare to you. They felt genius to be as natural to them as the air they breathed, and did not, of course, think it necessary to dress every thought in the language of others; so that your rules won't apply to them, and as these are the *ne plus ultra* of your critical sagacity, you may settle the matter at once. With regard, again, to those who

the indignation excited in every honest mind, by the indubitable fact, that, when he reached St Helena, he was forced to take up his residence on a spot where his death, in a few years at the most, was matter of calculation! Longwood is 2000 feet above the level of the sea; and allowing a decrease of one degree of temperature for every 200 feet of elevation, which is less than the truth, a difference of 10° will be found to exist between Longwood and the town, which is nearly on the level of the sea. As might be expected, therefore, the climate of Longwood was humid, variable, and unhealthy in a high degree; and, till the arrival of the illustrious exile, "none of the inhabitants of the island ever made it a permanent abode, well knowing its inconveniences." It rained almost incessantly, was completely without shelter, and, when the sun did break through, was scorched by the most intolerable heat. In such a situation, therefore, dysentery, hepatitis, and other tropical diseases, might be expected to make the most fatal ravages. We may judge of the effects of the climate at Longwood, from a fact mentioned by Mr O'Meara, namely, that out of a complement of 600 men, the Conqueror, riding at anchor in the roads, lost, in eighteen months, no less than 110 men. Now, we ask, was not all this foreseen? We hope the deplorable ignorance, that sent the finest army ever fitted out in England, to contend with the Welchmen, never will not be pleaded in regard to one of our own colonies. If it be not, the wonder is that Napoleon existed so long; which, indeed, was entirely owing to his habitual and systematic temperance.

have been nursed and pampered with the diet of what is more especially called *modern literature*, I believe the same advice may apply. If you expect overstrained raptures, and exaggerated horrors; if the healthful flesh-and-blood passions, and the simple and touching feelings of real human nature, are overweak food for you, after you have supped fully of the more exciting viands of metaphysical declannations, and big-bellied words, pregnant (it seems) with strange meaning,—you will not be much delighted here. Our ancient writers do not “roar magnificently,” nor do they conceive, that every subject must be encircled with the misty halo of a diseased imagination. No more words are used than the meaning requires, and the more natural and common ones are thought the best fitted for letting one into the secret of the author’s thoughts. There is no “mouthing,” but the speech is spoken “trippingly on the tongue.” Pass on, therefore, Mr Croly, here’s nothing to your taste!—On the other hand, let those whose hearts are open to the real impressions of things—to whom truth is welcome, though she is not tricked out in a gaudy garb—who, on the contrary, love her best when she is touched only with the hues of Nature, and robed in the sunshine of Heaven;

“Who feel a lover’s longing to embrace
At the least glimpse of her resplendent
face;”

who like to see strong sense expressed in the strong language which comes from an unsophisticated understanding and deep feeling, bursting out, in its natural tones, its broken words and flashing looks,—let all such approach and sit down to the intellectual feast, which is spread for them in rich profusion in the works of our Elder-Dramatists.

I would have it understood, then, that the only sort of *criticism*, if it must be called by that name, which I shall attempt in the series of papers on our older writers, which I am now commencing, will be the pointing out the passages I admire for the admiration of others; the endeavouring to enable others to feel what I have felt, and the expressing, as justly as I may, the sentiments of love

and gratitude with which these authors have inspired me. The highest pride and pleasure to which I shall aspire in the performance of the task I have undertaken, will be the consciousness of having awakened a single individual to a sense of the merits of that noble race of men, who gave to the English language its first strength and grandeur, and made it the repository of the most powerful thoughts, and the most profound feelings, of which our nature is capable.

Before beginning to speak of any author particularly, I may as well say a few words on the general characteristics of the writers who are to be the subjects of my remarks; premising, that I do not mean it to be understood that the qualities I speak of are to be found to the full extent in each individual author, but merely to notice, shortly, those qualities which more particularly belong to these writers as a class.

The first general remark which I would make, has been to a certain degree anticipated by the statement contained at the outset, of the seeming indifference to criticism, or even to fame, which characterised the greater number of our Elder Dramatists. It follows as a very natural consequence of this, that, in sitting down to write a drama, they became so completely absorbed in their subject, that they entirely forgot *themselves*, in the interest they felt in the characters or events they were engaged in depicting. There were no whippers of vanity—no distant anticipations of after admiration, to divide their attention, or to excite a desire to shew off their powers. Hence it is, that in perusing their pages we find almost nothing said for effect. The beings of their imagination seem to have become realities to themselves, and they set down their words as exactly as if they had listened while they fell from their lips. They seem to make it a matter of conscience to state plainly all they saw and heard. There is no boggling at straightforward speaking, because it might seem strange to the cognoscenti in matters of taste—no edging in of images or bright thoughts, to shew what a clever person the author was: the individual they are describing

would have said so and so in such and such a manner, and that is enough for them. The same remarks, generally speaking, apply to the situations in which their characters are placed, and the chances which befall them. Having no established set of maxims to go by—no rules for writing dramas, wherein all allowable incidents are inventoried, and no pragmatical “admirer of the ancients” to give the law on their productions, they naturally looked about for such situations and events as were most suitable to the beings who were to go through them, and often seem to have allowed themselves to be driven along the stream of their imaginations, trusting to Nature alone for the happy termination of the voyage. They were themselves living in a world of human beings; and heedless of heroes or demigods, they took these beings as the models from which their characters were to be drawn. They saw the different situations in which the salient points of character were made most prominent in different individuals, and these they chose according to the need. There is something in this totally incompatible with modern authorship. A writer of plays, in the present day, can hardly avoid having his eye too perpetually fixed on the probable fate of his work. He has too many inducements to write rather for the critics and the public, than as his feelings or imagination dictate. He cannot scare away the bugbears which perpetually haunt his solitude in the shape of Reviews and Magazines—he shivers in a cold sweat at the anticipation of the rocks and quicksands which lie in his path through the “reading public,” and prudently reins in his Pegasus, and keeps to the beaten track.

It may be objected to all this, that it is absurd to say, that these writers were indifferent to fame and reputation, since, as their works were to be represented on the stage, and the object they had in view depended on their success there, their efforts must have been principally directed to please the audience. This is to a certain extent true. But then the audience, in those times, was not composed of classical critics, or of

literary connoisseurs, who judged according to a certain receipt. There was not even a newspaper reporter, to give his dictum in daily prints, in order to lead the applause or regulate the measure of damnation. The audience consisted of unsophisticated human beings, who came there to see the mirror held up to Nature. The *canaille*, to be sure, were sometimes overfond of seeing people who resembled themselves in speech, garb, and deportment; but they did not banish all others from the stage; and the writers found, that if they trusted to the impulses of their own feelings and understandings, they were sure to carry along with them all those whose decision was of any weight. They had no second ordeal to go through in print, and if they carried their point in the theatre, it was all they cared for. Then there was almost nothing personal in the judgments pronounced in those days. If a spectator's heart was touched, or his risible faculties excited, he gave vent to his feelings, and pronounced his decision in the same breath, without troubling himself much about the person to whom he owed his pleasure.

But to leave this. It will of course be inferred from what I have said of the interest which these writers seem to have taken in their subjects, and their apparent belief in the reality of the beings and events they represented, that the language which their characters use is entirely divested of that false glitter and pompous exaggeration which are the besetting sins of modern authors. It is this absence of straining after effect, which prevents the most imaginative and poetical speeches and expressions, in their plays, from ever seeming out of place. The images and metaphors which gem their pages in such rich and redundant clusters, arise naturally from an intense feeling of the subject—they are never thrust in for mere ornament, but burst into life from the warmth of the author's heart and imagination. If a tender and delicate feeling is to be expressed, the words seem to steal out from the heart, and breathe forth the most touching images, “blushing at their own coy beauty.” If an individual is to be stirred with turbulent indignation, his words are

poured forth in good earnest, and he draws, from every the minutest circumstance which catches his attention, somewhat to feed the flame of his heart—you see him kindle deeper and deeper, as he goes on, till his whole being is on fire, and his words burn like his thoughts. So, if a noble being is to be placed before us, alive to all the lofty enthusiasm of high-minded greatness, his expressions are not gathered together from all quarters, as if a rhetorician were expending his breath in praise of virtue and true nobility—his words come naturally from himself, and are “radiant with God’s own smile.” In short, these authors seem to have sought for truth alone, but to have found beauty an ever-willing attendant on her steps. In most modern authors, on the other hand, we find an eagerness after loftiness, or splendour, or profundity, which leads them to overshoot the mark they aim at. Instead of leaving their minds open to the influences of Nature, they are for being before-hand with her; and snatching the first general outline of a character which occurs to them, they are for making all the rest out by dint of high-sounding phrases and overstrained metaphors. They make their hero speak to the best advantage, and you fancy you see him erecting his head, and waiting for applause at the end of every magnificent paragraph.

“He quaffs a cup of *Frenchman’s Helicon*,

Then royster doyster, in his oily terms,
Cuts, thrusts, and founs, at whomsoever he
meets.”

It has thus happened, that a set of writers have attained, without any apparent effort, to the greatest perfection in what I certainly consider as the highest and most interesting of all sorts of literary composition. And it is a singular circumstance, that from their time, to the present hour, there has existed almost no one individual who has caught a spark of the spirit which lives in their pages. It would appear from this, that there is something in the atmosphere of a literary public, which is deadly to the growth of the Drama. From the moment that individuals began to write plays as authors, they ceased to be able to give them that air of

real life, to bring about their incidents with that natural conjunction, and to conduct their dialogues with that perfect force of truth, and unconstrained freedom of language, which are the characteristics of the highest sort of dramatic writing. It seems that this species of composition requires a more complete surrender of the whole mind—a more thorough subjection of every feeling and every passion of the heart, to the real impressions of things, than is consistent with a burning thirst for fame, or a continual anticipation of after scrutiny. Even Milton, the grandest spirit that ever illuminated England, from the perpetual feeling that he was striving to secure for himself the devout admiration of all mankind, through all ages, has failed most completely, (if indeed he intended to make the attempt,) in giving to his masque and tragedy the spirit of dramatic writing. In these eloquent compositions, if a character is to speak on any particular subject, (female purity, for instance,) all the finest things that have ever been said or thought about it—all the noblest images and deepest illustrations which the author’s mighty genius can call up,—are blended and harmonized together, and breathed forth in a strain of the most exquisite and varied music of which language is susceptible. But this is not the manner in which high passion vents itself, in words, in the intercourse of real human beings. We have here none of those sudden bursts—those striking transitions or heart-rending attitudes—which are called forth by the tumultuous conflict of feelings in the heart. We do not see, as in Nature, the whole current of agitated thought, bursting out from its source, on the enunciation of a single word, or even from the tone or gesture which accompanies it. On the contrary, we admire the poetry of the different passages, just as we would do if the author had spoken them in his own character; and feel that the persons, into whose mouth they are put, are mere abstractions, with names given to them for the sake of convenience. Here, then, we have at once the whole

“What! man; ne’er pull your hat
upon your brows.” *Shakespeare.*

distinction between the great dramatists of Queen Elizabeth's time, and those of a later period. The former seem to have felt it as of far greater consequence, to give the few brief words by which men often announce their purposes, or evince their passions, with fidelity and truth to nature, than to shew us what splendid things they could say. The latter, again, seem never to have forgot that they were writing for admiration; and pertinaciously insist upon giving us specimens of their talent for eloquence or poetry, in every speech they compose for their dramatis persone.

This may be farther illustrated, by quoting a short passage from one of our modern dramatists, and comparing it with one on a subject somewhat similar, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*. The following is part of the scene which takes place between Jane Shore and her husband, immediately before the death of the former.

J. Sh. My feeble jaws forget their common office,

My tasteless tongue cleaves to the clammy roof,

And now a general loathing grows upon me.

Oh! I am sick at heart!

Sh. Thou murderous sorrow!

Wilt thou still drink her blood, pursue her still!

Must she then die! Oh! my poor penitent!

Speak peace to my sad heart: She hears me not;

Grief masters every sense—help me to hold her!

Now, if the lady's mouth was in such a desperate condition, I do not think it likely that she would have thought it worth while to expend so many words in describing the nature of her sensations, the more especially as she had several things of consequence to say. Nor is it at all likely that her husband should at such a moment vent himself in an absurd apostrophe to "murderous sorrow." Contrast this with the brief but inexpressibly grand and overpowering exclamation of the *Duchess of Malfy*, when her unrelenting persecutor is tormenting her with bitter sneers at her debasement.

Duch. Am I not thy Duchess?

Basil. Thou art some great woman

sure; for riot begins to sit on thy forehead, clad in gray hairs, twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleep'st worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up his lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lye with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

Duch. I AM DUCHESS OF MALFY STILL!"

This is, indeed, as Mr Hazlitt well remarks, "as if the heart rose up, like a serpent coiled, to resent the indignities put upon it, and being struck at, struck again."

I have no intention of entering here into a discussion of the several circumstances in the state of men's minds, and of this country, at the time when these great authors lived, which concurred in operating on the national genius, and were to a certain extent the producing causes of the perfection to which the drama was then brought. This has been already done by Mr Hazlitt, with a fulness to which I could add little; and with a degree of eloquence and power which I could indulge no hope of approaching.

I may merely notice one circumstance, which seems to me to have been of considerable moment, and which, so far as I know, has never been taken into view, in any attempt to account for the prodigious display of true dramatic genius which these times witnessed. I allude to the fact, that all the more celebrated writers for the stage at that period were themselves *players*, and of course in the daily and nightly habit of personating a great variety of individuals, from the highest to the lowest. Moreover, it not unfrequently happened, that a great portion of the characters they represented was filled up by themselves on the spur of the moment. Now, though it certainly does not always, nor even frequently happen, that actors are great dramatic writers; yet, when we take into view the high genius and deep feeling with which all these authors were gifted, it is surely not unnatural to suppose, that when their minds were heated and excited by the apparent reality of the scenes in which they were participating, they had glimpses of Nature which might not have been otherwise opened to their

eyes. Conceive a person suffering in public a series of bitter taunts, and cutting jests, which called forth shouts of triumphant laughter from all who listened to them; and even though the whole were a mere piece of acting, it is not easy to believe that the object of this tomahawking could himself remain sound at the core. His finger-ends would tingle with the burning desire to turn tables on his opponent. Spleen would sharpen his wit, and set his teeth on edge; and, if I am not greatly mistaken, he would write bitter speeches the better for this badgering all his life after. The same process would take place, though not perhaps to the same extent, in scenes of high-wrought passion.

But I must now draw this introductory paper to a close. For a long period I indulged a hope, from the new impetus which had been given to the feelings and minds of men, and the proud burst which they had made from the glittering bondage of artificial elegance and simpering affectation, that the old spirit might return upon us. But the greater number who have made the attempt to call it back, seem to have done so under a sense of difficulty and danger, which haunted them at every step of their progress, and hindered their minds from following their own bent. A palsy of fear and trembling seems to seize even the greatest intellects in approaching this hallowed ground, and to render all their efforts feeble and inapt. When I see all this, and consider, moreover, the reception which the most excellent of the modern specimens of dramatic writing have met with from the "*reading public*," my hopes, I confess, become exceedingly faint. It seems as if England were now for ever deprived of that noble species of writing. Her chief favourites are authors of a totally different stamp from the race of mighty ones, whose names ought to be her proudest boast, and to echo for ever round her shores; and she slights and ridicules the deepest and most delightful of her living progeny.

Surely, then, it is right and fitting, that every true lover of his country's genius should direct his thoughts to the works of these great masters—should make himself familiar with

their productions, and imbibe the fresh beauties which are profusely scattered over their pages. It is from them alone that we can learn to the full the capabilities of dramatic composition, and how deeply it can penetrate into the recesses of the human heart; and even were there no chance of a spirit like to theirs again rising up amongst us, it were well worthy of our time and attention, to examine with care the splendid and unique efforts of these great FATHERS OF OUR LITERATURE.

MR MARTIN'S BELSHAZZAR.

WE are truly happy, that an opportunity has been afforded our townsmen of seeing, and we might add—for it is almost a necessary consequence—of admiring, this *chef d'œuvre* of British Art. As far as we can judge it, is almost a faultless performance; nor is there any idea which we can form of the subject of the picture which Mr Martin has not realised. This is indeed high, and perhaps somewhat unqualified praise; but we are compelled to say so much, in justice to our own feelings, and to the singular merits of the artist, who has succeeded in transferring to his canvass the deep tragedy of this most appalling and memorable occurrence.

Referring to the catalogue for what may be called the topography of the picture, we shall indulge ourselves with a few remarks on what we take to be its more prominent characteristics and beauties.

The first object that struck us, on entering the apartment, and obtaining a view of this "great effort of genius," was the excessive splendour that emanates from the characters on the wall, which are supposed to be completed, and the hand that traced them withdrawn; it fills the whole of the atrium with terrific brightness, and envelopes every object with its supernatural glory, while the assembly are evidently struck with terror and dismay. Above, it darts forth in zig-zag lines like lightning, and diffuses around the objects below more than noon-day effulgence. The skill and effect with which it is distributed, and the powerful impression which it manifestly produ-

ces, constitute one of the many merits of this great performance.

From the bewildering and indefinite splendour that irradiates the miraculous characters on the wall, as well as the whole assembly, our attention is, however, soon drawn to the principal figure on the canvass—that of the Prophet Daniel. He stands on an elevated position beside the feast, now deserted by every guest, and with his right hand extended to the fearful, and supernaturally-illuminated writing, seems to be uttering the dreadful exposition,

“ ‘ Number’d ! ’ twice ‘ Number’d !
Weigh’d ! Divided’ King,
Thy reign is number’d, and thyself art
weigh’d
And wanting in the balance, and thy
realm
Sever’d, and to the conqu’ring Persian
given ! ”

His countenance is composed into unutterable sublimity. He stands, amidst the trembling groups around him, and who hang on his lips to hear the interpretation of their doom, with the calm, conscious dignity of a Prophet of God, commissioned to announce the approaching fulfilment of his righteous, but terrible judgments ; while *his* eye alone is undazzled and undismayed, by the unearthly flames that flash their overpowering brightness from the inscription on the wall. Like a solitary column, rising up in the midst of ruin and desolation, and forming a melancholy contrast to the fragments of beauty and magnificence that environ its base, he towers in undisturbed majesty, unmoved by the terrors of the guilty, or the prostrate humiliation of the oppressors of his people, and the enemies of his religion and his God. He is indeed “ Daniel come to judgment.” Nor must we omit to mention his appropriate and voluminous Oriental costume, the sable hue of which befits the captivity of Judah, and the vocation of a prophet. The general effect is also much heightened, by the stupid and bewildered stare of the Magi, who form part of the group on his right, and who are vainly endeavouring to decypher the hieroglyphic writing on the wall.

The features of Belshazzar are strongly marked. He is

horror-struck, but betrays withal a dogged, and hardened, and unfeeling disposition, such as we would ascribe to a voluptuous Eastern despot. He has the look of one of those characters described by Virgil, as

Ausi omne immane nefas, ausoque potiti.

A female at his feet, clinging, in the helplessness of terror, to the skirt of his flowing robe, forms a fine contrast to the haughty obduracy of Belshazzar ; while the wine cup, just dropt from his paralyzed hand, reveals the effects of the dreadful apparition on the wall, and gives nature and verisimilitude to the scene. The queen, who is on the opposite side of the throne, is overwhelmed with amazement and terror, and seems utterly unconscious of the caresses and soothing of a beautiful girl, who tenderly presses her left arm. Like that of all the female figures introduced, she is remarkable for the beauty and classical symmetry of her form ; which is shown to the greatest advantage, by the attitude into which her consternation has thrown her.

The back-ground is occupied by the Temple of Belus, and the Tower of Babel ; the former of which, especially, shows particularly grand, through the slight and transparent haze which rises from the incense burned before the golden statue of Jupiter Belus, the deified founder of the Chaldean monarchy, in the atrium immediately before the hall of Astarté. Indeed, the whole picture displays, not merely the most perfect knowledge of forms, but a complete acquaintance with the principles of architectural design. The perspective is admirable in the extreme, and adds inexpressibly to the general effect. After looking for a moment, we imagine we penetrate into the hall of Astarté, and witness the reckless revellers enjoying their wassail and mirth, unconscious of the fearful scene that is passing in the atrium, and at the royal banquet.

But the great merit of this painted tragedy, is the entire and perfect unity that reigns throughout the canvass. Every thing conspires, at one and the same moment, either to heighten or accelerate the catastrophe. There are no supernumerary groups

—if we except the knot of conspirators and assassins close by the king, —no superfluous details—no violations of scripture, or of probability, such as have already proved fatal to the Belshazzar of Mr Milman. There is no bye-play, no underplot, to distract the imagination and impair the general impression. We have the veritable scene before us—and nothing more. In this, we think, Mr Martin has shown at once his taste and his judgment. Truth is here too powerful to receive any aid from fiction; but the difficulty was to represent the truth. In giving it as our opinion, that Mr Martin has done so, we think we pay him the highest possible compliment; for it is to this circumstance that his performance is indebted for its master-charm. The story of Belshazzar has every element of the deepest and most sublime tragedy in itself; nor has the inspired prophet left to the poet or the painter even the invention, or filling up of the details. The whole is placed in simple, brief emphasis, before us; heightened by the visible manifestation of that mighty and undefined Power, which to mortal eye is usually enshrouded “in clouds and darkness.” Here, too, a *dignus iudice nodus incidit*; namely, the subversion of an ancient empire, and a profligate prince, both of which had filled up to the brim the measure of their crimes. But though we conceive a strict adherence to scripture absolutely indispensable in itself, and to be held as in a great measure, if not altogether, the cause of Mr Martin's success, we still say that there remained vast scope even for the exertion of the most inventive and creative imagination. Let any one look at the picture, and he will be convinced of the truth of this remark, by observing what the artist has achieved;—the beauty and variety of forms,—the disposition of the groups,—the brilliancy, truth, and warmth of the colouring,—and, above all, the harmony, and unity of design and effect, that pervade and result from the whole.

We could wish that the figure of Belshazzar had been a little more prominent; and we really do not conceive what a gang of Babylonian Catilines,—whom we should never

have found out to be what they are, but for the catalogue*,—can possibly have to do in a piece, the dominating and overmastering power of which leaves the mind no time to be effected by such hackneyed expedients. That there *were* gentry of that kidney in Belshazzar's palace is what we cannot deny, because we have no evidence to the contrary, and the thing is not only possible, but probable; yet still, we ask, what conceivable purpose can it serve, to introduce them into such a performance as this, where they neither produce any contrast, nor strike the imagination with deeper awe; and where the catastrophe follows from the visibly-written decree of Heaven, and not from the midnight councils or bloody daggers of conspirators and assassins? This we think the only defect, as it is the only innovation in the picture; but, with this single exception, we beg to express the feelings of intense admiration, with which we surveyed this great masterpiece of modern art, which, we think, does almost equal honour to the genius of the artist, and to the age of which he is so distinguished an ornament.

* It is hardly worth while to descend to quarrel with the puffing in a catalogue, but really we do not recollect to have met, for a long time, with such a beautiful specimen of mad prose as that which we now submit to the reader:—“Whatever tends to elucidate the principles of any of the liberal arts, and leads to shew the powerful results of their application, never fails to prove useful and pleasing to those who either practise or patronize them. And the more so if we consider, that *men of genius are not frequently THROWN INTO OUR SYSTEM by Providence*; but, whenever they appear, they infallibly bestow an honour on the country to which they belong,—create new epochs in the age they live in,—and shine as *additional stars to the constellated sphere of the art which they profess. Like supernatural beings, whose visits are “few, and far between,” they wheel their brilliant course above contemporary rivals, and though, being mortals, they soon disappoint the widowed sight of their admirers, their works, if well understood, still secure for them a sort of immortality upon earth, whilst they repose in the bosom of HELL, &c.” This is precious stuff, with a vengeance.*

OBSERVATIONS ON THE EVIDENCES OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL; WITH REMARKS UPON THE PARTICULAR OPINIONS OF THE REV. DR. CHALMERS, OF GLASGOW, AND THOMAS ERSKINE, ESQ. ADVOCATE, REGARDING BOTH THESE KINDS OF TESTIMONY.

THE Evidences of the Christian religion are of two kinds—the Internal and the External. The expression, *internal testimony*, may be taken in two meanings. In one sense, it signifies that inward impression of divine truth, held, on scriptural authority, to be communicated by the Spirit to believers, and of which, as it is not a subject of reasoning, we do not mean at present to treat. In another sense, in which it shall be the subject of our inquiry, it imports the accumulation of those reasons which exist in the nature of things for the truth of the Christian Religion.

All propositions may be divided into two classes; viz. those of which the truth is certain, and those of which it is contingent. Of the first kind are axioms, the truth of which is discoverable the moment they are announced. Of the second sort are all those propositions which may be true or not, and of which the probability is greater or less, even before investigation.

As an instance of those of the first description, suppose the proposition to be, that a particular field of a farm is less than the farm itself. The mind assents to this at once, because it is self-evident. To the second division, among other instances, belong all such propositions as relate to the acts of intelligent beings; and with regard to them, our sentiments are, in almost all cases, governed by our experience. Thus we readily believe the accounts of any actions ascribed to a man, which are of such a kind as would be prompted by those dispositions he had previously shown himself to possess; and the probability implied in that presumption is at the bottom of all the evidence, either allowed to be brought against a prisoner, in order to establish what is termed unfavourable *habit and repute*, or admitted in his favour, to prove previous good reputation. The probabili-

ties of his acting in any particular or specific manner, then, are thus regulated by his *character*.

To illustrate this by examples: Trebatius, the intimate friend and correspondent of Cicero, went as questor, under Julius Cæsar, to Britain, then considered an as extremely remote country. Suppose him to have heard, when there, that the nefarious Verres had been sent from Rome, as proconsul, to Sicily, where he had turned out an oppressor and a plunderer; and that the excellent Cicero, his friend, had been elected to the government of Cyprus, which he was blessing by his lenity and justice. The previous knowledge which Trebatius possessed as to those individuals, would induce him to give easy credit to such reports; as to him it would seem quite probable, that both these eminent Romans would be appointed to high situations, and that, when invested with them, they would conduct themselves precisely as they were said to have done.

Suppose, again, that, in the same retirement, a loose report had reached Trebatius, of a dreadful conspiracy having been detected at Rome, but that the messenger had acquainted him of the principal party in it being either Cato or Catiline, his recollection as to the individual having failed him, in consequence of the partial similarity of their names. With such information, Trebatius, to whom both were equally well known, could not long hesitate on the subject; for, whilst he must have readily exculpated Cato, he would have had no difficulty in believing that Catiline had engaged in any thing so desperate and atrocious.

Again, when Sylla, in the height of his power and cruelty, was importuned and prevailed upon, by some of his friends, to expunge the name of Cæsar from his list of the proscribed, and thereby to save his life, "Ah!" said he to them, "you little know him; there are many Mariuses in that young man." Well did Sylla perceive the probability, that the same ambitious spirit, which preferred the first situation in an obscure Alpine village, to the second place in the capital, would, ere long, subjugate his country.

In these, and similar cases, two circumstances deserve notice; first, that wherever there is the greater share of probabilities, we are the more easily satisfied with direct proof; and that where, on the other hand, there are fewer, or no probabilities, we are naturally extremely particular as to the direct evidence: and, secondly, that no quantity or extent of prior probability is sufficient to establish the truth of a proposition, without *some* direct proof. Thus, to illustrate both cases, we find that Trebatius had no hesitation in believing Verres to have been an oppressor, but scarcely any testimony would have made him think so of Cicero; and however probable Trebatius might have considered the appointments of these two men, and the consequences which followed them, yet some direct testimony alone could satisfy him, that what he thought so probable had *actually* happened.

These rules are of easy apprehension, and are applicable to the conduct of all intelligent beings. Thus, suppose a Roman youth to have formed his opinion of Jupiter from the common mythology of Greece and Rome. Figure him to have just returned from the theatre, where he had witnessed the performance of the drama of *Amphytrion*, in which the Thunderer and his arch-valet, Mercury, are represented as exhibiting a behaviour which would, in fact, have banished the most profligate rakes in the city from all good society. Imagine, next, (though the supposition is a violent one,) the youth's master to have told him, that Jupiter had prepared, and was carrying into effect, a grand scheme for enlightening mankind,—repressing all evil passions,—cultivating goodness,—and accomplishing the ultimate happiness of mankind in Elysium. The youth, reasoning from his previous knowledge of what may be termed the *character* of Jupiter, and from the representation he had just witnessed, would have thought such a communication quite incredible.

But let us vary our illustration, and suppose that an ingenious, well-educated youth, instead of having been acquainted with the supposed wicked deeds of Jupiter, had been instructed in the knowledge of the

true God; so far, at least, as that is discoverable in the just, though limited views of natural religion. Suppose him to have been shown, not only the power and the wisdom, but the goodness and beneficence of the Deity, as providing for the wants of every living thing, and affording them the enjoyments adapted to their several natures. Conceive him to have farther adverted to the operations of his own mind, and to have discovered, in his own conscience, that the same Great Being was just, as well as beneficent; and that, under the penalty of the severest mental compunction, he required a strict adherence to duty. Imagine all these things, and that the youth had next been told, that the same Deity, whose benevolence he was already so well acquainted with, had brought himself down to our nature, in a most gracious Dispensation, which tended to instruct the ignorant, to console the sorrowful, and reclaim the wicked,—had provided an atonement for past offences,—and had secured eternal happiness to all his faithful worshippers. What would have been the reflection of the young man upon these topics? Would he not have been satisfied, from his previous knowledge of the character of God, that this report merited every degree of consideration?

What have been now described are precisely the characteristic features of the Christian Dispensation, and thus the strongest probabilities of its truth are to be found in the character of God. The other important evidences of the same kind, are, as we conceive, justly founded on its being a system of instruction; and anxiously looked for by man; on its being a system of atonement; and on its improving nature when exerted on the hearts and affections of men.

Now, with regard to the first of these, it is well known how valuable it is as a system of the finest ethics that ever existed; and that such a Dispensation, for enlightening men in their duty, was anxiously longed for by Socrates and Plato, centuries before its actual revelation.

On the second of these points, which relates to the Atonement, we must remark, that the Great *Christian Sacrifice* is consonant, in some

measure, with the feelings of the human race, and analogous to what has taken place, at one time or another, in every quarter of the globe; viz., that heroes and sovereigns have sometimes laid down their lives for their country, and have shed their own blood, that, as they conceived, they might benefit or save their people.

On the third topic, let us not forget how necessary it is to have the aid of a reconciling Mediator in our approach to Deity; and how much the heart is softened, and the affections sweetened and refined, by the tender recollections of all that our Redeemer is supposed to have achieved in our behalf.

These seem to us the most important parts of the internal evidence of Christianity, founded on the probabilities which arise from the sources of the existence of such a Dispensation. But as no knowledge of the characters of those great Romans, whom we have mentioned, could prove, *without* some external evidence, that they actually did conduct themselves as Trebatius conjectured they might do; so all those internal testimonies together will not establish the truth of Christianity, without the aid of *some* external proof. The truth which is at the bottom of the proposition is not a necessary one, founded on an *axiom* which, as we have demonstrated, could alone have rendered internal evidence sufficient. The Deity, accordingly, has not left his system of revelation to be dependent for its credibility on internal evidence, or systems of probabilities alone; but he has added also the support of strong external testimony, which has been accurately detailed by the several Evangelists.

When events are long past, the evidence which we have of their existence is what is termed *historical*; and that possesses all different degrees of strength, from the most loose and vague report, up to what must, from its nature, be the most certain and positive. Let us advert to the materials of which histories are composed. Herodotus, according to the custom of the times, travelled in quest of knowledge, with the view of writing his history; and for the earlier periods of it, he supplied the want of authentic document; by the verbal

information of tradition, obtained from the ignorant priests officiating in the heathen temples which he visited in the course of his travels. Now, little else than fable could be drawn from such sources; and, accordingly, that part of his narrative abounds with mere fabulous and traditional legends. That may be reckoned historical evidence of the lowest order. The next in degree is that which is obtained from authors of good reputation, but who, we have no reason to think, possessed any particular opportunities of information. The strongest, and most satisfactory kind of all, is that where the historian himself had been present in the events which he records, and where his history has been addressed to, and must have been read by, those who were also present, or enjoyed favourable opportunities of knowledge. In that case, it is almost impossible that there should be error as to the leading facts. Thus, as Thucydides was personally engaged in the Peloponnesian war, his account of it must be supposed to be in general accurate; and the history of the Carthaginian wars, by Polybius, is also considered authentic, because he accompanied Scipio to them; while both narratives receive confirmation from the circumstance, that they were read by thousands who were fellow-soldiers of those by whom they are recorded.

Now, if we can imagine any species of historical evidence, if possible, stronger than this, it must be where biographical accounts have been written of great teachers, by some of their scholars, and submitted to the perusal of their fellows, who lived also with their masters and who have preserved such writings as interesting records of those who were dear to them. Of this the different accounts of Socrates, by Plato and Xenophon, furnish examples; and none possessed of such testimony have ever doubted the existence of that great man, or refused to credit what has been so minutely told of him by his illustrious disciples.

But is not the historical evidence which we have of the existence of *Christ* and his miracles of this description? It is even much stronger; for while only two of the scholars of the Greek sage have given

such particular accounts of him, the Evangelists, the historians of our Lord, and who attended on him, or had opportunity of the most accurate knowledge respecting him, are double in number. Besides, their information has, in various particulars, been confirmed by the testimony of Heathen writers, to whom the Redeemer was indifferent, or who were hostile to his cause; and the circumstances both of his life and death were predicted in a long chain of prophecies; a species of evidence which is applicable to few common, or merely human events. Moreover, the accounts so given and confirmed have been preserved entire, by forming a part of an established religion, which must, for obvious reasons, have proved a stronger safeguard to them than any thing else whatever could have done.

There is another circumstance, which tends not a little to support the accounts of the miracles given by the Apostles. There are various ways in which a set of tenets may become the religion of a country. Like those of Mahomet, they may have been propagated by the sword, and been the result of force: or they may have been the effect of advancing knowledge and teaching simply: or they may have been spread by teachers who demonstrated their mission from God by the performance of supernatural works. Now, the Christian religion is shewn to have been promulgated by the last of these modes. The instruction by teaching alone is tardy; and nothing is of slower growth than knowledge, when left to the gradual development of the human understanding, through natural means. But the rapidity of the propagation of the gospel demonstrated the existence of the miracles on which the authority both of its founder and his Apostles was placed. It is indeed impossible to conceive that they could, in so short a time, have diffused it over all the Roman empire, overturning established superstitions, and overcoming, to a great extent, the most rooted prejudices even of the Jews themselves, except by testifying, through works beyond the usual course of nature, that they came from Him who could dispense with, or alter at pleasure, its laws.

But, further, let us remark, *who* those teachers were who performed this great work of advancing so rapidly the gospel of Christ; from which the truth of the miracles will appear with double lustre. Had they been philosophers of Athens, though greater than either the Porch or the Academy could boast of, we might have perhaps imagined that their art, their address, and their experience in instruction, had accomplished over almost all nations, that which even Socrates himself could but very imperfectly accomplish in a limited circle in Greece. But the teachers of our religion were very different men—humble and uneducated fishermen of Galilee; yet they did what all the schools could never have executed; and the fact of their having done so is to us, in this remote age, the surest testimony of the existence of those miracles, the sight of which alone could have made so powerful an impression on mankind.

But, with regard to those extraordinary teachers, let us further remark, in how many contradictions would the subject be involved on any other supposition, than that they were honest and faithful; for suppose them to have been false, and what would be the inference? First, that the world had been indebted to a set of impostors for the finest system of morals that ever existed: secondly, that these nefarious persons had all laid down their lives in testimony of those falsehoods, which no impostors have almost ever done: and, lastly, that these men, by addressing their writings to that very public among whom they said the miraculous acts had been performed, must have subjected themselves to immediate detection; since the accounts given by them had, on the supposition already made, turned out to be untrue. But no such detection ever took place; for the greatest enemies of Christianity at the time acknowledged the existence of the miracles, only ascribing them to magic, or to some cabalistical use of the sacred word *JEHOVAH*!

Internal and direct evidence, therefore, appear to us to concur in establishing the truth of our religion, and both were necessary to that end. Few subjects, however, have been dis-

cussed more anxiously, and sometimes with results so opposite, as this has been. The leading opinions regarding it we reckon to be three in number. In the first place, is that of the DEISTS, who think, that in natural religion they discover a somewhat, which, instead of being auxiliary to Christianity, is altogether hostile to it. By forming exalted ideas of the Deity, they imagine to themselves presumptions, adverse, as they think, to the lowly mission of Jesus; and some even of those who have admitted the great extent of historical evidence in its favour, have refused to give weight to it, as a proof of its being from heaven, owing to the force of such preconceived objections. The second opinion to which we allude has had for its champion Dr Chalmers of Glasgow, and coming from such a quarter, it deserves a little examination. His idea is, that there is, in reality, no such thing as internal evidence of our religion at all, founded on the character of God; and that our attention to Natural Theology, instead of aiding, will rather impede us in the use of the external testimony: but his argument and mode of treating it will be best seen in his own language:

"Of the Invisible God (says he) we have *no experience* whatever; we are far removed from all direct and personal observation of him or of his councils. Whether we think of the eternity of his government, or the mighty range of its influence over the wide departments of Nature and of Providence, he stands at such a distance from us, as to make the management of his empire a subject inaccessible to all our faculties *."

"There is nothing so completely above us and beyond us, as the plans of the infinite mind, which extend to all time, and embrace all worlds. There is no subject on which the cautious and humble spirit of Lord Bacon's philosophy is more applicable; nor can we conceive a more daring rebellion against the authority of its maxims, than for the beings of a day to sit in judgment upon the Eternal, and apply their paltry experience to the councils of his high and unfathomable wisdom †."

Now what is the inference which this writer deduces from his assertions?

"We can reason (says he) upon the procedure of man in given circumstances, because this is an accessible subject, and comes under the cognizance of observation; but we cannot reason on the procedure of the Almighty in given circumstances: this is an inaccessible subject, and comes not within the limits of direct and personal observation. The one, like the scale, and compass, and measurements of Sir Isaac Newton, will lead you on a safe and firm footing to the true economy of the heavens; the other, like the ether, and whirlpools, and unfounded imaginations of Des Cartes, will not only lead you to *misconceive* that economy, but to *maintain a stubborn opposition* to the only competent evidence that can be offered on the subject *."

But Dr Chalmers proceeds much farther than even this in his paradoxes:—

"Viewed purely as an intellectual subject, we look upon the mind of an *Atheist* as in a better state of preparation for the proofs of Christianity than the mind of a Deist. He is in the *best possible condition* for submitting his understanding to the entire impression of the historical evidence †."

The last of the three opinions to which we referred is that of Mr Erskine, in his late short work on the Internal Testimony. It is in direct opposition to the other two; for he says, that the same internal evidence, which, according to the Deist, is completely against the testimony of Christianity, and, according to Dr Chalmers, gives no aid, or is even prejudicial to it, is *alone* sufficient for the establishment of the Christian System.

In treating of the internal evidences of Christianity, Mr Erskine merely confines his remarks to that which arises from the character of the Deity; but on it he conceives that enough may be founded to make out his demonstration, and it is to this restriction that most of our remarks shall apply.

"In a system (says he) which purports to be a revelation from heaven, and to

* Chap. I. Evidence and Authority of the Christian Revelation, p. 15.

† Chalmers' Evidences, p. 225.

* Chalmers' Evidences, page 203.

† Ditto ditto. Chap. IX.

contain a history of God's dealings with men, and to develope truths with regard to the moral government of the universe, the knowledge and belief of which will lead to happiness here and hereafter, we may expect to find (if its pretensions are well founded) an evidence for its truth, *which shall be independent of all external testimony* *." "I mean to shew (he afterwards adds) that there is an intelligible and necessary connection between the doctrinal facts of revelation and the character of God †:" (and, after descending on that character not a little forcibly, he continues), "If we see all this in the gospel, we may then say, that our own eyes have seen its truth, and that *we need no other testimony* ‡."

These sentiments are somewhat modified by others, but this seems to be the general import of the work.

Now we humbly conceive, that there is not a little of error in all these different opinions. For, to take them in their order, it is surely unphilosophical in the Deist to build so exclusively on internal evidence, as to reject external testimony altogether. The Deity he considers too great to have condescended so far as to favour mankind with the Christian Dispensation; but it is unreasonable, on that account, doggedly to resist all offer of direct evidence that he actually did so. He does not listen to the proof, and then say that it falls short of establishing what was meant by it; but he objects to the admissibility of any testimony at all, against his own crude and hasty presumptions.

Neither, on the other hand, do we consider Dr Chalmers to be less erroneous in his rejection of all aid from internal evidence towards establishing the Christian Revelation; for, while we admit the existence of the Deity, and acknowledge his attributes, we have all that is requisite to entitle us to rest a strong and powerful internal evidence on his character in testimony of Christianity. It is not necessary, either to pry into, or understand those stupendous qualities of his divine nature, so eloquently depicted by that writer,—

"the eternity of his government, or the mighty range of its influence." We know well his justice, and perceive his benevolence throughout all nature: the certainty of these alone is enough for our purpose. Founding on even the last of them only, and nothing more, we are entitled to presume, that He who spreads a board for every living creature, and through whom they all enjoy the blessings of their existence, would instruct the highest of them in their ignorance, and restore them to happiness from their fallen state. As to that writer's strong preference of ATHEISM, as forming "the best predisposing state" for receiving the impressions of the direct testimony of Christianity, it seems much akin to the strange idea of Hume, that, "to be a *philosophical sceptic* is, in a man of letters, the first and most essential step towards being a *sound, believing Christian!*" On such a topic, and from men of such opposite principles, we should scarcely have expected such similarity of sentiment. As to the idea itself, it seems altogether erroneous. for the Atheist must be, unquestionably, so much farther from the Christian belief, that, to attain it, he must first satisfy himself of the existence of a Deity, which the Deist admits; and the Deist is therefore one important step nearer conviction than he.

Nor do we conceive that Mr Erskine is more free from error than Dr Chalmers, in the view which he has taken of this subject, though their ideas are directly in opposition to each other. His notion is, that internal evidence, which is chiefly founded on the *character of God*, is alone sufficient proof of the truth of Christianity; but he estimates internal testimony, as we conceive, by far too high a scale. From the nature of it, as we have already shewn, it can be but subsidiary, and can never supersede the necessity of direct external proof, however much it may be fitted to aid it. All the presumptions which, in our illustrations, could arise in favour of a Cato, or against a Catiline, from their respective known characters, however much they might have assisted direct evidence, must of themselves have established nothing, and could have af-

* Erskine on External Evidences, 4th Edition, p. 9.

† Erskine's Evidences, p. 24.

‡ Ditto ditto, p. 19.

fording no ground for either rewarding the one or punishing the other.

In Dr Chalmers' zeal in favour of his peculiar view, he compares the argument arising from the character of Deity to the "unfounded imaginations of Des Cartes, leading to misconceive, and to the maintaining a stubborn opposition to the only competent evidence." This is a strange idea, and, in our apprehension, as unfounded in philosophy as it is in theology; but suppose it to be modified to an intention on his part, simply, to seek no aid to the evidences of Christianity from a knowledge of the character of God, we would then ask him, Where lies the good policy of rejecting the valuable assistance of any description of evidence? The same query would apply to Mr Erskine; and while we inquire at the eminent divine, Why do you lay aside the *internal*? we should say, to the learned gentleman, Why do you refuse all aid from direct and *external* testimony?

Suppose, in common judicial proceedings, a point at issue to be, Whether a particular individual had made a certain charitable endowment or not? he would be an injudicious advocate who would neglect to establish the general charitable character of the supposed donor, if it were in his power to do so; and he would be equally unskilful, did he trust to the establishment of the founder's reputation for benevolence alone, if he had it in his power, by the testimony of witnesses, and the production of writings, to bring direct proof of the fact in question. An able and enlightened Counsel would know, that to discharge his duty aright, he must carefully resort to both kinds of evidence. To apply these illustrations, we cannot do better than remark, with Sumner, that "the chief use of natural religion is to shew the high *probability* of that being true which Revelation declares;" and that, as God has furnished abundant evidence, both internal and external, both kinds should be resorted to in demonstrating its truth.

But we must examine some of the demonstrations of Mr Erskine a little more closely

I shall suppose (says he) that a steam-engine, and the application of it to the movement of vessels, was known in China in the days of Archimedes; and that a foolish lying traveller had found his way from Sicily to China, and had there seen an exhibition of a steam-boat, and had been permitted to examine the mechanical apparatus of it; and, upon his return, had, amongst many palpable fables, related the true particulars of this exhibition. What feeling would this relation have probably excited in his audience? The fact itself was a strange one, and different, in appearance, from any thing with which they were acquainted: it was also associated with other stories that seemed to have falsehood on the very face of them. What means, then, had the hearers of distinguishing the true from the false? Some of the rabble might probably give a stupid and wondering kind of credit to the whole, whilst the judicious, but unscientific hearers, would reject the whole. Now, supposing that the relation had come to the ears of Archimedes, and that he had sent for the man, and interrogated him; and from his unorderly, and unscientific, but accurate specification of boilers, and cylinders, and pipes, and furnaces, and wheels, had drawn out the mechanical theory of the steam-boat; he might have told his friends, The traveller may be a liar, but *this is a truth*; I have a stronger evidence for it than his testimony, or the testimony of any man—it is a truth in the nature of things."

Another of his illustrations is as follows:

"If any intimate and judicious friend of Julius Caesar had retired to some distant corner of the world before the commencement of the political career of that wonderful man, and had there received an accurate history of every circumstance of his conduct, How would he have received it? He would certainly have believed it, and not merely because he knew that Caesar was ambitious, but also because he could discern, that every step of his progress, as recorded in the history, was adapted, with admirable intelligence, to accomplish the object of his ambition. His belief of the history, therefore, would rest on two considerations: First, That the object attributed by it to Caesar corresponded with the general principle under which he had classed the moral character of Caesar; and, secondly, That there was evident, through the course of the history, a perfect adaptation of means to an

end. He would have believed, just on the same principle that compelled Archimedes to believe the history of the steam-boat."

These examples are meant to demonstrate the principles laid down by the author; but they fail, we apprehend, in accomplishing his object. They are, however, demonstrative of the view which we have been taking; for, in both cases, there was *direct* testimony, supported by presumptive, or internal evidence. In the case of the steam-boat, there was the evidence of a traveller, whose narrative would have at least some weight in the mind of Archimedes, joined to his own knowledge of the qualities and power of steam; but that knowledge *alone*, of qualities and power, however distinct and accurate, could never have led the philosopher to the inference that steam-boats had been invented in China, seeing that we know, from experience, how long the application of the power of steam had been really made to produce motion before it was actually used in boats.

In like manner, there was direct evidence also in the example of the friend of Cæsar. The case supposes, that, in a distant country, he had "received an accurate history of every circumstance of Cæsar's general conduct," by which he means his prior victories and ambitious actions; but all that his friend's previous knowledge of the character of Cæsar could do, would only *confirm* the account which he had received of the deeds of that wonderful man; for, however thoroughly that friend might have formerly known him, all his knowledge, without some direct testimony, could never have informed him of what had been really his career, and that he had trampled on the liberties of his country. Suppose that all the history of Rome, posterior to a period before the battle of Pharsalia, had been lost during the barbarous ages, all our knowledge of Cæsar's ambitious nature and splendid talents could not have informed us what had been his actual fortune; and we should have been uncertain, at this day, whether he had not fallen before the power of Pompey

THE LITERARY LEGACY
No. VIII.

MR EDITOR,

I FEEL much pleasure in assuring you, that the world is not half so bad as it is commonly called. Yesterday afternoon, when sitting in my study, hunting amongst Uncle's papers for legs and wings of subjects to make good this very heavy remittance, and giving vent to the evil humour naturally enough procured by the peas-wisp condition of my Legacy hamper, in many a "Deil tak' the fingers that tousled it," and having, quite forgot that the fingers complained of were my own, in came *Mrs. Jemima Wilhelmina Vandervrouw*, my widowed landlady, the very picture of good-humoured loving-kindness. "Dear me, Mr Killigrew," quoth the rosy relict of *Mynheer*, "I marvel much how a gay young man can sit the live-long day, poring over a parcel of fusty papers! Such intense application will most assuredly impair your eyesight, and ultimately beget blindness. But you Scotsmen are said to be tinctured with eccentricity, and not over easily persuaded to relinquish a favourite pursuit. If such really is the case, let me beseech you, Sam—don't be too obstinate now—to try on my late dear, dear husband's spectacles."

Mynheer's Carngorum auxiliaries, Mr Editor, were manufactured by Dollond, one of our first-rate opticians, to assist the aforesaid Vandervrouw in summing up his last balance-sheet, our departed friend being on the eve of retiring from business, but scarcely had they bestrode his nose, when the infirm old man was seized with a convulsive fit of laughter, occasioned, no doubt, by the round sun that made its appearance; and in three quarters of an hour he gave up the ghost, leaving a disconsolate young widow to bewail his loss,—and a jewel of a woman she is. The spectacles, Mr Editor, fit my olfactory projection to a shaving, and, strange as it may seem, the lenses also accord with the curve of my *visuals* extremely well, a fact that your compositors will readily admit, on perusing the residue of my literary labours. Only observe how well-fauredly every syllable is written.

THE GYRE CARLINE.

(Continued.)

Upon the sea-beach, when the new moon
awoke,

She held her unholy levee,

And aye as the limmers her presence ap-
proach'd,

They becked fu' courtesiouslic :

And when they had reverently paid their
respects,

And kiss'd her unhallowed hand,

She stamp't wi' her foot, till the rank curl-
ing reek

In black volumes spued frae the sand.

She stamp't wi' her foot, till the shudder-
ing Merse

Was shaken for miles around ;

And straightway arose a stallwart fiend,
Frae the jaws o' the gaping ground.

I kend him weel, by his wirrikowe looks,
The dourest o' law-fed loons ;

I kend him weel, by his landlower gait,
The warlock o' * * * *

Wha held a' the herried vales o' the south
Sae lang in terror and awe,

Until he was call'd, wi' his grey goose-
quill,

To the lug o' unholy law.

He pu'd frae the wallet that swung at his
belt

A tatter'd and grimey scroll,

Syne lifting a loud and an audible voice,
He call'd owre the muster-roll ;

And lustily bawl'd, like a demon of night,
Abroad on the stormy hill ;

And a' the whole pack to his yellach re-
plied,

Save *Madge*, o' Barnhourie mill.

"She winna be here," quo' a black Jezabel,

Wha dwalls on the Ardwald Fell,

"She winna be here, for a heavy mishap
Has fallen on *Madgie Bell*.

"As into the loan, at the Ardrie kye,

Her glamour she cannalie threw,

The gudeman gripp'd her hard and fast,
And scor'd her upon the brow * ;

"And syne he nevell'd her down the craft,
Nor heed'd her eldrich squeel,

And she downa steer," quoth the hoary
hag,

"Till her wacfu' banes are weel."

* Scoring a witch above the breath
with an iron instrument is a sure anti-
dote against all further molestation from
the delinquent. This cruel operation was
actually performed by a farmer in the
parish of Kirkbean some years ago, on

"The deed he shall rue," quo' the Gyre
Carline,

"For a chosen curse I'll throw,
And gi'e a' his gaisling brood to the gled,
His lambs to the corbie crow ;

"Syne bann in his byre, and curse in his
kim,

And mauk his beef i' the brine,
Until he has learnt, on a cauld hearthstane,
To reverence me and mine."

Then slowly approach'd a sorrowing
dame,

Begratten and blear'd wi' wae,

"Oh, husband the rage o' your awsome
might,

For horrible news I ha'e ;

"And dinna unmuzzle your mastiff're,
On frail and feckless foes,
Nor hound a' your wrath on a collie cur,
When the wolf louns at your nose.

The weirdest wife o' *Dalswinton* glen,
The dame that was dear to me,
Her sun has gane down, for ever and aye,
And her marrow we'll never see.

"*Meg Milligun's* spirit wails on the
blast,

A fathfu' crony and kind ;

The faggot is drunk wi' her dear life
blood ;

Her banes are sport for the wind.

"That wearifu' *Prior*, wha wins i' the
howe,

Laud hault o' the dame yestreen,
Syne bound her wi' wooddees o' sapling
aik,

And brent her on Thornhill green *."

"O wae unto him," quo' the Gyre Car-
line,

"Wha did the accursed deed,
The blackest broo in our cauldrons boil'd
I'll pour on his guilty head.

"And I will avenge *Peg Milligun's* blood,
The wale o' our wide domains,
When the carrion corbie houts his een,
And the collie pykes his banes."

She sprung frae the beach like a startled
rac,

And grasp'd in her palsied hand

the person of a poor old woman, suspect-
ed of being a witch, for presuming to
look over the loan-dyke when he was
busied bleeding his cattle.

* When residing in the neighbourhood
of this village, the old people used to
point, with a kind of instinctive horror,
to the unhallowed spot where a miser-
able being perished at the stake for the
sin of *witchcraft*.

R r

A pykestaff made o' the blasted fir,
And drav't i' the trembling sand :

Syne put her twa hands to her ronion
sides,
And yellach'd sac hideouslie,
That the whaupps, and gulls, and grey
herons scream'd,
And div'd in the Solway Sea :

And aye she ran round the uncannie kent,
And skirl'd sac loud and shrill,
That the fox was scar'd frae his bloody
intent,
And howl'd on the dusky hill.

Twa wee reeked elves arose at her hip,
And down on the beach did kneel,
Araiy'd i' the bravest livery o' hell,
And pimon'd frae head to heel.

She whupped a ring frae her finger that
glow'd
Wi' gems o' the richest ray,
And thus to the vilest imp o' the twa,
The hummer aloud did say :

"Awa to the scouling clouds ye maun hie,
Where hovers the soaging *cruc*,
And shaw this token o' truest regard
'To all whom it may concern.

"The winds maun be gather'd frae every
aurth,
The rain and the rattling hail,
And the lightning's glare will shaw them
the gate
To the valleys o' Niddesdale :

"And there ye maun bound wi' cheer-
ing hollow,
The fiercest fiends o' the air.
Until they ha'e levell'd the lordly roof,
And tui'd the cottage bare :

"And also the clouds, frae their wat'ry
wombs,
Maun freely the Nith supply,
Until he is laden wi' lusty sheaves,
And teeming wi' sheep and kye :

"And bid the hail, and the flakes o' fire,
In volles frae morn till e'en,
Blast every tree on the *Blackwood* braes,
And scowder the pastures green."

The evil spirit arose wi' a look
Betokening right gude will,
Syne took to the gate like a hunting hawk,
Owre the hip o' Criffle hull.

She turn'd her about to the tither black elf,
And thus in her wrath did say,
"Awa, like a shaft to the browsing deer,
Our hight and howe ye maun gae ;

And warn the wolf o' *Balachan* linn
'The fox o' the *Blackwood* shaws,

The *Clachrie* erne, and the *Crecpope* gled,
And a' that hath teeth and claws ;

"Syne grip me the steel that was seal'd
i' the moon,
And saddle him speedilie,
For I'll lead this mighty foray mysel',
And herry the hale countrie."

The evil spirit arose frae the beach,
And scrap'd his laighest bow,
Syne flapp'd his grumey wings i' the wind,
And awa to *Balachan* flew.

Then stept frae the ranks a dour auld
dame,
And stoutly her saul she bann'd,
"Lead on," quoth she, "i' the gude auld
cause,
We'll follow ye heart in hand ;

"And measure our might wi' the vaunt-
ing *Prior*,
Though arm'd wi' Patriarch's bones,
And carabines loaded wi' thumbs o' saints,
And primitive martyrs' granes.

"But ere we embark, it behoves us to
cheer
And gladden our gallant crew,
Wi' the joy o' the horn and the savory
feast,
As aye we were wont to do.

"Our dames ha'e enticed frae her destin'd
course,
A vessel fu' richly fraught
Wi' the choicest wines and the daintiest
cheer,
That e'er from afar were brought ;

"And wi' the gude leave o' our liege
ladye,
We'll wile her into the bay,
Syne wreck her agan't the mermaid craig,
And banquet upon the prey."

I wistfully coost, on the tide-swollen firth,
A waefullly anxious e'e,
And I was aware o' a stately ship,
A sailing upon the sea.

With bellied canvas full i' the wind,
She snor'd through the brynie fiem,
And merrily sang the blithe mariners,
The joyfu' delights o' hame ;

And merrily sang the blithe mariners
O' scenes that they ne'er wou'd see,
For little they wist o' their piteous plight,
Or dreamt o' their destinie.

I might have accommodated your
Editorship with a much larger trans-
cript of my pudding-wrappers, but
really the novelty of Mynheer's spec-
tacles has made me quite new-

fangled; and, with submission, I would rather try my hand at prose, by way of experiment, merely to ascertain whether or not the said Cairn-gorums will be equally beneficial to me in that department. That such may be the result, is the morning and evening prayer of,

Dear Sir,

Yours as before,

SAM'L. KILLIGREW.

London, 1822. *

THE BRIDE OF BALACHAN.

(Continued*.)

"Now, with respect to what you say, my dear Gibbie, auncient shutting up shop, and devoting yourself entirely to the study of character in its natural state, I do believe, that a young fellow cannot possibly dispose of his time more worthily; and, whilst I compliment my friend on the excellence of his resolve, mayhap he will allow me, in the plenitude of his goodness, to fringe my gratulation with a few thrums of advice.

"Shun the highways of life, Gilbert, the broad beaten paths of men who wear masks, and glide into the green loanings untrodden by courtly feet; for there, and there alone, is Nature to be met with in her mood, undefiled by either patch, paint, or putty." *Anonymous.*

"BETTER hang a dog than gi'e him an ill name," is a saying peculiarly applicable to *Tam M'Clellan*, the celebrated Galloway lad, whose adventures in quest of a damsel worthy of becoming bone of his bone, would keep a whole dozen of our best rhyme-spinners twirling the distaff for a twelvemonth certain. Being a lineal descendant of the great *Bauld M'Clellan*, who bequeathed his name to a parish that retains it even unto this day, our friend Thomas, alias *Galloway Tam*, felt an inclination, very early in life, to signalize himself like unto his fathers of old. But, alas! the days of feud and foray were no more! The staff of his great-grandfather's spear had long since been converted into parritch-spurtries, and the very dirk that *Bauld M'Clellan* himself wont to throw, with unerring

precision, degenerated, through the medium of tear and wear, from the rank of kail-gully, down to that of potatoc-whittle, the most ignominious of all domestic implements, dish-clout and scrubbie excepted. True it is, that *John Connel of Kirkpatrick Mill*, the best pyke-staff-maker in all Galloway, spoke very favourably indeed of Tam's mechanical powers; and even deigned to consult him, when inventing his justly-celebrated *Archimedian wimble*, for excavating bee-bykes, and his no less admirably well-contrived *lamb-fibbing apparatus*. Yet, notwithstanding these very flattering compliments, Tam M'Clellan could never be prevailed upon to exercise his ambition, heart in hand, in the pursuit of mechanical studies, nor relish the intellectual drudgery that all mechanists are doomed to undergo, when hungering and thirsting after pre-eminence, otherwise he certainly would have made a conspicuous figure amongst ingenious men, and very likely have become the most formidable rival that ever John Connel had to his back. But the truth is just this, mechanics were by no means the young man's forte. He felt the spirit of *Bauld M'Clellan* tirling at the pin of his heart, and longed to break a spear with the enemy; but none could be found, for either love or money, for peace and good-will abounded in the land. In this dilemma, Tam bethought himself of the many hearts broken and abandoned to despair by the *Girl of Derby*, *Barbara Allen*, *The Lass o' Lochryan*, and myriads of cruel shes whose names are on record. He felt anxious to know what sort of front his own would oppose to the enemy, and embraced every lawful opportunity of exposing it to the love-arrows of fair maids and buxom widows, who devoutly pray for the hastening of a certain happy period, every morning and evening of their lives, on Dee banks; but, strange to tell, nine-tenths of their missiles fell short, and the residue did little or no execution. Repelling a few onsets elated him beyond measure, and the notion that his citadel was impregnable, put the lad so effectually beside himself, that he actually girded up his loins, and sallied out slab-dash among the lasscs.

It is not my intention at present to

* Erratum in our July Number, p. 44. "For, 'The Bride of Balachan, concluded,' read, 'The Bride of Balachan, continued.'"

meddle with Tam McClellan's love-affairs, being assured, by many competent judges, that they will appear to far better advantage in the *omnium gatherum* appendix, which I have some thoughts of stitching to the tail of this here work (pardon the Cockneyism); and should my hitherto indulgent reader feel dissatisfied with the arrangement, be it known unto him, that my hands are very full indeed of very important matter; but "hears't thou me, Jock," as daft Geordy Nielson said to Barnclay's Bull; I certainly will not fail, God willing, to collect Tam's amours, and present them to the world, in a couple of hot-pressed octavos, the very moment my hands are clear of these presents.

McClellan was accounted the handsomest young man of his day. He stood somewhere about five feet eleven and a quarter on his stocking-soles, well built, clean limbed, and agreeably unique in all his proportions. His hair was of a bright yellow, much inclined to curl, and when allowed to wanton down his back, very few shoulders indeed could boast of such ringlets; but the *disguise-wig*, generally speaking, eclipsed their brightness, except in the immediate neighbourhood of *Glen-gourie*, where he resided, and there Tam McClellan's tresses shone unrivalled.

His wardrobe consisted of apparel suitable for every character of common notoriety, all of which he occasionally assumed in the course of his peregrinations. Tinker, minstrel, strolling-player, and itinerant physician—nothing came amiss to him; though there is a flying report of his having failed in personating an eccentric Cameronian preacher. From this hasty sketch of Gallowa' Tam, my fair countrywomen will, no doubt, concur with me in opinion, that a fellow of his enterprising genius, possessing an engaging exterior, captivating manners, and a tongue in his head capable of enticing the bird from the briar, was more to be dreaded than a whole covey of moor-gleds; and I therefore marvel not at prudent mothers locking up their daughters in cupboards and in meal-kists, whenever common report announced that Gallowa' Tam was hovering on the

coast. Such was the reputation of this miscreant for unsnooding fair maids, that many pious divines, when chastening delinquents for their backslidings, scrupled not to associate his name with that of the *Foul Thief*; and not a few of them even went so far as to insinuate, that Tam possessed the power of inflaming the passions of men and women, until they fairly *gaed heels ower Gowdie*, merely by singing a sappy sang at his own fireside. But the Christian reader will please to observe, that I only speak of these matters from hearsay, never having been an ear-witness to clerical reproof, except in the case of *Mungo Baxter* and *Tibby Affleck*; and in that instance the Reverend *Mr Tonnacher* certainly did introduce *Auld Hangie* and Gallowa' Tam as twin brothers. Mungo was a rash auld carle, on the safe side of threescore, and Tibby Affleck had just taken leave of her teens. Mungo's cheek candidly acknowledged that the plough of Time had not been idle thereon, and his grey een freely confessed that objects were seen most distinctly through the medium of spectacles; whilst Tibby Affleck's lucken brows, whaup-nose, fiddlechin, and projecting teeth, solemnly declared that Mungo Baxter was no judge of beauty.

I shall never forget the Reverend Mr Tonnacher's truly philosophical review of the case in question. "My friends," quoth he, "we ha'e gotten ane o' the kittlest pirms to reel this day that ever posed a Christian congregation. Look stedfastly at the workers o' iniquity, wha stand before ye likè twa seaw'd sheep, and declare unto me how carnal desires cou'd be kindled by either o' the parties. Temptation lurs not under the woman's lucken brows, nor skulks among the furrows o' Mungo Baxter's leather cheeks. And how the plague came it to pass, ye'll be apt to speer, that the twasome strayed frae the gate o' godliness? I'll tell ye candidly, fellow Christians, how, in my humble opinion, it was brought about: either the deil or Gallowa' Tam had a finger i' the pye." But Satan himself, to my certain knowledge, has been blained for evil deeds, that he was as innocent of as the child unborn; and the like may also

be said of Gallowa' Tam. Indeed, I often suspected that the young man's evil genius invented many stories prejudicial to his good fame, and muttered in his sleeve, as he gave them to the winds, "the mair mischief, the better sport." Be that as it may, Tam McClellan's character travelled far and wide; and few indeed were the families of any repute, who received not a fresh supply of uncos relative to his love-pranks, every Saturday evening, from some itinerant or other. Even at the Grange of Bajanach his evil report was well known, though both John Dinwoodie and the gudewife were sworn foes to gossiping in all its branches, particularly the scandal-mongering department; but still they had ears to hear, and could not possibly fail of inhaling a sufficiency of current discourse, to satisfy their consciences that Tam McClellan was a sad dog.

The feeling reader will readily conceive how Mrs Dinwoodie's heart was rung, when Peg Marshall finished her narrative. She flung her arms about the gudeman's neck, and kissed his face, and caressed his cheek, and fondled his grey hair, until her sorrows found utterance.

"The spoiler," quo' Nanse Dinwoodie, "hath bereaved me o' a dear bairn, and the remaining comforter absents himself—most unaccountably absents him frae his mither, in her great distress, and the shafts o' shame are set aright to smite her i' the tenderest parts; but praise be blest! there's a refuge here where I can flee to, a bosom whercon I can repose." Dandison was so affected with the gudewife's elocution, that he actually started to his feet, without knowing why or for what purpose; and she has often acknowledged, that the fervour of his consoling embrace was equal to that of her ain husband. "Be comforted, I beseech ye," quo' the young laird, "and keep in remembrance the family you belong to. There never was an ill, but might ha'e been waur; and notwithstanding the aspect o' appearance, be assured, for I ken her weel, that Miss Dinwoodie, o' her ain free will, hasna disgraced the stock she sprang frae. Meg Marshall pretends to say that she saw her ahint Gallowa' Tam, and that the twosome

were caidgy enough thegither, to all appearance; but she may be mista'en their persons, and, for aught we ken, ha'e invented the whole story to augment her stock of fireside palaver. Wha can believe the clashing tongue o' a tinkler wife?" Randy Meg sat forward in her chair, and clapped a loof on each knee, by far the most mathematical posture I know of, for a *reciprocating orator*, because, when the lecturer's head, or, more properly speaking, his pendulum, is afar from the rump joint, or center pivot, I'll defy him, or any man living, particularly a long one, to resume his perpendicular with ease to himself, and satisfaction to his audience. But when the hands, as we before observed, rest on the knees, or elsewhere, they act as spring or levers, whereby the body is gracefully thrown back at pleasure. Before the reader proceeds an inch further, I would advise him by all means to fancy unto himself a lang, lingle-tailed gypsy wife, with a toy-mutch on; blue duffle weather-fender, amply furnished with sleeves, tails, and pockets; killymankies of striped stuff, purple and drab, gracefully descending mid-leg down; coarse grey stockings, and strong leather shoes, well bottomed with hob-nails: he may also accommodate the wearer's head with a slooch'd beaver hat, and fasten it thereon, by means o' an old silk handkerchief, tastefully tied in a bow-knot, immediately under the left ear. *Nota Bene*, I have no particular objections to a couple of peacock's feathers, providing they are incorporated with the hat-band, so as to admit of their moons wagging freely; and, with respect to face, I would advise that the length thereof may be 9.013, and the breadth not less than 5.284 inches, in preference to all the other known proportions; I would also recommend a pair of keen, penetrating black eyes, and a handsome, well-grown nose, similar in appearance to the grease-horn of a stage-waggon—but, above all things, care must be taken that the gums are most substantially geered with a set of the very best buck-teeth that can be procured. Having thus equipped her ladyship to his liking, the curious reader has nothing more to do, than place her (ideally, of

course,) on an old chair of black oak, ingeniously carved with devices unknown to the present generation; and then he may contemplate Meg Marshall at his leisure, exactly as she sat in John Dinwoodie's parlour, mechanically swagging her person backwards and forwards, long and short, just as the magnitude or particular quality of the sentence happened to require, and grammatically noting every full period with a significant nod of her head, in this manner: "Peggy Marshall disna pretend to ha'e a drap o' gentle blood in her veins, Sir. She hasna gotten twal pennies o' her ain, between her and plackless poverty, nor a stitch to her back, but what she stands upright in, and kens-na a B frae a *bull's foot*. But she's rich for a' that, because the gude name o' her pious father and mither was her tocher, and she downa thole to be ca'd illiterate either, because she can petition the Throne o' Grace in acceptable language; and, mair than a' that, her word stands gude where gentle aiths require cautioners. Ye ha'e the credit, Sir, o' being the first o' the family that ever misdoubted my verity, and as for what ye say anent being *mista'en*, I could stand on the Corbilly hill and point out Tam McClellan on the tap o' Criffle, amang a thousand men. My truly! he's neither a sheep-shank, nor yet a chip amang parritch, and that monie a snoodless lass kens to her sorrow. Hasna he been haul'd before a' the Sessions o' the Presbytery?—Didna I see him stand at Tynron sacrament wi' the foul sark on?—Didna I hear nae less than three ministers o' the gospel hectoring him, one after anither, until there wasna a dry cheek in a' Lochrutton Kirk but his ain? And what did the Reverend *Mr Whineau* do, when he coudna mak' the slightest impression on his adamant heart, for the graceless whelp just stood like ane o' the molten idols that betwitched the heathen of old, without moving a muscle! honest man, he perfectly grat wi' vexation, and shook his nieve at him. 'Oh Tam, Tam,' quoth he, 'thou's an' unco Tam'; and a truer saying never broke frae the lips o' a man, for the match o' him isna to be met wi' in a' Gallowa.' Monie a poor thing has he helped to the dyke back, forbye

Aggie Dinwoodie." Willie Dandison being a young gentleman of considerable promise, stood corrected in his own estimation, the moment Randy Meg opened her mouth. He called to remembrance the chiding that his own father bestowed on *Andrew Dingwall*, for denying Meg Marshall and her husband the use of his kiln, because, forsooth, the ribs thereof, as he alleged, were laden with unmeasured corn. "Unmeasured snuff!" quo' auld Linty; "I cou'd trust the Marshalls in a house fu' o' untell'd gold." And he also bethought him of the well-known axiom, that wantonly lacerating the feelings of an inferior, with harsh and ungentlemanly language, betokens both cruelty and cowardice, particularly when the individual's indigent condition is an effectual guarantee against *belli' the cat*. With feelings arising from considerations such as these, Mr Dandison approached the Randy, and accosted her in these words, "Sorry am I, Mrs Marshall, that an offensive syllable shou'd ha'e escaped frae my lips; but the tongue is sometimes in fault, when the heart is blameless. Believe me, Peggy, there isna a woman body travels the dale, that stands higher in my estimation than yourself, nor ane that brings a train o' kindlier recollections along wi' her. Monie a gude ride ha'e I had i' the verra panniers wherein your ain grandbairns are caddg about, and meikle fun i' the forenights, when you and the gudeman quartered in our kiln. D'ye mind, Peggy, when *ill Rah Duff* and me laid brunstane i' the logie, and were ta'en i' the verra act o' clapping a spunk till't, by the auld laird himsel? Somebody's riggin' had a narrow escape frae being well wattled, for he chaced us baith into the kiln pot, exclaiming, i' the fulness o' his wrath, 'How daur ye presume to smoor the harmless sojourners wha shelter under a roof o' mine, like burn-bees? Come forth, ye limbs o' Satan, and I'll creish your skins sae lang's there's a drap o' hazel oil in this stick.' Lang will I remember the terror that shook my frame, as he gae'd graping about i' the dark, and never forget the joy that succeeded it, when Johnny and you lap down through the kiln ribs, like guardian angels, and saved us

baith. Oh, Reggy woman ! I aften think o' the nitherly manner ye expressed yoursel' to the auld ane.

Now, Sir, ye maun just excuse them for this ae time, and I'se be their cautioner. It's a bairn's trick o' the true Lintylinn breed, for a mair mischievous whelp than yoursel' never lifted a limb ; and troth, Laird, ye're no that sweer yet, man muckle though ye be, to lend a hand when harmless daffin stands in need o' a lift. What's bred i' the bane's ill to get out o' the flesh ; and though Willie's pranks are aften provoking enough, he's in some measure excuseable ; as the auld cock craws, the young ane learns, ye ken.' There's my nieve, Margaret," continued the affable young gentleman, " that neither you nor your's shall e'er lie among damp strae, or say the grace to a sodger's supper in Lintylinn kiln, sac lang's my head keeps aboon the mools." Mrs Marshall said but little in reply, because, as she very justly observed, " really the heart downa unbosom itsel' before sac monie lookers on ;" and here it is absolutely necessary to acquaint my friends, that the news of Miss Dinwoodie's *real route* having, by some means or other, found vent, either at the ha' door or spence-window, God knows which, brought together all the thirsters after intelligence and others,

" Whose saddle horses might be seen
Tied unto the trees green :"

so that, in the twinkling of an eye, lobby, and passage, and spence-window, were exceedingly crowded with men and women, jammed together like sheep in a pen, and greedily listening, with ears erect, to what was passing in John Dinwoodie's parlour, though not one of them presumed to pass the barriers, being all natives of Closeburn ; a parish known to the world, as we had occasion to observe in a former part of this work, for the natural and acquired politeness of its inhabitants. Dandison eyed the sturdy young fellows, as they stood with their faces piled on each other's shoulders, and marked the anxiety depicted in every countenance, and pondered on Miss Dinwoodie's wrongs, for he deemed her blameless, until the spirit of older chivalry tickled

his heart, and then he beheld at a glance the path of honour winding among the hills o' Gallowa' : " Bless me, Sirs," quo' the young Laird o' Lintylinn, " what are we a' thinking about, and the pard rioting in his lair, on the gentlest firstling that ever was stoun frae a fauld ? Let us up and at him like men ! The M'Clellans and the M'Ghies ha'e the character o' being bauld fallows, and so they are ; but some o' our Nithsdale spearmen ha'ena been lang in their graves, wha stood at auld Roger Dinwoodie's back, when he cow'd Bauld M'Clellan himsel' on Auchinreach bent. We'll let the Gallowa' lads ken that the great-grand-dochter o' our brave dalesman isna to be kidnapped, and we'll satisfy them, to their heart's content, that Nithsdale aik can clour a fallow's crown just as weel-fauredly as Gallowa' crabtree." " Spoke like yoursel', Mr Dandison," quo' stark *Rab Scott* o' the Shaws : " haith I'll shank awa hame, and fetch a wheen o' the best aik sticks that ever clear'd a Lockerby lawin." " There's a prime braid sword i' the smithy belonging our family," observed *Tam o' Cample*, " that Andrew Simpson uses for a drill-bow. It wou'd scare a gude fallow, was the blade o't scower'd, and the neb o't sharpened. Conscience, I'll aff to Toddyburn, and ca' the stane to Sandy—he's a famous hand at fettling edge-looms." " And bring my gun frae *Cooper Haugh's* as ye come hame," quo' *Kirky Dickson* o' the Stepends : " she's the best shooter o' hoodie-craws in a' the dale, and I'se ha'e a skelp at some o' the Gallowa' corbies before anither sun gaes down." " But wha leads the *Raid*, I wou'd like to ken ?" exclaimed auld *Watt Kennedy* o' the Reaverloup ; " we maun ha'e that point settled to our liking, before ane o' us tak's the bent, and wale a tight, clear-headed fallow, wha cares but little for his skin, to guide the foray, or, gude sooth, we may just as weel bide at hame. My grandnither aften declared, that a weel-plenished head, when coupled wi' a gude stout heart, was worth a dizen pair o' hands ; and she had some skill i' the marshalling o' raids, for her gude-brither, *Johnny Jardine*, was the ae best fallow ever Ammandale saw, for zooming a fauld and emptying a byre.

Young Linty's far owre rackless, in my opinion, for a leader; but was he under the guidance o' Miller Morrison and Jamie Scott, I shou'dna mind dancing wi' him to the tunc o' Clincum-Clancum; and sooner than see a hair o' his head fa' to the grund, this auld grey ane o' mine shou'd be there." When the tail of this pithy sentence was passing his lips, the gudeman o' Reaverloup dashed his bonnet to the grund, and pointed to it with his finger so very *à propos*, that all the bystanders, to a man, declared themselves ripe for a row.

Willie Dandison beheld their ardour with the delight of a young chief about to draw his sword in good earnest; he knew the gallantry of his fellow-parishioners perfectly well; he knew the means that every one possessed of equipping himself for the expedition: and feeling the necessity of making arrangements without delay, Willie approached the spence-window, and thus unbosomed himself:—"Four score o' heavy horse, I shou'd think, will be amply sufficient to constitute the main body. That muster we can mak' gude frae our ain stables; and as for a score or sae o' light gallopers, to scower the country, their's abundance o' lang-legged hunters scampering about the parks o' Gowkbiggin, doing deil-belicked, but wearing the shoon aff their feet. The auld Gowk will surely never think o' refusing to lend us a wheen o' them, on an emergency o' this sort." "The Laird o' Gowkbiggin," observed Mrs Marshall, "hasna gotten a spoon i' the ercel he can ca' his ain. When I came past the lia' door this morning, driving the Jenny cuddy, and leading Ned, the close was just fu' o' lawyers, wi' their bonds and sasines, and charges o' horning; and the garden perfectly swarming wi' their clerks and followers, cating up the auld man's neeps, and peas, and syhos, and devouring every green thing. They ha'ena left him a stool to bow his hunkers on." "And is auld Gowkbiggin really gane to the bane dyke?" exclaimed Mrs Morrison; "weel, that's a piece o' news will astonish monie a ane, for he was generally accounted poort, though I ha'e been prepared to hear something o' the kind ever since that pious, weel-living

woman, *Martha Cargill* o' Electstane ca'd in at our house, as she gaed by to Quarrelwood sacrament. 'Mrs Morrison,' quoth she, 'that man will, sooner or later, be brough to a low estate, and drink o' the cup o' bitterness, and sleep in a dishonoured grave, for he putteth his trust in vanity. Few indeed are the *fortunate men*, now-a-days, wha can kneel to Him whose name is *Alpha and Omega*, and offer up the sacrifice o' a pure and thankfu' heart like the righteous of old, when their honest endeavours were blest; because Cunning hath superseded Capacity, and Artifice stands in Wisdom's shoon. The Laird o' Gowkbiggin has gotten mair to answer for than original sin.' "He has gotten the sin o' ingratitude to answer for, Mrs Morrison," exclaimed the gudewife o' Balachan, with some warmth; "the shameful manner he behaved to his auld *griever* will cling to his memory for ever and ever. When that valuable man put his hand to the plough, and his shoulder to the yoke, he found the barony o' Gowkbiggin a desert wilderness, and set about removing the many causes o' its sterility. The energies o' his fertile mind were accordingly called forth, and presently the brakes, and bogs, and sooty hovels disappeared, and the meadows became green, and the fields fruitfu', and the cottages worthy o' being called the habitations o' men. I' the simplicity o' his heart, he reminded Gowkbiggin o' the snug farm and the portion o' hand-waed stock, and the pecuniary aid that had been held out as the reward o' his successfu' perseverance; and the Laird replied, that he was advanced in years, and incapable o' bestirring himsel' as heretofore, and might be very thankfu' indeed to pyke banes under his table; for the auld fallow has an unc sneering, scornfu' gate o' speaking to a' that class o' the community wha ha'e naething to gi'e awa'. When the unsuspecting man found himsel' at the mercy o' thankless hands, and beheld a family o' bairns looking him i' the face, and the illusive vision o' decent competence in auld age vanishing like morning mist, and reflected on himsel' for trusting to brittle words, the sickening prospect before him prey'd on his mind, and



wasted his strength, and gradually gathered him to his fathers, aided, no doubt, by the unworthy usage he experienced; 'for the sting o' ingratitude is even more grievous to a sensitive mind than the viper's bite. His family was soon dispersed, and the house where he dwelt became a battle-shed, and the garden at the back o't, where every flower and vegetable thrave beyond compare, gaed a' to wreck. The last time *Willie Crauford* was at our house we had a lang crack about the grieve. Willie's a queer kind o' a body, ye ken, for making rhymes and elegies; and I was just delighted wi' a wheen verses he composed, when resting his pack on the auld garden dyke, because the picture they delineate is baith true and affecting:

"In vain the fox, from glen or scroggie wood,
Steals to the lonely roofless roost unseen;

In vain the hawk looks for the fluttering brood,
That wont to stroll and chirup on the green:

"For desolate is all that skilful toil
And prudent care saw thrive with grateful joy,
Nor vestige of the good old man's turmoil
Is left to meet the sad inquiring eye.

"Not solitary shrub on garden ground
Strews its brown leaves upon the winter wind,
Nor aught remaineth now of all he own'd,
Save his good name, that lingers still behind.

"Ask of the ploughman, whistling to his team,
Or aged peasant haply passing by,
What rank he held in righteous men's esteem,
And thus the honest rustic will reply:

"Amid the greetings of well-earn'd acclaim,
With graceful care the race of life he ran;
Nor slanders sofd, nor malice gnaw'd
his name;
For envy's self allow'd he was a man

"Of warm, benevolent heart, and liberal mind,
Jocosely chearful, affable to all;
Of gentle manners, neighbourly and kind
To every one who waited on his call.

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"Yet from the kindling censure of his eye

Ev'n purse-proud Arrogance would stand aloof,

And conscious Guilt steal from its glance,
and fly

Before the candour of his calm reproof."

Jamie Scott, to whom the *auld Grieve* had been personally known, felt himself called upon to declare, that the Gowkbiggin family never had a day to do weel after he gaed to his grave. "The back o' Providence" quo' Drumbreg, "has been turned on that house ever since; and the ungratefu' treatment he met wi stands like a beacon to this day, warning all men, o' subordinate station, never mair to confide i' the sham honour o' mongrel gentility." The conversation now turned on the impolicy of employers engaging confidential servants at a low hire, and holding out large expectations, never intended to be realized, in order to stimulate their energy; for it would appear, that the overlooker in question had maintained himself and family on a pittance that we blush to name, and allowed the *expectations* to rin on i' the laird's hand, as it is termed, where they remain even unto this day; a species of chicanery that Miller Morrison reprobated in strong language, "because," quo' Thirlamwhairn, "it corrupts and vitiates the verra mortar o' society, the mutual confidence that binds us a' thegither, and if persisted in, will eventually cause every link o' the social chain to become brittle, and snap like a wheen pipe stapples."

The discourse would very probably have gone on at this rate for a couple of hours longer, more or less, had not the ardour that animated every individual breast filled Balaclan loaning with horsemen, impatient to be gone, brandishing their saplings, and calling on their Chiefs, General Dandison and Captains Morrison and Scott, to come forth; a call that certainly would have been most pointedly attended to, had not Mrs Dinwoodie briefly interposed, and induced them to suspend hostilities a little longer. "I beseech ye, sirs," quo' the gudewife, "to abstain frae violence, until we ha'e tried the effect o' peaceable means. The gudeman and me had better

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step to the castle, and consult wi' our ain Sir James, for he's a man far mair capable o' judging for the best than the like o' us. It wou'd be a dreadful thing to involve twa parishes in broil and bloodshed, without sae meikle as making the semblance o' an amicable proposal."

Mrs Dinwoodie's advice was so

exceedingly well timed, that the whole corps of saplineers, captains, subalterns, and privates, agreed, without hesitation, to await the Baronet's decision, and strictly conform themselves thereunto: a fine compliment indeed for freemen to pay, and never did an honourable man more justly deserve it.

LETTER TO W. W.

DEAR WILL, I have sat down to pen you a letter,
And as rhyme will go off so much smother and better;
Than dull rumbler prose, I have set about stringing
The few thoughts I have, to go dancing and singing;
In light leaping friskiness skipping about,
As the rhymes I find lead them to twist their way out!
I could deen myself now, to think flatt'ringly on't,
Like that dear merry creature, verse-loving Leigh Hunt,
Sitting down to pen stanzas for Moore or Lord Byron,
Full of fine-hearted cheerfulness, never to tire on;—
But, alas! unlike him, while I'm seeking a rhyme,
To come smilingly in with a musical chime,
And bring out my bright thoughts with a swell to the ear,
Full-sounding and fine, like a symphony clear,—
I find—but the devil knows wherefore—mean time,
That the thought has slipped out, just as in slips the rhyme;
And ten chances to one that the two ever meet
In a stanza at once—'twould be too great a treat!
But take them, my dear boy! for better for worse,
And when sense is a-wanting, just put up with verse!

It won't look too flatt'ring, I hope, now to tell you,
That with all your fine spirit and fancy, so well you
Have touch'd on my heart, my dear Will, that, God bless you
You'd wonder what torture 'tis to me to miss you!
How oft I look round when I hear the door open,
Half expecting to see your queer visage come pop in;
Looking big as a young breeding wench, with some jest
Which might pass for true wit, if 'twere never express'd,
And when in swims, instead, that sweet model of Venus,
Whose beauties from all other women might wear us,
Bringing in tea or supper to me, a lone elf,
With what longing, oft-times, do I say to myself,
"Good God! what I'd give now, to have him come in so,
Hitching up his lank shoulders, and pitching his chin so,
How well I would suffer his heats and his spleens,
His tetchy ill tempers, his twistings and grins,
And smooth them all off by the way that I took them,
Till even himself then no longer could brook them!
How I'd writhe myself into a laugh at his wit,
Task hardest of any! or patiently sit,
Till his faults should all fret themselves off into rest,
Leaving just some small stings of regret in my breast,
To give the rich after-scene flavour and zest!"

Oh! at such times, what choice feasts of nectar were ours!
How we bask'd amid sunshine, and revell'd in flow'rs!

How Shakespeare's deep soul was all pour'd out before us,
 And Fletcher's rich riots of luxury ran o'er us !
 And Spencer's still bowers rose in bliss to the eye,
 While a far-floating strain swell'd in melody by,
 Lapping all in Elysium ! How Milton's high song,
 Like the grand Ocean's voice, when the loud winds are strong,
 Came rolling abroad, yet oft melted away
 In sweet murmuring tones, like the summer wave's play !
 How Wordsworth shed out from his soul's inner shrine,
 A new light upon Nature, pure—lovely—divine,—
 Twining round every flower that looks up for our sight,
 Some deep dream of love—some warm-thoughted delight ;—
 And gleaming the "stray gifts" of beauty that lye
 Scatter'd wide o'er the world, for the soul's purer eye
 Pour'd them back on our hearts, in a deep-flowing tone
 Of such rapturous beauty, as made them his own !
 Then how Coleridge, sage, poet, and orator too,
 Wild weaver of visions, soul-startling and new,
 Would strike from his mystic harp sounds of strange wonder.
 That shake the deep soul like the low muttering thunder,
 And, in their wild swellings of melody, seem
 Like a voice from the dim realm of Phantom and Dream !
 Yet sweet and high thoughts, too, would blend in the song,
 And swim on the wings of proud Music along ;
 And deep tones of love, through the fine-rolling numbers,
 Breathe sweetly and purely as Infancy's slanders !
 Lloyd's sickly night-mares we'd no time to spare for,
 And monkish Bob Southey we none of us care for ;
 But leaving all such for a truer humanity,
 Pure and unhaunted by sick dreams or vanity,
 How we'd turn us to Nature's own nursling, John Keats !
 And revel deep, deep on his nectarous sweets ;
 Drinking in the warm beauty, the tremulous graces,
 The rich lights, and sweet odours, and glow of bright faces,
 Sky-tinted, whose magical influence blended,
 Pours on earth the full bliss of the Heaven he's ascended !
 How we'd bask in that luscious, yet delicate dream
 Of sweet Madeline, steep'd in the beautiful gleam
 Of the blessed moonlight, while her lover stood by !
 Or list the long-breathing and odorous sigh,
 Which swells from the kind poet's heart as he's weeping,
 With deep-thoughted grief, o'er fair Isabel, keeping
 Her sweet Basil wet with her tears !—then how long
 Would we brood o'er that lovely and tender night-song,
 Which pours such a warm gush of sorrow, touch'd finely
 With all that makes human grief soften divinely,
 Into a still heart-wrapping beauty of feeling,
 And turns into balm all the woe it is stealing ;
 Where the notes come all panting and trembling in gushes,
 And blend with each other like beautiful flushes
 Of rich golden light, on a sweet eve of autumn,
 When the quivering heads of the bright flowers have caught 'em.

How oft, when the long summer evenings come on,
 And the low panting breeze, with a sweet-swellling tone,
 Creeps windingly round me, scarce rustling my curls,
 And fawns o'er my cheek, like that cheek of my girl's !
 When the green leaves are stirr'd with mysterious tones,
 That come swimming and fainting, in tremulous moans,

With a half-dreary melody roaming around,
 And sighing away ere they pass into sound ;
 When the wide sky, in stillness and depth of repose,
 Touch'd with warm-breathing hues, like a maiden's cheek glows,
 In rich slumber, spell-bound by a vision of love,
 That steals down o'er her heart from the palm-bowers above ;
 When the languid perfumes of the wall-flow'rs and roses
 Swell soft to my sense, and the murmuring closes
 Of the far peasant's song, like a voice from some isle
 Of Arcadian loveliness, steep the warm smile
 That has risen o'er my cheek in a heart-longing tear,—
 How oft do I whisper, " Oh ! would he were here !"
 And then, in these glorious mornings, dear Will,
 How I long for you back, to walk out with me still !
 When Milton's own sky swells in majesty o'er me,
 And Wordsworth's sweet daisy is glinting before me,
 And Chaucer's own sunshine is sparkling about,
 And Hunt's tender heart's ease looks *gleamingly* out,—
 (Like the love-breathing eye of a girl that you know,
 When my beating cheek sleeps on her bosom of snow !)
 When Coleridge's myrtle springs light from its stalk,
 And all other fine flowers are brightening my walk,
 Which the poets have sung to their merry heart-dances,
 And tipp'd with new tints from their delicate fancies,—
 When Keats's dear spirit, immortally fair,
 In a flush of warm beauty floats by on the air,
 Waving sighs of delicious love from his wings,
 And pouring all Heaven in the song that he sings ;
 Breathing dew on the roses and nectarous balm,
 And stirring with low tones of beauty the palm,
 That trembles and heaves to the deep-thrilling sighs,
 And waves its broad leaves o'er the sounds as they rise ;
 And when o'er me the morning lark revels in song,
 And swims on the proud breeze that sways him along,
 His quivering wings bath'd in the sparkling sun-light,
 And trembling all o'er with a flush of delight ;—
 Then conquering each cheek by the warm pulse of love,
 Swells up like a thought to the blue Heaven above !
 Oh God ! could I breathe in my verse but one note
 Of the warm gushing sweetness that streams from that throat !
 Could I catch but one tone of such eloquent love
 As stirs the pure heart of that sky-lark above,
 And is pour'd o'er the wide list'ning air that all glows
 In a deep hushing trance of low-breathing repose,
 And thrill'd with fond stirrings of love by the measure,
 In murmuring and trembling, and blushing with pleasure !
 Ah ! then I might sing, and my song might call forth
 The warm pulses of good that lie stifled in earth !
 Might wake the high thought that now slumbers, and fill
 With the deep stream of love hearts all torpid and chill !

But you know these high fancies are out of my way,
 And my sluggish soul lyes so bedaub'd in its clay,
 That would old Dr Slop take the trouble to try,
 He could mount on his Fancy's wings higher than I !
 There are others (thank God for't !) whose proud swelling thought
 On the fine wings of Fancy can mount up and float
 In the pure fields of ether, afar from the mud
 Of this dim dirty world ; and who pour forth a flood
 Of such beautiful dreamings, as may kindle and cheer
 Even the chill dnsty souls that are toiling on here !

One soother and softener, too, Heaven has placed
 By our sides on the earth, like a flower in the waste,
 That sheds its still odours, and sweetens the gale,
 That breathes o'er the dim brow all rugged and pale,
 Smoothing off every wrinkle that care has plow'd o'er,
 And breathing the warm hue of health there once more !
 Ah ! when Nature has touch'd with her spirit the face,
 And moulded each movement to frankness and grace,
 And nested her brood of kind thoughts in the breast,
 What a creature is woman !—how blessing and blest !
 What a halo of love o'er her image is cast,
 That plays round the present, and brightens the past !
 How she tempers man's turbulent spirit to bear,
 And makes the home heaven which is given to her care !

But you see I am nibbling at subjects too high,
 So, to check it at once, I must bid you good-bye.

N. R.

ON NOVEL-WRITING AND POETRY.

THERE is no peculiarity which so much distinguishes modern literature, as the minute and faithful pictures which it gives of human nature and of society, in every conceivable situation, and in all their endless varieties. Perhaps novel-writing may claim a large share of credit for the strong and steady light which has been thus thrown on the most obscure conditions of life, and on the most secret workings of the human character. Novel-writers may be considered as the light-troops, which penetrate those intricate thickets and defiles that could not be approached by heavier and more regular forces : or their mode of surveying human nature may be compared to that of a foot-passenger, in a beautiful country, who wanders at his ease through its closest recesses, and discovers many new views of nature, and many unexplored beauties, which are unknown and inaccessible to the traveller who never leaves his gilded chariot. The novel-writer presents human nature in undress. He takes her by surprise, in her most engaging, because unstudied, attitudes and expressions. He is not hampered by any artificial rules, as to poetic dignity, in subject or language. His maxim is, "*Nil humanum a me alienum puto.*" Whatever lies within the compass of human nature or probability, and is calculated to find its way to the human heart, is fairly within the reach of his exertions. He may change the scene, at plea-

sure, from the palace to the cottage—from the humorous to the pathetic—from the ludicrous to the sublime ; or he may alternate and intermingle, in one scene, characters and incidents possessing all these different qualities, and his readers will be only the more delighted and astonished at the splendid melo-drama which he thus makes to pass before them. One would almost think that this mode of writing had been invented for the very purpose of escaping from all restraints, except those which the unsophisticated feelings of human nature might impose upon human genius, and of proving that mankind could not fail to be interested, even in defiance of artificial rules, by talents that could pursue and depict human character, with unconquered versatility, in its most evanescent features, and its quickest fluctuations. Many great writers have verified separate parts of this description ; but there is only one who has appropriated the whole, by embracing, within the grasp of his mighty and versatile genius, the wide range of nature and imagination. He is the confessor of past ages, who reveals to us, with pardonable treachery, their secret feelings, sins, and frailties ; and has woven them into many a tissue of anecdote and adventure, that throws far more light on the interior mechanism, and true progress of former times, than those abstracts of public events, and splendid achievements, or crimes, which

alone the dignity of the historian permits him to detail.

Novel-writing, independently of its own peculiar fascinations, has contributed greatly to increase the materials for poetry; and has given it infinitely more variety and effect, by widening the range of those human characters which it professed to represent, as well as of those persons to whom it is addressed. It has disclosed to us those hidden sources of interest and attraction, which exist more or less in the lowliest individuals, and the most obscure conditions, whenever human interests are at stake, and human passions, or human energy, are called forth. The freedom of the novelist from all trammels, has given him boldness to achieve unexpected discoveries, as to the almost boundless variety and extent of interest arising from the delineation of human nature, in all its different aspects; and he is led to draw his portraits fresh from nature, with the same air of bold and graceful negligence in which he observed the originals. From this source, poetry also borrows a more natural tone, and imbibes a spirit of greater vigour and variety. Those conventional rules, which had limited its efforts to a certain class of characters, and prescribed to it a monotonous staidness of style, from which it was accounted bad taste to deviate, have been gradually disregarded; and it now professes (though under far greater restraint) to delineate, like novel-writing, every scene in nature, every feeling of the human heart, and every variety of human character, which can excite interest. Not only great events and striking adventures, but the quiet and unvaried scenes of private or domestic life,—the visions of philosophical retirement,—the feelings, habits, and pursuits of the humblest society,—in short, every class and condition of life, have thus become the sources of poetical interest. For it is no paradox to assert, that there is food for poetry in the humblest bosom where human passions dwell; wherever there is a spark of amiable or honourable feeling, that feeling can kindle the sympathy of others; and it is the poet's task to adapt it for this purpose. It is the triumph of

his art, to extract the genuine ore of fancy and feeling, from the dross of low and sordid passions with which it may be encrusted in actual life; and the more extensively he can practise this art, in every department of human character, the more abundant will be the store of materials that he accumulates, and the more universal and permanent will be the sympathy that he excites among different classes of society, by the adaptation of his efforts to their various feelings and conceptions. In thus attempting to widen the dominions of poetry, many extravagances have been committed, and many subjects and characters introduced, totally unsusceptible of poetical interest. But the general result has been, to increase, in an incalculable degree, the resources of the poet, and to bestow upon poetry a vigour, variety, and extent, which have scarcely any perceivable limit, amidst the diversity of human events, and the endless fluctuation of human passions.

These united results of novel-writing and poetry have given to one quality, which is the life and soul of both—*viz.* poetical; *athos*—a much more natural, and consequently more durable sort of interest, than it formerly possessed. By the causes which have been now mentioned, the sphere of human sympathy is diversified and enlarged. A medium has thus been contrived, through which the different classes of society become mutually familiarized with each other's characters, habits, and pursuits. There is a much greater store, also, and a greater variety of poetical character than before, through the introduction into poetry of characters drawn from the middling and lower classes of society. Their lives probably furnish more incidents than those of the higher classes, because they are liable to greater vicissitudes; their characters are more marked, being brought out in greater vigour and diversity, by the over-ruling, and frequently various circumstances of their condition, than those whose situation is more uniform, and less exposed to the operation of chance; they are not so much formed, as those who are in a higher class, after one artificial model; and, as their

feelings and passions are more energetic than those of the higher classes, so the expression of them is more unrestrained and impetuous. It is easy, therefore, to conceive, what has been fully proved by experience, that these classes furnish the best materials for poetical or dramatic effect, and the richest store of original character. There is something, too, both new and uncommon to the higher classes, in the "annals of the poor," and in the simple feelings that they call forth, which render the pathos connected with their failings and misfortunes more touching than in characters drawn from higher life. It may, likewise, be observed, that, by a free communication, and liberal sympathy with the feelings and characters of all the different classes in society, the characters of the higher classes themselves become bolder and more original. In this country, where there is a free interchange of sentiment, in real life, between the different ranks of the community, and a thorough familiarity with each other's characters, derived from actual experience, as well as from description, the higher orders have acquired, chiefly by that means, a character much more manly and unsophisticated, than in those countries where they form a class separate from the people, and impose on each other, in the progress of false refinement, a standard of character and manner, equally remote from nature and from popular feelings. The free selection, therefore, of characters for poetry and novel-writing, from all the different classes of society, not only increases the actual store of characters, but renders those characters in higher life, which had been always considered as legitimate subjects of delineation, more available for the purposes of description and effect than they ever were before. * In this way, the stores of poetical pathos become richer and more diversified; and poets, having a wider range than they had before, are not so much tempted to give way to refinement and extravagance of feeling, but borrow largely from the pathos of nature, in whatever character or condition of life it may appear. Accordingly, we see that the humble ranks of life often afford the most pathetic scenes to the

novelist and the poet. Crabbe, the statistical poet of humble life, introduces, perhaps, into his Dutch paintings of village-character, too much minuteness of detail, and too many incidents and traits of character, that are tedious, because they have little meaning or interest; but his pathos, when he is pathetic, goes directly to the heart, from its simplicity; and the very details which he connects with it, give it as permanent a place in our memory like something real which we have witnessed. The magical art of Goldsmith and Campbell, without violating the probabilities of humble and domestic life, adorns their most obscure and their loveliest scenes with beautiful colours of virtue and enthusiasm, which we cannot bear to think delusive, and points out to us the enchantments of which even the ordinary course of life is susceptible, and which we would fain persuade ourselves, from their seductive descriptions, that it had sometimes realized. The Lake School of Poets, in spite of all that childishness, and that perverse attachment to mean or trivial objects, which often make them ridiculous, when they intend to be pathetic, have unquestionably given a poetical interest, that was never felt before, to simple, and even infantine affections—to the feelings of the humblest characters—or to emotions springing up amidst retirement, without incident or dramatic interest to recommend them: and this great triumph they have achieved, either by reporting such incidents and feelings with the most severe simplicity, as they took place in nature, or by throwing around them the splendid illusions of fancy, so that they appear to be connected with a race of beings not of this world*. But natural pathos has probably reached still greater perfection in novels, because the familiarity of their descriptions domesticates us, as it were, more completely than poetry can do, in the most touching scenes of humble life, and brings them directly to our hearts, by a homeliness of detail, which could not be attempted, according to the received notions of poetry. The only aim of the novelist is to affect us by

* *Vide* Wilson's Poems.

a representation of nature. His style is susceptible of the utmost sublimity and pathos; but he is also free to descend, without any breach of propriety, to the utmost simplicity and plainness. The style of poetry, on the other hand, is elevated, by custom, above that of prose. The best poetry, certainly, is that which carries away our attention entirely from the style, by force of thought or feeling, and splendour of fancy. But such an object cannot be obtained by neglecting the style. On the contrary, our attention is forcibly recalled to the style, by this very neglect; and no other excellencies can atone for the want of that dignity and elegance, without which there can be no poetry. The poet is therefore restrained from indulging in that familiarity of phrase or allusion, by which the novel-writer is often enabled to give his portraits a greater air of life and reality. He may approximate very nearly to the language and feelings of actual life, but he cannot transcribe them, as the novelist often does, without alteration or embellishment. There is a limit, not very easily defined, though sufficiently clear in practice, beyond which he cannot pass, consistently with poetical effect. But the novelist is liable to no restraint, excepting this,—that the characters and scenes which he describes shall be fitted to excite human sympathy; and therefore he is quite at liberty to be dignified or familiar, to captivate his reader by splendour of fancy and eloquence, or touch him by pathetic simplicity; to choose his characters from the humblest station, and clothe them in all their natural loveliness, provided they are better fitted, by that means, to touch the feelings. What, accordingly, can be more affecting, than those scenes in which the Great Novelist throws aside all the disguise of adventitious rank and splendour, that he may expose to our view the unrestrained workings of nature,—the ungovernable passion of grief, for instance, as displayed in the fisherman's cottage, (in the *Antiquary*.) upon the death of his son,—the pure sisterly affection and unconscious heroism of Jeanie Deans,—or the fearful pathos with which Meg Merrilies denounces the fate of El-

langowan? In these, and a thousand other instances, the pathos is rendered more intense, by the plainness of language, and familiarity of allusion, which place the character or scene before our eyes, and give it at once a local habitation in our bosoms. It may, perhaps, be thought national to remark, that the Scottish peasantry are peculiarly adapted to awaken this kind of interest, by the circumstance of being better educated, and consequently not so mechanical in their habits, but, on the contrary, more reflective and imaginative than the peasantry of most other nations; a disposition of mind that is not a little heightened by the deep and enduring influence of a pure and simple religion, which has long given dignity to their character, and purity, as well as strength, to their affections. But however this may be, there can be no doubt that novel-writing is susceptible of much greater pathos, from the facility and freedom with which it can delineate this kind of characters; and that poetry, also, has greatly augmented both the extent and the efficacy of its resources, in proportion as it has been able to approximate to the same style of delineation.

We have hitherto considered chiefly, that species of the pathetic which adheres pretty closely to the standard of nature, and presents its scenes and characters as nearly as possible, with the same accompaniments that they might be supposed to exhibit in actual life. This is certainly the most effectual means of touching the heart. But very different modes of producing this effect (and some of them displaying great genius) have been adopted. In the first place, we may notice what may perhaps be called the Sentimental style of writings. The professed object of this species of writing, is to touch the softer feelings, and, with this view, it indulges chiefly in tender scenes and melting descriptions. The author does not profess to exclude misery from his descriptions, for without that there could be no pathos; but he carefully avoids all those details which might render it disgusting, and introduces only so much of it as is necessary to complete an affecting picture of elegant distress.

But the woes on which he loves most to expatiate, are those of the heart ; for it is in sympathizing with these that we may indulge the luxury of grief, in its unalloyed purity. His heroes are, therefore, often "craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love," and his heroines beautiful angelic creatures, with no other fault than excess of feeling, which is apt to overflow in favour of some male creature equally delightful, of whom an old uncle or sober husband is unreasonably jealous. *Hinc illor lachrymæ.* The feelings of the unfortunate pair, who, of course, are merely enamoured of virtue, in the persons of each other, ("for even their failings lean to virtue's side,") speedily get the better of their reason and remorse ; discovery, poisoning, or suicide, soon close the scene ; while the dying lovers breathe out to the last all their former tenderness, and engross our whole regret and admiration. It is almost needless to say, that many works of this class differ exceedingly from the sketch now given, both in their leading features and in their details, although all of them coincide with it in this respect, that they delight to keep the sluices of the heart constantly open, and rather chuse to luxuriate amidst perpetual sorrow, than to represent the world as it really is, with its capricious alternations of grief and joy, and with that truly dramatic mixture of good and evil, which forms the ground-work of most of its actual characters. No one who has read the admirable works of this class, which have been written both in our own language, and more especially in French, can doubt that it is a style of writing susceptible of great genius and eloquence. But, as the greatest luxuries are apt to pall soonest on the taste, so, perpetual appeals to the softer feelings become at last monotonous and tiresome. It proves the existence of a manlier and more rational taste, that this style of writing appears to have fallen lately into disrepute, and that men prefer the vigour and variety derived from a closer imitation of nature. This sentimental style of writing may probably have a pernicious effect, sometimes, upon very young people, by furnishing arms to the imagination and

the passions, when they are almost ready of themselves to overpower reason ; and the tendency of such writings, even to nourish benevolence, is rather doubtful, since the habit of sympathy with the scenes of elegant distress described in them, serve rather to create a disgust for the coarse and vulgar appendages of real misery. But this tendency to pervert the imagination or the feelings is chargeable only against such works when taken by themselves : it is easily modified or corrected, by a rational and judicious education, and, under this correction, such works may be of eminent use in refining the taste and softening the heart.

There is another kind of the pathetic which has been attempted in some instances with considerable success, viz. that which, instead of presenting a full picture, gives only a few significant traits of character or feeling, leaving it to our imagination to fill up the rest. The *Man of Feeling*, Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, and many passages in Sterne's other works, must at once occur to every one as examples of this species of writing. It cannot fail to be occasionally successful, as it often happens that a single circumstance, stated by itself, awakens a more numerous train of kindred associations and feelings, than if it had been encumbered with an elaborate description. But it is impossible that it should be successful as an habitual style of writing. The ordinary course of events and characters is made up of many details, and the author who wishes to draw a picture agreeable to nature, must embody a number of these details, although not to such an extent as may distract or weary the reader. Neither human events, nor human feelings, are often wound up to such a pitch, as that they can be hit off by one stroke of the pencil, or summed up in a single word ; and, therefore, if an author indulges habitually in this style of delineation, he goes out of nature, and forces his style into an artificial emphasis ; contrives unnatural situations, with the view of creating an opportunity for his favourite art of delineating objects by a single trait ; and at last, wearies and disgusts the reader, by a succession of laboured attempts at this

kind of energy, which, as they are inapplicable to the ordinary course of events or characters, must be frequently abortive.

But there is a school of pathos and energy, which has been lately much more celebrated than any of these, from the splendid genius with which it is adorned, viz. that which professes to represent ungovernable passion, revelling amidst the pleasures of life, without restraint from prudence or principle, and adopting at last, from satiety and disappointment, the maxim that "all is vanity;" satirizing alternately with the bitterness of a cynic, and the levity of a libertine, those habits of social and domestic life, which cannot be enjoyed without the cultivation of serene and contented feelings, with which such violent passion is inconsistent; and expressing an unconquerable aversion for the world, and for all human pursuits, founded on a brief and superficial experience, which, being spent in the hasty pursuits of passion, without any serious attempt to cultivate friendship or sympathy, has necessarily ended in spleen and mortification. Such a character forms an admirable vehicle for giving a rapid sketch of all the leading pleasures and pursuits of human life, with that spirit of satire which lends point and energy to description. There is a boundless field for pathos and talent of every kind, in describing, with all the force of moral painting, those objects in which man most strongly sympathizes, and the passions which they excite; and the author, after he has wound up our feelings to the highest pitch, by his eloquence, exalts the mystical grandeur of his assumed character, by pouring contempt on the emotions he has raised, and declaring, that whatever rouses the strongest sympathy of others, has no longer any power over him. If any stories are written in this poetical vein, they will relate, of course, to beings whose strong passions have hurried them into crimes that arm society against them, and who, being still sufficiently under the impulse of passion to justify their conduct to themselves, consider themselves as the injured parties, and resolve to avenge the wrongs they have done to society, as if these were wrongs which

they had suffered. Linked with the fortunes of such a misanthropic hero, the object, and generally the victim of his passion, is some form of more than human beauty, and more than feminine tenderness; whose mild and unresisting submission to suffering forms a strong relief to his dark ferocity, and who yet sheds a ray of human feeling over the gloom of his character, by showing, that he who had lost all sympathy for others, had concentrated all his affections in her. The prototypes of such characters, and the occasions for displaying them, are happily not to be found in British society; they must be sought for in those half-barbarous countries, where mankind are divided into tyrants and slaves, tormentors and victims,—where one class of society makes another the unresisting sufferers of their passion and cruelty. These subjects afford scope for some striking delineations, and abound in tragical results; but they want variety. The violent passions do not admit of variety, because they are of rare occurrence, and lead only to great catastrophes, but do not connect themselves in the least with that train of ordinary incidents which form the chief source of variety in the drama of human life. Nothing could have given to the characters now alluded to the interest they have excited, but the powerful genius that ushered them into notice, who has entered into the very life and spirit of the gloomy characters which he delights to paint,—infused into them a true vein of enthusiasm and feeling, which, assuredly, never were consistent with the actions that he imputes to them,—and has thus turned the arms of society against itself, by describing that morbid refinement of feeling which is peculiar to civilized life, as the prevailing disposition, and the implied apology of characters, whose habits are at war with all social existence. The general idea of his performances is not new, although it never before met with so admirable an expositor. Rousseau has expended the happiest efforts of his genius and eloquence, in attacking the established forms of society, and in endeavouring to show,—so as to fill the imagination at least, if not to satisfy the reason,—how

actions, which are commonly esteemed vicious, may be consistent with the loftiest feelings, and the purest notions of virtue. Many writers of the German school have carried the same system to its utmost height, and seem, one would think, to have tried the experiment how far it was possible to connect virtuous motives with bad actions. The extravagancies into which this system has often hurried them, bears the same relation to real genius and feeling that fanaticism bears to true piety. It is the English poet, however, who has given this system more than its true value, by the adventitious ornaments with which he has invested it. The splendid and often just moral sentiments which he utters, as to the nothingness of human pursuits—the unrivalled beauty and life of his descriptions—his singular skill in analysing the feelings of darkness, and placing human passion before us, in its fervent ecstasy or ungovernable fury—these, with his many other great qualities, give a sacredness to every subject which he touches, and invest his characters with an appearance of inspiration, which they owe solely to his genius.

But such characters, however powerfully delineated, cannot excite a deep or permanent sympathy, since they take possession chiefly of the fancy, and scarcely ever reach the heart. It requires a violent effort of the imagination to throw ourselves out of our habitual sympathies and associations, and to derange our minds so far as to place them in accordance with the feelings of those extraordinary beings whom the poet represents to us. His genius may produce a momentary belief, that the illusions which he places before us are realities; that the headstrong passions and perverted principles which he adorns with all the blandishments of poetry, are the only lights of human nature; and that the principles and feelings of those whom we have hitherto considered as wise and good, are full of error and deception. It would be too much to say, that we do not sometimes even feel pleasure in this temporary delusion; for true genius can give a magical charm to the most unnatural emotions. But, while we

remain subject to this influence, we are spell-bound, as under the wand of an enchanter:—the train of feeling which the poet makes us follow may be coherent, as the thoughts of lunatics often are; but it is not less unfit than they are, to stand the test of reality; and we gladly escape, at last, from the state of unnatural ecstasy, or self-created sorrow, to which he has condemned us, into the cheerful day-light of actual life and nature. His genius, however, would probably not have been so distinguished in any other course as it has been in this; for genius, more than any other mental gift, receives an impulse from early habits and associations, which marks out the precise path in which it is destined to excel. It is in vain to argue that more excellence would have been attained in another course; every effort made by the author, in another department, would have probably been laboured and fruitless: it is only in that path to which his own propensities have guided him, that his genius feels all the vigour of a spontaneous existence. The advices, therefore, of critics, as to the works which a poet should undertake, are often useless, since they direct him to objects from which his inclination, the indispensable guide of his genius, feels totally averse. We ought thankfully to receive the exertions of genius, even in the species of writing now alluded to, (when they are not pernicious to morality), as affording us a new store of enjoyment, and as adding a new region to the wide dominions of intellect. But it is impossible for any strength of genius to conceal that such subjects afford much more scanty materials for poetry, and produce much less heartfelt enjoyment than others which are more agreeable to nature. Even in the works of the poet so often alluded to, amidst their numberless excellencies, there is a frequent monotony; the same character is reproduced, in successive poems, under different forms; the same train of sentiment is repeated, with new illustrations; the same headstrong passions rage again before us with results similar in kind, though different in their details; in short, all the rich ornaments of genius and poetry are lavished, in vain, to dis-

guise from us the lurking features of that fearful spirit, which has possessed our thoughts, under all its various incarnations, and arrested our attention to the war which it appears to wage, incessantly, with society and nature. The poet himself appears, indeed, to have been at last tired of the perpetual gloominess of his muse, and has, on several occasions, exchanged it for a vein of levity not less portentous, in which he treats, with bitter ridicule and scorn, those habits and feelings which were formerly the subjects of his invective and indignation. He sometimes even places the riddle and its solution in still closer contact, when he raises our feelings, in one verse, to the highest pitch, by the most daring efforts of poetry, and derides, in the next, the enthusiasm which he had kindled. The strong emotions excited by his serious poetry, which leaves on our minds the disheartening impression, that the manners and institutions of society are at war with human happiness, cannot be more effectually removed than by his lighter poems, in which he laughs at all serious emotion whatever. The latter afford a tolerable parody on the former, and illustrate what is at any rate tolerably clear, that his serious misanthropy must be merely a passing mood of the fancy, since his genius which created, can, almost at pleasure, dispel the illusion. It may, perhaps, be thought that the fierce invective which he directs against society, and the levity with which he would persuade us to despise it, both arise from the same distorted views of human nature; and that such views are too alien from ordinary feelings and experience, to excite any enduring interest, or afford sufficient materials for poetry. The poet who opens his fancy and his heart with least reserve to the impressions arising from nature and society, will rather be led to regard human life with an agreeable feeling of curiosity and sympathy, tending occasionally to pity for the faults and

errors of humanity, but seldom sharpened into hatred, and always mixed with delight and wonder at the phenomena of intellect and passion, exemplified under a thousand forms, in the eager contentions and keen enjoyments of the great drama that is constantly passing and changing before him. The feeling naturally produced by such a scene may be often grave and contemplative, but scarcely ever misanthropic; and it is frequently cheerful and joyous. This, accordingly, has been the temper of those great poets whose minds have been most extensively imbued with a knowledge of human life, and whose works are treasures of information regarding human nature, as well as imperishable monuments of genius. The works of Shakespeare, and all the other great English dramatists, of Milton, Goldsmith, Campbell, Scott, and of the Great Novelist, abound in those cheering and indulgent views of human nature, which appear generally to increase as our experience enlarges, and as we acquire a deeper insight into the human character. It was not by a repulsive contempt for human feelings and pursuits, but by entering into them with the keenest sympathy—in short, by living in imagination the characters which they portrayed—that many of these great men have been able to give us pictures of human character, which are only surpassed in vigour and variety by Nature herself. In this way alone can a poet expect to excite permanent interest, or to obtain enduring fame. On the whole, it is not unpleasant to reflect, that those views of mankind which are derived from the widest observation, are generally the most favourable; and that a love of virtue, accompanied with an indulgent sympathy for human failings, and a warm interest in human happiness, is not merely founded on true philosophy, but is the only feeling sufficiently congenial with human nature, to form a permanent source even of poetical interest.

SWITZERLAND; OR A JOURNAL OF A TOUR AND RESIDENCE IN THAT COUNTRY, IN THE YEARS 1817, 1818, AND 1819: FOLLOWED BY AN HISTORICAL SKETCH ON THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HELVETIA, &c. BY LOUIS SIMOND, AUTHOR OF JOURNAL OF A TOUR AND RESIDENCE IN GREAT BRITAIN, DURING THE YEARS 1810 AND 1811. TWO VOLS. OCTAVO. LONDON: 1822.

WE have transcribed the title of this book in English, although it was in French that we first met with it—and we begin with advising such of our readers, as are at home in the latter language, to study the work in its original form. We believe, indeed, that M. Simond is author of the translation, no less than of the French original; but we do not think that in English he has given a very fair view of his own book. It is not exactly a translation; it is rather another original. The alterations do not seem improvements, and there is not that flow and colouring of language which render the French work a composition of great beauty and eloquence. M. Simond once wrote better English than he does now. This is not at all surprising, since he has of late resided so much on the Continent; the wonder was, that he at any time wrote our language better, we believe, than had ever been done by a foreigner. It is scarcely possible, too, to give to a work the same interest or beauty, when it is new-modelled, as it possessed in its first form, at least, if it was originally a work of excellence. Several great poets have attempted to make *refranchimenti* of their most perfect performances, but seldom with success. Tasso and Akenside have failed remarkably. Had M. Simond written first in English, however imperfect the composition might have been, yet we question if he could have conveyed into another form of the same work, although in the French language, the original animation and vivacity. How then must he have failed when this process was reversed—when he employed himself, not in translating, but in giving a spiritless likeness—getting up “a

wan fraternal shade,” in a language with which he was but imperfectly conversant, of the glowing and brilliant picture which he had already executed in the fresh colours of his native tongue*! We think it right to mention this, because, as the English work will naturally come into the hands of most readers in this country, they will by no means be aware of its great merit as a work of eloquent description. For our own parts, we are glad that we first perused it in French, as we are sure our imaginations could not otherwise have been so warmed with the pictures which this admirable tourist has drawn. A writer of feeling and judgment can make almost any description of nature or of man strike upon some chords that carry it to the heart. The author of the *Pirate* has given to the barren and naked landscape, even of Ultima Thule, an interest which the scenes of Greece or of Italy could not inspire, if described by a tame or indiscriminating observer. But M. Simond has here found a field fully equal to his powers, and such as to awaken all his research and inquiry. He has, in truth, beat it in all its bearings, with infinite activity and sagacity—he has tried, alike, “what the open, what the covered yield;” and much as it has formerly been explored, we doubt much whether Switzerland has, till now, found an observer who was so well qualified either to appreciate its beauties, to give a candid and correct view of its inhabitants and their institutions, to open so many pleasing and novel aspects of their history, or to present the whole varied sketch to his readers, in words and thoughts so well adapted to rouse a multitude of reflections, and to find a thousand avenues into the secret soul. It is this character of mind, indeed, which is worth every thing else in a

* What if all this fine speculation turns on an error, and if the English was the original work? Should this supposition prove to be correct, the observations above made will still, *mutatis mutandis*, apply. The French, in that case, is an improved picture taken from a rude, unfinished sketch. But why has M. Simond published the unfinished work, to the prejudice of the other, and of his fame?

writer. Heights of mountains, the numbers of inhabitants in any given city or district, private anecdotes, literary gossip—these any body may give; and when they are given, any one may forget, and be no less wise than though he had never read them; but the wonderful appearances of Nature, reflected in all their grandeur and beauty, from a mind that can tinge them with appropriate sentiments, or can even hang upon them unexpected and yet suitable reflections,—the peculiarities of national manners, seen through the prism of an exact discrimination, yet coloured with all the hopeful hues of candour and philanthropy,—that spirit of deep and serious thought which hovers over all the picture of material and moral nature, and feels itself on sacred ground, whether it dives into the periods of time before the records of creation, or traces, along its puzzled clue, the eventful history of man;—these are the prominent features of books which rouse the attention and sympathy of readers, while they derive from them that unfading instruction, which mingles with the kindred workings of their own minds. M. Simond possesses in great perfection this stimulating energy; and we must admit that he has here been in no want of materials to set it a working. Indeed, we know not if any country possesses so many peculiar sources of interest as Switzerland, whether we consider its physical features, the character of its inhabitants, or the antiquity and singular revolutions of its history.

It is here that we find Nature in her most varied and mysterious aspects, with all that is most magnificent and beautiful in the present order of creation, and with those singular traces of a former world, which go deep into the abysses of time. It is here, too, that we find some of the most awful phenomena of Nature—those tremendous operations, which sweep before them man, and all his little devices, and bring into play that terrible and irresistible power, which, though every where around us, and possessing, in all places alike, the means of crushing us into a seeming non-existence, yet is only more peculiarly exerted in certain regions of the globe. In some, the element

of destruction is fire, with all its rage and fury; in others, internal tremors deface, in a moment, the labours of centuries on the surface, and crush man under his own works: in Switzerland, the devastation produced by water and ice, and the different accidents of the mountains, are no less ruinous in their effects, or appalling in their appearances; and their contrast with the beautiful nature, and the human happiness which they overwhelm, is, perhaps, more striking in these peaceful vallies, than in any other less enviable region.

The people of these mountain districts are not unsuitable to them. There is among them that proverbial love of their native land which no other scenes can change—there is the simplicity of ancient manners—there is a courage, tried no less in the present times than in the most heroic periods of their history—there are here all the elements of a virtuous and great nation; and it is only their division into so many petty republics, which has prevented them from attaining, as it were, the character of a nation, or of realizing the name of Great. There is the want, therefore, of a powerful and undivided interest. We see, rather a nursery of the human race, divided into little beds and compartments, than a mighty and vigorous forest of men. There is no great sweep of history in which they act a part of their own, on the theatre of nations; but to an observer, who loves to trace microscopically the varieties of the human plant, and all its latent germs, within a small compass of ground, the history of Switzerland affords specimens of every kind, both in the wild shoots of nature, the influence of culture—the genuine perfection, and the corruption of the species.

There is a very remarkable difference, no doubt, in the history of this people from that with which we might be apt to compare it—the history of the ancient republics of Greece or Italy. M. Simond is pleased to trace, in the republic of Berne or Zurich, in certain periods of its story, points of comparison, in which it seemed to come close upon the character of the Roman republic, and where, if similarly circumstanced, it might probably have run the

same proud career of conquest and aggrandizement. But the different circumstances of modern Europe, which prevented any military power from breaking out from obscurity, and contending with so many established dominions every where around, —themselves in a state of progress to civilization, and by no means weak or declining—have completely damped, in the Swiss republics, the native energy of that species of government, and confined their political ambition within narrow limits ; while, at the same time, there might still be individual displays of all the virtue, the heroism, and the wisdom, which, in the more favourable circumstances of antiquity, enabled the statesmen and warriors of communities not much more extensive than theirs, to fill so large a space in the history of mankind. There is, however, something very fascinating in the Swiss history. It unites, in a singular manner, with all times, and with the whole crowded map of the human race. In the earliest period there are traditions, which connect these sequestered, and then scarcely-discovered deserts, with the first obscure events of the Grecian history. Then Helvetia comes more distinctly into view, in the progress of Roman greatness, and in the clear narrative of “ the mighty Julius.” We have several notices of it, too, in the decline of the empire ; and there are distinct connections between the Swiss history and the progress of the Gothic nations in Europe. The overwhelming horde of Attila swept over these valleys ; they formed part of the empire of Charlemagne ; and they were next marked out, as divided into baronial domains, into rich church possessions, or as gradually united to free and commercial cities. Within this miniature frame we see something of the whole progressive picture of Europe : till at last the bright torch of Liberty flames upon the canvass, and throws a light, in no other part of Europe equally brilliant or concentrated. This rises, at first, among sturdy peasants, and in districts previously scarce known to have existed, and which, it is even supposed, had been overlooked, under the minute despotism of Rome. But cities come, by degrees, to join

in the federal union ; which gradually acquires a character of respectability abroad, and becomes the nursery of soldiers, who find their chief employment in foreign service, and bring home wealth, and habits of expence, not conducive to the virtue of their country. Then, amidst the freedom of institutions, the freedom of opinion likewise kindles. Switzerland leads the way in the Reformation ; in Huss and Jerome, it had the first martyrs of reformation when it was kept down by united councils, cased in all the panoply of church imposition. Then, in four succeeding centuries, it produced Zuinglius and Calvin ; and since their time, the lights, both true and false, of modern times, have reached its recesses ; the storm of the French Revolution passed over it like another Attila ; and it is once more reposing amidst its restored republics, and again visited by wondering and speculating travellers.

Such is a very imperfect sketch of that history which M. Simond unfolds, with great spirit, and with much feeling of his subject, in his second volume—entirely an historical work. To the first volume, however, we must chiefly confine ourselves, and seek for some extracts, to justify to our readers the praise we have bestowed on the work, and to excite them to study it for themselves. We begin with the first burst of Swiss scenery, in descending upon the lake of Neuchâtel :

Soon after passing the frontiers of the two countries, the view, heretofore bounded by near objects, woods and pastures, rocks and snows, opened all at once upon the Canton de Vaud and upon half Switzerland ; a vast extent of undulating country, tufted woods and fields, and silvery streams and lakes ; villages and towns, with their antique towers, and their church steeples shining in the sun.

The lake of Neuchâtel, far below on the left, and those of Morat and of Vienne, like mirrors set in deep frames, contrasted by the tranquillity of their lucid surfaces, with the dark shades, and broken grounds and ridges of the various landscape. Beyond this vast extent of country, its villages and towns, woods, lakes, and mountains ; beyond all terrestrial objects.—beyond the horizon itself, rose a long range of aerial forms of the softest, pale pink hue ; these were the high Alps, the

rampart of Italy, from Mont-Blanc, in Savoy, to the glaciers of the Oberland, and even farther. Their angle of elevation seen from this distance is very small indeed; faithfully represented in a drawing, the effect would be insignificant; but the aerial perspective amply restored those proportions lost in the mathematical perspective.

The human mind thirsts after immensity and immutability, and duration without bounds, but it needs some tangible object as a point of rest from which to take its flight, something present to lead to futurity, something bounded from whence to rise to the infinite. This vault of the heavens over our heads, sinking all terrestrial objects into absolute nothingness, might seem best fitted to awaken the creative powers of the mind; but mere space is not a perceptible object, to which we can readily apply a scale, while the Alps, seen at a glance between heaven and earth, met, as it were, on the confines of the regions of fancy and of sober reality, are there like written characters, traced by a divine hand, suggesting thoughts such as human language never reached.

Coming down the Jura, a long descent brought us to what appeared a plain, but which proved a varied country, with hills and dales, divided into neat enclosures of hawthorn in full bloom, and large hedge-row trees, mostly walnut, oak, and ash; it had altogether very much the appearance of the most beautiful parts of England, although the enclosures were on a smaller scale, and cottages less neat and ornamented; they differed entirely from France, where the dwellings are always collected in villages, the fields all open, and without trees. Numerous streams of the clearest water crossed the road, and watered very fine meadows. The houses, built of stones, low, broad, and mossy, either thatched or covered with heavy wooden shingles, and shaded with magnificent walnut-trees, might all have furnished studies to an artist.

The following is a specimen of the scenery of Mount Jura:

One of the most beautiful parts of the Jura is that where the *dent-de-vaulion* is situated, with the source of the Orbe and its falls. We set out early on a fine morning, unseen, to visit it, and our charr-a-banc reached the village of Ballaigne in five hours, stopping in the way at the *Grotte aux fées*; a cavern, from the mouth of which, as from a balcony, at an upper window, you look down some hundred feet on the torrent of the Orbe, in its deep bed of rocks and woody precipices. Leaving our equipages at

Ballaigne, and taking a guide, we proceeded to the falls of the Orbe, through a hanging wood of fine old oaks, and came, after a long descent, to a place where the Orbe breaks through a great mass of ruins, which, at some very remote period, fell from the mountain, and entirely obstructed its channel: all the earth, and all the smaller fragments, having long since disappeared, the water works its way, with great noise and fury, between the larger fragments, and falls above the height of eighty feet in the very best style; the blocks, many of them as large as a good-sized three-story house, are heaped up most strangely, jammed in by their angles—in equilibrium or in a point, or forming perilous bridges, over which you may, with proper precaution, pick your way to the other side. The quarry from which the materials of the bridge came is just above your head, and the miners are still at work; air, water, frost, weight, and time. The strata of lime-stone are evidently breaking down, their deep rents are widening, and enormous masses, loosened from the mountain, and suspended on their precarious bases, seem only waiting for the last effort of the great lever of nature to take the horrid leap, and bury under some hundred feet of new chaotic ruins the trees, the verdant lawn, and yourself, who are looking on and foretelling the catastrophe. This shifting of the scene will now be properly recorded, and handed down to posterity, with all the attending circumstances; and the tragical episode of the spectator swallowed up, will have a very happy effect. At the foot of these rocks, under the thick shade of the trees, a mossy carpet under our feet, in full view of the foam, and full hearing of the roar, we spread the stores kindly provided for our entertainment, a well-seasoned veal pie, a *boeuf-à-lamode*, plenty of the best *vin du pays*, and even a dessert (strawberries); a fire was lit with dry sticks to make coffee, and the cheerful blaze added to the pleasurable feelings of the scene. We left it at last reluctantly, and, after long climbing, regained Ballaigne, where the least active of the party, mounting their charr-a-banc, went home, while we proceeded towards the *dent-de-vaulion*, at the base of which we arrived in two hours, and in two hours more reached the summit, which is four thousand four hundred and seventy-six feet above the sea, and three thousand three hundred and forty-two feet above the lake of Geneva: our path lay over a smooth lawn, sufficiently steep to make it difficult to climb. At the top we found a sharp ridge, not more than

one hundred yards wide. The south view, a most magnificent one, was unfortunately too like the one at our entrance into Switzerland to bear a second description, although it might be seen a hundred times with the same delight as the first; a proof, if any was wanting, of the inadequacy of language for picturesque purposes. At this late hour, however, all Switzerland was enveloped in evening shades, and the sun, already low, and intercepted by the chain of the Jura, on the top of which we stood, glanced over the whole lower country without touching it, and concentrated its last rays on the snows of the high Alps, more resplendent than I ever yet had seen them. The vast extent of sober grey, over the whole intervening landscape, added much to the impression of immensity.

The other side of the narrow ridge can scarcely be approached without terror, being almost perpendicular; crawling, therefore, on our hands and knees, we ventured, in this modest attitude, to look out of the window at the hundred and fiftieth story at least (two thousand feet), and see what was doing in the street; herds of cattle, in the *infinitesimal petit*, were grazing on the verdant lawn of a narrow vale, on the other side of which a mountain, over-grown with dark pines, marked the boundary of France. Jougne, and the road by which we had entered Switzerland, formed a zig-zag line between the mountains. Towards the west, we saw a piece of water, which appeared like a mere fish-pond. It was the lake of Joux, two leagues in length and half a league in breadth; we were to look for our night's lodgings in the village on its banks. At sun-set, we began to descend or run down the smooth pasture grounds, scarcely able to stop ourselves, and reached the lake in less than a quarter of the time we had employed in going up.

In the following passage we have a striking combination of the history of remote and of recent events, all wonderful in their kind. Indeed, what does this world abound with so much as wonders? The longer one lives in it, instead of Horace's cold "*nil admirari*," one is only tempted to wonder the more. M. Simond is now at Constance:

Constantius Chlorus having defeated the barbarians in a great battle fought upon the present site of Constance, restored the Roman station, which they destroyed, and gave it his name; the celebrity of Constance is principally due to the Council which met within

its walls eleven centuries after this emperor (1414-1418); and the Council itself owes much of its own celebrity to the sad story of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. All Christendom was occupied, during five years, in effecting little that now lives in the minds of men, except the execution of these two unfortunate theologians, in violation of the Imperial safe-conduct, on the faith of which they had appeared at Constance.

As soon as we were fairly established in our quarters, taking a guide, we proceeded, by land and water, on stepping-stones and tottering boards, (the Rhine, higher than it has been for more than a century, overflows part of the town,) to the place of meeting of the Council; an old rambling house, where the country people hold their fair or market for yarn. The hall in which that memorable assembly sat is very spacious; measured by my steps, it appeared to be sixty feet wide, and one hundred and fifty-three feet long; the ceiling, about seventeen feet high, is supported by two rows of wooden pillars, to which leathern shields, measuring three feet and a half by eighteen inches, are suspended. If the red cross upon them indicates they had belonged to Crusaders, they would be of greater antiquity still than the Council, since the last Crusade preceded it one hundred and fifty years. The thick walls bear marks of partitions between each window, indicating the cells where the fathers of the Council were shut up while forming those solemn decisions which ultimately decided nothing. A hole in the gate is still seen, through which provisions and other necessities used to be introduced; and near that entrance, the places where a count and a bishop stood sentry night and day. The dusty seats of the Emperor Sigismund and Pope Martin V. are there, unceremoniously filled on market-days by old women selling yarn, wholly unconscious of the awe those who filled these seats inspired four hundred years ago, and ignorant even their names. In the cathedral the spot is marked by traditions, (Mr Ebel says, by a piece of brass in the pavement, but we did not notice it,) where John Huss heard his sentence pronounced by the fathers of the Council assembled for that purpose. The prisoner, being a doctor of divinity, was degraded, after his sentence had been read; then driven at once out of the door, a few yards distant, by a kick; and the civil power, ready there waiting for him, led him that instant to the stake, where he was burnt alive.

The very guide who conducted us, a simple man, smiled in contempt, and

shrugged his shoulders while repeating the story; yet not one, probably, of the one hundred and fifty thousand persons assembled here on the occasion of the Council, although some might have disapproved of the proceedings, would probably have been struck with their glaring absurdity, as well as cruelty, nor inclined to smile in contempt: so great is the change produced by time, in the mode of viewing the same things. Our guide smiled again, on another occasion, when I asked him whether many of the French regicides had not taken shelter at Constance? "Yes," he answered, "twenty-four of them. *The old fellows are seen strolling together in the sun; nobody minds them now.*" "What, so soon! the men who could pass sentence of death on the King of France, and send him, and soon after send, daily, hundreds of their fellow-citizens, to the guillotine!" Those men of the Convention, who made all Europe tremble, and whose troops laid this very town of Constance under contribution, are already so completely out of date, as to be *old fellows of no consequence*; and a simple man can now smile in contempt, and see at once the folly of proceedings so serious twenty-five years ago! This, assuredly, is a great and rapid change!" Walking farther, our guide said, "*That fine house yonder,*" pointing to the other side of the Rhine. "belonged to Queen Hortense!" and he smiled at the name of *Queen Hortense*! Another dream vanished, thought we, or fashion gone by. "But," added he, "*she was a good lady, very charitable to the poor;*" and saying this, he did not smile! May it be, then—we trust it is—that there is, after all, nothing serious in the world but those eternal principles of morality and religion, to which men cling in their sober moments, and to which they return after many criminal deviations,—that there is no real greatness, even in this world, but in a firm adherence to those principles; no durable admiration among men, without esteem; and that even the lower part of mankind come at last to set the right value on the advantages this world affords, and distinguish between truth and falsehood.

Constance had early a great transit trade with Italy, and flourishing manufactures of linen particularly, and thirty-six thousand inhabitants; but when a heterogeneous population of more than a hundred thousand souls assembled there during the Council, with thirty thousand horses, manufactures and commerce, incommoded by this multitude, sought a more quiet and cheaper residence at St. Gall, and other towns, the prosperity of

which, and the decline of Constance, began at this period. But the loss of its independence, political and religious, when, in 1548, it fell under the dominion of Austria, rendered its ruin irretrievable; nor did it gain by its last transfer, in 1805, from Austria to the Duke of Baden. Mr Ehal says, that the population is reduced to two thousand souls; certain it is, that grass grows in the streets, which are half made up of empty convents; and you may hire a large house for twenty-five francs a-month.

The door of our room at the *Eagle* turns on plated hinges, and the wood is curiously inlaid with figures of warriors on horseback; this was the taste of the fifteenth century: but the walls are hung with more modern articles of luxury, which I thought decidedly in worse taste; prints of the last age, very finely engraved, exhibiting unnatural affected manner and false expression; shepherds, in full-bottomed wigs, dress coats, and a crook, at the feet of shepherdesses, with wasp shapes, and hoops under their petticoats, while multitudes of unbreeched Cupids flutter in mid-air. All this antiquated finery, so much admired in two distant ages, is come at last together, to furnish a bed-room at an inn.

This work might furnish many other quotations and remarks, if we had room for them. We cannot close the present article, however, without giving our readers the catastrophe of the village of Goldau, and one glance at William Tell:

The most considerable of the villages overwhelmed in the vale of Arth was Goldau, and its name is now affixed to the whole melancholy story and place. I shall relate only one more incident: a party of eleven travellers from Bern, belonging to the most distinguished families there, arrived at Arth on the 2d of September, and set off on foot for the Right, a few minutes before the catastrophe; seven of them had got about two hundred yards ahead, the other four saw them entering the village of Goldau, and one of the latter, Mr R. Jenner, pointing out to the rest the summit of the Rossberg (full four miles off in a straight line,) where some strange commotion seemed taking place, which they themselves (the four behind) were observing with a telescope, and had entered into conversation on the subject with some strangers just come up; when, all at once, a flight of stones like cannon-balls traversed the air above their heads; a cloud of dust obscured the valley;

frightful noise was heard; they fled! As soon as the obscurity was so far dissipated as to make objects discernible, they sought their friends; but the village of Goldau had disappeared under a heap of stones and rubbish one hundred feet in height, and the whole valley presented nothing but a perfect chaos! Of the unfortunate survivors one lost a wife, to whom he was just married, one a son, a third the two pupils under his care: all researches to discover their remains were, and have ever since been, fruitless. Nothing is left of Goldau but the bell which hung in its steeple, and which was found a mile off. With the rocks, torrents of mud came down, acting as rollers; but they took a different direction when in the valley, the mud following the slope of the ground towards the lake of Lowertz, while the rocks, preserving a straight course, glanced across the valley towards the Righi. The rocks above, moving much faster than those near the ground, went farther, and ascended even a great way up the Righi; its base is covered with large blocks carried to an incredible height, and by which trees were mowed down, as they might have been by cannon.

A few straggling cottages, timid attempts towards a restoration of the desolated country to something like fruitfulness, appear here and there; beggarly children in ill health, for the place is become sickly from stagnant water, came running to us for a few batz—the sad remains of a wealthy population, remarkable for personal comeliness as well as for morality. A vast extent of flat shore, without vegetation, marks the encroachment on the lake of Lowertz; not a blade of grass seems to grow upon the sterile surface. The road along the south side of this lake passes picturesquely, but rather fearfully, along a narrow causeway overhung by a high cliff; beyond this we travelled over the rich vale of Schwytz, an image of what the one we had just left was a few years ago. Schwytz, which we only traversed in our way to Brunnen, is neatly built, and delightfully situated. It is generally supposed that the patriotism of its inhabitants made the name prevail in the Helvetic League; but this name became collective in the sixteenth, and not in the fourteenth, century, at a period of civil wars, not at that which secured Helvetic independence. In the guilty times of national discord, not of union, Schwytz, therefore, has less cause for boasting.

At Brunnen we went, in a small row-boat, up the southern branch of the lake of the Waldstetten, a sort of deep bay or gulf penetrating into the canton of Uri.

The beauty of its scenery exceeds even that of the lake of Wallenstadt, and every part of it is classical ground. Soon after passing the magnificent entrance, through a lofty portal of mountains, marked by an insulated rock on the right, rising like a pillar out of the water, we landed on the same side as the *Grutli*. The spot is marked by a triple fountain, where the conspirators, whom I shall call Patriots, because their cause was just, because it was successful, and because they shed no blood, held their nightly meetings five hundred years ago. A peasant brought us an ancient cup, to drink out of at the sacred spring, and made a speech, unintelligible to us, but to which some other peasants, who had landed at the same time as ourselves, listened with great attention. This historian of the *Stauffachers*, of the *Ernis* of *Melchthal*, and of the *Walter Furtz*, received gratefully a few batz in his cap for his performance. Farther on, on the opposite shore, at the foot of the *Achsenberg*, about the distance of two hours from *Grutli*, is the rock (*Tellensprung*) on which *William Tell* leaped on shore, from the boat in which *Gessler* was carrying him away a prisoner. Eighty-one years after the event, and thirty-one after the death of the hero, a chapel was constructed on this rock; one hundred and fourteen individuals, who had known him personally, were then living. *William Tell* fought at *Morgarten* in 1315, and was drowned in 1358, at a very advanced age, in attempting to rescue a boy who had fallen into the *Schechen*, a torrent which traverses *Burglen*, his birth-place, and where he then filled the station of first magistrate: it is situated beyond *Altorp*, and above three hours from *Tellensprung*: the family was not extinct till the year 1720.

There is I know not what of absurd and fabulous in the story of *Gessler's* cap and the apple, which throws a degree of doubt on all that relates to *William Tell*; and his name had somehow been ranked in my mind with those of *Theseus* and *Hercules*, and of the founders of *Rome*, to whose reality we yield only a sort of hypothetical belief. The lake, the rock, the fountains, the chapel, the story painted on the wall; the hundred and fourteen persons who had known him; the local tradition in every man's mouth;—have all at once given a totally different colour and shape to the whole transaction; yet the story of the apple is questioned by the Swiss themselves; by the critics, at least in the learned part of the country; for on the spot, there are no such critics, and doubt would be treason.

CHARACTERS OMITTED IN CRABBE'S PARISH REGISTER.

No. III.

AGAIN, you cry, my Muse, delighted, strays
In filthy puddles, and in thorny ways ;
Relates, with pleasure, chill Misfortune's strife,
And sings with joy the woes that sadden life.

I own she scorns the soft, unmeaning strain,
That spreads perpetual summer o'er the plain ;
Where every breeze comes wing'd with odours sweet.
And El Dorado's gold paves every street ;
Where age and sickness never prompt a sigh,
Ner tear has ever dimm'd the sparkling eye ;
But all is sunshine, life for ever young,
Health on each cheek, and truth on every tongue :
This fairy-land may rise to Fancy's view,
But where it lies, I own I never knew.

Howe'er Philosophy her systems scan,
Here full perfection was not meant for man ;
Nature is constant in her varying forms,
The sweets of summer, and her wintry storms :
Chill, blighting mildew, hovers o'er the vale ;
Disease and Death ride on the tainted gale ;
O'er Ocean's breast resistless tempests sweep,
And bury navies in the foaming deep ;
Red lightnings blast, and earthquakes rock the ground
Tornadoes spreading desolation round.

These Nature's paths ; and man, poor erring child !
A devious wanderer in life's mazy wild ;
Where Vice and Virtue hold unceasing war,
Where headstrong Passions with weak Reason jar.
Such is the path that man must travel here,
Alternately the child of hope and fear ;
By Folly lured, some seek a smoother road,
While others, fainting, sink beneath the load .
And some there are who cheerful pass along,
In patience fruitful, or in virtue strong :
This motely train is found on every side ;
Of such I sing, and Truth my constant guide
As o'er the Register I cast my eye,
I see some bright spots in a cloudy sky ;
It tells of charms that grace the guideless train,
The blooming daughters of the rural plain,
Alike remov'd from wild, tumultuous joy,
And rankling cares, that every bliss destroy :
Such scenes no high-wrought feelings can excite ;
Yet I relate with joy—you'll read with calm delight.

Register of Births.—John Martin.

JOHN MARTIN was a widow's eldest child ;
Her early hopes by later days beguil'd ;
For while her cheek glow'd in meridian bloom
Her husband sunk untimely to the tomb ;
Alone, neglected, in the world she stood,
The mourning mother of an orphan brood .
For infant Anna to her bosom clung,
While John and Susan on her apron hung

To Heaven she look'd, but not with hopeful eye ;
 Her heart accus'd the Ruler of the sky,
 Who had her husband from her bosom torn,
 And left her thus in bloom of life forlorn,
 With helpless babes and poverty oppress'd—
 Thus discontent depriv'd her soul of rest :
 Repining, now, she droop'd, despondent, sad,
 Forgot the days in which her heart was glad ;
 Nor prattling infant's lisp, nor playful smile,
 Could banish care, or discontent beguile ;
 Sometimes indulging, in her deep chagrin,
 'The impious wish, that they had never been !
 For them she toil'd, without maternal care,
 Her heart was cold—no mother's fondness there.
 About the streets, in summer months, they sprawl'd—
 In winter, soil'd with dust and ashes, crawl'd ;
 Their tatter'd weeds unpatch'd, through sheer neglect,
 While matted locks wav'd round each urchin's neck,
 And naked feet, bare arms, and unwash'd face,
 Conspir'd to hide each budding infant grace :
 The mother, too, now wore a slattern air,
 No more remembering that her face was fair ;
 For she, because she might not all she would,
 With careless scorn, neglected what she could ;
 Hence was her home a den of things unclean,
 The vilest hovel in the hamlet seen.

An epidemic fever raged around,
 And in her cot a ready entrance found ;
 Sick, on a loathsome couch, her infants lay,
 Death hovering near, and waiting for his prey !
 He seiz'd young Anna at the morning hour,
 Ere sunset Susan own'd the victor's power ;
 Unsated seem'd the stern, relentless foe,
 Who linger'd still, on John to deal the blow.

If man the still, small voice, refuse to hear,
 Heaven's thunders sometimes burst upon his ear !
 She who had counted Providence unkind,
 Felt something like remorse creep o'er her mind ;
 And sat with folded hands, and gasp'd for breath,
 Beside her lovely daughters, cold in death,
 With fix'd eye gazing on that infant son,
 Whose life's last ebbing sand seem'd nearly run ;—
 Till she, erewhile the victim of despair,
 With bended knees to Heaven address'd her prayer :
 " Father ! " she cried, " low humbled in the dust,
 " My guilty heart now owns thy judgments just !
 " Too long have I thy providence forgot,
 " And, discontented, murmur'd at my lot ;
 " Now, let my humble prayer ascend to heaven,
 " And be my heart's ingratitude forgiven ;
 " I bend submissive to thy high decree,
 " And, though unworthy, place my trust in thee !
 " Teach me to bow to what thy hand has done ;
 " And, Father ! in thy mercy, spare my son ! "

The contrite anguish of a chasten'd mind,
 The prayer of guilt with humble hope combin'd,
 Arose to heaven. Her son to health restor'd,
 Time shed contentment round her narrow board,

Each day gave beauty to his rising form,
Which soon became her shelter in the storm;
For strength and vigour strung his brawny arm,
And o'er his face youth shed each manly charm;
His mother's stay—she felt her hope and joy,
Her bliss below were centred in her boy.
But John had soon to heave the heartfelt sigh,
And o'er his mother bend the tearful eye;
For she, oppress'd with lingering sickness, pin'd,
By chilling ague to her couch confin'd.

A nurse was wanting—Ellen Butler came
To watch and soothe the widow's shatter'd frame.
She had a tender heart, and gentle hand,
Her face was comely, and her accents bland.
She nurs'd the widow with a daughter's care,
And in her joys and sorrows seem'd to share.
John toil'd, that he might for their wants provide,
With filial love—his pleasure and his pride;
Saw Ellen's kindness every wish supply,
And oft in secret gaz'd, with glist'ning eye;
Till something whisper'd, her enchanting smile
Could daily labour of its weight beguile,—
That he could firmer stand in Fortune's strife,
Would Ellen Butler bless his arms for life.

There is a blush which warms the glowing cheek,
That can with eloquence in silence speak.
Love's language sparkles in the melting eye,
And softly whispers in the secret sigh:
These told the tale that both had tried to hide,—
And Ellen Butler was John Martin's bride.

With downy feet twelve joyous months had fled;
The torch of Hymen bless'd the nuptial bed;
The hour was come when John had hope to share
A father's joy—a husband's fondest care!
“Come!” said a matron friend, “I wish you joy!”
“Two blooming daughters, and a lovely boy!”

John felt his cheek with love and fondness glow;
But soon a gathering cloud stole o'er his brow.
One pledge of love though he had long'd to see,
He thought himself profusely bless'd with three!
Ponder'd on Nature's now increas'd demands,
And keenly felt the labour of his hands
Would prove inadequate for their supply;
On Ellen fondly smil'd, and heav'd a sigh;
Beheld his mother on her couch reclin'd,
And deep despondency stole o'er his mind.

The watchful widow, from her weary bed,
Beheld the workings of his soul, and said:
“My son, do not at Providence repine;
“Let not thy mother's early guilt be thine!”
“Still let thy heart with pious trust confide,
“And with the patriarch say, ‘God will provide!’
“You know my crime—my penitential tears—
The humble hope that gilds my later years;
And in your children, now, methinks I see
Susan and Anne again restor'd to me.
Such be their names; and learn, my son, to trust
“That God is merciful, and wise, and just.”

The father brought these triple gifts of love,
 And join'd my prayer for blessings from above ;
 It was no cold, nor careless, formal prayer,—
 I saw the parent's humble heart was there.
 With folded hands, and heaven-imploing eye,
 Next Ellen kneel'd, and offer'd thanks on high.

Their prayers were heard : with courage undismay'd,
 John toil'd, and still a cheerful face display'd.
 His children wean'd—a rich old miser died,
 To Ellen by the ties of blood allied,
 Whose bliss in life was still to have and hold,
 And made no will, lest that should waste his gold.
 By right of law, the whole to Ellen came,
 His nearest relative in kin and name :
 Now, John and Ellen both this truth maintain—
 That they who trust in Heaven, shall never trust in vain !

Register of Marriages.—George Middleton.

WHEN I was young, all in the parish knew
 Squire Middleton, nick-named the Savage Jew !
 Whose heart was narrow, as his lands were wide ;
 Who never thought of Heaven, and man defied !
 Poor, haughty, quarrelsome, and fond of law,
 Would litigate and wrangle for a straw.

His son and heir was George, an only child,
 In Sharpley the attorney's den exil'd ;
 His father placed him there to save expense,
 And timely learn the art of self-defence ;
 Hop'd George would soon with skill conduct his pleas,
 And save a fortune in the shape of fees.
 For Lawyer Sharpley was the man to teach,
 By quirks of law, to cheat and overreach ;
 When to demur, protract, or shift a cause,
 How to invalidate by legal flaws ;
 Yet he was shrewd, his head was clear and sound,
 His judgment safe, deep skill'd in law profound :
 With such a tutor for his daily guide,
 The Squire had hopes he might in George confide.

Old Gaffer Strawbridge, on the neighb'ring farm,
 Was hale in years, in worldly wealth was warin ;
 His daughter Flora had been sent to town,
 A rustic beauty, in her program gown,
 To form her manners, and improve her mind,
 With art, and elegance, and taste refin'd ;
 For Gaffer hop'd to see his daughter soar
 More high than ever Strawbridge did before :
 He was Squire Middleton, his landlord's friend,
 Could give good counsel, and had cash to lend ;
 The Squire still found his purse a ready bank,
 Which lured him on to many a wrangling prank,
 Till he had mortgaged nearly all his lands,
 The deeds secure in Farmer Strawbridge' hands !

But fate, while shone the Squire's malignant star,
 Involv'd both parties in litigious war ;
 The farmer's fancy fondly grasp'd the thrush,
 While still it hopp'd and warbled in the bush ;

Hence he the clauses of his lease despis'd,
 And plough'd, and cropp'd, just as his whims advis'd ;
 Such wanton freedoms could not be allow'd.
 For still the Squire, though pinch'd and poor, was proud ;
 That poverty might here his pride augment—
 Each being obstinate, to law they went.

The cause went slowly, but their wrath rose fast,
 Fermented, fum'd, and fix'd in hate at last.
 Meanwhile, their children, guiltless of the strife,
 Alive to all the young delights of life,
 Felt none that could with richer zest repay
 The various tasks and labours of the day,
 Than fondly meeting for an evening walk,
 Of friends, and home, and rural scenes to talk ;
 When George went out, to taste the twilight air,
 The sky still gloom'd, if Flora was not there ;
 For her no health breath'd in the morning breeze
 If George was absent ; Nature fail'd to please :
 Thus, mighty Love had pierced their bosoms through,
 Before their guileless hearts his presence knew.

Now George went home, when seven long years had fled,
 With love-sick heart, and law-encumber'd head ;
 Some time before him Flora had return'd,
 Deploring wrath that still intensely burn'd ;
 By stealth the lovers met—by gossip's sen,
 Their meeting told—rage fir'd each father's men ;
 " Degenerate son !" cried the indignant Squire,
 " Why can you with my greatest foe conspire ?
 " My mind is fix'd—you meet that wench no more ;
 " Or, learn to stalk, like strang past my door !

Old Gaffer Strawbridge in a gentler mood,
 Thus spoke his will, while Flora blushing stood ;
 " Hey, lass ! -what's this I'm told ?—strange news indeed !
 " George Middleton—poor girl !—more haste than speed !
 " Dear Flora, know—his father's dish'd—undone—
 " And would you wed a bankrupt beggar's son ?
 " An old and obstinate litigious ass,
 " Whose lands are mine, ere many years can pass ;
 " Bills, bonds, mortgages, unredem'd, unpaid—
 " Hold up your head !—what !—is the wench afraid ?
 " Hast lost a husband ?—wait till I foreclose—
 " Yes, yes ;—I'll wring the stubborn rascal's nose !
 " Till then, keep heart—I'll find a proper mate ;
 " But mind me—George I scorn—his father's hate !

Parental pride thus rais'd itself above
 The soft, yet stern omnipotence of Love ;
 In sad dilemma stood the hapless pair ;
 But youth is not the season for despair.

George had a friend at India's council board,
 He told his tale ; that friend his case deplor'd ;
 " Cheer up !" said he, " I'll send you to Bombay—
 " Take leave of Flora, and make haste away."

The lovers met—explain'd their hopes and fears ;
 Pledged faith—embraced—and mingled sighs and tears.
 His friend good counsel, gold, and letters gave—
 The wind was fair—George bounded o'er the wave ;
 By day he read, and conn'd Hindostanee,
 At night slept sound, and dream'd—of bliss to be.

Arriv'd—fate gave a friend and patron kind,
 With powerful hand, warm heart, and generous mind;
 His fortune prosper'd, time stole softly by,
 Wealth flow'd apace, and Hope illum'd his eye:
 Ten years had pass'd—and near the hapless hour,
 When Farmer Strawbridge, with a vulture's power,
 Could, by foreclosure, pounce upon his prey,
 Time speeds his flight, and brings the fatal day.
 Deep plunged in grief, that morn the Squire arose,
 And mutter'd wrathful, while he mourn'd his woes;
 While Farmer Strawbridge snapp'd his thumbs, and sung,
 Till every echo in his mansion rung,
 "Now, wench," he cried, "haste! clear that clouded brow,
 "And let your cheek bright as your fortune glow;
 "The hour is come!—this day makes Beechgrove mine!
 "And you, my Flora, shall its heiress shine!"

Untasted breakfast stood before the Squire;
 A crackling log was blazing on the fire;
 Fierce on the windows beat the rattling hail,
 His ancient elms were groaning in the gale;
 He view'd the dark clouds with delighted eye,
 His brow still darker than the lowering sky;
 "Howl on, ye storms!" he cried, "your fury shed,
 "And hurl these towers on my devoted head,
 "Deep buried in their ruins let me lie,
 "Hid from my hated foe's exulting eye!"

He could no more—for frenzy chain'd his tongue—
 Wild flash'd his eye—the door was open flung—
 A stranger enter'd—grasp'd his wither'd hands,
 The wondering Squire in mute amazement stands!
 "Dear father! speak—and say I find you well!"
 "What!—George, my son—to ring my funeral knell!"
 "Oh! cruel fate!—why thus imbibiter death!"
 His pale lip quiver'd, and he gasp'd for breath.
 "No, father, live; your deep distress I know,
 "I have the means and will to ward the blow;
 "Say but the word—that you forget, forgive,
 "And will in peace with Farmer Strawbridge live—
 Will smile to see me take his daughter's hand,
 And I of each incumb'rance clear your land!
 If not—farewell!—again to India's shore
 I shape my course—you see my face no more!"
 "Dear son! no longer I with fate contend;
 "Why should I mar what I want power to mend?"

This conquest gain'd, George to the farmer's pass'd;
 Old Gaffer Strawbridge star'd, and look'd aghast,
 As fell the fastness of his hope and trust,
 His air-built fabric levell'd in the dust.
 "Come, friend," cried George, "that brow from sadness clear,
 "You know your daughter to my heart is dear,
 "For her I've seas and scorching suns defied,
 And lovely Flora now shall be my bride;
 Our faith is pledged, and she is now of age,
 And freely can her heart and hand engage,
 Yet would not rashly your good-will forego;
 "Come, then, your blessing with her hand bestow;
 "From memory blot the past—let wrangling cease,
 "My sire and you shall live in lasting peace."
 What!—hey!—queer folks—strange doings, on my troth!
 "My daughter take—Heav'n's blessing on you both!"

The pair before me at the altar bow'd,
While Flora's cheek in ripen'd beauty glow'd ;
The glance of love beam'd in her bridegroom's eye,
His face deep bronzed beneath a torrid sky ;
Their hands were join'd, their union bless'd above,
If man may judge from calm domestic love.

The angry fathers, even while hands they shook,
Held down their heads, with half-averted look ;
But death long since has hush'd their wrathful pride,
Laid them at rest, and slumbering side by side ;
Their children, blest in Beechgrove's shady bow'rs,
In love, and calm delight, still pass the hours ;
Their evening sun descends in cloudless skies,
While fairer scenes in distant prospect rise.

Register of Burials.—Mary Gordon.

SEE where the yew tree rears its sombre head,
It waves o'er Mary Gordon's grassy bed ;
My feeble pen would fain that fame prolong,
Which claims the ineb of more exalted song.

Young Angus Gordon liv'd beyond the Tay,
Where Grampian heights their snow-clad heads display ;
Born in some lonely glen, some cot obscure,
The child of poverty—where all are poor ;
But Love can hover where the heath-bells bloom,
As light as where the citron breathes perfume ;
Euphemia smil'd, in youth and rural charms,
And blush'd a bride, in Angus Gordon's arms.

But, in the north, Rebellion's flag unfurl'd,
On Brunswick's prince her proud defiance hurl'd .
While loyal clans for him unsheath'd the sword,
And vassals follow'd with their feudal lord :
Young Angus mingled in the warlike train,
And fearless fought on Lothian's fertile plain :
Euphemia, still a fond and faithful wife,
Undaunted, follow'd to the field of strife ;
And light first dawn'd on Mary Gordon's eye,
Where war's loud thunders roar'd, and dimm'd the sky
The soldier saw, and clasp'd his lovely child,
Kiss'd the pale mother's cheek, and sooth'd and smil'd—
The bugle blew—he donn'd his arms again,
And fearless mingled on the battle plain :
The conflict raged, and fierce the direful shock ;
But Angus stood, firm as the sea-beat rock ;
A sword was pointed at his chieftain's breast—
He forward sprung, the weapon to arrest—
It pierced him deep—Life quiver'd in her seat,
He groan'd—and fell before his leader's feet !
“ My wife !—my child ! ” the dying hero said,
As on the green sod sunk his fainting head.
“ I will protect ! ”—the grateful chieftain cried.
“ Enough !—may Heav'n ”—the soldier smil'd—and died !

Fatigue and danger with her griefs combin'd,
His lov'd Euphemia mourn'd not long behind ;
The chieftain gaz'd upon her orphan child,
The helpless infant clasp'd his hand, and smil'd—
“ Poor innocent !—thy parents died for me !
“ I must—I will, thy friend and father be ;

"We must not part; no rival hireling's care
 "Shall leave thee, pining, in the desert air."
 He said; and infant Mary home was sent,
 Too young to feel, too guileless to lament.

Belov'd by all, and shelter'd from the storm,
 Each coming year improv'd her lovely form;
 When seventeen years had glided softly by,
 Fair was her cheek, and mild her bright blue eye;
 Her mien was mark'd with dignity and grace,
 Each feature spoke in her expressive face,
 That face, a faithful index to her mind,
 Where all that's lovely in her sex combin'd.
 Her patron, now, with ling'ring years oppress'd,
 When slowly sinking to the hour of rest,
 Spoke of the father's love, that sav'd from death,
 And bless'd the daughter with his latest breath.

In William's eyes, the eldest son and heir,
 Mary had seem'd beyond all others fair;
 He took no pains his growing love to hide;
 His mother saw, and sore it gall'd her pride;
 And prouder still, his haughty sisters' scorn,
 To think of one so poor, so humbly born;
 Aunts, uncles join'd—a rich, high-minded race:
 And pray'd to save them from this sad disgrace:
 They reason'd, threaten'd, rav'd, and wept in vain,
 Nought could the purpose of his heart restrain;
 Till, in his absence, Mary forth was driven—
 Without a home—with not a stay, but Heaven.
 With aching heart, he sought and found the fair,
 Who owed her safety to a peasant's care.

To shield and soothe her, in her deep distress,
 Give proof of love, and truth, and tenderness,
 He said, "Fear not, dear maid!—in me confide—
 "My faith is pledged—consent and be my bride!"
 "No, William, no!" the blushing maid replies,
 While tears stand trembling in her glist'ning eyes:
 "While you're a minor this can never be;
 "When Time has left your heart and actions free,
 "Should then no nobler-born, no richer maid,
 "In brighter charms and lovelier grace array'd,
 "Your love demand, your fond affection share,
 "And Mary still be worth her William's care;
 "If he can stoop so low, he may command
 "His Mary's duty, with her heart and hand."

Time wheel'd his flight within his circling sphere,
 And clos'd the lover's long-expected year;
 With fondest love the nuptial knot was tied,
 And home was led the beauteous, blushing bride;
 But mother, sisters, look'd with haughty mien,
 And cold contempt on every face was seen;
 His rich relations glanced with scornful eye;
 If chance they met, they pass'd him proudly by.
 Though no complaint flow'd from her gentle tongue,
 He saw his Mary's heart with sadness wrung;
 Despising those who made her bosom bleed,
 He sold his lands, and proudly cross'd the Tweed;
 For though his native glen to him was dear,
 He heav'd a sigh, and shed a parting tear;

Like our primeval father, steel'd his mind,
For woman left his paradise behind.

At Wilton Park he fix'd his lov'd retreat,
And found felicity most pure and sweet ;
For Mary saw the sacrifice he made,
And felt such love could never be repaid ;
Yet, in her best, she studied still to please,
With fond affection, and good-natur'd ease.

As when in sunbeams sits the spotless dove,
Well-chosen emblem of connubial love,
The changing colours on her glossy neck,
The glowing rainbow's brightest tints reflect ;
From green to gold, from pale to purple hue,
For ever lovely, and for ever new.
Such were the charms which William lov'd to trace,
With fond delight, in Mary's witching face ;
The artless smile, which play'd around her mouth,
The modest blush of innocence and truth,
The lambent glances of her guileless eye,
Where little loves in ambush seem'd to lie ;
The gentle sigh that heav'd her swelling breast,—
These more than words her secret soul confess'd :
When to her voice her spinnet softly rung,
The melting accents of her tuneful tongue,
Light madrigal, or strain to pity dear,
Could prompt a smile, or draw the tender tear ;
The rich expression o'er her features stole,
And spoke the boundless treasures of her soul ;
Soft o'er her face the changing graces pass'd.
And all could charm ; but loveliest still the last !

Thus, long and bright, their day unclouded shone,
Love's purple wings wav'd round his golden throne ;
The poor, with sickness, age, and want oppress'd,
Were in their counsels and their bounty bless'd ;
For still they felt it pleasure, to impart
The gifts of Heaven, to soothe the fainting heart.

But brightest summer suns must cease to shine,
Time will the fondest ties of love untwine ;
The stoutest oak that in the forest stands,
Is doom'd to fall beneath the woodman's hands ;
And William, crown'd with virtues, ripe in age,
His part perform'd, forsook this earthly stage :
His Mary mourn'd, but felt Heav'n had been kind
And to its will her widow'd heart resign'd ;
For she could still, with fond maternal eyes,
Behold her sons and daughters round her rise ;
Their day of life and happiness begun,
Like buds expanding to the morning sun ;
Their love her comfort, and their minds her care ;
She look'd to Heaven, for her best hopes were there.

But fairest flowers will on their stalks decay,
And Mary mingled with her kindred clay ;
Yet, as the rose, when all its bloom is fled,
Can still around a pleasing odour shed,
Such is the fragrance of that spotless fame,
Which fondly hallows Mary Gordon's name.

A VISIT TO PÆSTUM. FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

WE left Naples early in the morning of the 10th of November. The sun rose in his usual Italian splendour, and the brilliant clearness of the atmosphere gave the most distant objects to our view. The vines were still in leaf, although tinged with the colouring of autumn; and their luxuriant festoons, thrown into a thousand graceful combinations, formed canopies over the lofty poplars which supported them. The soil beneath is rich and light, like garden land, producing vegetation of all kinds. Here and there are extensive fields of the cotton plant, which was then near the time of harvest; but there are no vines over these fields, and the plant itself, about three feet high, has a mean appearance, something like a stunted currant-bush. We passed some palm trees, and several orange gardens, where the ripe fruit and flowers enriched the tree, at the same time sending to a great distance a perfume almost too powerful. The golden fruit upon the broad dark-green leaf has an effect richer than can be described. Peasants in bright-coloured garments were scattered over the fields at work. The men had jackets, and other habiliments, of a deep red, or full violet colour. The women, perhaps without shoes or stockings, and of the poorest class, had a bright crimson petticoat, and another above, partly tucked up round the waist, and also of a violet colour; or the one was yellow, and the other deep red. They were hoeing the ground for sowing corn. The manner of these people is depressed and characterised by what Shakespeare calls "an unquestioning spirit." They look at the passenger with an eye of indifference, if they look at all; and should you speak to them with the view of exciting a smile, they stare for a moment, and then resume their labour. In one field we saw a man holding a very small plough, which was drawn by a woman; a cord was passed over her shoulders, and the man held it with both hands. She seemed to do the office of the horse with very little effort,

though the ploughman had certainly the easiest portion of the labour. This grateful soil scarcely asks for the slightest cultivation to yield a tenfold return. The roads are continually covered by small carts with peasants,—by droves of mules which have brought merchandize or wine from the southern parts of the kingdom,—and by numerous calèches belonging to the people of the country. I should have previously mentioned, that, immediately upon clearing the town, in the centre of a large causeway we passed two statues, the one on the right being that of St Januarius. On the base is a long inscription, stating, that in such a year, the lava of Vesuvius having reached even to the borders of the town, the inhabitants had recourse to their Saint: his image was carried in procession, and the priests, having wisely chosen a rising ground for their resting-place, the lava found either the Saint or the position too strong, for its progress was suddenly arrested. The right hand of the statue points to the mountain with a gesture of command. From the causeway to Portici there are houses on each side all the way; on the left rises Vesuvius, its gentle slope deeply furrowed with lava, but clothed with vines to within two miles of the summit, where nothing is to be seen but ashes.

At Torre del Greco, which is two miles from Portici, a stream of lava, twenty feet high, passed over the village in 1794, and continued its course to the sea. The inhabitants dug away the lava as soon as it was possible; so that the houses, which were rather surrounded than covered by the stream, remained the same. In parts of the street, you see the face of the lava, as it has been cut perpendicularly to clear the road; in other places it remains as a sort of basement to the building, or serves for horse-blocks. The lava beyond the village continues in its original state, and forms a large tract from the summit of the mountain to near the sea, all piled in black and confused masses. On the shore are seen some pretty villas, with fine pine-trees and vineyards, forming a rich border to this field of desolation. A few miles more through vineyards,

but along a road almost always shut up by high stone walls, brought us to Torre dell' Annunziata, a town of 12,000 inhabitants, but, in its appearance, mean and insignificant. The population of these neighbouring towns is immense. In this respect, Naples differs from Paris or Rome. There, when you leave the gates behind you, all is open, and you see but few people; here, there are houses at every step, and the roads are crowded with carts and carriages. Soon after leaving Annunziata, we got rid of the stone walls, and the broad road runs through a plain which separates Vesuvius from the Appennines, (the mountains of Abruzzi) leaving a space of about six or seven miles. The hills rise abruptly from the plain, which is a perfect level, and are covered with woods and vineyards: villas and convents rise on the slopes wherever the ground is favourable. We observed a number of small round towers on the rising grounds, and were at a loss to divine their use. We afterwards learned that they were intended for the wild-pigeon hunt, a very singular and curious sport. A number of men sling large white-washed stones high in the air, in the direction of a tower, upon the top of which is placed perpendicularly a large spreading net: the pigeons, following these stones, mistaking them, it seems, for other pigeons, are led to fly against the net, in which they become entangled, and are either shot, or seized, or knocked down with poles, by those in the tower.

On our right, the hills soon rose like a wall; and a fine old convent, Castello Monte, stands on a shelving rock, half way up. The ancient town of Cava succeeds; it is long and dismal, having great arcades on each side the street, and many houses of immense size, but few with any appearance of comfort. The chief boast of the place is an ancient convent, which is celebrated as having been a depository for MSS. in the middle ages, and particularly for the laws of the Longobards. The road from Cava to Salerno descends gradually for three miles through a gorge formed by the meeting of the mountains, leaving only space for a narrow torrent, over which the road

seems suspended, running on a shelf some 200 feet above, on the right. We traversed another small town, Vietri, before our arrival at Salerno, which stands close to the shore, having, like Naples, a broad and handsome street running along the beach, open to the sea. There is a cathedral, San Matteo, which is not remarkable in itself, but has an enclosed court in front, surrounded by colonnades. The columns are of different marbles, mostly Corinthian, and of fine proportions, but are disgraced by supporting miserable arcades. They were removed from the ruins of Paestum by Robert Guisard, as well as a large basin, which belonged to the Paestan aqueduct.

After leaving Salerno, the hills became less picturesque, lower, and of a tamer outline; there is only one rise, covered with a fine olive wood. We next reached Eboli, a town of a handsome appearance, built upon the slope of the hills. It is remarkable as a sort of colony of minstrels. Those little bands, of two harps and two violins, which we meet so frequently in Naples, all come from Eboli. They reckon at least 300 of these itinerants, who, traversing different parts of the kingdom, return to their town at certain seasons. These harps are small, and have only one row of strings; they sling them across their shoulders to play, and the violin is held like a guitar, the bow being pointed downwards. Their performance is by no means bad, and they play German waltzes as well as Italian pieces of music. At Christmas, Naples is full of these little bands, as well as of those who perform on the ancient bagpipe, and a sort of hautboy. The bagpipe is much larger than the Scotch instrument, and the skin attached to it is inflated with air, which the performer blows through a small tube. These instruments, tradition says, were played by the shepherds at the birth of our Saviour. For this reason they crowd into Naples at the season of the Nativity, and play before all the little images of the Virgin in the streets.

The plain of Paestum appears a perfect flat; its shore has a slight concave sweep from one point to the other. The mountains of Lattaro

form a grand chain, stretching twenty miles to the westward and seaward, flanking the bay. The island of Capri, detached but at a small distance from the point of Minerva, completes the view on this side. To the left is a chain of hills, forming a continuation of the Appenines. Their sides, wherever cultivation is practicable, are clothed with vines, and superb oaks, (the ilex,) and on the slopes appears now and then a little village with its white church; and higher up, on an apparently inaccessible point of the rock, a lofty cross. Such an one is the village of Capaccio Vecchio, where the Posidonians are said to have retired after the last visit of the Saracens, when they abandoned, for ever, their houses, their temples, and their gods. This sort of eagle's eyrie is still inhabited by 300 people. The plain, as you look down upon it from Eboli, shows large tracts of dark green shrubs, which have a dismal and waste appearance; yet these are myrtles, generally ten feet high; and this is a pasture feeding thousands of buffaloes. A prince D'Angrie has one farm of 500 of these animals, principally kept for the purpose of making cheese from their milk. The cheese is excellent, but the milk considered indigestible and unwholesome. Large tracts of corn land are also seen here and there, and patches of vines, orchards, and orange-groves, with occasional detached buildings, at wide distances. Pæstum itself is not yet visible. A large palace belonging to the King of Naples stands on the other side of the Silaro, whose bank we reached after three miles more. The Silaro runs in a rapid and winding course, within wide flat banks. The Ancient Historians, and Tasso in his *Gierusalemme*, celebrate this stream for its petrifying powers. Don Pepe Belli, a native and inhabitant of its banks, declares that it never possessed this power, which has been falsely attributed to it, and belongs properly to the *Talsume*, which takes its rise at Capaccio, five miles from Pæstum. We crossed the river by a handsome wooden bridge, and, shortly after, entered the plain of Pæstum, the wide and desolate appearance of which we had seen from Eboli.

* Leaving a rich, and luxuriant scenery

of hill and wood behind us, there was something solemn and imposing in the silent loneliness of this monotonous expanse. The myrtles have a dark and heavy look, and you pass vast herds of buffaloes; of all animals the most forbidding in appearance. Shepherds or peasants are seated alone, watching these herds, or merely basking in the sun, for lack of occupation. The dress of these herdsmen gives them an appearance hardly human. It consists of a sharp pointed felt hat, worn brown, and a sort of pelisse without sleeves, and reaching below the knees, formed of black goat skins, with the long shaggy hair outwards. The arms and legs are covered with pieces of dark-brown cloth, tied with cords, and a very large long musket is always carried on the shoulder. These accompaniments, with a countenance naturally gloomy and ferocious, and a squalid beard of some months growth, altogether form a figure by no means answering to our *beau idéal* of a shepherd with his pastoral reed, and decorated with flowers. If you ask one of these peasants for directions as to your way, he most probably makes no other answer than a broad malicious grin, or if any other person is near, he joins them in a brutal laugh at your ignorance, without condescending to give you the least information. Our driver, though speaking the same language, and of much the same class with these savages, found no better reception from them. He pointed out to us a spot, where, about two years since, two Englishmen had been stopt by a party of them, robbed of every thing, even to their shirts, and sent literally naked back to Eboli, where these travellers had been so incautious as to exhibit diamond pins, and gold watches and seals. We now passed extensive corn lands and many vineyards; the road wound towards the south, and at about two miles distance we first discerned the columns of Pæstum, having then a side view of the temples. That of Ceres, which is the least remarkable, being the first which appeared in view, the scene did not then impress us so powerfully as we had expected. We entered an opening through the remains of a wall fifteen feet high, built of square

massive stones, and thus passed one of the gates of ancient Paestum. The Bishop's Palace, a good house, (Don Bellelli's,) and three or four rather large buildings detached from each other at considerable distances, but all exhibiting signs of excessive filth and misery, occupy the site of the town. The land is in grass, or ploughed, and enclosed with stone walls. As there was no refreshment to be had in the hut near the ruins where our horses were put up, we waited on Don Bellelli, whose house was close by, and for whom my companion had a letter of introduction from M. Galdi, one of the public characters of the Neapolitan Revolution. Don B. gave us a most frigid reception; and although his house appeared to abound with every comfort, he himself seemed one of those hosts much more likely to "speed the parting," than to "welcome the coming" guest. His countenance assumed a very forbidding expression, upon our presenting the introductory letter, but brightened up wonderfully, when he discovered that it was meant for his brother, whose casino, he told us, was at some distance, and whom we should find most happy to receive us. He suffered us first to hint, and then openly to express the want of a guide. We at length had our horses put to again, and drove back the road we came; dismissing our carriage at two miles distance from the promised abode, lest our host should be alarmed at the sight of an equipage, the appearance of which might denote some intention of *staying*. Our dismay on finding, at the end of our walk, a mansion, the only inmate of which was an old housekeeper, who did not keep the keys, may be better imagined than described. After much debate, my companion resolved to give up the attempt to Italian hospitality, of which we had received so discouraging a specimen; and it was only by exerting my utmost eloquence that I could induce him to make one more attempt. The nephew of Don Michael Angelo Bellelli occupied a large and adjacent house; and as Don M. A. was expected at home the next day, we resolved to wait upon this nephew, Don Pepe, to whose presence we were soon admitted. He read our letter very coolly,

and said he had no doubt but his uncle would be very happy to accommodate us; that he would desire the housekeeper to prepare beds, and in the mean time we might *stay* with him. Not a word, however, was dropped on the subject of dinner, and it was now five o'clock. A French officer, and a Neapolitan of elegant manners, who had retired to cultivate his vineyards on the plain of Paestum, seemed to be visitors in the house. The latter shewed us much attention, and by his cordial politeness greatly improved the somewhat ungenial atmosphere of Don Pepe's abode. After walking about for an hour or two, our spirits were revived by a casual hint of a supper in distant perspective. For the fulfilment of the hopes thus excited, we waited (I will not say *how* patiently) three long hours more, when our ears were at length gladdened by the cheering sound of frying, and the clash of knives and forks. The table was at last spread, and we left the chimney corner and the blazing wood, for a cold room, a fowl tough as larch-wood, some sausages, and weak wine. Don Pepe, however, warmed over his own good cheer. He spoke French and Italian well, and his manners, although listless and heavy, (in consequence, as we were given to understand, of a recent family affliction,) were obliging and gentlemanly. A brother of his was at the table, and a Captain Giovanni made the fifth. This last belonged to the militia, and had been a celebrated brigand hunter, under Murat, at a time when three thousand armed banditti were the terror of the country, and used even to take towns, destroying or carrying off every thing, after slaughtering all who resisted them. These ruffians, at the same time, set up for patriots, or rather, they made patriotism their rallying cry, and asserted it to the origin of their occupation. Thirty thousand French fell a sacrifice to their daggers, before the subjugation of the Calabrias was completed. General Minas, who commanded the French forces in the kingdom of Naples, blockaded these people in their strong holds amongst the mountains; and in attempting to escape, they were destroyed, starved to death, or taken and executed. Tho

peasants were forbidden to carry bread to them, and those who were found on the roads with even a small loaf in their pockets, were shot on the spot. This last measure was the most effectual of all, for though the banditti could find game in the hills, they had no means of procuring bread, and their chase, likewise, became too much narrowed to afford their subsistence. Captain San Giovanni, from whom we learned these particulars, was a tall, gaunt figure, who always carried a musket loaded with ball, and a long dagger under his waistcoat. At ten o'clock, we took leave of our host and his family, and were escorted about a quarter of a mile over the fields, by a domestic with a loaded gun, to Don M. A.'s Casino. Here we found every comfort and elegance, and the next morning were provided with a couple of saddle-horses, which we mounted, and galloped across the plain to the ruins.

A low stone wall encloses a considerable space, in the midst of which stand the Temple of Neptune and the Basilica, within a few paces of each other. The Government has forbidden any use to be made of the soil, which is therefore in a state of nature, such as best accords with the solemn desolation of the ruins. The herbage is luxuriant, and thickly mingled with wild flowers of the richest perfume and beauty; but amongst them, the rose of *Pæstum* is no longer found, or at least our researches for it were unavailing. Fragments of pillars, &c. overgrown with briars, give some wild and appropriate finishing touches to the picture. The lines of columns, forming that beautiful architectural perspective—that combination of lightness and majesty, which nothing but lines of columns can produce—cut the grand and simple outlines of the horizon, made by the azure sea, the warm and brilliant sky, and the sober-tinted shore. Towards the land, at a distance of about three miles, rise mountains of the wildest and most magnificent forms, receding on both sides. As far as the eye can distinguish objects, their slopes exhibit rich woods of the finest trees, (so rare in Italy,) with small villages and considerable towns glittering in

their whiteness, at the foot of the declivities; while the distance offers a glow and blending of every hue which distance can give, through the splendid medium of an Italian atmosphere. My first impression, on beholding the Temple of Neptune, was, that it must be smaller than I had always imagined it; and that, instead of being heavy, as I had rather expected, its appearance was light and floating, as if it scarcely bore upon the earth. The more, however, I contemplated the mass, and observed its proportions in detail, the more it seemed to increase in size, and assert its claim to grandeur. The structure is complete, wanting only the roof; the places where the rafters rested, are still visible in the interior of the cornice; in the western pediment some stones are wanting; the eastern is entire, one stone only having been injured, and leaving openings on each side of it. There are three sorts of stone employed. The columns and entablature are of a porous kind, much the colour of cork which has been lately cut, but stained with a deeper orange brown, here and there, as is seen in the sides of chalybeate springs. The texture of this stone is exceedingly porous, but very hard; it is evidently a petrification of reeds and other vegetables, mixed with mud and shells. It is found on the plain. The stone of the Pavement, Grades, and wall of the Cella, is of the same petrification, but of a much closer texture, and a grey colour. It is, we were informed, found beneath the former stone, as if pressed closer by the superincumbent weight. A third kind, a sand-stone, from the mountains of Capaccio, is employed for one or two layers in the pediment. The blocks of stone are from 5 to 8 feet long, and 1 foot 5 inches deep. The floor of the Cella rises 5 feet above that of the peristyle. From the appearance of the pediment, I should conclude that the roof covered the Temple entirely, and, consequently, that the Cella was only lighted by its own portico, which extends the whole expanse of its width. The row of columns on each side of the Cella, one above the other, makes the interior much on the same plan as that of our modern churches, with their arcades on either side. The pla-

cing smaller columns above those of the Cella, has a bad effect; but there was no other way of reaching so great a height. Single columns must have been of so much greater a diameter, that they would have occupied the whole of the Cella. The Basilica, a few paces from the Temple of Neptune, being without its entablature, and having only one row of stones of the architrave, has a meagre and awkward appearance. The columns are ornamented round the bottom of the ovolo, with one row of leaves, and the column is contracted a good deal below the capital, and is of a less diameter. These columns have been considered as an advance in the art, compared to those of the Temple of Neptune; in my opinion, their proportions are every way less beautiful, and their effect is mean and scanty. They are of the same order, but the ovolo has more the shape of a flattened flour-cake, whereas the sides of those in the Temple of Neptune point almost to an angle. The ornaments of these columns are visible only when near, and are rude in workmanship. This building has been called the Basilica, because a row of columns runs down the centre of the interior, an arrangement not observed in temples; and because it has been asserted that the floor of the Cella presents no appearance of having been raised. This, however, is incorrect; the Cella has evidently been raised, though not so high as in the other temples; and since there is certainly the portico of a Cella, with its columns and pilasters, I think the point somewhat doubtful.

The Temple of Ceres, which is much smaller than the other buildings, has likewise, though of the same order, columns of a smaller diameter below the capital. The stone is greyish, like that of the Basilica. The frieze of the pediment is different from all the others. In the usual place of the triglyphs are plain blocks of stone, projecting so as to form the metopes between; but neither have any ornament, excepting a sort of cornice on the stone which fills the situation of the triglyph. There are no remains of columns inside the Cella. Contiguous to the outside of its wall, and under the

peristyle, are a few tombs, merely formed of four blocks of stone each, the covering-stone having been removed. The last of these tombs was opened twelve years ago. It contained some very ancient armour and a skeleton. The armour is to be seen in the Museum of Naples. It consists of a casque, a cuirass, greaves for the legs, and several weapons. The casque is plain, and without a crest; the cuirass is in two pieces, one for the breast, the other for the back, fastened by straps (as at present): all are of bronze; and it is interesting to observe, that the bronze appears to have been cast on a substance previously modelled on the person of the wearer, as it has every muscle distinctly marked. This accounts for the appearance of the sculptured and engraved figures represented in ancient armour; they always seem to be covered with something which took the exact shape, and was so flexible, as to conform to every movement of the muscles. A belt of bronze for the waist accompanied these Paestan remains: there was no armour for the thighs. The greaves for the legs seemed equally fitted to the shape, and reaching above the knees. The metal being elastic, these greaves almost touch behind, yet allow of being opened to admit the leg. The weapons were iron, and consisted of spears, and a sort of axe. In the same tomb were found various vases, a lamp, and some money. This is explained by the Greek custom of placing in the sepulchre whatever the deceased has derived most pleasure from during his existence here, as well as all for which he might have occasion on his passage to the other world; viz. money to pay Charon, a lamp to light his way, a vase for wine, and other utensils. In some tombs were seen pieces of sculpture, in others astronomical instruments, arms, &c.; and in those of women were generally deposited ornaments, jewels, rouge, and mirrors. In the Paestan tomb above-mentioned, a painting of three figures was visible on the wall. Two represent warriors engaged in single combat; the third was a priest, looking on. The priest and one warrior are supposed to be portraits of the deceased, who might have acted in both capa-

cities, and the combat is probably one in which he particularly distinguished himself.

The circuit of the walls of *Pæstum* is about three English miles. Excepting one space of two or three hundred yards towards the north, the massy stones of which the wall is built still remain, sometimes levelled almost to the foundations, and scattered over the ground, sometimes standing to the height of thirty or forty feet. The stones are cut very square, and fit close; their angles are almost as sharp as if of a recent date. There is no cement, and the walls and towers are not merely faced with, but are a solid mass of masonry. There are only five towers, and they are placed at irregular distances. The architecture, which has been described as showing different periods of structure, is, in fact, entirely the same; only that, in one part, the stones are rather smaller, and less solidly built. One gate, the eastern, remains entire; it is simply a narrow and lofty arch of massive masonry. It is singular, that of those who have written descriptions of *Pæstum*, some have placed the town at three miles distance from the sea, others at one, and even the inhabitants of the neighbourhood agree in this last assertion. There are countless instances of similar inaccuracy, where it might be thought impossible to err. The water-mark of the sea cannot be more than half an English mile from the western wall of *Pæstum*. There is first a small ploughed field; then a range of very low sand hills, covered with myrtles; and from thence a sloping sand bank of about 250 paces to the sea. Some accounts speak of the sea as having formerly washed the walls of the town; but this seems hardly probable, because the sand hills, though low, are steep, and run in the same way all along the coast; and, also, because not the slightest remains of buildings exist to mark the site of an ancient port.

The sand is of a different colour from that of the Neapolitan shore, which is dark-brown, probably from being mixed with volcanic substances, streams of lava, &c. The sand of *Pæstum* is yellow.

The myrtles, which cover immense

tracts of the *Pæstan* plain, are of an exceedingly rich scent, and sometimes rise to the height of ten feet. Several lakes, and a great deal of marshy ground, render the climate fatally unwholesome during the summer months, and prevent the cultivation of its fertile soil, except in patches. The plain can scarcely be said to have a hundredth part of the population requisite for its culture. To drain this land a trifling expense would be requisite, since there is a decided and regular descent from the mountains to the sea, and it is intersected by two rivers of considerable size and rapidity. The French had commenced a cut, but not proceeded far; and at their departure, the undertaking was abandoned. When the first snow falls,—then, and not till then, the climate of *Pæstum* is considered wholesome; and the proprietors, who pass the summer at *Capaccio*, on the hills, come down to their Casinos for the winter. Don M. A. Bellelli removed to his Casino in November last; it was too early, and a severe fever was the consequence. The winter here is exceedingly mild, much more so than at Naples.

MEMOIRS OF A MISANTHROPE.

"He was the last of all his house, and from his very boyhood, a severe gloom
Than such as marks the child, gather'd and grew
Around him, like an overshadowing veil;
And yet at times—often when some sad tale
Was told—from out that seeming darkness flew
Flashes of mind and passion, and his eye
Burn'd with the lightning of his brain, and then
He spoke and look'd more proudly."

Barry Cornwall.

A SUPERABUNDANCE of sensibility has been one of the greatest miseries of my life. It has ruined all my prospects of comfort and independence; blighted my young and budding hopes of happiness; and rendered me, in every sense of the word, a hard-hearted, unfeeling, unsympathizing Misanthrope. But it was not always thus with me. There was a time—and in my idle hours of meditation and sadness I never fail to let my imagination recur to it—there was a time, I say, when, with all the unsuspecting and confiding eagerness of youth, I felt towards the whole human race one undivided sentiment of good-will and affection.

But this has long since passed by ; and year after year has rolled on, bringing with them that strange concatenation of events, which has imparted to my mind so much of gloom and sadness, and left me, in the summer of my life, a branchless and withered trunk !

I was born in Wales ; but I never saw my parents. The fond solicitude of parental love and tenderness I was never blessed with ;

“ No mother’s care
Shielded my infant innocence with pray’r ;”

and it was not till long after I had grown up to manhood, that I became acquainted with the rank and condition of those to whom I owed my existence. Of my infancy I can say nothing ; nor is it necessary that I should. The earliest period to which my memory will carry me, is when I was about eight years old, and when I was domesticated at Caertrevor in Merionethshire, the mansion of Sir Talbot Trevor, under the especial care of Lowrie Rees, my kind and attentive foster-mother.

Lowrie was a person of no small importance at Caertrevor. Lady Trevor had died about twelve years after her marriage, leaving to the care of Lowrie, who was the daughter of an old and favourite domestic, and who had been brought up in the family, a son and daughter ; the former being exactly ten years older than his sister, who was yet an infant at her mother’s death. It was at a subsequent period, namely, when I was about six years old, that I became an inmate at Caertrevor ; and, being only two years older than the little Catherine, we shared all our infantine pastimes, and, even at that early age, mingled all our childish joys in an uninterrupted stream of juvenile love. In consequence of the death of the lady, many of the household affairs devolved upon Lowrie. She was more than a housekeeper (for there was also a domestic of that rank at Caertrevor) ; and to her care Catherine and I were entrusted. No mother could have reared us with more careful affection and solicitude than she did ; and certain I am, that all her affection was returned by those whom she used fondly to call her “ dear children.”

When I was about nine years old, young Talbot left Wales for the University, having previously inured himself to the gaieties of a college life, by a six years’ training at Westminster. He quitted his father’s hall with the undisguised and triumphant exultation of buoyant youth ; and I cannot say that his departure was lamented with any very severe pangs of sorrow by any one individual at Caertrevor. Certainly not by me : for his proud, malicious, and tyrannical disposition, had from the first inspired me with the most cordial hatred for the embryo baronet ; and I was never so unhappy as when young Talbot was at home for the holidays. It was with joy, therefore, that I saw him ride off with his father, on his way to Oxford.

In reflecting upon these early years of careless happiness, I am not surprised that my mind should become deeply susceptible of external impressions. My infancy was passed amongst scenery powerfully calculated to imbue the imagination with the most impressive ideas of sublimity and grandeur ; and the unrestrained manner in which I was left to wander whithersoever my inclination might lead me, did not tend to curb and chasten those impulses which were thus imperceptibly stealing over my mind. The spot where Caertrevor is situated is one of the most beautiful in North Wales. Cader Idris, and its numerous subject hills, shroud it on the south, while the opposite direction is bounded by the river Mawthach, about half a mile before it pours its tributary waters into the beautiful Bay of Cardigan. But independently of these localities, (and it must be confessed that localities have great influence on some minds,) there were other circumstances which co-operated to render me thus vividly susceptible. There was among the domestics at Caertrevor an old shepherd, with whom—I know not exactly in what manner, or by what means—I had become a most particular favourite. This old man, whose name was Robin Humphries, was never so happy as when he led me, by the hand, over the mountains, in quest of some stray wether, or to gather his rambling flocks into their evening folds :

and he would amuse me, during these wanderings, with many a "witching tale" of ghost, goblin, or fairy; for every glen through which we passed had been the scene of some infernal transaction, or fairy revel. I cannot say that these narratives rendered me timid and fearful; but they tinctured my mind deeply with superstition, and contributed to render me, even at a very early age, a thoughtful and contemplative boy.

Nobody attempted to correct or chasten this propensity, except my affectionate foster-mother,—and her efforts were futile. Sir Talbot Trevor was a proud and an unsocial man, who honoured me with but little of his attention; and I might be wandering about for weeks or months, before he would condescend to trouble himself about me. But to do him justice, he did arrange with his chaplain (who was also the rector of the parish) respecting my education; and I might have experienced considerable advantage from Mr Morris's instructions, had he exerted more authority over me, or had I been more studiously or steadily inclined. But Mr Morris was a man whose kind and benevolent disposition rendered him very unfit for instructing such an impetuous and ungovernable youth as I was. Punishment of any sort was an abhorrence to him, and I was not long before I discovered this failing—if failing it might be called—in my worthy preceptor. When I was more than usually erratic, he would only greet my return with, "Ah, Master Anwyl, you are a truant youth;" and then be as kind and as gentle to me as ever. He used to say, when Sir Talbot enquired how Miss Catharine (for she, also, had the benefit of the chaplain's tuition) and Master Anwyl went on; "that the young lady was exceedingly attentive and intelligent, but that Master Frederick was too spirited and impatient: he will study only by fits, but then he will apply earnestly." Excellent man! thy kind and guileless heart was destined to be broken by one of the worst of villains!

In this manner was my boyhood spent; and I found myself, at the age of sixteen, but little acquainted with Greek and Latin, and not overbur-

thened with the other acquirements suitable to my age and condition. But although I had thus neglected to avail myself of Mr Morris's instructions, and had consequently remained ignorant of much that I might have learned, I felt a most passionate predilection for poetry. Not for that poetry which is founded merely on cold and artificial principles; but for that sublime inspiration, which has for its formation the mighty works and attributes of God—the woods, and mountains, rocks, rivers, cataracts, and all the host of Heaven. Often would I steal forth, when the bright moon gilded with her mild beams the summits of the surrounding mountains, and take my fill of delight in gazing on the magnificent scenery which that part of the country exhibits; and it was not unfrequently that I rushed forth, in the blustering storm, to witness the mighty uproar of the tempest.

To me, a mountain youth, was known
The wailing tempest's drearest tone;
I knew the shriek of wizard caves,
And the trampling fierce of howling waves.

The mystic voice of the lonely night
I had often drank with a strange delight;
And look'd on the clouds as they roll'd
on high,

Till with them I sail'd on the sailing sky.

With a disposition thus moulded for the reception of the highest attributes of man, I experienced the total want of the more common, and by far the more useful endowments of calculating common sense. But this is not to be marvelled at; for, generally speaking, worldly prudence is only to be acquired by a free commingling with the busy world. In the bustling scenes of life, where every one's object is the gratification of self, the method of calculating chances is easily acquired. We see every one about us busily engaged in endeavouring to benefit himself; and if he succeeds—it matters not how, provided he has the semblance of an honest man—he is considered as a lucky man, and pointed out as a model for the imitation of the rising generation. But this meritorious faculty is certainly not to be obtained amongst the wild hills and roaring cataracts of a romantic and secluded country.

I have been thus explicit in mentioning the habits of my youth, because all the vicissitudes of my life have depended more or less upon them; and it may be, that a more selfish motive has induced me to be thus circumstantial; for I am anxious that my misfortunes should be attributed to circumstances over which I could have no control, rather than to any innate depravity of heart. God knows, I sought them not, nor did I bring them upon myself by any evil deed or thought.

Hitherto, that is, till I was nearly eighteen, my life had been one varied course of pleasurable excitement and soothing melancholy. My mind, always powerfully influenced by external impulses, never failed to find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." But a period was fast approaching, when all my happiness was to be clouded, and all my joy destroyed. I have said, that I never knew my parents, and the conviction of this misfortune would frequently flash across my mind, accompanied by the bitter suspicion that I was an unlawful outcast, which my parents, whoever they might be, did not dare to acknowledge. I was always given to understand, that I was indebted to Sir Talbot's charity and benevolence for my domestication at Caertrevor; but I must confess, that the baronet's repulsive behaviour to me, I had almost said, his abhorrence of me, did not induce me implicitly to credit this. I could not readily reconcile my ideas of such qualities with the usual demeanour of my patron; perhaps, because I was unwilling, in the pride of my young heart, to consider myself so entirely dependent upon a person whom I could never esteem.

The more I reflected upon the concealment of my parents, the more uneasy and unhappy I became; and although it may appear extraordinary, yet I must observe, that these reflections were always accompanied by a suspicion—vague, indeed, and undefined—but still a suspicion that Sir Talbot Trevor was in some way or other the cause of all this mystery: and I need not say, that this was no inducement to me to respect

the baronet. These circumstances preyed upon my mind, and rendered me discontented and miserable. I sighed in secret, and felt myself desolate and sad, whenever my time was unoccupied by my usual avocations. But even through all this gloom, a ray of brightness would sometimes shine upon me, which never failed to cheer my drooping spirits, and to infuse fresh vigour into my disconsolate heart. I have already mentioned, that Sir Talbot Trevor had a daughter, and I have also intimated, that much of my time was spent in her society, and that, in our childhood, we mutually loved each other with all the artlessness of childish affection. This affection was not weakened by time; on the contrary, it grew with our growth, and strengthened with our strength; and I had no idea of the intensity of my love for Catherine Trevor, until the period I have just referred to, as the commencement of a long series of misfortune and mental suffering. Hitherto, I had considered her as a sister; but a stronger and stranger emotion than that of fraternal affection now swayed all my feelings, and occupied all my thoughts. All this was perfectly natural on my part, for a more heavenly being than Catherine Trevor never inhabited this earth.

She moved upon this earth a shape of brightness,

A power, that from its object scarcely drew
One impulse of her being: in her light-
ness,

Most like some radiant cloud of morning
dew,

Which wanders through the waste air's
pathless blue,

To nourish some far desert; she did seem
Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,
Like the bright shade of some immortal
dream,

Which walks, when tempests sleep, the
waves of life's dark stream.

Many, perhaps, would not have called her beautiful; but none could say that she was not fascinating. I mean not that she was splendidly accomplished, or that she could astonish the senses by an imposing display of fashionable acquirements; but that the angelic simplicity of her manners, with the fine and feeling tone of her mind, could not be regarded

without intense interest. Situated, then, as I was, could it be expected that I should prove insensible to these winning attractions?

That Catherine regarded me with feelings of affection I could not doubt; but then I thought that it was as a brother only that she loved me. When she was a mere child, I had led her by the hand; when a fair girl, I had lifted her in my arms across the swollen brooks, and over the snow-drifts. Now that she was a woman, I looked on her in silence, but with a soul overcharged with a thousand thoughts, hopes, and desires, which I feared to speak of, for I knew, and saw, and felt, that she loved me but as a brother. I knew, however, that she loved none else, and in that alone rested my hope and consolation.

It may appear strange, but neither the baronet nor Lowrie Rees seemed aware of my love for Catherine. Sir Talbot, indeed, who was a gloomy, austere man, was too much wrapped up in his own importance, to perceive, or rather to suspect, so horrible an event; and as for our kind foster-mother, her very affection for us prevented her from discovering the fact. When Mr Trevor was absent at Oxford, it was my delight to accompany Catherine in all her rambles among the hills,—to walk with her to the cottages of the sick and the needy,—and to witness the blessings which she scattered abroad, with all the unassuming sincerity of true benevolence. Lowrie Rees usually accompanied us in our excursions; and as her love for her dear children, as she always called us, rendered her blind to the consequences of our intimacy, she did not attempt to quell a passion which was hourly becoming more and more intense, and which eventually arrived at such a pitch, that no earthly power could quench it.

Circumstanced as Catherine and myself were, with regard to each other, it would have been strange, if the sadness which now so frequently hung over me had escaped her observation. One evening I was more than usually melancholy—so much so, indeed, that even her presence failed to dispel the gloom of my mind; and during our walk, she re-

marked that I looked so ill, that she was sure something must be the matter with me. "Let me," she said, "let me, dear Frederick, send for Mr Williams; he is a skilful man, and will speedily benefit you. Come, we will return home—perhaps the walk has overcome you." "No, Catherine," I replied; "Mr Williams, skilful though he be, can render me no service. My malady—for I will not dissemble with you—is not of the body, but of the heart. The very peasant who tills the ground, and toils unceasingly to gain his bread, is happier far than I am; for he has parents who love him, and whom he can support and cherish in their old age. He has friends, too, who esteem him, but I—" "Nay, talk not thus, dear Frederick: and have not you friends? Does not my father esteem you—and Mr Morris—and our good foster-mother? Yes, all who know you do so; and I, you know, have always loved you as a brother." As she spoke, I felt her hand tremble in mine, and the tear, whether of simplicity or sensibility I know not, glittered in lucid brilliancy on her eye-lash. I was considerably affected by her agitation, and I remember, even now, the sweet emotion of that moment. I replied, "True, Catherine, most true. All this I feel; and more particularly your affection for me; but Sir Talbot has ever been so cool and so reserved to me, that I cannot love him as I would a father. Alas! this pleasure has been denied me. You cannot know what pain it is to see the kind, attentive son, leading his aged mother in her helplessness. You cannot feel the pang which I have felt, when I have seen the poor but honest father, bowed down with toil and years, leaning on his youthful son's arm, as he totters to his seat at church; and then smiling with so much tenderness upon his affectionate supporter. Catherine, I never knew this joy, for I never knew my parents;" and I shed tears of bitter sorrow, as I thought of my comparatively desolate condition. But my sorrow was soon dissipated, at least for a while, for my lovely companion administered such soothing balm to my troubled spirit, that the

clouds of care, for a time, dispelled, and I experienced a degree of joy, which I can only attribute to Catherine's affectionate solicitude for me; for it must needs have afforded me no common gratification to find that this sweet girl sympathised so feelingly in my sorrow.

My love for Catherine became now daily more intense, and several circumstances which occurred about this time, served to render me painfully conscious of the strength of my affection for her. One I particularly remember, and it is impressed upon my memory, from the evil which its consequences entailed upon me, in a manner too vivid and forcible to be ever entirely erased. The summer assizes were now rapidly approaching; and, as is the custom at country places on such occasions, the little country town of D—, near which we dwelt, was, with its immediate neighbourhood, crowded with visitors. Caertrevor had its share. Some four or five families, from distant parts of Wales, repaired thither, to partake of the accustomed gaiety, and the house was full. Among our visitors, was a young and wealthy baronet, from Flintshire, a friend, and, I believe, a college companion of young Talbot. He was a very handsome man, and possessed the most fascinating manners I ever saw. From the first moment that he entered the house, I hated him. And I had reason. Previously to his arrival, I had heard among the peasantry that Sir William Evans—so he was named—was coming to Caertrevor, for the purpose of espousing Miss Catherine; and I need not say how uneasy this idle report made me. However, I had reason to think it perfectly true; for I found that Sir William's attentions to Catherine were unremitting, and that, on all occasions, he was by her side. I found, also, that he was very materially assisted in his operations by all the elderly ladies of the party. Whether he had got an intimation of Catherine's affection for me, or whether Talbot had communicated to him a portion of his own hatred for me, I cannot say; but his behaviour was characterised by a malicious propensity to provoke and irritate me, at the time when I should

feel more forcibly the ill effects of his malevolence. This, his polished address, and extensive knowledge of the world, enabled him to do to his heart's content, more especially, as he usually directed his chief attention to me, in this respect, in the presence of Catherine. Once—and it was the last time—he provoked me beyond all endurance; I was sitting opposite to him at dinner, and when the cloth was removed, he began, as usual, to torment me. There was, at all times, so much apparent mildness in his manner, and such an ostensible courtesy in his address, that his intention was not obvious to every body. It was perfectly clear, however, to me, and I had hitherto restrained my feelings so effectually, as to prevent any ill consequences. But on this occasion, he was more than usually overbearing, and a wanton and disrespectful allusion to my parentless condition so far overpowered my compulsory indifference, that I rose from the table, and, with a look, which I could see alarmed Sir William, and terrified Catherine, who sat by him, left the room, and rushed into the garden.

It is impossible for me to analyze or describe the tumultuous emotions with which I was agitated on this occasion. Rage, and the most deadly hatred towards Sir William, were, I know, predominant; and when I thought of his attentions to Catherine, and of the mere possibility of his success in obtaining her hand, my mind was maddened with passion; and had he appeared before me at that moment, I know not what would have been the consequence. But, fortunately for himself—and, it may be, for me—he had too much discretion to venture within reach of me; and after I had been some time in the garden, I became more calm, and was able to reflect upon what had passed, with feelings somewhat more temperate and composed. Before, however, I had quite allayed my choler, the young baronet walked into the garden with Mr Trevor, and not perceiving me, as I suppose, turned down a different walk. My resolution was instantly formed; and, tearing a stout sapling from a tree that was close to me, I walked on, to meet Sir William. My passion had

not quite subsided, but I was determined, if possible, to keep myself cool and collected. At the termination of one walk in another, I came in front of the two friends, who started at my sudden appearance, as if they had trode upon an adder. "What!" exclaimed Talbot, after he had somewhat recovered himself, "cannot I walk in my father's garden without being beset by cavedroppers? Really, Mr Frederick, I little expected this from you." To him I replied not; but looking steadfastly at his companion, said, "Sir William Evans, you have this day insulted me, in a manner too gross to be forgiven, unless you will render me the most unreserved satisfaction. Are you willing, then, to ask my pardon before that company, before all that company, in whose presence you have so provoked me?" Sir William, with a sneer in his countenance, turned to his companion, and asked how long it had been the fashion for base-born peasant churls to beard their betters? and then turning on his heel, was proceeding towards the house. But, seizing him by the collar, I thundered into his ear, for my blood was again on fire, "Think not to escape me thus, Sir! If you do not know how a gentleman ought to act, a peasant churl shall instruct you;" and before he could extricate himself from my grasp, I pushed him from me, and then, with the sapling which I carried in my hand, administered to him such wholesome discipline, that he roared aloud with shame and agony. Talbot dared not interfere; but when I ceased, they both skulked away, muttering threats of revenge and chastisement. Of this I thought nothing; for I was not aware of the honourable manner in which these magnanimous patricians intended to effect their vengeful purpose, but I was not long left ignorant of it.

I remained in the garden; and now that the excitation which this event had produced had died away, and given place to a corresponding degree of lassitude and loss of spirits, I was not at all sorry for what I had done, but I felt an oppression of spirits, which was very common to me after any very violent exertion. I was sitting on a wooden bench, un-

der a large and beautiful laburnum tree in the shrubbery, listening to the gentle rustling of the trees, and ruminating upon the change which I fancied had taken place in Catherine's conduct towards me, since the arrival of this detestable baronet. The pangs of jealousy never tormented any one more poignantly than they did me. I loved Catherine with all the fervour of youth, and with all the enthusiastic ardour of a deeply sensitive mind. She was to me a divinity—an object of the highest adoration and reverence; and to imagine, for a moment, that she could bestow any portion of her affections upon one who had rendered himself so odious to me, was worse than misery. At one moment I resolved to upbraid her with her faithlessness—although I had no right to do so, as she had never acknowledged any attachment to me—and then leave the house for ever; at another, I determined to throw myself at her feet, tell all my burning love for her, and implore her whole, her undivided affection. But this gust of passion subsided, and then I thought more calmly of her fickleness; for I could not divest my mind of the idea that she ought to love me. I did not, however, become less convinced of her unkindness; and I determined to evince my sense of it, by a forced and unbending coolness.

I had not been long in this mood, before I espied the object of my meditations at a short distance from the spot where I sat. She was evidently seeking somebody; and I went and joined her. "Dear Frederick," she exclaimed, "I have been seeking you this long time, and have such bad tidings to communicate! Do you know that Sir William Evans has left us?" "No, Madam, I do not; nor can I guess why his departure should occasion so much grief. You were not wont, Miss Trevor, to be sorry for the absence of cockcombs." "Madam! Miss Trevor! what does this mean, Frederick? Have I offended you? Why all this contemptuous coolness?" "Oh, no; I am not offended, Catherine—Miss Trevor, I mean, at least with you. What reason have I to be so? I have chastised a gentleman, whom it is your

pleasure to admire and to love; and he has thought proper to steal away, because he is conscious of his own cowardice. If any one is offended, it must surely be Miss Trevor; for I have deprived her of the society of a gentleman, who has been unremitting in his attentions to her." "Oh, Frederick! is it thus *you* speak to me?" and, agitated and astonished, the lovely girl burst into tears. My stoical resolution was melted in a moment; and, scarcely conscious of what I was doing, I led the weeping girl to the seat I had just quitted, and, with my arm round her waist, supported her head on my shoulder. Never shall I forget that hour! Catherine wept and sobbed, as if her young heart would burst her heaving bosom; and more than once I felt on my own flushed cheek the thrilling moisture of her tears. I could control myself no longer; but, with a hurried voice, endeavoured to recal her to composure. I used every epithet of endearment—blamed myself, again and again, as the cause of her affliction—and urged her to remember my foolish conduct no more: but all in vain—still she wept! and it was not till after a long and deep-drawn sigh, that the paroxysm ceased, and she became more calm. "I have been very foolish," she said; "but I could not help it. And did you think, Frederick, that I loved Sir William Evans? that I *could* love such a man? You know little of Catherine Trevor's heart if you think thus. No, Frederick! my regret was not for the mere departure of Sir William; but for my father's anger with you for your behaviour to the baronet. The circumstance has been mentioned to my father, but in so exaggerated a manner, that I dread the consequences." "Nay, do not fear, Catherine: I am so conscious of having acted right, that I am sure Sir Talbot cannot censure me, when he has heard my story." "That is not certain, Frederick. What Sir William has said to my father I do not know: but I fear he has said more than is necessary. My father is exceedingly angry, and I never remember to have seen him so irritated." "Well: if Sir Talbot will not listen to my representation of the affair, I cannot

help it. I do not certainly regret my conduct to that supercilious coxcomb. On the contrary, I rejoice that I have had an opportunity of punishing his insolence."

We were still sitting on the seat in the shrubbery; and neither manifested any inclination to return to the house. Twilight had long since shrouded in shadow the woods and hills around us; and the soothing influence of that peaceful hour was communicated to me, calming my ruffled feelings into sadness and composure. Yet I did not feel happy, although Catherine was by my side, and her hand was locked in mine. A presentiment of some approaching evil depressed my spirits. I could not divest myself of the idea that some calamity was hanging over me; and I felt a most vehement desire of disclosing my passion to Catherine, for the purpose of receiving, in return, a similar avowal from her. I was now perfectly conscious that she really did love me; but yet I required an unequivocal, an explicit acknowledgment of her attachment. This was perhaps unreasonable—it was perhaps unkind; but who can control the secret workings of the spirit? Alas! I never could; and, excited by these impulses, I urged my suit with all the ardour of young affection, and with all the hope of an aspiring lover. Catherine listened to me with emotion; for I could feel her hand tremble in mine, as I spoke of my pure love for her, and of my willingness to die for her, were it necessary. And with such a girl, so attached to me, and so conscious of her own purity of heart, I did not plead in vain. A full and perfect confession of her attachment, given with all the timidity of a loving maiden, was the consequence; and a kiss—the first and the last I ever imprinted on those living lips—sealed our vows, and filled my heart with happiness. Oh, God! what a moment was this to me! In many an hour of sadness and affliction, in many a season of dismay and peril, have I thought of it, as of the brightest moment of my life; and many a time, when oppressed with sorrow almost to madness, has the recollection of this too, too happy scene, caused my tears to flow, and relieved

the burning throbbing of my brain. Now that the consuming fire of my soul is quenched, I can look back upon this as upon a vision—beautiful, indeed, and soothing to think of! but too blissful and transitory to have been realized.

Long did we sit together on that summer night; and those only who have loved as we did, can imagine the pleasure of that happy interview. But night was fast approaching; and we quitted a spot, now rendered so interesting to us both, to mingle with the gay throng assembled at Caertrevor. I should mention, however, that, before we parted, we solemnly pledged our troth to each other, and cemented our vows by a mutual interchange of tokens. A bright ringlet of Catherine's golden hair was exchanged for a lock of mine; and, with a lighter heart, and a blither look, than I had showed for many a day, I entered the drawing-room at Caertrevor.

The company were variously engaged; some at cards, a few with conversation; while the younger portion of the company were amusing themselves with music. Talbot, I observed, was not in the room; but I could easily account for his absence. I have ever been passionately fond of music; and the plaintive melodies of my native country possess charms for me, far more delightful than those which more elaborate and intricate compositions could create. My infancy was lulled by them, for they had become rooted in my affections from the very earliest period of my recollection. Soon after I had entered the room, Catherine joined us, and, seating herself at her harp, ran her fingers lightly over the strings, and, looking at me with an expression which I could not misunderstand, sang that beautiful air, "Ar hŷd y Nôs," with a feeling and pathos peculiarly her own. She knew how well I loved that simple melody, and how well I loved to hear her sing it; and this, with the remembrance of what had passed, caused her to sing with so much feeling, that the tear trembled in her blue eye as she concluded the last verse of the song. There was nothing particularly affecting, perhaps, in the words themselves; but in after years

I thought of them with anguish, as applicable, in some measure, to myself. They are as follow:

SONG.

1.

Oh, my love! how sad and gloomy,
Ar hŷd y nŷs,
Seem the hours when thou art from me,
Ar hŷd y nŷs!
If my Henry could but hear me,
He would soon return to cheer me,
And remain for ever near me,
Ar hŷd y nŷs.

2.

Sweetly thus, beside a fountain,
Ar hŷd y nŷs,
Sung the maid of Mina mountain,
Ar hŷd y nŷs,
When the youth, from war returning,
In whose heart bright love was burning,
Came and changed to joy her mourning,
Ar hŷd y nŷs.

I was standing by a window, which opened into the lawn, when she was singing; and unable to control my tears, and unwilling that they should be observed, I stepped out through the window, which opened close to the ground, and seated myself under a large fir tree, one of a grove which shrouded the house on this side. Here I indulged in the sweet emotions which Catherine's song had excited; and here I remained, being still near enough to the window to hear the music from within, until I had somewhat composed myself, when I re-entered the drawing-room, and soon afterwards joined the company at supper.

I could see very well that Sir Talbot was in no very placid mood. He gave abrupt, and even unkind answers to Catherine, and evinced considerable iniquity, as if his mind was ill at ease. I remained behind till the company had left the room, and was wishing Catherine good-night, when Sir Talbot said, "Stay, Mr Anwyl, I have a word or two to say to you. Catherine, my love, good-night." Catherine kissed her father, and held out her hand to me. I took it, and grasped it fervently. She returned the pressure; and with a look, which plainly said, "Be calm,"—wished me good-night, and retired. "What is this I hear, Mr Anwyl?" said the baronet, with one of his sternest glances. "How hap-

pens it that you dare to affront my guests with your intemperate insults? I had deemed that you knew your province better." I have said that my temper was by nature sensitive and passionate: the events of this evening had not contributed to soothe its natural irritability; and there was but a very trifling impetus wanting to rouse my fiery spirit. This was more than given by Sir Talbot's address; and I felt that reason had no control over me. "How dared I, Sir Talbot," I exclaimed, "how dared I to affront that impudent coxcomb, with my intemperate insults? *Diawlsaurr!* It was he that insulted me, the mean and pitiless—" "Silence, I command you, Sir!" interrupted Sir Talbot. "Do you talk thus to me? If you will beard me in this manner under my own roof-tree, no wonder you insult my friends. But I must provide against a repetition of these sallies, Sir—and until you can behave yourself with more propriety, I beg you will cease to associate with those whose manners you cannot imitate. You hear me, Sir—I do not expect to see you in my presence again, until you can command your temper better;" and so saying, Sir Talbot quitted the drawing-room, and left me to my meditations. But to say that I could meditate at all, would not be true. My mind was a perfect chaos of mingled rage, vexation, and despair. I had imagined that Sir Talbot, notwithstanding his natural austerity, would, when he had heard the particulars of the case, have admired my conduct towards Sir William Evans; and to find him thus enraged with me, was not very agreeable to my already irritated feelings. But his unjust sentence of excommunication roused every unruly emotion of my soul; and, in the headstrong rashness of my passion, I resolved to leave Caertrevor for ever, and go to London. This idea had often occurred to me before, particularly when I was thinking of my parents; for I imagined, that by going to the metropolis, I should discover them

—and oh! what happiness would that be! Without reflecting upon the utter absurdity of this plan, I determined to put it into immediate execution: I walked, or rather rushed out of the house, and gaining the high-road, followed its direction towards Shrewsbury. It was a most lovely night, and a bright summer moon shed her mild lustre over the rocks and woods around me; and without one single favourable prospect, and with a only few shillings in my pocket, I found myself a solitary wanderer among the wild and rugged hills of Merionethshire. But forlorn and lonely as I was, I experienced a feeling of buoyant exultation, as I thought upon my unshackled condition. I was now as free as air, dependant upon no one, and master of my own actions in every respect; and without once reflecting upon my utter helplessness, as far as regarded any method of procuring common subsistence, I ran on in the moonlight, with a light heart, but with temples that throbbed under the influence of that unnatural exhilaration which impelled me onwards. I say *unnatural*, because I have now no doubt that I was actually insane at the time. I am so convinced that my intellects were impaired on that memorable night, that nothing can persuade me to the contrary; and it has become, in some degree, a consolation to me to believe so. It may appear strange—and, by the way, this is one powerful proof of my madness—that I never once thought of my beloved Catherine. Amidst the horrible tumult which then agitated my brain, no gentle recollection of my betrothed mistress occurred, to soothe and allay the tempestuous workings of my soul. I thought only of the indignities I had suffered, and of my firm determination to suffer no more; and when, in a calm moment, I thought of the jewel I had left behind, and deserted, a pang of agony, such as I never felt before, shot through my heart, and nearly paralyzed its motions.

THE GARDEN GOSSIPS.

(Continued.)

SIR,

YOUR insertion of my former paper encourages me to send you an account of a second conference, *sub dio*, with the two sons of my worthy friend. I am aware, however, that many of your readers may "think our prattle to be tedious;" and if you have made this discovery, I shall take no offence at its necessary consequence, in the exercise of your editorial *recto*. The amusement of writing, accompanied, as it generally is at the moment, with the flattering belief that you are in the act of creating amusement for others, may fairly be considered as its own reward. I am too old to be much delighted by seeing myself in print; but not too old to derive gratification from a gentle exercise of mind. In preparing an article for you, therefore, the greatest part of my pleasure terminates with the preparation. I am indifferent about its future destiny, and care not whether, after examination, you commit it to the *devil* or to the *fire*. I surely need not tell your readers, that these words, though nearly synonyms in the literal, are opposites in the typographical sense. But to proceed:

On the third afternoon of my visit, the weather still continuing delicious, we adjourned, as before, to our *sylvan epularium*, or, as George, for the sake of the alliteration, rather incorrectly termed it, our *boon bivouac*; and, after seating ourselves, we gradually slid into a renewal of the preceding day's conversation.

George. Plutarch tells us, that no oath to Bacchus could be taken under a roof. This, I think, was orthodox summer doctrine. So was that of the Persians, who said we should not confine the gods (least of all, I suppose, the Lyæan god) to paltry temples of human workmanship, when we can worship them with so much more pleasure in their own magnificent temple of Nature. Who would imprison himself within four walls, while enjoying the Dionysian rites, when he can enrich them with the additional enjoyments of "rural sights and rural sounds?" Here we

can concentrate a multiplicity of delights, and, while gratifying the corporeal taste, can also regale the intellectual faculty which has borrowed its name. Here we have the four elements of earth, air, water, and fire, ministering to our pleasures, in their loveliest attire: we

Have all the glories of a Summer sky,
Gilding the scene where Autumn's treasures lie:

we have, in short, (as my extempore couplet shows,) at least the *matériel*, though, as you will infer from this luckless specimen, not the *moralé* of poetry.

Warner. Nay, we have still more: for you will recollect that Mr Henry is, in his own sense of the word, to furnish us with *prose*. Pray let us now have the paper you promised.

G. Softly, my dear Sir—not yet. Give me time to dismount from Pegasus, and to dull my enthusiasm sufficiently to become a listener,—a passive sort of character, in which I never excelled. It is really too violent a leap from *impromptu* verse to stupid prose. I never took much delight in read sermons, and I am sure that *read talk* must be still more intolerable; and must require one to arm himself with a double dose of the "sad civility" which was extorted from Pope by his reciting visitors.

W. I, on the contrary, approve of a read sermon (supposing it well read); because, as it must first have been written, it removes all suspicion of the preacher's negligence, and makes "assurance doubly sure," that we shall have his best thoughts, arranged, condensed, and arrayed in his best expression. This is due to such a subject as religion, every word of instruction in which ought to be maturely considered, and carefully composed. In conversation, the case is different, because all parties there should be on an equal footing, and have an equal share of that mental exercise which is the chief constituent of the pleasure we feel in colloquial intercourse. A man who comes, like Marmontel and his literary friends, with premeditated witticisms, or who replies to a remark from a written paper, takes an unfair advantage of the rest. He not

only throws them out of the game, by the time which he monopolizes, but throws them into the shade, by opposing his guarded and digested, to their crude and careless ideas.

Henry. Of the three persons who compose this company, two, I see, are against the recital, and one not for it. I shall therefore pocket both the paper and the affront.

G. Nay, Henry, no pouting. Since the thing has been mentioned, pray let us have it. But I should like first to bring to the test of argument some of your assertions, which yesterday passed unquestioned, as our dialogue was so rapid, and the current of my ideas is so tardy, that it did not bring forward the proper answer, till the time for making it was past. A conversation requires to be revised and retouched, as well as a picture. In the first sketch, there are many errors and omissions, which their authors long to correct, but seldom have an opportunity. This at least is the case with me; for I often feel, what Rousseau confesses of himself, that the thing I should have said scarcely ever occurs to me, till after I have spoken.

W. All, I believe, have more or less of a similar feeling. Second thoughts are justly said to be the best, as something is generally wanting in the first. It is, therefore, from the re-perusal of a book, from talking over the subject of a lecture, and from a second survey of an interesting scene, that we derive most benefit; and it is also in a renewed description of any colloquial topic, that we discuss it best. For this reason, I suppose, the fate of a parliamentary bill is always presumed to depend on the argument at the *second* reading. But we lose time. Propose your *recensenda*.

G. Well, then, Henry, I wish to know on what ground you asserted, that the church of England holds a higher rank in that country, than the church of Scotland in this. As their duties are the same, I should think they ought to be exactly parallel, in the place they occupy among the orders of society, and in the dignity they communicate to their members. As I am at present metaphorically disposed, indulge me in a figurative illustration. Were the

Tweed to flow between two precipitous banks, which exhibited strata symbolical of the different ranks of society, I should think the clerical stratum on the south ought to be precisely on a level with that on the north.

H. This, however, is not the case. You will find that they do not correspond, and that the southern stratum lies at a higher elevation; with fewer above, and more below it, than the northern. In short, without this haze of mineralogical metaphor, the church is a genteeler profession in England than in Scotland.

G. What professions do you call genteel?

H. Those which men of the highest rank and influence wish their sons to embrace. Such are the army, the navy, and the law in both countries; and the church in England, but not in Scotland.

G. How do you account for the difference in this last case?

H. It may be explained, by considering the circumstances which constitute the gentility of the other professions; or, more simply, by finding the *unum in multis*, I mean some one characteristic, which all of these possess, and of which the Scottish church is destitute. Now you will observe, that all of them (though the word be confined to the church) are *hierarchical*. All of them carry their members, by gradual promotion, to stations so exalted, that even a moderate approach to these is no contemptible dignity. It is impossible to deny that the ensign may be a general, the midshipman an admiral, the barrister Lord Chancellor, the advocate Lord President, and the vicar Lord Primate. If their lives be sufficiently protracted, and if they escape those interruptions which no one is willing to anticipate, the paths they have entered lead directly to those stations which are nearest to royalty itself; and the steps of the ascent are so numerous, that, should they rest but midway to the summit, they are still far above their outset, and above the members of a profession where no such graduated scale of preferment exists.

G. But surely the chance of high preferment is too small to produce so powerful an effect.

H. Pardon me. When the prizes are numerous, the chance, unless from very special circumstances, is not small. He, at least, who possesses it, never thinks it so : and he exacts from others the consideration which he might claim from its being great. I once heard a Highland serjeant, who had just got a commission for his long service, majestically roar to an insolent ostler, "Don't you know, scoundrel, that I may be a Field-Marshal?" As poor Donald was then upwards of fifty, his *Pugeth* prospect of the baton may appear somewhat ludicrous ; but he was right in demanding the respect due to a profession in which such honours are included, his claim to that respect being the chief advantage conferred on him by his promotion. In most cases, the demand is not merely allowed, but anticipated ; as we are generally unwilling to offend one, who, if he meet with no injustice, must soon outstrip ourselves in the race of advancement. On this cautious principle, of estimating a person's consequence rather by his prospects than by his possessions, we press civility, by way of *retaining fee*, on a beautiful girl, or a youth of genius, as being in the straight road to prosperous establishments in life ; and on the same principle, we see a poor curate, or lieutenant, caressed at tables, which would be thought dishonoured by the presence of a tradesman, or merchant's clerk, with ten times their income. A curate is something like the cadet of a noble family. He may be indigent and unemployed, but the brotherhood of an archbishop is sufficient to give him precedency ; and he whose profession entitles him to share in the hospitalities of Lambeth, will hardly be excluded from any other in the kingdom. It is for these reasons that men of high rank breed their sons to the English church ; and also, because in that, even with more ease than in the other professions I have mentioned, they can push them into splendid stations, by their political influence, which could be of no avail in securing them success, as accountants, merchants, or even as medical practitioners, though these belong to a learned profession. This again operates both as cause and

effect. Men of family enter the church, because it is a genteel profession ; and their doing so preserves and augments its gentility.

G. You may spare farther illustration. I understand your argument perfectly ; and you will close it, I presume, by demonstrating that the Scottish church is deficient in those desirable dignities, the prospect of which would be necessary for recruiting it from the aristocracy of the country.

H. Of course. In that profession, the first step is the last. He who enters it, must enter it of the highest, because the only rank ; and his whole portion of attainable importance, for the remainder of life, is fixed and circumscribed, and may be measured by all at its commencement. No room is given to indulge delicious visions of hope, and no motive to pay, in advance, an excess of respect, beyond what the immediate situation claims, on the credit of reversionary preferment, since preferment to more than a single parochial charge is impossible. It is, consequently, no profession for the ambitious. Splendid talents cannot find any reward, where there is no reward to find ; nor will those who have family interest throw it away, by embracing an occupation where it so speedily becomes impotent. Such a choice too naturally leads back our attention to the previous pretensions of those who made it ; whom the public must conclude to be persons to whom their patrimonial circumstances had made an annual income of £200 an ultimate object of ambition, and consequently to be unallied to the opulent or powerful.

W. The public conclusion would probably be what you suppose. There are certain critical occasions in life, such as the voluntary choice of a profession, or of a matrimonial alliance, when we seem to settle and declare our own opinion of the value at which we should be rated ; and if our own estimate is low, we may generally be pretty sure that it will be acquiesced in by others. Such is the spirit of the world, satisfying itself with only a slight correction of vanity, or encouragement of diffidence, that high pretensions, though brought a little down, rarely fail in setting their au-

thor somewhat higher than he would have stood without them ; while low ones, on the contrary, set him, in the same proportion, lower than he either intends or desires. But I ask your pardon for interrupting you by these generalities.

H. Nay, they are no interruption, since they help me to the inference, that men will allow but a small share of importance to those, who, by confining their views to a field where no lofty objects are to be found, seem to betray a conscious deficiency in the talents and connections by which a way can be forced to elevated stations. While the southern clergy, therefore, enjoy the consideration due, not only to their present office, but to previous gentility and prospective dignity, the northern are exclusively confined to what the first of these three recommendatory circumstances can procure for them. I hope, George, I have now shewn some cause for my assertion, that the Scottish clergy, though certainly as respectable as the English, in the best sense of that epithet, are less so in another. Indeed no one can be long in England, without seeing the deference paid to the ecclesiastical profession, solely on account of its temporal rank, and apart from what its members may individually command by personal character. He will see the older part of these advanced to provincial magistracies more frequently than the squires ; and the younger selected by the fair, at places of fashionable resort, as, next to officers, their most creditable and gentlemanly attendants. I once asked a lady, very solicitous about the respectability of her appearance, with what sort of a *beau* she would like best to shew herself in Kensington Gardens ? and she answered, " with an officer in uniform, or a clergyman in his shovel-hat." On requesting her reason, she said " because I wish it be indisputably seen, as it must be by the dress, that I am walking with a gentleman." This anecdote will shew, better, perhaps, than many words, the consideration in which the church is held : and I may add, that it communicates the same sort of consideration to every one connected with it—to the members of Universities, to public teachers,

and to private tutors. The great majority of these, who are, or intend to be, clergymen, gives consequence to the whole, who are treated with much more respect, and far more liberally remunerated, than the corresponding classes in Scotland.

W. I am glad, Mr Henry, that your remarks are distinctly limited to the comparative *gentility* of the two churches ; and that the causes you assign for the superiority of the English, in this unimportant article, are derived wholly from secular, not from spiritual considerations. I hope you see nothing in the form or duties of our church which should deter any gentleman from making it his profession ?

H. Nothing that would deter myself. Others, however, who shrink with more sensitive delicacy from the slightest approach to what appears inelegant or uncourtly, would perhaps detect, in the constitution of the Scottish church, some things which he might consider as not in good taste. That church is on a republican, and the English on a monarchical plan ; and you cannot fail to have observed, that in every thing republican (at least in modern times) there is more or less of a tinge of vulgarity. Switzerland, even with its *noblesse*, Holland still more, and America most of all, whatever other advantages they possess, are always associated in minds which sift their feelings nicely, with ideas of less polish and fashion, than France or Britain. Equality of privilege, though it may sharpen the talents, does not refine the manners, or beget the courteous self-control, which is indispensable to a tasteful deportment. Those, accordingly, who are more afraid of familiarity and forwardness, than of a small surrender of their independence, prefer situations, where the presence of superiors imposes discipline on the behaviour, though it may also mulct them of some amusement, which they might derive from the free swing of rough humour and companionable raillery. The difference between the conversation at a Bishop's table and a Presbytery dinner may illustrate the distinction I am endeavouring to draw, and explain why high-bred men, more attentive, probably, to manners than to

morals, might feel some scruple at entering a profession, where they must encounter the evils, as well as the benefits, of *Liberty and Equality*. But this is not all. The constitution of the Church of Scotland being democratic, necessarily engenders politics. These are not *national*, but *corporation* politics, to which the idea of vulgarity is uniformly attached. Every sort of politics, indeed, from exciting the angry passions, of all the most disgusting and degrading, and from disposing men to vilify and depreciate each other, has a tendency to destroy or diminish elegance, both of mind and manners; and nothing could prevent the idea of vulgarity from being attached even to parliamentary politics, except the solemn and momentous interests about which they are conversant. But the same redeeming consideration does not apply to the petty squabbles, and mouse-bearing mountains, of minor communities; and as the Church of Scotland, though perhaps the chief, is still to be accounted one of this description, we need not wonder if it be avoided by persons who dread participation in coarse contentions and plebeian animosities; and whom, we can see, without any wonder, avoiding, for the same cause, the *grossièreté* of a vestry meeting, or borough-council debate.

W. You make a plausible case: yet the circumstances you enumerate have, in various instances, produced no such effects as those you impute to them. I have seldom met with persons to whom the name of gentleman could more justly be given, than to Robertson, Carlyle, Home, and Playfair.

H. Of this I have no doubt. I, too, could point out some perfect gentlemen of the same profession, but—*exceptio probat regulam*.

W. I must, at the same time, admit, that the constitution of our Church, with all its excellence, is productive of some evils, and especially of the malignant spirit of party hostility. Often have I regretted the strong propensity of our clergy, to throw out some sneer, or intrude some anecdote, for the purpose of lowering the personal estimation of their professional opponents. It is rare, indeed, to be long in their com-

pany, and at the same time in their confidence, without proofs of this propensity; which is, in my opinion, a far more unchristian vice, than most of those which are charged against the members of the Church of England.

H. Some minor causes may be added to those which I have stated, for the temporal consideration of the English clergy. A Liturgy, for example, is probably more favourable than the Presbyterian service to the personal dignity of the clergyman. It certainly removes him further from vulgar criticism, any exposure to which, be the scene of exhibition what it may, is prejudicial to the gentility of the exhibiter. A Scotch clergyman, who is responsible, not for the pronunciation only, but for the suggestion and composition of the whole service, presents a broad mark to the pelting of censoriousness, conceit, or acumen; while so little of what is said by him who officiates in England is produced by himself, (even the sermon being frequently borrowed,) that he passes almost entirely without remark, and without having his name bandied in the mouths of critics, by whose praise and blame he would think it equally sullied. His consideration, therefore, is in this case aided by a laxity in duty: and perhaps the same effect is produced by a practice which no one can hesitate to condemn—I mean non-residence. It is well known that many English clergymen withdraw entirely from local or professional labours, and pass their time at the different places of fashionable lounging, with the disengaged appearance of independent gentlemen, who subsist on the revenues of some distant estate. They have thus an opportunity of mixing intimately with the persons whose appearance they imitate; of forming their manners upon the most approved models; and, above all, by seeing those who are above, as well as those who are below them—of having their rank and consequence in society so distinctly defined, that extraordinary want of *tact* alone could lead them to mistake it. A Scottish clergyman, on the other hand, dwelling always with his parishioners (and may nothing ever seduce him from them!) among whom he has the disadvantage of being a

great man in a little place, gains no acquaintance with the world; and, from the habit of overrating his importance, brings frequently with him, into other society, an air of pomp and pretension which is generally considered to be a symptom of vulgarity.—But I suspect that I have worn out both your patience and my own.

G. Indeed you have, Henry. I have been striving to suppress a yawn these last five minutes. Even your paper would now be a relief; but it seems destined to the same abortive fate as Trin's story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles.

W. By no means. Though its production has been delayed, it shall not be dispensed with. It was I, Mr Henry, who requested you to read it, and I am bound by consistency, and still more by inclination, to repeat my request. As you have studied both at a Scottish and an English University, I long to hear the remarks which this advantage must enable you to make, on the academical instruction, and the comparative learning, of the churchmen of the two countries.

H. I am afraid you will think them very trite and puerile. They are merely the substance of my answer to some queries of one of my Edinburgh Professors, who did me the honour to correspond with me after our connection was dissolved. Such as they are, however, you shall have them.

A. H. WARNER.

LETTER TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY,
WRITTEN AFTER THE KING'S
DEPARTURE FROM SCOTLAND.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest,
The courteous host, and all-approving
guest. *Byron.*

Edinburgh, Aug. 31, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your welcome epistle of the 10th instant, while all, in this place, were on the tip-toe of expectation, in breathless anxiety, for that novelty to Auld Scotland—the approach of Royalty to her shores. We have since hailed and witnessed the auspicious event. Amidst the ex-

traordinary bustle and excitement which pervaded all ranks, from all quarters of the Land of Cakes, it was next to an impossibility that I could sit down quietly and composedly to obey your request, and write, day after day, a detailed account of all the grand movements and operations as they regularly took place. Such an attempt you would, no doubt, have found a highly wrought-up ebullition of my freshly excited loyalty, aided by the inspiration of Robert Cockburn's black strap, or, what is more germane to the matter, the northern distillation of honest John Barleycorn, whose potent and exhilarating draughts, as you prognosticated, became an every-day requisition. The newspapers I sent you—viz. our *STAR* and *WEEKLY CHRONICLE*, the business of whose editors and proprietors it became, like those of the Birmingham welcome-button makers, to supply all demands—would furnish you with the needful intelligence. During the whole of his Majesty's residence in our city, it was a useless attempt to attend even to the common routine of every-day occupation. In our shops, counting-houses, and parlours, we had levees nearly as numerous attended, and perhaps as fatiguing as those at the court of old Holyrood; each set of visitors walking forth, rubbed welcome-buttons with those of another set coming in. In fact, we have been almost every whit as *daft* as the Irish upon a similar occasion; running about—with heather in our hat-bands, St Andrew's crosses on our breasts, royal-visit medals, suspended by ribbons from our necks, with holiday suits, consisting of blue coat, white vest, and trowsers,—gazing at the immense crowd and splendid pageantry which bustled in our streets. And then at our homes, in the afternoon, we behoved, of course, to keep open table for the benefit of our country cousins. Mrs — managed, but how I could never well comprehend, to stow within our premises five night-lodgers—most of them females, too—who, I suppose, in our small mansion, must have been grouped together like so many Highland shearers in a barn. Besides these, we had as many more day-

boarders, who, *sans ceremonie*, came or staid just as they listed, or as their peregrinations distanced them, at each hour of meal. At the tables of our citizens, amid such assemblages, brought together by the same uncommon cause, it is not to be wondered at that groupes should have been presented, and of a more promiscuous and indiscriminate nature than the pencil either of our Wilkie or our Allan has yet ventured to trace. Here met, again and again, all eager in the same cause, whig, tory, and republican—the high-flyer, the moderate clergyman, and the dissenter—the believer and the infidel—the author and his merciless critic—the snappish and self-conceited critic, wrought up into all the glories of adulation of his own inexhaustible powers, denouncing, at least, earthly damnation to all who ventured within the circle of his self-attraction—the poet, who blazed forth in heroics—the farmer, who “talked of horses, ploughs, and kye,” and of the King—the simpering miss of eighteen, and the flirting maiden of forty—the country politician, and the dapper city-clerk—and that, least of all God’s works, the dull and incomprehensible jack-ass, who, in silent amazement, listened, with open mouth and vacant gaze, to the volubility of the Babel around him. Such as these had now come in amongst us. From the four quarters of Scotland, her tide of population had wafted its swell towards our city. Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, &c. sent their thousands, and Glasgow her tens of thousands. It appeared as if a general summons (and such it was) had brought into one focus the appearance, disposition, and intellect, of all Scotland’s tribes—or, as if the glorious days of chivalry had again returned, and for a time swept away the cares and plodding anxieties of our now overgrown trade, manufactures, and merchandize—as if, once more, a gathering of the clans had commenced the reign of that boundless freedom and hospitality which once breathed throughout the hills and dales of Auld Scotland.

I had some intention to amuse you with anecdotes of the mistakes, bustlings, and anxieties, which occurred on this remarkable occasion; but the newspapers, ever on the watch,

have anticipated me in almost every thing; so that, ere this time, you will have read in print almost all I can describe. I may say of the Edinburgh and London reporters, as the plagiarist said of Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, &c. “Hang these ancients!—they have stolen all my fine ideas.”

The King, as the newspapers hath it set down, visited Hopetoun House on Thursday the 29th; and, after “breakfasting with the forks,” embarked at Port Edgar, a little to the west of Queensferry. In passing through Edinburgh, his Majesty travelled slower than usual, and thus afforded thousands an opportunity of obtaining a parting glimpse of his countenance and person. On other occasions, the royal coachman was so good a whip, that the journey from Dalkeith to Holyrood House, a distance of six miles, was usually completed in eighteen or nineteen minutes, to the no small annoyance of the attendant Guards, and some of our City equestrians, who had to gallop nearly at full speed, with their swords elevated, and their arms extended; and whose faces, by the time they reined up, rivalled their horses’ sides in smoke and perspiration. Before leaving the hospitable mansion of Lord Hopetoun, his Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood upon that excellent man, and eminent artist, Mr Henry Raeburn. This is a compliment to the arts, of which Scotsmen may justly be proud; an honour which Sir Henry owes to no accident, or lucky hits—such as being invested with a little brief authority—but which he has well deserved, and won by a long career of professional eminence. There has been some talk of raising Sir Walter Scott to the dignity of the peerage, by the title of Baron Abbotsford. This would be something quite new in the annals of heraldry, and would attest, above all things, the triumphs of modern literature, and yet we see no good reason why it should not be so. As civilization advances, the achievements of the pen will be fully as much prized as those of the sword; as knowledge becomes more universally diffused, there will be less occasion for the argument derived from cannon-balls; and, by and bye, we

may expect to see stars and garters, crests and coronets, shared among those who may be described as the *élite* of the third estate, and who wield the mightiest of all powers—the power of influencing public opinion.

You have heard, no doubt, of the beauty and elegance of the royal yacht, and the thousands that went to visit it. I, for one, formed a unit in the said numbers, and must confess, that the voyage to, and the view from the Roads, were not among the least of the pleasures I enjoyed. A fleet, whether at anchor or under sail, is at all times a pleasant sight; but when that fleet comprises vessels of a large class, and most superb appointments, the beauty of the prospect is wonderfully increased; independently of any association derived from royalty. Never was Leith harbour in such a bustle before, and never did the Kinghorn, and other boatmen, reap such a golden harvest—excepting, perhaps, in the days when good King Jamie, with half the Lothian population at his heels, went to award a husband to Magic Lauder, and enjoy the pleasures of “Anster Fair.” From the flowing to the ebbing of the tide, the Roads were completely covered with boats, many of them filled with elegantly-dressed females, and cheered on their course by the sound of the bagpipe, and other martial instruments. Among these the boats belonging to the Royal squadron were easily distinguishable, both from the uniforms of the men, and the bird-like swiftness with which they moved through the water. Most of them were swallow-built, and furnished with twelve oars, and the ease and elegance with which they glided past the hired and lazy luggers, inspired the passenger with all the humiliating feelings of him who rides a broken-down hack by the side of a first-rate hunter. On arriving at the Royal Sovereign, I was quite astonished at the scene of bustle and confusion that ensued. More than sixty boats surrounded the King's beautiful ship, and in place of a knot of friendly visitors, we looked for all the world like a nest of pirates, about to board and lay violent hands on our prey. In fact, the jostling and jarring—the paddling and pushing—the pulling a-head and

dropping astern—the running foul of this boat, and keeping clear of that—the splashing inadvertently given to one party and received from another—the complaints of the females and threatenings of the men—the scrambling, in a word, of at least 500 persons unused to such an element, fairly baffle my powers of description. After having waited nearly two hours, and been repeatedly disappointed of our turn, we found out the true secret of getting on board—that is, we bribed the skipper of a boat, stationed ostensibly to preserve order, and by this means speedily accomplished our object. The officers, who were all attention and politeness, knew nothing of these practices; but, for all that, we soon discovered, that on the waters as on the land, gold is an universal passport, without which there is no getting on. The men, indeed, were doing extra duty, and although the thing was all managed under the rose, they were fairly entitled to some consideration.

I need not detain you with a description of the Royal George. Below decks you saw nothing but a splendid suit of apartments, reminding you strongly of a gentleman's country seat, and realizing the idea of a floating palace. In a recess appeared a small library of books, containing several popular works in French and English; and on the table lay the pens, wax, and other materials, which had been used by his Majesty in the voyage to Leith. Having had no private secretary on board, he was much occupied in writing letters; and such was his affability and condescension, that when the dinner hour arrived, he regularly called around him all the officers—or at least as many as the table would accommodate. Every thing was shewn to us, excepting the Royal sleeping-room; and for this omission we were obliged to the ultra-loyalty of the ladies, who had gone before us. Not contented with looking at a plain bed with calico curtains, many of them pressed their lips to the quilt, and their cheeks to the pillow; nay, some of them even went so far as to commit the crime of petty larceny, by plucking small quantities of wool from the English blankets, and concealing the same within their gloves;

and, altogether, the work of dilapidation was going forward so fast, that it was deemed advisable to turn the key in the Royal sleeping apartment.

I should next attempt to describe the scene at the Theatre; but so much has already been said on the subject, that I shall refrain—at least be very brief. Never before did I witness or experience such a tremendous squeeze. By half past two o'clock, the doors of the pit and galleries were completely besieged, and, in spite of all the rain that fell, the company stuck as fast as a certain well-known weed. Indeed, by those in the centre of the crowd, who had scarcely room to breathe, the rain was regarded as a great relief; and I observed numbers pushing out their tongues, with the view of catching the falling moisture. What with the rain and the perspiration, a smoke began to rise from the multitude, similar to what you have seen ascending from the side of a hill on a misty morning. Not a tenth of those who attended had the least chance of getting in, and of those who retired disappointed, the greater part appeared in the plight of persons returning from the wars. With coats torn, and neckcloths awry—lower garments soiled, and hats squeezed into every possible shape, most of them had to retire to an inn to refit, before they could venture across the streets. One gentleman held so fast by another man's coat that the skirt at last came fairly away. And what do you think he found in the pocket? "A couple of jargonel pears, perhaps, or a paper of peppermint drops." No such thing. He found what was far better, a bottle of excellent cold whisky punch, which he politely handed to a police officer, with strict injunctions to drink the loser's health. In spite of the crush, many attempts were made at pocket-picking, as different gentlemen discovered from the cutting of their pantaloons. Indeed, from all we can learn, the light-fingered gentry were far less idle than is generally supposed. One minister from the North lost £.25, and a Professor £.30, and divers watches were conjured out of the wearers' fobs, in spite of the common precaution of concealing the chain and seals. On walking up the North Bridge one day, Towns-

end recognised a well-dressed gentleman, whom nobody but himself could have taken for a sharper, and who he politely desired "to walk this way," to the great astonishment of the spectators. Most men, before they ventured abroad, were cautioned by their wives, sisters, and daughters, to leave their watches and money; and upon the whole we think, the London thieves would scarcely clear their expenses. *Saunty's* proverbial caution is an excellent defence against slight-of-hand operations, and many of the black-legs might have complained, with Haggart, "that they had had their hands in a dozen pockets without finding a stiver in one of them."

Many amusing anecdotes are told of the mistakes that took place at the levee; and indeed how could it be otherwise, considering the flutter and agitation of the moment, the newness of the thing to Scotsmen generally, and the prodigious haste with which the parties were hurried through the presence-chamber? It is calculated, that the presentees passed his Majesty at the rate of 15 in the minute, which is almost as fast as a man can count sheep or horned cattle at a turnpike-gate. No wonder then that many little mistakes were made—that one man bowed to the wrong person—that another kept retiring and kissing his own hand in place of his Majesty's—that a third did fealty with his palm in place of his lips, and that a fourth sneaked away side-long in place of bowing gracefully. The lord in waiting was constantly repeating, "Pass on, pass on;" and at one time it is said his Majesty kindly reminded him that the mistake was on his own part; and that he should rather say, "Kiss his Majesty's hand, and retire." It is very wicked in the newspaper Editors to record all the little *faux pas* that were made. Had I any relish for such stories, I could give you plenty of them; but I prefer giving you an anecdote of a different character. When the King first appeared "in the garb of old Gaul," not understanding, perhaps, the use of the sporran, he appeared rather at a loss to dispose of his gloves, which a native Celt observing, he very significantly pointed to his own pouch—a which was at once observed and im-

mediately acted upon. I should here mention that Wilkie, and an eminent landscape painter, attended at the levee the whole day, and that, from the arrangements made, the royal visit to Scotland bids fair to form the subject of a magnificent painting.

Now, however, the King is gone home, and so are our country cousins—the crowd is dispersed, a dead calm has ensued, and Auld Reike is again in *statu quo*. If the visit of his Majesty threw us quite into ecstasies, now that every rational purpose of his coming among us is served, we are not at all sorry to see his back turned. Pray don't start at this seemingly disloyal sentiment—a sentiment which is in every one's heart, if not on every body's lips. As to our loyalty, that, in spite of the ultras, is now placed beyond the shadow of doubt; and as to the honour of lodging the Royal presence, we could have cheerfully “held him as long and fast” as even England herself; but in that case his Majesty must have lived as he lives in London, and allowed his dutiful and loyal subjects to mind their ordinary business. Holidays and rejoicings must be “like Angel visits, few and far between,” otherwise they would soon cease to be merry-makings at all. A great city cannot always be turned topsy-turvy; neither can its inhabitants be perpetually on the *qui vive*. Every thing earthly palls by repetition, and the greatest novelties in the world are only, as Bailie Nicol Jarvie says, “a nine days’ wonder.” This feeling is part and parcel of human nature—so much so, that we dare say even those privileged individuals admitted into the presence of royalty began to feel that their faculties

“ —Strain’d to the height
In that unwonted colloquy sublime,
Sunk down and sought repair.”

To a reflecting mind it is something more than merely amusing, to mark the contrast betwixt Edinburgh as it was, and Edinburgh as it is. The Palace of Holyrood-house—

“ —That noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia’s Kings, of other years,
Fam’d heroes, had their Royal home,—”

after the cheerless repose of centuries, has had its court and chambers once more animated by the presence of a King, by the bustle and throng of the nobles of the land. If the simile be not deemed odious, it appeared like a bee-hive, which, after inglorious fumigation, having been laid aside through a long and dreary winter, is again restored, with its renovated swarm of tenants, all in bustle amid the glory of a cloudless summer sky—or as if, among the ruins of a Greek or Roman edifice, long bleached with sun and rain, some forgotten skull,—

“ —Its broken arch, its ruin’d wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul—”

had again been filled with that thinking portion which gives animation and expression to the human form, and had told us the tale of ages past. But now again all is quiet as heretofore at Holyrood—its newly-gilded spires and lamps glittering in the sunbeams, and a few sentinels walking their lonely rounds, are all that remind the passer-by that such things were. Indeed, while we revert to what we so recently witnessed, the whole appears like a dream, from which we are newly awake—all is changed. In place of picquets, tents, and the thunder of artillery, we now find the “woolly people” peacefully feeding on the green acclivities of Salisbury, while the lasses are bleaching their “claes” on the opposite eminence:—balconies, scaffolds, and all other temporary erections, have disappeared as fast, one after another, as the allegorical arches in the Vision of Mirza. Where a thousand vehicles and the trampling of horsemen rattled along the streets, there are now only a few worn-out hackney-coachmen*, clubbing their mites for a forenoon refreshment, or yawning themselves into ennui for want of better employment. Their duty per-

* Since this communication of our epistle-inditing friend was put in types, the hackney-coachmen have also disappeared from our streets; not, we believe, from any fatigue or ennui, but for causes which the farmer of the post-horse tax can best account for—and his day of reckoning will come.

formed, or their curiosity gratified, thousands who rushed into town have rushed as hastily out of it—one man to his farm, and another to his merchandize. The Highlander has retired to his hill—the Lowlander to his valley; the Celt has exchanged his plaid and bonnet for a wig and black gown—while the archer, from drawing a long bow, has taken to the drawing of instruments that will put rather more into his pocket. Our fair fashionables, who did such execution with their eyes at the drawing-room, theatre, and assemblies, have retired to the country, to fight their battles o'er again; and even persons in a humbler walk are turning the tables upon their country cousins, and leaving them little to boast of their free quarters while in Edinburgh. And, last of all, our unfledged sportsmen, substituting a shooting jacket for a court dress, are wandering over the moors, and expending lots of powder and lead to very little purpose. The grouse are by this time strong on the wing, and have profited more by the jubilee afforded them in the Royal visit, than by all the advertisements against "poachers, and unqualified persons," inserted in the newspapers during the last half century. And now that the bustle is over, every-day thoughts and occupations are resumed, and our minds have subsided to their ordinary level, there is one moral truth deducible from what is past, and its still, small accents will be echoed in the breast of every reflecting person: it is this—the different parties who so lately met each other at the same social board, may, it is true, individually see each other here and there; but never, on this side of time, will the same groupes of individuals meet again. The consideration of this, while it gives effect to the King's visit, in rendering it an important era in the history of many a family, by having once more brought together its scattered members, must also remind them of how transitory a nature are all human enjoyments, which, like the pageantry we so recently witnessed, speedily pass away.

I am,

My dear Sir,

Yours ever,

S.

LONDON THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

London, Sept. 1st.

INDEPENDENTLY of the alteration I am about to notice, I have some reason for thinking, that the remarks in the Edinburgh Magazine for July last have been seen by the managers of some of the principal London newspapers: whether the change be or be not attributable to this cause, certain it is, that the mode of getting up theatrical criticisms is wholly different in one or two of them to what it was only a month ago. Formerly, nothing was produced at any of our theatres, especially the larger houses, but met with praise of some sort or other. If a play were unqualifiedly damned, it was hinted that the audience ought to have shewn a greater degree of lenity: if the plot were meagre, we were told that the incidents, though few, were well arranged: if the characters were feeble, we were informed that they were judiciously varied; and if the dialogue were "flat, stale, and unprofitable," it was said, that though point and spirit might be wanting, there was a great deal of grace in the expressions, and that the scenes were conducted with gentlemanly ease and polite decorum. Precisely the same style of remark was adopted regarding actors. The task of theatrical criticism may, for aught I know, have fallen into different hands; and all who have read the articles in "The Times" of late, will have seen, that the writer has given his approbation to scarcely a single piece that has been brought forward; and great pains have been taken to show, that the audience was much too indulgent to performances that met with its decided and continued applause. The unvaried cry has recently been, as far as relates to the affairs of the drama,

Et quando uberior vitiorum copia?

At every step he halts,

To point out some new faults;

and the solitary exception, (if it amount to an exception,) regards the farce of "Gretna Green." After giving the mere outline of the plot, the writer concludes his neutral article, by saying:—"Such are the materials of the farce, and, aided by the efforts

of the *dramatis personæ*, it obtained a favourable reception."

I do not mean to imply that this writer was wrong in the censorious course pursued, though, if it proceeded merely from a phlegmatic habit, it could not be justified. I am inclined almost entirely to agree in the opinions he expressed. I mention the circumstance with praise; and I am glad to see that the editors and proprietors of newspapers, (generally sufficiently opinionated and dogmatical,) are so ready to take a hint, given merely for the purpose of correcting an error, directly opposed to the real interests of the stage. No doubt, if this change of system be pursued, the prevalent and injurious notion will soon be removed, that the newspapers are under the influence of the managers of the theatres; when, in fact, the only connection between them is formed by the advertisement of the performance of the day, and the free admission, of which I spoke in a previous article. I repeat, that, for several reasons, it would be much better if those free admissions were refused.

London, Sept. 3.

Mr Peake, and somebody else (but who, appeareth not) having written a piece which they called "Gil Blas, at 17, 27, and 57," it was represented at the English Opera-House some nights ago. On its first performance it had a very narrow escape from being damned; but next day, the authors taking scissors in hand, fell to work, and having cut out nearly a third of their production, it met with more success on the second night. If, on the following, they had reduced and abridged it another third, perhaps it would have been liked still better. The last act was like a lean-to, annexed to the first structure; and as here the authors endeavoured to display more originality, by departing from their story, they failed in proportion.

It is probable the opera would not have survived the fourth night's performance but for Miss Kelly, who, like a sort of guardian angel, seemed to take it under her especial protection. It is needless to say how much she did for it, for every body knows that she is one of the most delight-

ful actresses on the stage—full of life, vivacity, and nature; yet her acting is the result of laborious study, and of the most refined art, although "The art which all this wrought appeared in no place."

She supported the character of Gil Blas at the age of seventeen—and the first act went off as well as could be wished. In the second act, Mr Pearman took up the part of Gil Blas at twenty-seven, as the bill said, "of course grown and altered"—"altered" indeed, but still, with the help of his voice, he was endurable. In the third act, in came Mr Bartley, and informed us that he now was Gil Blas, aged fifty-seven, "grown and altered also"—"grown" most comfortably fat, and "altered" to an honest, blunt sort of a gentleman, patronised by the King of Spain. This was the rock on which the authors split, and, from the first night, the audience never listened with patience through the third act*. It was said in one of the daily prints, that the spectators were offended at the gross neglect of the unity of time; but I do not believe that they would have cared a pin about it, if an air of probability, or even of possibility, had been thrown over the changes. Though, as Dr Johnson truly argues, in his preface to Shakespeare, the audience is never actually deluded into a belief that the time or the place are changed, people like to have it made a little *unaisemblable*. Here there was no attempt of the kind, or if there were, Mr Peake and his coadjutor completely failed in it. Wilkinson and Wrench were the main props of the second act.

The melo drama of "Gordon the Gypsy" continues to be acted at intervals, and it is certainly improved since its first representation. Among other alterations, I wonder that the incident of the tinder-box has not been omitted, and its place supplied with some less domestic mode of procuring a light in a moment of emergency. The whole audience is kept in suspense, while Mr T. P. Cooke (the hero), goes through the operation of hammering away with flint and steel, in order

* Since the above was written, the third act has been wisely suppressed.

that by a blue light, he may communicate a signal to his companions. Those who could make a blue light, could compound a little wild-fire to ignite it. We do not require Mr T. P. Cooke "to kindle fire from snow," any more than we expect him to set the Thames on fire; but if the spectators are to be thus let into all the details, the manager might increase the properties of the theatre, by the purchase of Hertzner's Eupyrion. Pinkethman, of Bartholomew-fair memory, if I recollect rightly, is recorded in the Tattler, to have lit a match at the ruby nose of his coadjutor; and we have seen Grimaldi, in our own day, scorning the vulgar method, strike fire out of his eye, and thence set his wig in a blaze. It surely little became the dignity of "Gordon the Gypsy" to stand knocking the skin off his knuckles for a quarter of an hour, like an old cook on a frosty morning: it would have been much more in character, for him, like Morgante, to have taken a *battaglio*, or some thing like it, and struck fire out of the rock—

—Morgante martella
Ch'arrebbe fatto riscaldere ghiaccio.

Mr T. P. Cooke seems to mistake the ironical cries of *bravo*, at this part of the exhibition, for genuine marks of approbation of his skill in performing upon the flint and steel. It is a great absurdity to suppose that the audience feels the slightest interest in knowing how he procures a light, as long as the promised signal is given.

Let me take this opportunity of asking who performs the principal female gypsy? She has a sweet delicate voice, though not powerful, and a face and figure that actually correspond. So large a portion of the play-bill is occupied by the names of Messrs Cooke and others in double capitals, that there does not seem to have been room to insert this young lady's name at all; she is therefore included under the comprehensive *et cetera* at the end. She sings the treble of the glee "Who has seen the miller's wife," without a fault.

London Sept. 6th.

The play-wrights of the present day are deeply indebted to Henry

IV. of France. The critic of the *Drapeau Blanc* a short time ago enumerated eleven pieces in French and Italian, founded upon the romantic events of his reign, and it would not be difficult to mention nearly as many in English. He has been exhibited in Comedy, Opera, Farce, and Melodrama: his assassination by Ravail-lac only remains to be converted into a tragedy. I recommend the subject to the talents of Sir Lumley St George Skeffington, author of "the Sleeping Beauty," and who has too long been a sleeping beauty himself.

"Awake, my *St George*, leave all meaner things!"

Henry IV. was the hero of what is called an *Operetta* performed at the Lyceum last night. Waller is reported to have said of "Paradise Lost,"—"If length be a recommendation, it hath that, but assuredly no other," and I say of this *Operetta*, "If shortness be a recommendation, it hath that, but assuredly no other." Yet without interest in the plot, novelty in the incidents, originality in the characters, point in the dialogue, or grace in the music, it was (by the kind permission of a summer audience) successful. If ever I write for the stage, let me have a good-humoured, easily-satisfied summer audience for my judges. It consists very much of those charitable souls, who think of men by their intentions. If they see that an author intends to be very entertaining—intends to excite interest, though he fails—intends to be poetical, though he only reaches "the sublime of bombast"—or intends to make a joke, though he only attains the point that excites and disappoints expectation, they take the will for the deed: *pars magna bonitatis est velle fieri bonum*. Such was the opinion of one of the most charitable of the ancients.

I know not who was the author of the production of last night: it bore the title of "The Fair Gabrielle," and was chiefly bad because it was not good. As a man next me in the pit observed, "it was like a chip in porridge, very innocent." It answered nearly the same purpose as the nap after dinner, recommended by Dr Kitchener, and though only in the act, (so that time was hardly spent

for growing impatient,) I observed several of the few persons in the boxes "nid, nid, noddin," before the end of it. The only incident is the escape of Henry from four soldiers of the League, by means of the disguise of a private of his own army. He is received and protected by the Count D'Estrées, father of Gabrielle, to whom the King, in the usual terms, professes his attachment, and to whom he is married on the unexpected conclusion of hostilities. This is the whole story, and it required a good many songs and choruses to spin it out even into one act. There is not one joke from beginning to end, and the language is the tamest and most common-place stuff imaginable: to use a line of Davenant's in *Gondibert*,

"There nought is writ too hard for sudden eyes."

The audience was not once troubled with the exercise of thought, and not the slightest tax was imposed upon their understandings. The music was generally as spiritless as the words were namby-pamby. Mr Reeve produced one duct, and "Barham Livius, *Esquire*," the remainder. May I ask why this gentleman is thus dignified in the play-bills so exclusively? While he continued an amateur composer, people might think he had some claim to the title of *Esquire*; but now he has made a trade of it, and has turned musician for pay, he must take his rank accordingly. We shall soon see actors announced as J. Barnard, *Esquire*, R. Jones, *Esquire*, or Tobias Atkins, *Esquire*. There was a time when the names of actors were given without any addition. Even "Romeo Coates" was only called Mr Coates, though "an amateur of distinction."

Miss Carew played the fair Gabrielle, or, as it was pronounced by the actors, Gob-rielle: in the same way they all aspirated the H in *Henri*. If foreign orthoepey, in these days of French fashions, must be adhered to, at least more pains ought to have been taken in instructing those who, on this occasion, were to observe it.

Miss Carew did all that voice and ill could do for the airs assigned her: she would have looked the part better if she had avoided making such faces when she sang. Miss Po-

vey, with her "cheerful morning looks," and sprightly manner, contributed in no slight degree to keep the audience awake. The chief male parts were filled by Mr T. P. Cook and Mr Pearman: they played respectably, and the latter exhibited some comic talent, which I did not expect. He has a good voice, but is essentially a vulgar singer.

London, Sept. 9.

I just mentioned, in a former letter, the farce of "*Gretna Green*," by Mr Beazeley. I did not see it till last night, which was, I think, the eighth or ninth time of performance. I consider it one of the best things of the kind produced for several seasons; and the title appears to be not the least taking part of it. The new Marriage Act has thrown so many difficulties in the way of matrimony, that it would not be wonderful if his Reverence, the blacksmith, were hereafter to have a good deal more employment than he has found of late. This farce may serve to remind many "a longing, loving, but unlinked pair," of the expedient; though, if they were disposed to resort to it, it is probable that one party, at least, (I need not say which,) would not need that it should be brought to recollection.

It is not necessary to enter into the plot of this afterpiece, which is by no means complicated, but, at the same time, full of incident, diversity, and bustle. The plaudits of the audience were not confined to its re-announcement, but accompanied the actors throughout, who went through their parts with the utmost spirit. Miss Kelly, and Wrench, the one as a maid-servant, and the other as a valet, imposing upon each other as a fine lady and an accomplished nobleman, played admirably. Wrench is a performer who has not had full justice done to his comic talents in easy, off-hand, impudent parts, where a mixture of *nonchalance* and confidence is wanted. The dialogue throughout is smart, with now and then a spice of that rare commodity, wit. Of the jokes some are bad, some good, some new, and some old; but even the bad are laughable, and the old have an air of novelty. The songs are lively, and not too nume-

rous. Upon the whole, the only material fault I could find with the farce, when I saw it, was, that it was too short. This defect may, in part, be remedied by seeing it again; and it will well bear repetition.

London, Sept. 11.

I began to think that I should, this month, have nothing to say about the Haymarket theatre, but that a new farce, under the title of "Family Jars," (scarcely worth more notice than the insertion of its name,) had been brought forward, with an Irish sort of

Success, that leaves the victory in doubt."

However, the night before last a new comic opera was suddenly, and almost without previous announcement, produced, called "Morning, Noon, and Night, or the Romance of a Day." With reference to its title, it may be remarked, that the first act only comprized two days, or, at all events, two nights; and, throughout, there was such an alternation of light and darkness, that to measure the time intended to be consumed was a hopeless undertaking. There was some attempt at novelty in the plot, which, in our day of barren invention, ought to be a strong recommendation; but its involutions, and the number of persons engaged in it, (if only half of them were made prominent,) would require the length of some of those Spanish plays which extended sometimes to twenty or thirty *jornadas*. This new comic opera was limited, as usual, to three acts; and as there was a great deal to be done, the stago was usually in a sufficient bustle.

The two principal male personages, are a poetical peer and a sentimental highwayman. The first of these, Lord Scribbleton, was performed by Liston, in his usual style; but he grew a little too corpulent for his peculiar cast of humour. This part might have been made the vehicle of a little good-natured satire, (if there be such a thing,) but if the author had had talent, he had not room for it. The sentimental highwayman, smuggler, wrecker, and pickpocket, was played by Terry, who seemed to

labour under the unnatural absurdity of his character. Besides these, there was a dragoon officer, represented by Johnson, *vice* Jones, who seems to have adopted our notion of his unfitness for the part of a gentleman; an Irish servant, with no humour, and a little brogue, which often passes for it; an East India Lord, who has made his fortune in the usual questionable way; a country gentleman, who delights in succouring the distressed, an uncommon character, and very unlike life; a French valet, a cheating inn-keeper, several peasants, and an abundance of bailiffs, creditors, smugglers, wreckers, robbers, footmen, and little boys and girls. The principal female part (Lydia) was assigned to Miss Paton, whose voice seems to improve as she gains confidence; but the action, or rather inaction, of her right hand, is still very awkward. Mrs. H. Johnstone was a shipwrecked and mysterious lady, who afterwards turns out to be only the wife of a dragoon. Mrs. Garrick was a barmaid, Mrs. Jones a waiting-maid, and Mrs. Pearce an old-maid. Such is the stuff of which the opera is made, although I have not space nor inclination to enter into the details of the manufacture. All the strength of the house, (excepting Mr. Jones, I beg his pardon,) was employed; and in order to render the piece at all intelligible, it was found necessary to resort to the novelty of giving both the names of the characters and the players in the bills of the first day.

The dialogue, in some scenes, did not want spirit, and one or two equivoques, (though stale expedients,) were well kept up. The choruses were by far too numerous and too noisy. The original music by Mr. Perry, (not Mr. Parry,) was in general poor, with the exception of a Greek liberty song, given by Miss Paton with admirable skill and effect. Three popular airs, adapted to new words, were exceedingly well received by the audience. It is to be wondered that the hint is not taken, and that some author does not write an opera with songs fitted to well-known and approved melodies. Perhaps it is an answer to this suggestion to say, that it was done by Gay, and that the words must in that case

contain a little meaning, if not wit, now held superfluities.

The opera, which is said to be by Mr Dibdin, was well received. The audience was luckily in the best possible humour, as may be judged from the fact, that they gave a *pau* three rounds of applause. A bailiff, fearing he was about to arrest a lord by mistake, says, that if he does so, "a writ will be sent down to make him appear" (i. e. *a peer*). Liston had been some time off the stage, and the spectators began to be much distressed for a laugh.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA ;

Passed with her father at New Strelitz and Hohen Gieritz, in Mecklenburgh, from the 25th of June to the 19th of July 1810, which latter day closed her mortal existence.

From the German.

THE Queen of Prussia had intended visiting her father, the Duke of Mecklenburgh, on his birth-day, the 10th of October, but in the month of June, she already felt so ardent a desire to behold once more her native land and beloved relatives, that she intreated the King to consent to an immediate journey to Strelitz, although she was aware that the Duke had thoughts of going to Pymont. Contrary to the general expectation, her request was acceded to, and the King promised to bring her back himself, from Strelitz. The Queen's joy was unbounded, and the feeling of heartfelt and almost infantine delight, which breathes throughout her letters to her father, on the subject, cannot be read without emotion. Here, in the land of her birth, the news of her coming diffused universal gladness. Father, brothers, and sister, city and country, were filled with joy, at the prospect of welcoming this matchless woman to the home of her ancestors ; of seeing her once more in her native land, under the paternal roof which she had left in her cradle. Her arrival was fixed for the 25th of June. No dazzling preparations were made for her reception. Flowers and fresh verdure, the voluntary homage of all, were to impress her mind on entering, with a

kindly image of her native town, and to present her the assurance that the day which brought her back to us was to all of us a festival, a day of jubilee and happiness. The Duke had met her at Fürstenberg, with his two sons and youngest daughter. About five o'clock in the afternoon she arrived. At the entrance of the town, she was received by the Magistrate ; and the Burgomaster, inspired by her illustrious presence, spoke as he had never spoken before. The Queen sat in an open carriage. By her side was her venerable father, and opposite to them, her sister and brothers. Thus filled, the carriage moved slowly along ; and loud shouts of joy from the multitude were only interrupted by the tears of emotion, which this spectacle, the most moving ever witnessed within the city, involuntarily drew from every eye. He who could seek to describe by words, the feeling excited by the appearance of the Queen, must have been a stranger to the celestial expression of her countenance, to the angel purity which breathed around her. To use the words of Adam Müller, "her influence was indescribable, as her loss is irreparable." At the entrance of the palace, the Queen was received by her grandmother, the Dowager Landgravine of Hesse Darmstadt, whom she had never seen since the commencement of the war, as the advanced age of this venerable lady had prevented her from accompanying the Duke on his journey to Berlin, at the time of his daughter's return to that capital. The Queen sprang out of the carriage into the arms of her grandmother, the affectionate guardian of her childhood ; and many tears were shed by both, of mingled joy and sorrow.

The Queen wishing to pass the greatest part of her visit within the bosom of her family, only one day was allowed for the inhabitants of the town to pay their respects to her. On the 27th a court was held—all were assembled—the Queen entered, and every one felt inspired with a feeling of calm delight at beholding her. The exalted majesty, the hallowed mildness of her whole aspect, it is impossible for words to describe. She seemed to us a tried and purified being, whose course on earth was

finished, and whom the ties of love alone withheld from immortality. I had not seen her for seven years. She was then more youthful, more blooming, and, perhaps, to many might have appeared more beautiful, but to me, she had never been so perfect as now. Her lovely, noble features, bore marks of the deepest suffering, and when her eyes were turned towards Heaven, they seemed as if involuntarily aspiring after their home. She greeted me like an old friend, and all she said was expressive of her delight on being restored to her father and family circle. After dinner, several ladies of her more immediate acquaintance were standing together, amongst whom I was one, when the Queen came up to us. We admired her pearls—"I love them too," said she, "and kept them still, when circumstances obliged me to give up my diamonds. These suit me better, for they are the emblems of tears, and I have shed so many!" She then pointed out to us the miniature of the King. "It is the best likeness of him which I possess," said she, "and never leaves me." One of her early companions, whose bad state of health did not allow of her attending the Court, had permission given her to pay her respects in the morning, and was received by the Queen, with her own affectionate cordiality and openness of heart. Every thing she uttered in the unreserved conversation of this morning, proved that she had borne all her struggles and sufferings as a true heroine; and that though her unmerited misfortunes might be the means of undermining her health, and shortening her existence, they never could bend her spirit, nor debase her soul. On the following day, (the 28th of June,) the King arrived, and was welcomed with an affection, but seldom to be witnessed in the wedded life of Royalty. The Queen several times expressed how happy she felt at thus receiving her husband under her father's roof, as a daughter of the house, and as a Princess of Mecklenburgh. The whole family assembled in the Duke's apartment, from whence they went to visit the chapel belonging to the Palace. The Queen only remained behind with her brother, and exclaimed in the fulness

of her heart, "Dear George, now for the first time am I quite happy!" She then sat down at her father's table, and wrote on a sheet of paper the following words in French:

"MY DEAR FATHER,

To-day I am indeed happy, as your daughter, and as the wife of the best of husbands.

LOUISE."

New Strelitz, June 28, 1810.

These were the last words she ever wrote. They are preserved in the family as a holy relic.

To German hearts it cannot but be painful, that this noble German woman and Princess should thus have perpetuated her most sacred feelings in a foreign idiom, and not in the expressive, energetic language of her people. But the mania then prevalent, but now gradually subsiding, had had its influence on her education; and though the habits of youth were continued in her riper years, we need not aught to assure us, that she was, in spirit and in truth, a genuine German.

On the evening of the 28th, the Count left town for Hohen Gieritz, as the King wished to be in the country during the time of his visit to his father-in-law.

On the 29th, the Queen found herself indisposed, oppressed with headache and languor. She, however, appeared at dinner, but was obliged to retire to her room soon after. Towards evening, she seemed better; and as it was always her wish not to interfere with the enjoyments of others, but rather to promote them even at the expence of her own, she came down into the garden, to join the rest of the family at tea. Here, for the last time, were those most dear to her heart assembled around her, in gaiety and happiness, little dreaming of the awful blow, destined so soon to fall on their beloved one, and plunge them all in bitter affliction, only to end with their lives. This little spot, the scene of her last earthly wanderings, is for ever hallowed by the recollection of that hour; and the appropriate monument which now adorns it, will preserve it sacred in the memory of posterity.

The Queen retired early to rest. On the following morning she was to accompany the King, (who could scarcely bear to be deprived of her society, even for a single day,) as far as Reinsberg; and so accustomed was she to make her own convenience subservient to the wishes of her husband, that she had not the slightest idea of allowing her indisposition to interfere with this project. Hitherto, she had declined all medical assistance; but waking the next morning with violent cough and fever, the Duke insisted upon calling in the aid of his physician in ordinary, Counsellor Hieronymi. On his arrival, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Queen, he assured her she could not attempt to travel, without incurring the most serious consequences. The King, therefore, put off his journey, to wait the result of her illness; and on the 3d of July, the Queen having been relieved by bleeding, he set off for Berlin, in the hope of returning in a few days, to escort her home in perfect convalescence.

In the course of this week, her disorder seemed greatly to diminish—the fever was abated, and the cough less violent, yet she was unusually languid, and frequently fainted on attempting to rise or change her position, while her attendants remarked that she was much more low and anxious than on any previous illness. As her room had a southern aspect, and proved excessively hot, the Duke offered her his own, on the lower story. To this she was carried, and, in the hurry of the moment, laid on her father's bed—a bed which, it was the will of the Almighty, she should only change for her eternal resting-place. Throughout her illness, she was invariably kind, patient, and gentle, but preferred being alone, or with very few attendants, as the presence of many fatigued and oppressed her. On the eleventh or twelfth day, the cause of her sufferings declared itself, and the disorder was pronounced to be an inflammation of the lungs. Meanwhile, the King had himself been taken ill, and unable to satisfy himself, in person, of the state of the Queen, he dispatched Dr Heim, to learn every particular of her disorder, who agreed with Hieronymi in

the persuasion, that if the inflammation did not extend, her life might yet be saved, but that in future, it would be necessary for her to be as watchful over her health as she had hitherto been careless of it. With these tidings, Heim returned to Berlin, and Hieronymi continued to send to the King daily, every possible detail of the progress of the disease. About this time, the Queen received a letter from her eldest daughter, the Princess Charlotte, written on her birth-day, and bitterly lamenting the absence of her dearly-loved mother. So simply and sweetly had the little Princess expressed, in this letter, her feelings of filial love and veneration, that the Queen, overcome by emotion, was obliged to request that the reading of it might be discontinued; and even afterwards it affected her so much, that she never was able to hear it to the end. Towards the end of the week, the Queen seemed rapidly recovering. She was more cheerful, had better appetite and sleep, and every one was full of sanguine hopes of her speedy and entire recovery. But the will of the Eternal one had decreed otherwise! On Monday morning, she was seized with violent spasms in the chest, which lasted for five hours. During all this time, she was in the most imminent danger, and after this attack Hieronymi ceased to entertain the slightest hopes of saving her. He pronounced the spasms to be occasioned by some organic derangement of the heart, and now thought it necessary to prepare the Duke for the inevitable blow which awaited him. The venerable Prince received the intelligence with the deep affliction of a father, but the pious resignation of a Christian. Couriers were sent to hasten the return of the King, who was not expected until Friday; and Heim was ordered to set off without delay, and to bring with him several other physicians and surgeons. They arrived on the Tuesday following, and unanimously agreed in Hieronymi's opinion, that the Queen would never leave Hohen Giezitz alive. The spasms had again returned, though with somewhat less violence, every assistance human science could suggest, having been incessantly administered,

ed to alleviate their pangs. The Queen still appeared unconscious of danger. A letter from the King was brought to her, and her joy at receiving it was indescribable; she kept it close to her heart, and several times exclaimed, "Oh! what a letter is this! How happy are those who receive letters like mine!" Her desire to see the King was excessive. It appeared to her a long time until Friday, and great was her delight on hearing that he was expected sooner. Throughout all her illness, she preserved, unalloyed, her own sweetness of disposition, enduring pain with the utmost patience, and expressing, with the meekest piety, her gratitude to God for every alleviation of suffering. The vanity of all human greatness, she expressed in a few words equally just and forcible; "I am a Queen," said she, "yet I cannot move my arm!" Oh! that all the great ones of the earth could have received this deeply important lesson from her dying lips! On Wednesday evening, she seemed, for the first time, to be inspired with a presentiment of her approaching dissolution. Thoughtfully, with her finger raised, she said to Heim, who was sitting by her bed—"What if I should be taken away from the King and my children?" She thought only on those she loved, not of herself, not of her own sorrow, on leaving all who were dear to her, on being cut off in the bloom of her existence. The beginning of the night was tolerably calm. The whole family continued to sit up, excepting the Duke, who, by desire of the physicians, had laid himself on the bed, if not to sleep, at least to repose. About three o'clock, the Queen became restless, and the spasm returned. The Duke was called, in compliance with his orders, and on hearing that the awful crisis was now near at hand, he exclaimed, with Christian humility, "Lord! thy ways are not as our ways." At four o'clock, the King arrived with his two eldest sons. The hopeless state of his wife had only been disclosed to him upon the journey, having, through a mistaken kindness, been hitherto concealed from him. Who can describe the *ish* of this meeting?—And on all this heart-rending misery, the

rising sun smiled in its eternal brightness.

The Queen's delight was unspeakable, at once more beholding her husband and children. The King's self-command, for a moment, yielded to his affliction. When he had left the room, the Queen said to those around her, "The King seems as if he were taking leave of me; tell him he must not do so, or else I shall die directly." The unhappy husband summoned all his resolution, and, from this moment, tried to persuade his dying partner that he still hoped for the best, and did not believe her in danger. But how cruelly his heart was torn with anguish, may be imagined from the few words he uttered in reply to the Queen's grandmother, who was endeavouring to comfort him by the assurance that nothing was impossible to the Almighty, and that, while life remained, there yet was hope. "Alas!" said he, "if she were not *mine*, she might yet recover; but since she is *my* wife, she will surely die!"

The fatal hour approached: the whole family were assembled in the chamber of the Queen. The King held her right hand—the Princess of Solms, kneeling opposite, had taken the other—the three physicians, Heim, Hieronymi, and Görick, stood around the bed. The Queen complained of want of air, and Hieronymi advised her to stretch out her arms, and raise herself higher in the bed. "I cannot do it," she replied; and the Doctor went to her assistance. For a moment she left her arms in this position; then, sinking down again, she said, "That does not relieve me either. There is no rest for me but death!"

After a short stillness, she cried out, "Lord Jesus! make it short!"—breathed once more, and expired. Gently was her soul wafted back to its Maker, and its beautiful tenement remained behind unaltered: calm was she and lovely, like a sleeping saint. The King had sunk down, but made an effort to raise himself—kissed the dear lips, and closed for ever those eyes, his guiding stars, which had faithfully lighted him along his path of sorrow.

For some minutes all was silent: then was every one given up to his

own affliction; yet none profaned that holy feeling by the wild and passionate effusions of despair. The lamentations of all were not unworthy the gentle, pure, and beautiful spirit, which had just winged its way to heaven.

On the first meeting of the King and the Duke, they fell into each other's arms, and remained thus for some time, in speechless agony. Too well did they feel that nothing could heal the wound inflicted on their hearts. Half an hour afterwards arrived the Princess Charlotte and Prince Charles, who had hoped to find their mother still living. Their father received them, and led them to the body, from which he could not tear himself away. Unceasingly did he return to it, and lead his children again and again (particularly the Crown Prince) to the death-bed of their mother. His sorrow was manly and resigned: he surrounded himself with his children, slept in the midst of them, and could not bear them to leave him. In the evening his two sisters arrived, the Princesses of Orange and of Hesse. They were inconsolable, threw themselves on the body, and kissed its lifeless hands. "She was always a sister to us," they cried: "never shall we find such another!" The same tribute was poured forth from every mouth, for she had been

every thing to all: her lovely, gentle spirit had reigned in every heart.

On the following morning the body was opened, and several substances of the polypus nature were found to have formed themselves within the vessels of the heart. Hieronymi's fears were therefore but too well-founded. That generous heart, filled with good-will towards all, and nobly forgiving its own deepest injuries, had been worn by bitter sorrowing over the misfortunes of its country. In charity with all the world, at peace with her Maker, the name of her Saviour on her expiring lips, the Royal Sufferer died of a broken heart!

On the evening of the 20th, the King and his family left Hohenzieritz, and the remains of his sainted wife followed on the 23th, escorted by the officers of her father's household. How fearful was the contrast! We had welcomed her with green boughs and flowers: we carried her back with weeds of mourning! The Prussian escort received the body at the entrance of the pine-woods on the boundaries. Slowly and mournfully rolled the hearse over the bridge, and soon disappeared from our eyes. We returned to the world of the living, but with that in our souls which no time, no change can extinguish.

ABSTRACT OF RETURNS UNDER THE POPULATION ACT, 1. GEO. IV. C. 94.

HAVING been favoured with a very important Parliamentary document, entitled, "Abstract of the Answers and Returns made pursuant to an Act passed in the first year of the Reign of his Majesty King George IV., entitled, 'An Act for taking an Account of the Population of GREAT BRITAIN, and of the Increase or Diminution thereof,'" we have availed ourselves of this opportunity to extract the Returns made under the Act for Scotland: and in order that our readers may have the whole of this important document collected together, and convenient for reference, a portion will be printed, in successive Numbers, till the whole be completed, and the pages marked in an independent series, that it may be bound together at the end of our Eleventh Volume.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The first part of Baker's History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire, will appear in folio in a few days.

The Hundred of Mere, forming part of Sir Richard Colt Hoare's History of Modern Wiltshire, will speedily be published in folio.

Mr Artis, of Milton, near Peterborough, announces a series of Plates, illustrative of the recent discoveries in the excavated remains of the Roman town of Caistor. It will contain plans of the principal buildings, and correct representations of the Mosaic and Fresco designs, of implements, utensils, coins, &c.

The Rev. R. Hennah is preparing an Account of the Lime Rocks of Plymouth, with engravings of the animal remains found in them.

Mr C. Mills, author of "the History of the Crusades," &c. is preparing for publication the History of Rome from the earliest Period to the Termination of the Empire, in ten volumes octavo; an important work, and long a desideratum in English literature.

Shortly will be published, Travels through the Holy Land and Egypt, by W. R. Wilson, Esq. of Kelvinbank, North Britain, illustrated with engravings.

A new volume of the Bombay Transactions, illustrated by numerous plates, is in the press.

Mr Elmes's Memoirs of the Life and Works of Sir Christopher Wren, are in great forwardness, and will be published early in the winter.

Speedily will be published, in two volumes octavo, Views of Ireland, Moral, Political, and Religious, by John O'Driscot, Esq.

Dr Carey has in the press a small neat edition of Statius, in addition to the forty-five volumes of the Regent's Pocket Classics, already published.

A System of General Anatomy, by W. Wallace, M. R. I. A. Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery, &c. is in the press. It will include all that is valuable in the "Anatomie Generale" of Bichat, and in the additions to the same work by Becard, together with such facts as have been ascertained in this country.

Speedily will be published, Illustrations of the Enquiry respecting Tuberculous Diseases, with coloured engravings, showing in an especial manner the progress of tubercles in the lungs, by John Baron, M.D. &c.

Mr Arthur Kershaw is preparing for

publication, a Treatise on the Seventy Weeks of Daniel.

The first number of Anatomical and Physiological Commentaries, by Herbert Mayo, Surgeon and Lecturer in Anatomy, is in the press.

The Aphorisms of Hippocrates, with a translation into Latin and English, are preparing by Mr T. Coar.

In a few days will be published, illustrated by coloured plates, a new edition, with additions, of Mr Mawe's Treatise on Diamonds and Coloured Stones, including their history, natural and commercial.

A Treatise on Conchology, by Mr Mawe, is printing, in which the Linnæan system is adhered to, and the species that differ in form, &c. are put into divisions.

The Life of Mr Emery, late of Covent Garden Theatre, comprising a brief history of the stage, and numerous anecdotes of contemporary performers, for the last ten years, is in the press.

In September will appear a Memoir of the Life of the celebrated Sir Hudson Lowe, with a black profile likeness, by an Officer of the 53d.

In the press, Walker's New Ciphering Books, on a plan entirely original, containing a sufficient number of examples to exercise the scholar, arranged in easy progression.

Mr Brodie has made considerable progress in a second edition (with the addition of some new cases,) of Pathological Observations on Diseases of the Joints.

The Church in Danger, more from the Profligacy and Rapacity of its own Clergy than from Sectaries, by Patrick Connelly, a Catholic priest, will soon appear.

Three Letters to Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P. on the Licensing System, by a Clerk in the Excise, are printing.

The Rev. T. Durant, of Poole, has in the press a second edition, with corrections, of Memoirs and Select Remains of an only Son.

Mr Overton, of Chelsea, has in the press an entirely new View of the Apocalyptic Numbers.

Moral Hours, a poem, from the pen of the Rev. J. Jones, M.A. will soon appear.

EDINBURGH.

In the press, an Account of Interesting Roman Antiquities recently discovered in the North-west of Fife; ascertaining the site of the great Battle fought betwixt Galgacus and Agricola, and the Bat-

ties of Lochore and Stormont; including, likewise, the discovery of the remains and positions of Five Roman Towns—the Uls, Orea, Lindum, Victoria, Guidi, and Alama; with Historical Notices relative to the uses and design of the Round Tower of Alnethy. Illustrated by a map and plans. By the Rev. Andrew Small, Edenshead. To be published by subscription. 7s. 6d.

An elegant edition of *Heineccii Elementa Juris Civilis, secundum ordinem Institutionum*, comprehending the very able Notes of Professor Bienen, will be ready for publication before the month of November. A gentleman of undoubted qualifications has undertaken to correct the press; and, as he has detected many typographical errors in the Leipzig impression of 1789, this new edition will probably be considered as the best that has yet appeared.

Early next winter will be published, elegantly printed in one volume small quarto, Sixty Ancient Ballads, Historical and Romantic, translated from the Spanish, with Notes and Illustrations, by J. G. Lockhart, LL.B.

In the press, in one volume post 8vo. the Trials of Margaret Lyndsay, an Orphan; by the author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life."

In the press, and speedily will be published, in one thick octavo volume, the Principles and Practice of Midwifery; including the management of the difficult orders of labours, the particular treatment of women after delivery, and the specific diseases incident to the Puerperal State; by John Thatcher, M.D., Member of the

Royal College of Physicians, Lecturer on Midwifery and on the diseases of Women and Children.

In a few days will be published, in one volume octavo, a Treatise on Practical Store-Farming, as applicable to the mountainous region of Ettrick Forest, and the pastoral districts of Scotland in general; by the Honourable William John Napier, R.R.S.E. Post-Captain in the Navy, a Vice-president of the Pastoral Society of Selkirkshire, &c. &c. &c.

In the press, and speedily will be published, the Spirit of the Union; or, a Narrative of the treatment received by the Congregation of the United Secession Church, Queen Ann's Street, Dunfermline, in the late attempt to nominate and elect their Minister; with Explanatory Notes and Reflections.

Sermons and Treatises, by the late Rev. George Murray, Minister of North Berwick, author of "Evidence of Miracles, &c." To be published by subscription, in one volume 8vo. price 9s. The Treatises, which will compose nearly half of the volume, were prepared for publication by the author, and are the result, it is believed, of very considerable research. They are on the following subjects:— I. On the State of India and of the Jews at the commencement of the Christian Era. II. On the Chronology of the Life of Christ. III. On the period of the Publication of the Gospels.

In the press, and will be published in October, Quotations from the British Poets; being a Pocket Dictionary of their most admired passages, alphabetically arranged.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ANATOMY.

Anatomical and Physiological Researches. By Herbert Mayo. No. I. 8vo.

ARCHITECTURE.

Treats on Vaults and Bridges; containing Observations on Vaults, and the taking down and rebuilding London Bridge, and on the principles of Arches. £1.

ARITHMETIC.

Two Ciphering Books adapted to Waller's New System of Arithmetic. No. I. containing the Simple, and No. II. the Compound Rules. 16s. foolscap, and 11s. post.

ASTRONOMY.

Astronomia he Hufstahln for 1822.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Mary, Queen of Scots, with Anecdotes of the Court of Henry the Second, during her Residence in France. By Miss Benger. 2 vols. 8vo.

Cottage Biography, being a Collection of the Lives of the Irish Peasantry. By Mary Leadbeater. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Remains of the late A. L. Ross, A.M. with a Memoir of his Life. 12mo.

CLASSICS.

An Easy Method of Acquiring the Reading of Hebrew with the Vowel Points, according to the Ancient Practice. On a sheet. 1s. 6d.

Political Fragments of Archytas, Charrondas, Zaleucus, and other Ancient Pythagoreans, and Ethical Fragments of Hierocles. Translated from the Greek, by Thomas Taylor. 8vo. 6s.

Exercises for Writing Greek Verse.
By the Rev. E. Squire, M. A. 7s.

Europe. By a member of the Horticultural Society. 8vo. 9s.

DRAMA.

Cummar, or the Bugle-horn, a Tragedy: with other Dramatic Dialogues and Miscellaneous Poems. By Elijah Barwell Impey. 12mo. 8s. boards.

Grimaldi: a Tragedy. By William Bailly. 8vo. 5s.

EDUCATION.

Collectanea Latina; or Select Extracts from Latin Authors: with notes, &c. By Thomas Quin. 12mo. 5s.

The Gift of Friendship, or Riddle Explained. By Mary Elliott. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

An Original Method for conjugating the French Verbs. By C. I. Dupont. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Edwin and Henry; or the Week's Holidays: containing Original, Moral, and Instructive Tales. By R. Huish, Esq. 2s.

Miscellaneous Questions, principally relating to English History and Biography. By the late William Butler. 4s.

PINE ARTS.

An elegantly engraved View of Aberdeen. By G. Smith, architect, &c.

A Series of Portraits of Eminent Historical Characters introduced in the "Novels and Tales of the author of *Waverley*," with biographical notices. Part VI. containing Richard, Cœur de Lion; George Heriot; Duke of Buckingham; Duke of Montrose. 12mo. 8s., 8vo. 10s.

Quarles's "Spare Hours," or Four Centuries of Meditations. 2 vols. royal 16mo. Portrait. 9s.

The Retrospective Review. No. XI. 5s.

Six Views of Bolton Abbey and its Environs; drawn from nature by C. Cope, and on stone by A. Aglio. Folio. 8s.

GEOLOGY.

Geological Essays; comprising a View of the Order of the Strata, Coal-fields, and Minerals, of the District of the Avon. By Joseph Sutcliffe. 8vo. 4s.

An Introduction to the Study of Fossil Organic Remains. By James Parkinson. 8vo. 12s.

HISTORY.

The History of Preston, in Lancashire, and the Guild Merchant, with an Account of the Duchy and County Palatine of Lancaster. 4to. 15s.

An Historical Review of the Spanish Revolution, including some Account of Religion, Manners, and Literature, in Spain. By Edward Blaquier, Esq. 8vo. with a map. 18s.

HORTICULTURE.

The different modes of Cultivating the Pine-Apple from its first Introduction into

MATHEMATICS.

A Treatise on Practical Gauging. By A. Nesbitt and W. Little. 12mo. 8s.

A System of Mechanics. By the Rev. J. R. Robinson. 8vo. 13s.

MEDICINE.

On the Use of Moxa, as a Therapeutical Agent. By Baron J. Larrey: translated from the French by R. Dunglison, F. R. C. S. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

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Practical Treatise on Nervous and Bilious Complaints. By John Lynch. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

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MISCELLANIES.

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The Electors' Remembrancer. No. II. for the past Session. 4s. 6d.

No. I. of the New European Magazine. 2s.

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Essays on Subjects of important enquiry in Metaphysics, Morals, and Religion. By the late Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq. 8vo. 15s.

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An Analytical Dictionary of the English Language, in which the Words are explained in the order of their natural affinity, exhibiting, in one continued narrative, the Origin, History, and Modern Usage of the Existing Vocabulary of the English Tongue: With a Glossary, Index, &c. By David Booth. Part I. 7s. 6d.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE.—The French papers, since our last, have been chiefly occupied with proceedings against persons conspiring to overturn the existing Government. That entitled the Conspiracy of La Rochelle, before the Court of Assize at Paris, is described as the work of the sect of Carbonari, which had spread itself in Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Greece, and which invaded France, beginning in Corsica. The oath of the affiliated was conceived in these terms:—"I swear to prefer liberty to all things—to confront death on all occasions for the Carbonari—to abandon at the first signal the brethren of my own blood, to aid and succour my brethren of the Carbonari."

The papers of the 6th August announce the conclusion of these trials. Four of the prisoners, viz. *Bories, Goubin, Pomier, and Raoulx*, are condemned to death; three to two years' imprisonment; one to three years; and three to five years; and one is to be placed under the superintendence of the police for fifteen years. Thirteen were acquitted. The fate of those sentenced to death, the eldest of whom is only twenty-seven years old, seems to have excited an extraordinary interest. From the nature of the evidence produced in the course of the trial, no capital conviction had been anticipated; but a circumstance happened on the very day on which the Attorney-General was to make his reply, which probably effected a great alteration in the mind of the Jury. Each Jurymen received letters containing a printed list of the Jury, with these words in hand-writing at the bottom, "*Blood will have blood.*"

Their wives received similar letters, all of which were sent by the post. The Attorney-General did not fail to avail himself of this circumstance, to argue that it was proof positive of the existence of an immense coalition and conspiracy; and though he did not charge the sending of the letters on the accused, he represented it as the undoubted act of their accomplices, and demanded that the letters be deposited in the hands of justice, together with three which he and his colleagues had received, and which contained the words "*Dagger*" and "*Death*," to form the subject of a legal inquiry. M. Barthe, the chief Advocate for the accused, expressed the deep indignation which they felt at the iniquitous manœuvre thus planned for their ruin, and declared that nothing but a hostile hand could have endeavoured to revolt the Jury against them. "Nothing but a hostile hand could thus have made the honour of the jurymen in some measure dependent on their condemning the accused."

The trials at Colmar of the Belfort conspirators is also concluded. Colonels Teillier and Pailhes, and Guinand and Dublar, two officers of inferior rank, have been found guilty, not of the capital charge, but for not revealing the existence of the conspiracy, and are condemned to imprisonment for five years, and a fine of 500 francs each, and to remain for five years under the special surveillance of the police. All the rest were acquitted.

The Session of the Chamber of Deputies has closed. The law of the Budget was finally carried on the 8th August, by a majority of 78. On this occasion

a scene of violent altercation took place upon the question whether the Chamber should adjourn indefinitely, or to the next day. The latter proposition was supported by the left side, for the purpose of discussing the numerous petitions which had not yet been taken into consideration; but it was negatived by the majority, who were clamorous for an indefinite adjournment. M. Constant charged the members of the right side with hastening to destroy even the semblance of a representative government; and M. Caunartin exclaimed, "In eight days, the censorship and arbitrary power!" The tumult then became so great, that neither the voice nor the bell of the President could be heard, as he pronounced the close of the sitting; and the Chamber broke up amidst cries from the right of *Vive le Roi*, and from the left of "long live salaries and pensions!"

SPAIN.—Since the unsuccessful attempt at counter-revolution, by the Royalist party in Madrid, on the 7th of July, the capital appears to have been tranquil; but in several of the provinces the Royalists are in open insurrection, and, in Catalonia in particular, they are said to have a force in the field of 20,000.—In the meantime the King has been prevented by his Ministers from quitting Madrid for the Escorial, to which he wished to retire, most probably because they suspected his intention to join the party in arms against the constitution; and they well know that the King's presence stamps upon their measures the sanction of royal authority; an advantage of too great value to be given to their opponents, whose schemes appear to want little more than this authority to make them too powerful for the liberal party.

GREECE.—The accounts respecting the affairs of the Greeks, received since our last, through the medium of the foreign papers, are extremely confused and contradictory. Some assert that Chourschid Pacha, in conjunction with the Pachas of Negropont, Larissa, and Janina, had been defeated by the Greeks, in the pass of Thermopylae and the defiles of Neopatria, with the loss of 50,000 men on the part of the Turks, and 18,000 on that of the Greeks. Chourschid Pacha is said to have escaped to Larissa, with only 4000 men, and the three other Pachas to have been made prisoners.—The Greeks were, according to these accounts, commanded by Odysseus, Ypsilanti, Bozzari, and General Norman, a German. Odysseus is said to have fallen in the battle, the date of which is variously given, some articles making it the 7th and 8th, and others the 11th of July.

On the other hand, the *Austrian Observer*, on the alleged authority of letters from Constantinople to the 26th July, and Corfu to the 29th, gives details of the operations on the side of Albania to the following effect:—Bozzari, after an action with the Pacha of Artá, at P'ucca, retreated to Petta, and the Pacha, in consequence, obtained possession of Artá. On the 16th, the Turks, attacked the entrenchments of the Greeks and German volunteers at Petta, and finally carried them, but with great loss. Of 280 volunteers, 150 remained dead on the field. Norman and Bozzari, with the relics of their force, took refuge in the mountains of Macronara. On the 18th the Turks attacked another position of the Greeks near Sulí, when they were, however, repulsed with considerable loss. In the mean time, it is alleged that Chourschid Pacha, with a numerous army, marched to Zeilan, passed the Thermopylae, recovered Lavadia, and regained possession of Athens and Corinth.

An article from Trieste of the 26th August says—"We have received news from Smyrna to the 6th of July, by the way of Lepanto. Destruction has at length fallen on the Mastic villages in Scio. The Turks have fallen on them, and have cut to pieces, drowned, burnt, or carried into slavery, 30,000 men, women, or children. On the 5th of July, 780 virgins, from thirteen to seventeen years of age, were brought by the Asiatics to Tchesme, and conducted, bound with cords, to the slave markets—some to Smyrna, some to the interior of Asia. An eye-witness affirms, that they were the flower of the virgins of Scio, and that great numbers perished on the way with hunger and misery. Some Christian boys, of seven years of age and under, were kept to be educated in the Mahometan religion."

A S I A.

NEW SOUTH WALES.—By the letters from New South Wales, down to the 7th March, it appears, such is the rapidly increasing population of this territory, that agreeable to the official census in October, there were mustered in Sidney alone 13,400 persons, being 1400 more than in the year 1810 were in the various settlements of the whole territory, including Van Diemen's Land. The total population of Sydney, Paramatta, Liverpool, Windsor, Bathurst, Newcastle, and the surrounding districts, was mustered at thirty-four thousand five hundred; and, including Van Diemen's Land, the inhabitants of the territory at large at 42,000 persons.

The increase of respectable settlers during the preceding two years exceeds the whole number that had arrived in the preceding 32 years of the establishment of the British Government in this part of the world. So late as 1818 there were only ten magistrates; and by the last papers we see that Sir Thomas Brisbane had directed a *Dedimus Potestatem* to be issued to twenty-six gentlemen, exclusive of the magistrates of Van Diemen's Land. Lieutenant R. Johnston, R. N. who has been sent to examine the coast to the southward of Jervis's Bay, to ascertain if a river fell into the sea near that place, found, at the head of Bateman's Bay, the entrance of a fine, clear, capacious river, with nine feet water over the bar, deepening after to six fathoms, and continuing from four to seven fathoms for twenty-five miles. For the first fifteen miles the land is stated to be good forest land, after which it becomes lower, and fitter for cultivation. Mr Throsby had also proceeded over land from Sydney to Jervis's Bay, (having set out on the 23d of November, and returned on the 6th of December,) and is decidedly of opinion, that a good road may be cut from Sydney to that harbour, and reports the land to be extremely rich and promising.

AMERICA.

MEXICO.—Accounts from Havannah state, that the coronation of Iturbide, as Emperor of Mexico, was fixed for the 24th of June, for which ceremony preparations were making on a scale of extraordinary magnificence. The whole cost was estimated at a million of dollars (above £200,000;) and the Cortes had authorised Iturbide to raise this sum in any way he thought proper, but it is hinted that the procedure would be attended with some hazard. The Emperor's party is said to be declining in strength, and is represented to be principally composed of soldiers, who are paid for their cries of "Long live the Emperor."—Some of the Deputies of the Cortes have withdrawn themselves from that body,

and many individuals of the greatest influence in Mexico had retired from the Court in disgust; so that appearances threatened a change unfavourable to the continuance of Iturbide at the head of affairs.

BRAZILS.—Accounts have been received from Rio Janeiro to the 18th of June, from Pernambuco to the 9th of July, and from Bahia to the same date. The latter province, and particularly the town of Bahia, appears by these advices to be in a state little short of insurrection and civil war, occasioned by the presence of the European troops there, who preserve their fidelity to Portugal, and avow their intention to resist to the last extremity all attempts at a separation.—Many overtures have been made to the troops to embark quietly, and suffer themselves to be sent to Portugal, but without effect. Measures were therefore in progress throughout Bahia for compelling them, by levying troops in the neighbouring districts; and not depending altogether on their strength, an application had also been made to Rio Janeiro for assistance, whence a body of about five hundred troops were consequently ordered to Bahia.

PERU.—Extract of a private letter from Lima, of the 8th May.—"We have been in a great deal of confusion here, in consequence of an unexpected attack by the Royalist troops, to the amount of between five and six thousand men, upon the Independent forces encamped near Pisco.—We lost nearly two thousand men killed, wounded, and prisoners, and a very large quantity of stores of various kinds. This engagement, if it may be so called, where the fighting was nearly all on one side, our men being so unprepared, took place on the 10th of April, and on the following day the Royalists took Pisco, where they remained a week, and then retired, having plundered the place, and hanged several objectionable persons that could not escape. They are at this moment only a few leagues off, and I do not see exactly how they are to be dislodged."

PROCEEDINGS OF PARLIAMENT

HOUSE OF LORDS.

July 2.—The marriage act amendment bill was read a third time and passed. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Stowell, Lord Reddesdale, and some other Noblemen, have entered protests upon the journals, condemning the Bill, as likely to shake the security of property in particular cases.

5.—Earl Bathurst, in the absence of the Earl of Liverpool from indisposition, brought forward the Corn Importation Bill. Lord Erskine opposed it, and moved that it be committed on that day three months. A debate ensued, and on the division there appeared a majority of 37 to 19 in favour of the Bill, which afterwards went through the Committee.

10.—The Corn Importation Bill, after some discussion, was read a third time and passed, after a division of 32 to 16.

15.—The Earl of Liverpool being in his place in the House of Lords, after an absence of some days from indisposition, the Marquis of Lansdown took that occasion of putting a question to his Lordship respecting our commercial intercourse with South America, of which he had given notice some time since; and also as to the capture and condemnation of a British merchant vessel by the Authorities of Old Spain, because that vessel was carrying on a trade with South America. The answer of the Noble Earl was very satisfactory. He stated, that his Majesty's Government had not only received information of the capture, but had made remonstrances on the subject to the Spanish Government, which has not as yet given us a satisfactory explanation. With regard to the trade to South America, his Lordship stated, that it was perfectly open and free to the subjects of Great Britain; and that, by the recent Act of Parliament, Spanish vessels might also trade between this country and the South American States.

19.—The Scots Juries Bill was read a third time and passed.

29.—The Irish Constables' Bill, and the Alien Bill, were read a third time and passed, the latter by a majority of 22 to 6. In the discussion on the former Bill, in consequence of some remarks by Lord Holland, the Earl of Liverpool strongly reprobated the annual procession and decoration of King William's Statue on the 19th of July, and expressed a hope that the Lord-Lieutenant would be able to prevent its recurrence, always reserving the opinion that the public celebration of the battle of the Boyne is not only innocent, but laudable in itself, and is only to be deprecated in consequence of the pretext which it affords for the perpetuation of feuds.

Aug. 6.—The House met this day at two o'clock. The King proceeded to the House in State, for the purpose of proroguing Parliament. Having been seated on his throne, the Commons were summoned in the usual manner, and in a short time the Speaker appeared at the Bar, accompanied by several Members and the Officers of the House. The Speaker then proceeded to address his Majesty, in which he took a view of the principal acts of the Session, particularly those relating to Ireland, and the measures for the reduction of taxation. He then presented the Appropriation Bill, and one

or two other Bills, to which his Majesty gave his assent.

His Majesty then addressed Parliament in the following Speech:—

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" I cannot release you from your attendance in Parliament, without assuring you how sensible I am of the attention you have paid to the many important objects which have been brought before you in the course of this long and laborious Session.

" I continue to receive from Foreign Powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition towards this country; and I have the satisfaction of believing, that the differences which had unfortunately arisen between the Court of St Petersburg and the Ottoman Porte, are in such a train of adjustment as to afford a fair prospect that the peace of Europe will not be disturbed.

" Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

" I thank you for the supplies which you have granted me for the service of the present year, and for the wisdom which you have manifested in availing yourselves of the first opportunity to reduce the interest of a part of the National debt, without the least infringement of Parliamentary faith.

" It is most gratifying to me that you should have been enabled, in consequence of this and of other measures, to relieve my people from some of their burdens.

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" The distress which has for some months pervaded a considerable portion of Ireland, arising principally from the failure of that crop, on which the great body of the population depends for their subsistence, has deeply affected me.

" The measures which you have adopted for the relief of the sufferers meet with my warmest approbation, and, seconded as they have been by the spontaneous and generous efforts of my people, they have most materially contributed to alleviate the pressure of this severe calamity.

" I have the satisfaction of knowing that these exertions have been justly appreciated in Ireland, and I entertain a sincere belief, that the benevolence and sympathy so conspicuously manifested upon the present occasion, will essentially promote the object which I have ever had at heart, that of cementing the connection which subsists between every part of the Empire, and of uniting in brotherly love and affection all classes and descriptions of my subjects."

The Lord Chancellor then, by his Majesty's command, prorogued Parliament to the 8th of October.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—July 1.—THE BUDGET.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer laid before the House his annual view of the public finances. The following is his statement of the increase and expenditure for the year ending the 5th January 1822 :—

INCOME.

Customs.....	£.10,763,000
Excise.....	26,156,000
Stamps.....	6,637,000
Post Office.....	1,355,000
Taxes.....	7,385,000
Miscellaneous.....	380,000
Lottery.....	200,000
Old Stores.....	151,000

£.53,027,000

Payments by Commissioners
for Half-pay, Pensions &c. 1,225,000

£.54,252,000

EXPENDITURE.

Charge of Unredeemed debt, £.30,911,000	
Miscellaneous Charges on the Consolidated Fund.....	2,048,000
Interest on Exchequer Bills, including Consolidated Fund Bills, Malt Bills, and Irish Treasury Bills.....	1,500,000
Army, including £.220,000 extra expences for Ireland.....	7,950,000
Navy.....	5,500,000
Ordnance.....	1,200,000
Miscellaneous, incl. £.150,000 for gratuitous relief to Irish Poor.....	1,700,000
Greenwich Out-Pensioners....	310,000

Total..... 51,119,000

Surplus.... 3,133,000

£.51,252,000

To the above Surplus of £.3,133,000
Should be added the following
sums in January 1822, viz.

Saving by Reduction of 5 per
cent. 700,000

Payment by Commissioners for
Pensions, &c. 1,225,000

Total surplus for 1822, £.5,058,000

In answer to a question from Mr Grenfell, the Marquis of Londonderry stated that a negotiation was in progress with the Court of Vienna, on the subject of the payment of the debt of the Government of Austria to this country, amounting principal and interest, to about £ 17,000,000 sterling, which he hoped,

but could not pledge himself to the result, would lead to a favourable issue.

5.—The House was chiefly occupied with the Army Extraordinaries. Mr Hume proposed a reduction upon the first vote, which was lost, the numbers being— for the amendment, 55—against it, 82—majority, 27.

8.—In the course of some observations on the distress in Ireland, the Chancellor of the Exchequer intimated, that if the exigency of the case should be found to require it, he would move for a vote of credit to be applied to the relief of the distressed districts in Ireland. The House was engaged till a late hour in discussing the renewal of the Irish Insurrection Bill. Ministers gave an assurance that the moment it ceased to be indispensable it would be repealed. The same evening Mr Abercromby moved that there be laid before the House a copy of the commission under which the Deputies of the Lord Advocate act; and took occasion to observe, that he feared he should not be able to bring this matter before the House during the present Session, but he should certainly do so at an early period in the next.

10.—Mr Western moved Resolutions on the state of the Currency; they were eighteen in number. The arguments of the Hon. Member were similar to those he used on the Cash Payments Resumption Bill. The debate continued till near five o'clock next morning, when the Resolutions were negatived without a division.

12.—A Resolution for granting pensions to the servants of her late Majesty Queen Caroline was reported, and a Bill founded thereon ordered. The sum required is £.2285 : 12s. It appears that the wages of her Majesty's inferior servants were in arrear at the time of her death, and that she did not leave assets to pay them. Mr Stuart Wortley suggested, that it was usual, on the death of a Queen, to grant pensions to the highest as well as the inferior servants; and in the course of the conversation to which this remark gave rise, Lady Ann Hamilton and Sir William Gell were particularly noticed, but no motion including these individuals was made.

15.—Mr Hume asked if it were true, as private accounts asserted, that the Greek refugees, who fled to the Ionian Isles from the atrocities of the Turks, had been turned back by the orders of the British Government in that dependency? Mr Wilhoit answered, that no dispatches had been received, communicating intelligence such as the Hon. Member alluded to, or leading to the be-

lief that the Greeks had been so treated. The Right Hon. Gentleman and the Marquis of Londonderry contended that the strictest impartiality had been observed by the British Government.

17.—The House decided this evening on a matter which had before engaged its attention, and which had created an extraordinary sensation throughout the country. The affair arose out of Mr Abercromby's motion on the 25th July, for an inquiry into the conduct of the Crown lawyers in Scotland, as connected with the public press of that country.—Shortly after this motion, Mr John Hope, one of the Depute Advocates, published a long letter on the subject, addressed to Mr Abercromby, and Mr Menzies, another Depute Advocate, wrote several letters to the Hon. Member, requesting certain explanations, which were also published.—The tendency of these publications was to provoke a personal rencontre between the parties; and with this view of their tendency, Mr Courtenay brought the matter before the House on the 9th instant, and after a long discussion, it was decided, that both these individuals had committed a breach of privilege by the publication of these letters, and they were accordingly ordered to attend the House in the following week. In the mean time, a messenger being sent to Mr Abercromby's house to desire his attendance, was there informed that he had left town the day before—that his carriage had taken the Barnet road, and that a gentleman accompanied Mr Abercromby. The absence of Mr Abercromby was immediately made known to the House; and a messenger was dispatched in pursuit of him, with the Speaker's summons for his immediate attendance in his place; while a second messenger set out for Edinburgh, to command the attendance at the bar of Messrs Hope and Menzies. In the meantime, Mr Abercromby had set out with the intention of coming to Edinburgh; but first went to Althorp Park in Northumberland, where Lord Althorp joined him, and they took the north road. On their arrival at Ferry-Bridge, in Yorkshire, however, they learned what were the orders that had been issued by the House of Commons; and thereupon Lord Althorp advised Mr Abercromby's return to London, the more especially as the object of their journey to Edinburgh had been frustrated by the orders issued.—Lord Althorp stated in the House, that he took the whole responsibility on himself of the course pursued by Mr Abercromby, since he had left London. Mr Abercromby entered the House on the 12th, after a Resolution had been adopted,

enjoining him, by name, not to forward or accept any challenge; and he rose from his seat, when the Speaker proceeded to read the several Resolutions to which the House had come in consequence of the breaches of privilege. When the Speaker had concluded reading them, Mr Abercromby, without uttering a word, bowed, and resumed his seat. After Lord Althorp's explanation, which followed the Speaker's communications, Mr Abercromby, accompanied by his Lordship, immediately left the House.

This evening Mr Hope and Mr Menzies were in attendance, in obedience to the order of the House. Mr Hope was called in first, and, in a candid, animated, and manly speech, expressed his regret that an act, intended solely for the vindication of his character, should have proved a breach of the privileges of the House, which he respected, and had no intention to violate; but appealed to the feelings of the House, whether, when his character, his integrity, and his honour were attacked, it was possible for any man of honour and gentlemanly feelings to act otherwise than he had done. This appeal seemed to make a very strong impression on the House, so much so, that its conclusion was followed by loud cheering. Mr Hope having been ordered to withdraw, a long debate followed, in which Sir R. Wilson, Mr Brougham, Mr Tierney, and Lord A. Hamilton, urged the necessity of the House vindicating its insulted privilege, and Lord Binning and Mr Canning justified Mr Hope's letter by the plea of self-defence. Sir F. Burdett said, if any ulterior proceeding should be proposed against Mr Hope, he would divide the House upon it. After an ample discussion, the following resolution was ultimately come to by the House, and communicated by the Speaker to Mr Hope:—

“That John Hope, Esq. having acknowledged himself the author of the said letter, is guilty of a breach of the privileges of this House; but under all the circumstances of the case, and having taken into consideration the explanation given by him at the bar, and the expression of regret at the violation of its privileges, this House does not feel itself called on to proceed farther in this matter.”

After Mr Hope had finally withdrawn, Mr Menzies was called to the Bar; and the explanation which this Gentleman gave was so perfectly satisfactory, that, on the motion of Mr Courtenay, he was immediately and unanimously discharged.

19.—Mr Abercromby postponed his motion for the correspondence between

the Lord Advocate and Mr Hope, relating to the case of W. M. Borthwick, till the next Session; the approaching close of the present was the reason assigned by the Honourable Gentleman for the delay. The Lord Advocate expressed his anxiety that all possible information on the subject should be laid before the House. The House, in a Committee of Supply, voted the sums required for the miscellaneous services of Ireland, and certain grants for civil contingencies, &c. in Great Britain. A farther grant of £. 200,000, towards relieving the exigencies of the present condition of Ireland, was also voted.

23.—The Lord Advocate moved for the production of the authority on which the "concourse" applicable to the case of W. M. Borthwick was issued, of whose treatment he solemnly declared his ignorance. Mr Abercromby defended the line of conduct he had adopted in discharging his Parliamentary duties; he had proceeded on his own responsibility, and, he said, should not shrink from inquiry. The motion having been agreed to, Mr Hume presented a petition from an individual of the name of Hay, complaining of certain alleged conduct of the Lord President and the Lord Advocate; the petition was ordered to lie on the table. Mr Lennard then moved for a copy of any communication or correspondence between his Majesty's Government, or his Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, with any Agent or Minister of the Republic of Columbia, relative to the recognition of that Republic as an Independent State by the Government of this country. The motion was opposed by Lord Londonderry, principally upon the ground of the want of specific information as to the actual state of the relations between Spain and the South American Provinces. On a division, the motion was

negatived, the numbers being—Noes, 33—Ayes, 18—Majority, 35.

25.—Mr Hume brought forward his 38 Resolutions relative to the Sinking Fund. On the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the consideration of the Resolutions was postponed for three months. On the motion of Mr Wilberforce, an Address to the Crown was unanimously agreed to, on the subject of the suppression of slavery at the Cape of Good Hope.

26.—The Clerks' Superannuation Bill produced a very curious contention of parties in the House of Commons on Friday night. The Bill was opposed by Mr Calcraft, and Mr Canning joined that Honourable Gentleman in a sort of declaration of office rights, and they both struggled against this very measured degree of reduction in salaries on the ground of a vested right. The Marquis of Londonderry resisted this very bold assumption on behalf of the servants of Government, and observed, that if by indulgence they had acquired the notion that they held vested and inalienable rights, it was high time to undeceive them.

30.—The business of the Session being closed, the Marquis of Londonderry moved an adjournment till the 6th August, to give time to the Lords to dispose of the bills before them. Mr Bennet expressed great satisfaction and much gratitude to the House for the retrenchments and reduction of taxes which it had made during the Session. Mr Hume avowed his intention to resume the work of reduction early in the next Session, in which he anticipated the possible diminution in the public expenditure of seven millions.

Aug. 6.—After attending the House of Peers, and hearing his Majesty's speech again read, the members dispersed.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

Convention of Royal Burghs.—The Convention sat at Edinburgh on the 9th, 10th, and 16th instant. They were chiefly occupied with the consideration of two Bills proposed in Parliament by the Lord Advocate, for regulating the affairs of the Royal Burghs. The several clauses were considered separately, and some amendments were carried, as well as several new clauses, and a petition, embodying these alterations, was ordered to be presented to Parliament in name of the Con-

vention. The Lord Provost of Aberdeen moved the repeal of the 25th act of the Convention relative to the granting of money to the Royal Burghs, and that it should be restricted to the making and repairing of harbours. The Lord Provost of Glasgow seconded the motion. Mr William Inglis opposed the motion, as tending to annihilate the Convention, towards which, he said, it was another and a desperate attempt. If agreed to, it would deprive the Convention of one of its most beautiful attributes, the power of doing good to the smaller burghs, and which had existed

since 1649. Mr Walter Cook also opposed the motion. The grants to the poor burghs, he said, was one of the most delightful duties of the Convention, and they had no proof that they were imprudently or foolishly squandered. After some farther observations, by different Members, the vote was taken, when the previous question was carried by 15 to 10.

22.—*Leslie v. Blackwood*.—This day came on before the Edinburgh Jury Court, the action for damages, for libel, at the instance of Mr John Leslie, Professor of Natural History in the University of this city, against Mr William Blackwood, bookseller. The libellous matter was contained in a letter published in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, of which the defendant is the publisher; and the damages were laid at £.5000. Mr James Moncrieff opened the case for the pursuer, and adduced a number of witnesses to prove the falsehood of the allegations contained in the libel. Mr Forsyth addressed the Jury for the defender, who, after consulting nearly two hours, returned a verdict for the pursuer on three of the issues, and for the defender on the fourth, and awarded *one hundred pounds* damages. The trial excited uncommon interest, and lasted from ten in the morning till eleven at night. The Court and avenues leading thereto were crowded to excess. Mr Forsyth tendered a bill of exceptions on the ground of misdirection.

29.—*Catland Crag Bridge*.—This magnificent undertaking is now completed, and three noble arches, upon a broad and spacious way, thrown over that stupendous chasm which Nature seemed to present as an insurmountable barrier to the progress of the traveller. Its altitude is superior to that of any other bridge in Great Britain. It will open by one route a new communication between Carlisle and Glasgow, and another between the west of England and north of Scotland.

30.—*Aeronautics*.—This day Mr Green, the aeronaut, accompanied by a Mr Griffith, of the *Cheltenham Chronicle*, ascended in a very large and beautiful balloon, from a back yard of the *London hotel*, Cheltenham. The weather was very favourable; bets amounting to *nearly* thousand pounds were depending upon the ascent. The course of the balloon was due east; it passed over Northleach, and Lord Sherborn's park; and the aerial voyagers descended near that place, after having sailed half an hour in the trackless space. Great numbers of gentlemen rode out to meet and welcome Messrs Green and Griffith on their safe return to *terra firma*. But, shocking to relate, in their

descent, a most lamentable accident occurred, owing to one of the ropes which attached the car to the balloon having been cut by some wanton or malicious miscreant. The consequence of the rope being cut was, that an arch was formed in the net work, which, from the unequal pressure, continued to give way several times during the flight; and in descending, they were precipitated from a great height to the earth. Both the gentlemen were violently injured, and Mr Green was considered to be in a dangerous state.

31.—*Public Whipping*.—On the 18th instant, William and David Beaton, two brothers, and Robert Kay, were convicted before the High Court of Justiciary of assaulting, stabbing, and wounding several individuals in the morning of the 1st of January. They were also charged with robbery, but that part of the libel was not proven. They were sentenced to 14 years transportation, and to be publicly whipped through the streets of this city. This day, accordingly, they were brought out of the lock-up-house between 11 and 12 o'clock, and having been fastened to the end of a cart, were slowly marched to the Castle Hill, where their punishment commenced, by the executioner inflicting six stripes on the back of each. The procession, consisting of the culprits and the executioner, attended by several city and police officers, and guarded by parties of horse and foot, then moved down the street, halting at the head of Bank Street, the Police Office, the Cross, the Tron Church, Blackfriar's Wynd, the Fountain well, and lastly at the Nether-bow, at each of which places the same measure of punishment was inflicted. Their coats were then thrown over their shoulders, and they were conveyed by Leith Wynd and the Calton to the new jail, until removed for transportation.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.—

July 12.—Alexander Davidson for theft, was sentenced to six months hard labour in Bridewell, and Wm. M'Kunlay, John Semple, and Thomas Cumming, none of whom were more than seventeen years of age, were sentenced to one year's imprisonment in Bridewell, for petty thefts.

—13. David Wilson, for housebreaking and theft, was sentenced to fourteen years transportation.—15. John or Alexander Campbell was accused of falsehood, fraud, and wilful imposition. The indictment contained eight charges, which were aggravated by the prisoner having pleaded Guilty, at the Circuit Court at Perth in September 1818, to five similar charges, for which he suffered imprisonment.—The present case was remitted by Lord Meadowbank from the Circuit Court at

Inverness. The declaration of the prisoner stated him to be a teacher, and that in 1817 he was ordained a minister of the Gospel at Kintyre. He also stated himself to have been employed by Dr Campbell of Edinburgh. The Rev. Dr Campbell deposed, that he is Secretary to the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, which has a number of schools in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. No person of the name of Alexander Campbell, Clark, or Cameron, was employed to examine those schools in 1820 or 1821. He (Dr Campbell) attended the Autumn Circuit at Perth, as a witness on the trial of the prisoner at the bar, who never was employed by the Society. Has received letters from him many years ago, but never replied to them. A number of witnesses were called to the remaining charges. The Jury, without hesitation, returned a verdict of Guilty against the prisoner, with the exception of the first charge, which they found Not Proven. The Lord Justice Clerk concluded a forcible admonition to the prisoner as to his future conduct, by sentencing him to be transported for fourteen years.—17. Duncan Mackenzie, and George Paton, accused of theft, and John Martin of wilfully setting fire to his shop in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, both pleaded guilty, and were sentenced, the latter to transportation for life, and the two former for fourteen years.—18. John McKay, convicted, on his own confession, of theft, sentenced to transportation for seven years. Three other convictions for assault and robbery took place, (see article "public whipping" above).—19. John McLennan and Lewis Mitchell, for theft and housebreaking, sentenced to seven years transportation.

AUGUST.

Botany.—After the examination of the Herbaria collected in the King's Park, by the botanical pupils, at the University this season, in competition for the prize medal, the sealed package, marked by the same motto as that to which it had been adjudged, was opened in presence of the class on Friday week, and the collector found to be Mr Richard Bainbridge, from Jamaica. The collection was extensive, the species correctly arranged and neatly put up, showing that Mr Bainbridge had entered upon the study of botany with zeal, and prosecuted it with success. This is the first season that a prize has been offered from the botanical chair in Edinburgh, at least for very many years, and Dr Graham stated, that he was so much convinced of the good that had been done by the

emulation which it had excited, that he would offer a gold medal to the pupils of next year for the best herbarium collected within ten miles of Edinburgh. The period for collecting the plants to extend from this period till the 20th July 1823, when all the Herbaria must be given in, accompanied with a note, declaring that the plants were collected by the pupil himself, and arranged and named without any assistance but that derived from books. The spot where, and the date when each plant was gathered, to be stated.

I.—UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.—This day one hundred and thirteen gentlemen had conferred on them, by the Senatus Academicus of the University of this City, the degree of Doctor in Medicine, after having completed the regular course of study, and gone through the appointed examinations, and likewise publicly defended their respective inaugural dissertations.

OF SCOTLAND.

Robert Blackburn,	De Spinae Carie
Alexander Browne,	Typho
James Carnie,	Frigore et Calore
Charles C. Cheyne,	Purpura
William Dumbreck,	Inflammatione Venarum
James Gregory,	Gangrena Nosocomiale
William Henderson,	Pneumonia
Alexander Jameson,	Concoctione Cibi
George W. Johnston,	Cholera Indica
William Johnstone,	Exercitatione
Donald McIntosh,	Vaccinia
Geo. M. McLauchlan,	Dysenteria
Alex. F. McLauchlan,	Dysenteria
Alexander Morton,	Fibrilis Epidemica
Alexander Ogilvie,	Uteri Inflammatione
Thomas Peacock,	Dysenteria
Andrew Ranken,	Hydrophobia
Thomas Russell,	Scarlatina
David Scott,	Respiratione
John Shirley,	Præcepto Vitali
James F. Stewart,	Rabie
Thomas Ward,	Pleuritide
William Watson,	Ventriculi Scintilla
John S. Waugh,	Electricitate

FROM ENGLAND.

James H. Archer,	Enteritide
Thomas Bishop,	Fervida
Edward Blackmore,	Sanguinis Detractione
George Carr,	Pneumonia
Edmund J. Clark,	Phlogismus Pulmonalis
Samuel Clater,	Caloricæ Naturæ
Frederick Cobb,	Rabie Canina
William T. Coleman,	Vita et Morie
John Edwards,	Cynanche Trachealis
Edward B. Eve,	Cordis Aneurismate
George J. Everett,	Sanguine Mittendo
John Facer,	Pneumonia
Anthony Gapper,	Aquis Mineralibus
Thomas Harland,	Quibusdam remediis Scrophulis
William T. Hayeraft,	Scrophulis curatione anaphlogistica
Samuel Hall,	Concoctione
John Hodson,	Aere commune
William Jackson,	Concoctione Cibi
James Kane,	Dyspepsia
Rich. H. Kennedy,	Nova ratione inter Morbos Pectoris discernendi
George K. Prince,	Haemorrhagia Uterina
F. H. Ramsbottom,	Amatorem
James Reid,	Theoria Inflammationis
Matthew Schofield,	Hæmorrhæe Petechiales
Wm. H. Stephenson,	

Herbert Taylor,	De Cynanche Tracheali
George Turner,	.. Nova Doctrina Phrenologica
John Wayte,	.. Tetano
John Webster,	.. Purpura Hemorrhagica
William Whympet,	.. Ophthalmia Membranarum
John Wordingham,	.. Pulmonis Inflammatione

FROM WALES.

John B. Davies,	.. Cynanche Laryngea
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FROM IRELAND.

Richard Abell,	.. Hygeia
William Belcher,	Febre Hectica
Michael Brody,	Dyspepsia
Joseph Buckley,	Typho
John Clendining,	Hydrocephalo Acuto
James Collins,	Phthisi Pulmonum
Peter Cryan,	Pneumonia
Michael Devereux,	Hepatitis Chronica
William Drew,	Enteritide
William Duncan,	Paralysi
John Fawcett,	Cholera Morbo India
Thomas Fisher,	Insania
John Fitzgerald,	Dysenteria
Richard Frith,	Peritonitide
Charles D. Frey,	Anasarca
John Griffith,	Apoplexia
John Huggins,	Diabete
Russell P. Hughes,	Fabrica Oculi
John H. Jagoe,	Febre Hectica
L. C. Kinchela,	Angina Pectoris
George Loane,	Tetano
Patrick L. Lynch,	Hepatitis
David H. Macadam,	Calculo Urinali
Patrick M. Ternan,	Febre Flava
William Milligan,	Cholera Epidemica
Henry Newenham,	Erysipelate
Philip O'Leary,	Apoplexia
John O'Regan,	Causis Febrium Epidemicarum
Patrick O'Ryan,	Febre Continua
O'Neil M'Quin,	Febre Continua quae nuper in Hibernia grassata est
James Sheils,	Phthisi Pulmonali
Alexander Sinclair,	Dysenteria Tropica
William Sinclair,	Pneumonia
Peter Smithwick,	Hepatitis Acuto
Richard Tate,	Tetano
Benjamin Thomson,	Febrium Contag. Naturae et Curatione
Edward Townsend,	Aneurismate
Patrick Travers,	Apoplexia Sanguinea
John W. Watson,	Quinto Nervorum Pari
Rich. T. Woolhouse,	Melena

FROM JAMAICA.

George S. Coward,	Capitis Plagis
John Cox,	Malignis Testis Vitis
George Swaby,	Hydrope
Samuel Tucker,	Urethrae Stricturis
Thomas Turnbull,	Inflammatione Hepatis Acuta

FROM BARBADOES.

James H. Alleyne,	.. Inflammatione longa Cerebri
William Drayton,	.. Phthisi Pulmonali
James Russell,	Mania
Charles D. Straker,	.. Phthisi Pulmonali

FROM ANTIGUA.

Samuel M. Sheriff,	.. Febre Flava
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S. F. Carmichael,	.. Hepatitis Acuta
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FROM THE ISLAND OF MONTSERRAT.

John Furlonge,	.. Cerebro Concussio
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FROM THE ISLAND OF NEVIS.

Wm. T. Nicholson,	.. Cerebri Concussione atque Compressione
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FROM THE DANISH WEST INDIES.

W. Von Croneberg,	Gonorrhoea Virulenta
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FROM AMERICA.

Robert L. Milligan,	De Potu Assimilando
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FROM THE EAST INDIES.

William H. Cock,	Purpura Hemorrhagica
William Kerr,	Ictero.

Since the 1st of August 1815, when the graduation of Medical Doctors, by a regulation of the Senatus, was restricted to once a-year, no fewer than eight hundred and seven gentlemen, from all parts of the globe, have obtained the diploma in Doctor of Medicine from our justly-celebrated University.

10.—*Buildings on the Mound.*—Meetings have been held in Edinburgh, during this week, by the different societies intending to be connected in the construction of a very handsome building, at the foot of Hanover Street, for the accommodation of the Royal Society, the Antiquarian Society, the Society for the management of the Fine Arts, and the Trustees for the improvement of the Manufactures of Scotland; and we are glad to say matters are now in a train which affords us just grounds for saying that the buildings may soon be expected to proceed. The difficulty of reconciling the different interests to be concerned in this building having been got over, and as abundance of funds are in readiness, the whole may be completed during the course of next year. The other buildings may also be expected to commence immediately. The double arcade, which it is proposed to construct, will prove a vast accommodation to the numerous individuals whose avocations require them to pass that way at all seasons of the year; and the novelty of the thing, we have no doubt, will create a great demand for the shops.

15.—BURGH OF INVERNESS.—The election of Magistrates and Councillors of the burgh, made at Michaelmas 1817, was reduced by the Court of Session on account of certain informalities in the mode of proceeding; and since that period a great deal of discussion has taken place before the Lords of the Privy Council, for the purpose of determining whether the Royal warrant for restoring the burgh should be directed to the late functionaries, or authorise a poll election.—We understand that a Royal warrant has just been issued empowering the late Magistrates and Council to elect their successors in office.

Suicide of the Marquis of Londonderry.—An extraordinary sensation was created throughout the country by the intelligence of the sudden death of the Marquis of Londonderry, Secretary of State

for Foreign Affairs, which was speedily increased to a deeper feeling upon its being known that this distinguished nobleman had fallen by his own hands. This lamentable event took place on the morning of Monday the 12th instant, at his Lordship's seat at North Cray, county of Kent, where he had retired after the fatigues of the Parliamentary Session, and where it was understood he was making preparations to attend the Congress of Sovereigns, about to assemble at Vienna, at which assembly Lord Castlereagh was to represent the Majesty of Britain. It appears that the extraordinary fatigues of the last Session of Parliament had sensibly injured the Marquis, and from the evidence adduced at the coroner's inquest on the 13th, the Jury without hesitation brought in a verdict of *insanity*. The symptoms of this malady had been for some time apparent to his household, and his pistols, razors, &c. were carefully placed out of his reach; but a small pen-knife remained in his possession, unknown to any person, with which the fatal act was committed. Dr Bankhead deposed, that he attended the Marquis on Friday afternoon, at the desire of the Marchioness. His lordship was very ill; he complained of his head, and of a confused recollection. He was relieved by cupping, and he afterwards took some

opening medicines. On Saturday afternoon, he was very incoherent, and continued so during the night. On Sunday, he was kept tranquil, and the doctor left him at half past twelve at night. About seven o'clock on Monday morning he was called to his lordship by Mrs Robinson. He waited till the Marchioness was ready to enter into her dressing-room, as she was in bed with the Marquis when Mrs R. first called him. His Lordship had in the mean time retired to his own dressing-room, whither the doctor followed him. On hearing the doctor's step in the dressing-room, without turning his head, the Marquis exclaimed, "Bankhead, let me fall upon your arm—'tis all over!" The doctor caught him in his arms. The Marquis had then a knife in his right hand, very firmly clenched, and all over blood. In falling from the doctor's arms, the blood burst from his Lordship like a torrent. He died in a minute. The witness, in reply to a question, said, from a thirty years knowledge of his Lordship, he was satisfied he was in a state of complete insanity at the time of committing the act; that there had been a decline in his general health for the last three weeks, but he was not aware of any mental delusion until within four days of his decease.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Aug. 17.—The Right Hon. Charles Hope, Lord President of the Court of Session, sworn in a member of his Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council.

19.—The Right Hon. William Arbuthnot, Lord Provost of the city of Edinburgh, to the dignity of a Baronet of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

22.—The honour of Knighthood conferred on Thomas Pate Hankin, Lieut. Colonel of the Royal Scots Greys.

29.—The honour of Knighthood conferred on Captain Adam Ferguson, Deputy-Keeper of the Scottish Regalia.

—The honour of Knighthood conferred on Henry Raeburn, Esq. Portrait Painter in Edinburgh.

—Dr Walter Graham, physician, Dalkeith, to be surgeon extraordinary to his Majesty for Scotland.

—Messrs Francis, James, and Walter Marshall, to be Jewellers in ordinary to his Majesty for Scotland.

—Robert Naysmyth of Edinburgh, Esq. to be surgeon dentist in ordinary to his Majesty in Scotland.

—Mr James Bartram, brewer in Edinburgh, to be purveyor, brewer, and maltster, to his Majesty in ordinary for Scotland.

—Mr David Hatton, of 97 Prince's Street, to be printseller in ordinary to his Majesty for Scotland.

—Mr John Stenhouse, 14, High Street, to be pastry-cook, rusk, and biscuit-baker to his Majesty for Scotland.

29. Messrs James Allison & Son, Leith Walk, to be vinegar-makers to his Majesty for Scotland.

—Mr Thomas Smith, Blair Street, to be purveyor and lamp-maker to his Majesty for Scotland.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Aug. 12.—The Associate Congregation of Glenluce, gave a unanimous call to Mr James Puller, preacher, to be their pastor.

III. MILITARY.

3 Dr. Gds. Lieut. Prosser, to be Capt. by purchase Homewood, ret. 1 Aug. 1822.
Lieut. Easterby, from h. p. 23 Dr. Lieut. do.

1 Dr. L. A. J. Lord Muncaster, Cornet by purchase vice Webb, prom. 11 July.

9 Lieut. Browne, Capt. by purchase vice D'Ester, 11 F. 18 do.

Cornet Wright, Lieut. by purchase. do.

J. A. Fullerton, Cornet by purchase. 1 Aug.

Gren. Gds. Ens. & Lieut. Allen, Lieut. & Capt. by purchase vice Fox, ret. 25 do.

Ens. Drummond, from 59 F. Ens. & Lieut. by purchase. do.

Coldst. G. Bt. Lieut. Col. Fremantle, Capt. & Lieut. Col. by purchase vice Sutton, ret. 1 Aug.

Ens. & Lieut. Vane, Lieut. & Capt. by purchase. do.

W. B. Northey, Ens. & Lieut. by purchase. do.

2 F. M. Gen. Sir H. Torrens, K.C.B. from 2 W. I. R. Col. vice Gen. Coates, dead. 28 July.

- 6 F. Lieut. Griffiths, Adj. vice Downie, res.
Adj. only 1 Aug 1822.
15 Ens. Wilson, from 54 F. Ens. vice King.
ret. do.
31 C. J. Hayman, Ens. vice L'Estrange,
cancelled 25 July.
33 Ens. Urquhart, Lieut. vice Summers,
dead 1 Aug.
36 Ens. Kenyon, from 58 F. Ens. do.
Lieut. Wakofield, Capt. by purch. vice
Maj. Vernon, ret. 25 July.
Ens. Dowman, Lieut. by purch. 1 Aug.
Gent. Cadet C. H. Murray, from R. Mil.
Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
48 Bt. Maj. Taylor, Maj. by purch. vice
Druitt, ret. 26 July.
Lieut. Robinson, Capt. by purch. do.
50 Ens. Sheaffe, Lieut. vice Flude, dead
1 Aug.
W. Bartley, Ens. do. do.
54 E. A. Slade, Ens. by purch. vice Wilson,
13 F. do.
55 Lieut. Warren, Capt. by purch. vice
Maj. Prager, ret. do.
Ens. Goodall, Lieut. by purch. do.
H. Higgins, Ens. by purch. do.
58 J. E. Barney, Ens. vice Kenyon, 33 F.
do.
59 Gent. Cadet F. G. Howard, from R.
Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Drum-
mond. I. F. G. 25 July.
60 Lieut. Stopford, from 66 F. Lieut. vice
de Froger, h. p. 63 F. 1 Aug.
63 Capt. Leake, Major by purch. vice
Lieut. Col. Macleoth, ret. 18 July.
Lieut. Douglas, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Hunt, Lieut. by purch. do.
Hon. H. S. Fane, Ens. by purch. do.
66 Lieut. Harding, from h. p. 63 F. Lieut.
vice Stopford, 60 F. 1 Aug.
72 Qua. Mast. Serj. M'Kenzie, Qua. Mast.
vice Benton, ret full pay 25 July.
84 Lieut. Hon. C. Boyle, Capt. by purch.
vice Macdonald, ret. 18 do.
Ens. McCrae, Lieut. by purch. do.
Gent. Cadet G. M. Eden, from R. Mil.
Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
2 W. I. R. M. Gen. Sir J. Byng, K. C. B. Colonel
vice Sir H. Torrens, 2 F. 26 July.
Capt. Kenny, from h. p. 43 F. Capt.
vice Willatts, cancelled 1 Aug.
1 Vet. Bn. Ens. Buchanan, Qua. Mast. vice Pegley,
ret. list. do.
Staff. Mil. Capt. Fernyhough, Qua. Mast. vice
Horton, dead 4 April.

Royal Artillery.

- 1st Lieut. Hare, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Charlton,
dead 21 June 1822.
1st Lieut. Griffiths, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Hill,
h. p. 3 July.
2d Capt. Charters, from h. p. 2d Capt. 11 do.
1st Lieut. Coxwell, 2d Capt. vice Crawley, dead
do.
1st Lieut. Gibb, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
2d Lieut. Rogers, 1st Lieut. do.
Gent. Cadet T. A. Shone, 2d Lieut. do.
2d Capt. Haultain, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Deacon,
h. p. 1 Aug.
1st Lieut. Footc, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Phelps,
h. p. 4 do.

Royal Engineers.

- Gent. Cadet E. Durnford, 2d Lieut. 22 July 1822.
The undermentioned Cadets of the Hon. East
India Company's Service to have temporary
Rank as 3d Lieuts. during the absence of their
being placed under the command of Lieut. Col.
Pasley, of Royal Engineers, at Chittagong, for in-
structions in the Art of Sapping and Mining :
Cadet W. H. Pears 25 July 1822.
— F. Abbott do.
— J. S. Grant do.

Staff.

- Col. L'Estrange, 31 F. Dep. Adj. Gen. Mauritius,
vice Col. Lindsay, res. 25 July 1822.

Exchanges.

- Bt. Lieut. Col. Ahmuty, from 7 F. with Bt. Lieut.
Col. Fitz Gerald, h. p. 8 Gar. Bn.
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- Bt. Lieut. Col. Dance, from 84 F. with Bt. Lieut.
Col. Peltier, h. p. Royal York Rang.
— Wilson, from 1 F. with Capt. Gell,
h. p. 77 F.
Capt. Dexter, from 4 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Capt.
Whitchote, h. p. 3 F.
— Lookwood, from 22 F. with Capt. Castell,
80 F.
— Hely, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Cham-
bers, h. p. 25 F.
— Ford, 1 W. I. R. with Capt. Law, h. p. 71
F.
Lieut. Tristram, from 13 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Stuart, h. p. 3 Dr.
— Miles, from 8 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hammay,
h. p. Rifle Brig.
— Doig, from 57 F. with Lieut. Douglas, h. p.
23 F.
— Montgomerie, from 57 F. with Lieut. May,
h. p. 52 F.
— Redman, from 60 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Hon. G. Hervey, h. p. 12 Dr.
— Grenier, from 93 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Hamilton, h. p. 61 F.
Ensign Hughes, from 79 F. with Ensign Christie,
h. p. 93 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

- Lieut. Col. Sutton, Coldst. Gds.
— Macleoth, 63 F.
Major Vernon, since dead, 36 F.
— Druitt, 48 F.
— Prager, 55 F.
Capt. Homewood, 43-Dr. Gds.
— Fox, Gren. Gds.
— Macdonald, 84 F.
Ens. King, 13 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

- Capt. Willatts, 2 W. I. R.
Ens. L'Estrange, 31 F.
Quart. Mast. Pegeley, 1 R. Vet. Bn.

Cashiered.

- Assist. Comm. Gen. J. M. Cobb.

Deaths.

- General Sir Thomas Blomfield, Bart. Royal Ar-
tillery, Shooter's Hill, near Woolwich 24 Aug. 1822.
Lieut. General Sir S. Auchmuty, G. C. B. 78 F.
Commander of Forces in Ireland, Dublin 11 Aug.
Major General Charles Campbell, Cape of Good
Hope 9 May.
— Tinling, late of Gren. Gds. Aug.
Major Vernon, 36 F. Pazo, Ionian Is. 2 June.
— Hext, 83 F. on board the Fairlie 24 July.
— Vinnell, h. p. Provincials, Isle of Man 10 July.
Capt. Phillips, 83 F. Ceylon 11 Jan. 1822.
— Moody, h. p. 36 F. Falmouth 26 June.
Lieut. Montgomerie, 21 F.
— Summers, 33 F. Jamaica 25 May.
— Flude, 50 F.
— Abell, 83 F. Ceylon 5 Feb.
— Groves, late 11 Vet. Bn. Windsor 11 Aug.
— Burbridge, h. p. 22 F. Dublin 4 do.
— Ellison, h. p. 60 F. London 2 do.
— Maclean, h. p. 75 F. Southend, Essex 30 July.
— Nihell, h. p. 85 F. Trinidad 3 Sept. 1821.
— Nelson, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn. Ireland 16 July 1822.
Ensign Cameron, 53 F. Jamaica 19 June.
— Harling, h. p. 5 F. Almondsbury, York 11 Jan.
Paymaster Elton, 3 West York Militia
Quart. Mast. Hamilton, h. p. 3 Dr.
— Masson, h. p. 1 Argyll Fenc. Inf.
Aberdeen 1 July.
Assist. Surg. Jaggard, h. p. Royal Art. Plymouth
Dock 26 July.
— Hargrove, h. p. Roscrea, Ireland 23 do.
Com. Dep. Gen. Clarke, Montreal, Canada 7 July 1822.
— Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Hall, Nassau,
New Providence, Bahamas 12 do.
3 F.

List of Seeds sown on Calton Hill, and foot of Salisbury Crags.

IT may not perhaps be known except to a few persons, that no sooner were the five Walks formed round the Calton Hill, and at the bottom of the grand façade of Salisbury Crags, than the utmost pains were taken to introduce Seeds, Plants, and Shrubs, into every corner and crevice (out of the reach of the herd of idle lads, who are so eager to destroy whatever is either useful or ornamental) on these two hills; and as many of them are not natives of the country, they may, in after-times, mislead and puzzle Botanists. We therefore insert the following correct Catalogue of all that have been sown and painted:—

<i>Allium bicalense</i>	<i>Clematis erecta</i>	<i>Leonurus cardiaca</i>	<i>Reseda odorata</i>
.. <i>lactum</i>	<i>Claytonia perfoliata</i>	.. <i>phytocoma</i>	.. <i>phytocoma</i>
.. <i>strictum</i>	<i>Cnicus eriophorus</i>	<i>Leucocajum aestivum</i>	<i>Rumex alpinus</i>
<i>Acneta laevigata</i>	.. <i>rivularis</i>	<i>Ligusticum levisticum</i>	.. <i>aureus</i>
.. <i>latebrosa</i>	<i>Cucubalus Italicus</i>	.. <i>Scoticum</i>	.. <i>Britannica</i>
<i>Aconitum nitidum</i>	<i>Coronopus Rueli</i>	<i>Lilium martagon</i>	.. <i>confectus</i>
.. <i>uncinatum</i>	<i>Dahlia superflua</i>	<i>Linaria Alpina</i>	.. <i>patientia</i>
.. <i>Orientalis</i>	<i>Daucus hispidus</i>	.. <i>Pyrenaica</i>	.. <i>purpureus</i>
.. <i>Pyrenaicum</i>	<i>Delphinium elatum</i>	.. <i>tristis</i>	.. <i>sanguineus</i>
.. <i>Napellus</i>	.. <i>hybridum</i>	<i>Linum angustifolium</i>	.. <i>undulatus</i>
<i>Angelica Archangelica</i>	.. <i>lavifolium</i>	.. <i>perenne</i>	<i>Salvia campestris</i>
<i>Astragalus Carolinianus</i>	.. <i>montanum</i>	.. <i>sibericum</i>	.. <i>ceratophylla</i>
.. <i>sulcatus</i>	.. <i>pallidum</i>	<i>Latus glaucus</i>	.. <i>clandestina</i>
.. <i>uralensis</i>	.. <i>speciosum</i>	<i>Lupinus Nootkatensis</i>	.. <i>torskohlii</i>
.. <i>cicer</i>	<i>Dianthus atrarubens</i>	<i>Lychnis brachypetala</i>	.. <i>heterophylla</i>
.. <i>virescens</i>	.. <i>barbatus</i>	.. <i>vesicaria carnica</i>	.. <i>Illyrica</i>
.. <i>glycyphyllos</i>	<i>Digitalis ferruginea</i>	<i>Malva rotundifolia</i>	<i>Sisyringa cordifolia</i>
.. <i>macrophyllus</i>	.. <i>laevigata</i>	<i>Melilotus Kokleana</i>	.. <i>rotundifolia</i>
<i>Anthericum thiastrum</i>	.. <i>Thapsi</i>	<i>Melissa aethos</i>	.. <i>stellaris</i>
<i>Artemisia leucanthifolia</i>	<i>Draba incana</i>	.. <i>grandiflora</i>	<i>Scabiosa bannatica</i>
<i>Aster Alpinus</i>	<i>Dracocephalum Ituy-</i>	<i>Mimulus luteus</i>	.. <i>elata</i>
<i>Agrastemma Flo-jovis</i>	.. <i>chiana</i>	<i>Myagrum perfoliatum</i>	<i>Serophularia glandulos-</i>
<i>Asperula galoides</i>	<i>Dracocephalum sibri-</i>	<i>Myrrhis maculata</i>	.. <i>nodosa</i>
<i>Alyssum creticum</i>	.. <i>cium</i>	<i>Nepeta graveolens</i>	.. <i>vernalis</i>
<i>Aquilegia vulgaris</i>	<i>Epilobium roseum</i>	.. <i>italica</i>	<i>Sideritis scordoides</i>
<i>Arabis pendula</i>	<i>Erigeron villarsii</i>	.. <i>latifolia</i>	<i>Silene livida</i>
<i>Asphodelus ramosus</i>	<i>Fumaria sempervirens</i>	.. <i>multibracteata</i>	.. <i>saxatilis</i>
<i>Antirrhinum purpureum</i>	<i>Galium pubescens</i>	.. <i>suaveolens</i>	.. <i>saxifraga</i>
.. <i>pictum</i>	<i>Gaura bicoloris</i>	<i>Oenothera sinuata</i>	<i>Sanchus Alpinus</i>
<i>Athamanta alata</i>	<i>Gentiana aculis</i>	<i>Ononis rotundifolia</i>	.. <i>caucasicus</i>
.. <i>siberica</i>	.. <i>asclepiadeae</i>	<i>Onopordum Acanthium</i>	<i>Spartium scoparium alba</i>
<i>Atriplex hortensis</i>	.. <i>ernata</i>	<i>Papaver cambricum</i>	<i>Stachys huta</i>
<i>Betonica officinalis</i>	<i>Geranium Ibericum</i>	<i>Phlomis samia</i>	<i>Tordilata nudicaulis</i>
<i>Bidens tripartita</i>	<i>Geum macrophyllum</i>	.. <i>tuberosa</i>	<i>Thalictrum acuminatum</i>
<i>Bubon buchtarmensis</i>	.. <i>strictum</i>	<i>Phytocoma betonicaefolia</i>	.. <i>angustifo-</i>
<i>Hiassica ericastrua</i>	<i>Glaucium luteum</i>	.. <i>virgatum</i>	.. <i>lium</i>
<i>Blitum virgatum</i>	<i>Hedysarum Onobrychus</i>	<i>Pimpinella magna</i>	.. <i>conicum</i>
<i>Campanula lat. coerulca</i>	.. <i>saxatile</i>	<i>Plantago Alpina</i>	.. <i>cornuti</i>
.. <i>pallida</i>	<i>Hieracium Alpinum</i>	.. <i>altissima</i>	.. <i>diffusum</i>
.. <i>alba</i>	.. <i>amphifolium</i>	.. <i>amplexicaulis</i>	.. <i>minus</i>
.. <i>sarmatica</i>	.. <i>basiacum</i>	.. <i>cordata</i>	.. <i>sibericum</i>
.. <i>micrantha</i>	.. <i>elegans</i>	.. <i>saxatilis</i>	<i>Thymus Alpinus</i>
.. <i>ucranica</i>	.. <i>gummiferum</i>	<i>Polemonium coeruleum</i>	.. <i>melissoides</i>
.. <i>speciosa</i>	.. <i>Pyrenaicum</i>	.. <i>mexicanum</i>	<i>Trifolium pictum</i>
.. <i>lamifolia</i>	.. <i>sibiricum</i>	<i>Potentilla opaca*</i>	.. <i>ochroleucum</i>
.. <i>pumila alba</i>	<i>Hieracium glaucum</i>	.. <i>multifida</i>	<i>Verbascum formosum</i>
.. <i>pumila coe-</i>	.. <i>laevigatum</i>	.. <i>pedata</i>	.. <i>perfoliatum</i>
.. <i>rulea</i>	.. <i>umbellatum</i>	.. <i>Pensylvanica</i>	<i>Veronica longifolia</i>
.. <i>siberica</i>	<i>Hypericum hirsutum</i>	.. <i>erecta</i>	.. <i>maritima</i>
<i>Centaurea calcephala</i>	.. <i>perforatum</i>	.. <i>erectis</i>	.. <i>media</i>
.. <i>benedicta</i>	<i>Hyssopus officinalis</i>	.. <i>lutea</i>	.. <i>molle</i>
<i>Chaerophyllum color-</i>	.. <i>iberis ciliata</i>	<i>Poterium polygamum</i>	.. <i>mollissima</i>
<i>tum</i>	<i>Inula helenium</i>	.. <i>marginifolia</i>	.. <i>orientalis</i>
<i>Calendula arvensis</i>	<i>Lamium orvala</i>	<i>Pyrethrum carneum</i>	.. <i>paniculata</i>
.. <i>maculatum</i>	<i>Lapsana lyrata</i>	.. <i>complanatum</i>	.. <i>polymorpha</i>
<i>Chrysanthemum grand-</i>	<i>Laserpitium angustifo-</i>	<i>Ranunculus muricatus</i>	.. <i>spuria</i>
<i>flavum</i>	.. <i>lium</i>	<i>Reseda alba</i>	<i>Vesicaria utriculata</i>
<i>Cochlearia danica</i>	<i>Laserpitium hispidum</i>	.. <i>luteola</i>	<i>Viola montana</i>

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1822.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Aug. 1	M. 48 A. 54	29.426 .456	M. 60 A. 60	Cble.	Fair, with insshine	Aug. 17	M. 48 A. 61	29.848 .896	A. 57 A. 63	Dull, but fair.
2	M. 42 A. 53	.525 .608	M. 59 A. 60	N.	Fair, but dull.	18	M. 55 A. 62	.896 .896	M. 63 A. 62	Fair & warm with sunsh.
3	M. 44 A. 56	.726 .644	M. 60 A. 60	SW.	Ditto.	19	M. 51 A. 63	.936 .940	M. 67 A. 65	Fair, with sunshine.
4	M. 46 A. 59		M. 60	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	20	M. 49 A. 61	.956 .909	M. 64 A. 64	Morn. fair, rain noon.
5	M. 47 A. 59			W.	Shower mor. Fair rest day	21	M. 52 A. 55	.853 .790	M. 62 A. 64	Rain morn. f. rest of day
6	M. 47 A. 57			W.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	22	M. 49 A. 57	.655 .639	M. 61 A. 61	Dull foren. h. rain af.
7	M. 50 A. 59			W.	Day dull with sh. rain	23	M. 48 A. 56	.652 .627	M. 61 A. 63	Dull, with sl. showers.
8	M. 51 A. 62			W.	Dull, rain afternoon.	24	M. 46 A. 58	.409 .243	M. 61 A. 59	Fair foren. h. rain af.
9	M. 47 A. 58			W.	Dull, with sh. rain.	25	M. 44 A. 58	.220 .176	M. 62 A. 60	Fair, with sunshine.
10	M. 48 A. 59			W.	Dull, rain forenoon.	26	M. 46 A. 58	.156 .201	M. 60 A. 59	Dull, with sh. rain.
11	M. 50 A. 62			W.	Dull, but fair.	27	M. 45 A. 55	.216 .58	M. 59 A. 58	Foren. sh. h. rain af.
12	M. 49 A. 59			W.	Sunsh. foren. rain aftern.	28	M. 45 A. 51	.565 .212	M. 60 A. 58	Dull, with sl. sh. rain.
13	M. 48 A. 56			Cble.	Dull foren. rain aftern.	29	M. 46 A. 56	.114 .196	M. 56 A. 56	Heavy rain.
14	M. 48 A. 57			Cble.	Dull foren. h. rain aftern.	30	M. 48 A. 58	.330 .475	M. 58 A. 59	Dull, with h. sh. rain.
15	M. 46 A. 53			W.	Fair, with sunshine.		M. 45 A. 56	.656 .711	M. 60 A. 57	Warm foren. aft. showery.
16	M. 45 A. 55			W.	Ditto.					

Average of Rain, 2.365 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

AT the date of our last, harvest had commenced in the early districts, and we have now to state, that in such situations, the whole of the crop is safely secured in the barn-yard. In the Highland districts, the crop is not yet quite cut down, and must have suffered considerably by the late shaking, boisterous winds. Showers have been frequent since our last, but were generally succeeded by high winds. Since the commencement of the present month, the temperature has become gradually lower, the mercury often falling as low as 40° in the night; and hoar-frosts now begin to blacken potato foliage. At no former period do we recollect to have seen the crop occupy so little space in the barn-yard; even on the most favourable soils, the crop has been deficient in bulk; and with regard to oats and barley, there will be a considerable deficiency in grain. Wheat, though deficient in straw, will yield a full average crop of grain, and potatoes, it is presumed, will yield a full return. Turnips have not made much progress, and will, for the most part, be very light.

Some fallows have been sown with wheat, and a considerable breadth is ready for the seed. Young grass has come up very irregularly on stubborn soils. The aftermath of the current crop has improved considerably since the last week in August; but should nightly hoar-frosts continue, such grass will soon be rendered useless. The anticipated scarcity of fodder will force numbers of cattle into the market; this circumstance will help to keep down their prices, which of late was likely to improve. Grain of every description continues to bring low prices; oats and barley, indeed, begin to be sought after, and from the deficiency in both these species of grain, a considerable rise may be expected in the spring and summer months.

Perthshire, 13th September 1822.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1822.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p. peck.	1822.	Oatmeal.		B. & P. Meal	
	Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.							Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.		s. d.	
Aug. 14	159	25 0	27 6	25 8	18 0	22 6	15 6	18 6	13 6	16 0	8	8	8
21	523	22 0	28 0	25 7	16 0	21 0	15 0	19 0	13 6	16 0	8	8	8
28	254	22 6	29 0	25 5	17 0	19 6	16 0	18 0	13 6	16 0	8	8	8
Sept. 4	402	21 0	27 6	23 11	17 0	22 0	15 0	18 6	13 6	16 0	8	8	8
11	613	19 0	28 0	22 9	18 0	24 0	14 0	17 0	13 0	16 0	7 1/2	6	6
Aug. 13	370	1 2	2	56	0 10								
20	310	1 2	2	50	0 10								
27	260	1 2	2	42	0 10								
Sept. 3	301	1 2	2	34	0 10								
10	380	1 2	2	55									

Glasgow.

1822.	Wheat, 2 to lbs.			Oats, 264 lbs.			Barley, 520 lbs.		Bns. & Pse. Stirl. Meas.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.					
	Dantrie.	For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.									
	s. s.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.					
Aug. 15	—	—	—	25 26 6	14 16 6	18 0	20 6	18	20	20 0	22 0	15 0	16 0	14 6	17 0	43 45
22	—	—	—	25 27 0	16 16 6	18 0	20 0	—	—	19 0	23 0	15 0	16 6	17 0	17 0	40 42
29	—	—	—	25 26 0	14 16 0	18 0	20 0	18	20	19 0	22 0	15 0	16 6	17 0	16 6	50 55
Sept. 5	—	—	—	20 25 6	14 17 6	18 0	19 6	18	20	19 6	23 0	15 0	16 6	15 0	17 0	40 —
12	—	—	—	20 25 6	13 17 6	17 0	19 0	18	20	19 6	23 0	15 0	16 6	14 0	17 0	40 —

Haddington.

1822.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1822.	Oatmeal.			
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr. Peck		
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.		s. d.	s. d.		
Aug. 16	469	20 0	26 6	24 9	16 22 6	13 16 6	12 15 0	12 15 0	Aug. 14	13 6	15 3	1 0
25	421	20 0	26 6	23 3	18 22 0	11 16 6	12 15 0	12 15 0	19	15 6	15 0	1 0
30	633	18 0	26 0	25 0	18 22 0	12 17 0	12 15 0	12 15 0	26	14 0	15 6	1 0
Sept. 6	767	17 0	26 0	22 5	16 25 0	14 17 0	12 15 0	12 15 0	2	14 6	15 9	1 0
12	933	16 0	26 6	21 3	17 25 6	13 17 0	12 15 0	12 15 0	9	11 0	15 9	1 0

Dalketh.

London.

1822.	Wheat, per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol.	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.	
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
Aug. 12	21 46	11 20	16 21	13 21	18 21	24 28	20 25	28 30	23 24	45 50	58 42	— 9
19	22 11	16 21	16 21	13 21	18 21	24 28	20 25	28 30	23 24	45 50	58 42	— 9
26	22 16	16 21	16 22	13 21	18 21	21 28	20 25	28 30	23 24	45 50	58 42	— 9
Sept. 2	22 46	16 21	16 22	13 21	18 21	22 26	18 23	28 30	23 24	45 51	40 —	— 8
9	22 47	16 21	16 50	13 21	18 21	22 28	18 24	28 30	23 28	42 45	54 40	— 8

Liverpool.

1822.	Wheat, 70 lb.		Oats, 45 lb.		Barley, 60 lb.		Rye, per qr.		Beans, per qr.		Pease, per qr.		Flour.			Oatm. 240 lbs.								
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Eng.	Scots.							
Aug.	13	3 6	8 6	2 2	2 2	2 6	2 7	5 0	22	21	24	50	22	56	32	37	26	35	30	35	22	24	22	23
	20	3 4	8 0	2 1	2 2	2 4	2 6	5 0	20	22	25	28	20	54	30	35	20	32	28	51	20	22	20	21
	27	5 6	7 0	2 0	2 0	2 4	2 9	5 0	20	22	25	28	20	54	30	33	20	32	28	51	20	22	20	21
Sept.	3	3 6	7 0	2 0	2 0	2 4	2 9	5 2	20	22	25	28	20	54	30	33	22	35	28	54	20	22	20	21
	10	3 6	7 0	2 1	2 2	2 6	2 10	3 3	20	22	21	30	22	36	32	36	21	35	28	54	20	22	20	21

* England & Wales.

1822.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Aug. 3	42 5	18 6	18 2	18 5	21 3	25 7	—
10	12 11	18 10	19 0	18 9	—	—	—
17	45 3	18 4	19 0	18 0	24 6	26 4	—
24	41 11	20 0	18 7	16 0	24 5	24 7	—
31	38 9	19 11	19 8	17 4	23 9	21 0	—

PRICES CURRENT.—SEPTEMBER 7, 1822.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
	—	@ —	—	@ —	—	@ —	s. 5d. @ —	5½d. 3 9
TEA, Bohea, & lb...								
Congou,								
Souchong,								
SUGAR, <i>Musc. cwt.</i>								
B. P. Dry Brown,	52	60	56	48	51	1	53	
Mid. Good, & Fine Mid	70	82	70	6	71	56	68	
Fine and very fine,...	80	82		3	76	50	77	
<i>Brazil</i> , Brown,				8	24	7	26	
White,				7	35	8	34	
<i>Refined</i> , Double Leaves,	120	130						
Powder ditto,	96	100				2	96	
Single ditto,	88	96	38	110				
Small Lumps,	83	88	88	92		84	100	
Large ditto,	80	83	80	85				
Crushed Lumps,	35	52	80	80				
MOLASSES, British,	29	30	27	27 6			26	28
COFFEE, <i>Jamaica</i> ,								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	105	120	01	117	93	114	96	117
Mid. Good, & fine Mid.	130	140	18	136	16	130		
Fine, and very fine,...					32	140	143	150
<i>Dutch</i> , Triage & very ord.					78	96		
Ord. good, & fine ord.	120	135			00	115		
<i>St Domingo</i> ,	122	126			00	104		
PIMENTO (in bond), lb....	8½	9			8½	8½		
SPIRITS, Jam. Rum, 160 P.	2s. 0	2 2	1 8	1 10	1 8 2	0	1 8	—
Brandy, gal.	4s. 3d.	4 6					2 10	3 5
Geneva,	2s. 1	2 3					4	—
WINES, Clar. 1st Gr. hhd.	45	55					20	50
Portugal Red, pipe,...	34	46					19	43
Spanish, White, butt.	31	55					30	65
Teneriffe, pipe,	28	30					12	15
Madeira,	45	65					22	35
LOGWOOD, Jamaica, ton,...	£. 7	7 7			7 10	8 5	9	9 10
Honduras,					8 10	8 15	9 10	10 0
Campeachy,	8				8 15	9 51	11	12
RUSSIC, Jamaica,	7	8			8 0	8 10	6 0	8 10
Cuba,	9	11			9 0	10 0	10 0	12 0
INDIGO, Caraccas, fine, lb.	9s. 6d.	11 6			10 0	11 0	9 3	11 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot	1 8	2 2						
Ditto Oak,	2 9	3 3						
Honduras Mahogany.	1 0	1 6	1 2	1 8	0 11	1 0	0 10	1 1
TAR, American, brl.	19	20			12 6	13 0		16
Archangel,	15	16						
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Candle,	40				37 6	—		
Home melted, cwt.								
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton,...	44	45					43	
Petersburgh Clean,...	40	—			40		39	
FLAX, Riga Th. & Dr. Ra.	57	62					53	
Dutch,	50	90					42	50
MATS, Archangel,	85	90					—	
BRISTLES, Peters. Firsts, ..	14	1					15	
ASHES, Petersburgh Pearl, ..	—							
Montreal ditto, cwt.	46		42		42 6			
Pot.	34	35	35		37		35	37
OIL, Whale, tun,	£. 22		20				21	23
Cod,			—				—	—
TOBACCO, Virg. fine, lb....	7½d.	8	7½		0 6	0 8	— 7	— 7½
inferior,	5	5½	3½		0 2	0 2	3	4
COTTONS, Bowd Georgia, ..			0 7	0 9	0 5½	0 8	8	9½
Sea Island, fine, ...			1 4	2 1	3	1	1 2½	2 1½
Demerara & Berbice, ..			0 9	0 11	0 7½	0 1	8½	10½
Pernambuco,			0 10	0 1	0 9½	0 0	10½	11½
Maranham,			0 9	0 0	0 9½	0 1		

Course of Exchange, London, Sept. 10.—Amsterdam, 12 : 8. Ditto at sight, 12 : 5. Rotterdam, 12 : 9. Antwerp, 12 : 6. Hamburg, 38 : 0. Altona, 39 : 1. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 60. Bourdeaux, 25. 90. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 15 : 8. Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 36½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 43½. Lisbon, 52½. Oporto, 52½. Rio Janeiro, 48. Dublin, 9½ $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. Cork, 9½ $\frac{1}{2}$ cent.

Prices of Bullion, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.—Foreign gold in bars, £3 $\frac{1}{2}$ 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6d. New Doubloons £3 $\frac{1}{2}$ 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6. Bull Dollars, 4s. 9d. Silver in bars, standard, 4s. 11d.

Premiums of Insurance—Guernsey or Jersey, 10s. a 12s.—Cork or Dublin, 10s. a 12s.—Belfast, 10s. a 12s.—Hambro', 7s. 6d. to 10s. 0d.—Madeira, 20s. 0d.—Jamaica, 25s.—Greenland, out and home, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from 14th Aug. to 11th Sept. 1822.

| Aug. 14. | Aug. 21. | Aug. 28. | Sept. 4. | Sept. 11.

Bank Stock.....		252		
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. reduced...	81½	81½	81	
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. consols...	80½	80½	80½	81½
3½ $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. do..	92½	92½	92½	—
4 $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. do.	99½	99½	99½	100½
India Stock.....	—	—	250½	—
— Bonds.....	68 pr.	50 pr.	49 pr.	19 pr.
Exchequer bills, (£. 1000)..	7 pr.	7 pr.	2 pr.	4 pr.
Consols for account.	80½	80½	80½	81½
French 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents..	93 fr. 65 c.	94 f. 50 c.	94 f. 25 c.	95 f. 50 c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th July and the 20th August 1822; extracted from the London Gazette.

Alfey, W. Cloak-lane, Dowgate-hill, warehouseman.	James, J. Wood-street, Cheapside, tea-dealer.
Atkins, H. N. Portsea, grocer.	Jones, W. Bristol, victualler.
Als, J. Westfrie, Sussex, farmer.	King, W. Fareham, coach-builder.
Atwood, T. Stelling Minnis, Kent, dealer.	Langdale, T. Cloughton, Yorkshire, dealer.
Aynsley, G. Wakefield, victualler.	Lewis, W. Cardiff, linen-draper.
Barble, H. Helston, Cornwall, grocer.	Marshall, W. Hull, miller.
Barnaschina, A. Gravesend, hardwareman.	Mason, J. B. Cambridge, cook.
Bennet, J. jun. Crickmoor, Dorsetshire, coal and stone merchant.	Moore, T. Paddington, salt-merchant.
Bingland, B. Liverpool, merchant.	Mortimer, J. sen. Clackheaton, Yorkshire, merchant.
Capon, J. B. Bishop's Hull, Somersetshire, wooll-stapler.	Moss, J. Liverpool, woollen-draper.
Cecil, G. and G. Rix, Banifold-place, Newington Butts, and Albery Wharf, Camberwell, corn and coal merchants.	Peacock, J. Bishopwearmouth, ship-broker.
Clark, H. and F. Grundy, Liverpool, merchants.	Parsons, G. Liverpool, sail-maker.
Cornforth, J. Whitby, plumber.	Price, J. Ryall, Worcestershire, dealer.
Cowell, J. jun. Torquay, wine-merchant.	Pulman, M. and J. Gunborough, Yorkshire, brewers.
Crabtree, J. Wakefield, victualler.	Richards, M. Hythe, ship-builder.
Davies, T. Whitechapel, High-street, baker.	Rivers, W. and J. Clowes, Shelton, Staffordshire, earthenware-manufacturers.
Denholme, A. Cheltenham, dealer in slates.	Roberts, W. Oxford-street, hosier.
Edmonds, T. Costell Bugged, Cardiganshire, tanner.	Robinson, G. London-road, Surrey, coal-dealer.
Ellis, J. H. Norwich, linen-draper.	Robinson, F. Aston, near Birmingham, dealer.
Edeleigh, T. Devonshire-street, Queen-square, linen-draper.	Shannon, W. Whitehaven, draper.
Foulkes, J. Chester, grocer.	Stevenson, J. Boston, grocer.
Gilbert, J. and H. Taylor, Bristol, commission-merchants.	Stodhart, J. and F. Carlisle, cotton-manufacturers.
Greg, J. and H. Stort, Charlotte-street, Rathbone-place, linen-draper.	Strickland, J. Steeple Morden, Cambridgeshire, brewer.
Hallam, J. T. Crofton, Worcestershire, farmer.	Thorp, J. jun. Cheshire, calico-printer.
Hardwidge, J. Wellington, draper.	Tomlinson, W. J. Nantwich, Cheshire, money scrivener.
Havard, F. Hereford, wine-merchant.	Tucker, B. jun. Bristol, carpenter.
Helyer, J. Hayling North, Hampshire, farmer.	Walker, W. Bolton, shopkeeper.
Hendy, W. Brance, Cornwall, farmer.	Wedgberrow, T. Humberston, Worcestershire, grocer.
Hewer, W. Llanellin, Monmouthshire, farmer.	Whateley, G. L. Cheltenham, money-scrivener.
Hodgson, J. G. Covent-garden, wine-merchant.	Whittingham, H. George-street, Bryanston-square, victualler.
Hulse, J. Shirkland, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner.	Wilson, J. Ely, miller.
	Wortley, V. Henry-street, Hampstead-road, grocer.
	Wecherley, W. Alderbury, Shropshire, farmer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced August 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.	Carwell, Walter & George, manufacturers in Paisley.
Arnott, Peter & Co. merchants in Edinburgh.	Clark, John, junior, merchant in Inverness.
Burke & Henry, coal factors in Edinburgh.	Cochran, James, builder, quinner, & victualler, at Tickers Barr, near Paisley.
Carrichael, Dugald, drover and cattle dealer, Island of Islay.	

Gillies, John, & Co., Gillies, O'Neile & Co., and John Macneale & Co. merchants in Glasgow, Liverpool, and Limerick.
 Kerr, William & Son, merchants in Perth.
 M'Donald Wm. & Alex. merchants in Edinburgh.
 Mackay, Alexander, grazier, cattle-dealer, & fish-curer at Laggan, island of Islay.
 M'Neile, Neil, grazier, cattle-dealer, and fish-curer, in the island of Islay.
 Mann, James, corn and cattle-dealer at Glacktown.
 Watt, John, junior, merchant in Edinburgh.

DIVIDENDS.

Fleming, William, merchant in Glasgow; by J. Mackintosh, accountant there.

Harthill, James, merchant in Aberdeen; by A. Webster, advocate there.
 M'Donald, John, merchant in Perth; by R. Bower, merchant there.
 Perth Foundry Co.; by H. Lindsay, merchant there.
 Pollocks, A. & J. cotton-yard merchants in Paisley; by Andrew Deans there.
 Smith, John, lime-merchant in Plathorn of Kilbride; by D. Kay, accountant in Glasgow.
 Webster, James, Ferry Port-on-Craig; by P. H. Thoms, merchant in Dundee.
 Wilson, Anthony, merchant and ship-owner in Aberdeen; by A. Webster, advocate there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1822. May 29. At the Cape of Good Hope, the Lady of John Murray, Esq. Surgeon to the Forces, a daughter.
 June 26. At Scalloway, Shetland, the lady of John Scott, Esq. younger of Scalloway, a son.
 July 19. At Nairne Grove, the Lady of Colonel Anderson, K. T. S. and C. B. a daughter.
 20. At Pyralid Hall, Somersetshire, the Lady of Robert Grant, Esq. of Tillyfour, a daughter.
 25. At Wimpole Street, London, Lady Bidport, a son.
 28. At Dunsinane, Mrs Nairne of Dunsinane, a daughter.
 — At Clelland House, Lanarkshire, the Lady of Frederik Grant, Esq. a son.
 — At Edinburgh, the Lady of Dr Straker, a daughter.
 29. At Monreith, the Lady of Sir William Maxwell, of Monreith, a son.
 30. At Kilkenny, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Lindsay, C. B. commanding 78th Highlanders, a son.
 Aug. 2. At Legerwood Manse, Mrs Cupples, a son.
 5. At Garteraig, Mrs Kippen, a son.
 — At View Forth, near Edinburgh, the Lady of W. C. Learmonth, Esq. of Craigen, a daughter.
 7. At Bury, near Gosport, the Lady of George Starr, Esq. R. N. of twin boys.
 — At her Ladyship's residence in Great King Street, Edinburgh, the Countess of Portsmouth, a daughter. The infant was immediately half baptized, and named Marion Elizabeth.
 8. Mrs Kennedy of Romano, a son.
 10. Mrs M'Hutchon, 60, Nicolson Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.
 13. Mrs Ramsay, 15, Dublin Street, Edinburgh, a son.
 — In Buchanan Street, Glasgow, Mr. Cohn Campbell, Jura, a son.
 — At Lausanne, the Lady of Captain George Berkeley Maxwell, R. N. a daughter.
 16. At Marley, Devon, the Hon. Mrs Brodric, a daughter.
 17. At Annan, the Lady of James Little, Esq. a daughter.
 22. At Cockburn House, Fife, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Moubay, a daughter.
 — At St James's Square, Mrs Renton, a daughter.
 — Mrs Abercrombie, 19, York Place, Edinburgh, a daughter.
 25. At Larganear, the lady of G. W. Lawrence, Esq. of the island of Jamaica, a daughter.
 21. At Great King Street, Edinburgh, Mrs J. S. More, a son.
 — At Drummond Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Forbes, a daughter.
 — At Kenmore, the Lady of Archibald Stirling, Esq. a daughter.
 — At Houston, Mrs Sharp, a daughter.
 — At Lochcoat, Mrs Wishart, a daughter.
 — At Dryme, the Lady of William Mackenzie, Esq. M.D. of the Hon. East India Company's service, Madras Establishment, a daughter.
 25. At Coats Crescent, near Edinburgh, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Broadhead, a son.
 Aug. 23. At Donnington Bank, Mrs Wyld, a daughter.
 Latey, At the palace, of Montbrillant, near Ita-

nover, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, a Princess.

— At Swaithland Rectory, Leicestershire, the Right Hon. Lady Harriet Erskine, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

1822. May 16. At Montreal, in Lower Canada, Mr David Chisholm, attorney at law, to Rachael, eldest daughter of Captain and Adjutant John Robertson, of the Inverness-shire local militia.
 June 22. At Chatham Head, Miramichi, province of New Brunswick, North America, Alexander Fraser, jun. Esq. merchant of that place, to Miss Catharine Fraser, of Edinburgh.
 July 22. At Edinburgh, James Hendry, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Eliza, eldest daughter of George Thoms, Esq. merchant there.
 25. At Edinburgh, Mr James Hall, writer, Edinburgh, to Mrs Ann Maxwell, widow of Colonel P. Maxwell, and eldest daughter of the late Charles Hamilton, Esq. of Fairholm.
 26. At Edinburgh, James Mesle, Esq. solicitor at law, to Helen, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Cockburn, Hanover Street.
 27. At London, Lieut.-Colonel Clements, M. P. for the county of Leitrim, to Catharine Frances Wentworth, second daughter of Godfrey Wentworth, Esq. of Woolley Park, Yorkshire.
 — At London, Lord Granville Somerset, second son of the Duke of Beaufort, to the Hon. Emily Esq. mer-
 Jas. Mitchell.
 — At Edinburgh, Mr George R. Kinloch, Grove Place, to Helen, eldest daughter of John Tod, Esq. Lanark.
 — At Glasgow, Mr John Langmuir, merchant, to Mary, only surviving daughter of George Gardner, Esq.
 — At Edinburgh, John Colin Wilson, Esq. writer to the signet, to Janet Ewart Peat, daughter of Thomas Peat, Esq. writer to the signet.
 30. At Edinburgh, George Yale, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh, to Margaret, third daughter of Henry Swinton, Esq. Grangemouth.
 — At Dunlop, Charles Skoach, Esq. Surgeon, Royal Navy, Stewarton, to Miss Mary Duncan, eldest daughter of the late Robert Duncan, Esq. of Common Craigs.
 Aug. 5. At the manse of Kelton, the Rev. A. G. Carstairs, of Anstruther Wester, to Helen, third daughter of the late Mr John M'Lellan, merchant, Kirkcaldy.
 6. At Hillhouse, George Comb, Esq. Redheughs, to Margaret, youngest daughter of George Johnston, Esq. of Hillhouse.
 — At Colmonell Manse, Ayrshire, Mr Archibald Christie, writer, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth Kennedy Macfadzen, eldest daughter of the late John Macfadzen, Esq. merchant, Liverpool.
 — At Wellshot, Major John Taylor, of the Hon. East India Company's service, to Agnes, daughter of William Forlong, Esq. of Wellshot.
 9. At Henklon, Middlesex, William Mackenzie, Esq. of the 5d dragoons, only son of the late John Mackenzie, Esq. of Bayfield, N. B. to Justina, third daughter of William Anderson, Esq. of Russell Square.
 Aug. 12. Montague B. Pere, Esq. of Hillhouse,

Devon, to Wilhelmina Jemima, second surviving daughter of the Right Rev. Bishop Sandford.

July 14. At Edinburgh, Capt Samuel Brown, of the Royal Navy, to Mary, youngest daughter of John Home, Esq. W. S.

— At Hendersyde Park, Roxburghshire, Stephen Eaton, Esq. of Ketton Hall, in the county of Rutland, to Charlotte Ann Waldie, second daughter of George Waldie, Esq. of Hendersyde.

— At St John's Chapel, Robert Haymes, Esq. of Great Glen, Leicestershire, to Miss Harriet Dalyell, daughter of John Dalyell, Esq. of Lingo.

15. At London, Sir John Douglas, Bart. of Springwood-park, Roxburghshire, to Hannah Charlotte, only child of the late Henry Scott, Esq. of Belford, same county.

16. At London, William Hanbury, Esq. of Kilmarnish, in the county of Northampton, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Lord Spencer Stanley Chichester and Lady Harriet Chichester, and grand-daughter of the Earl of Galloway.

19. Mr George Milne, writer in Dundee, to Miss Helen Smith, youngest daughter of the late Rev. James Smith, minister of the gospel in that town.

22. Dumfries, Wm. Murray, Esq. of Morland, to Catherine, daughter of the late Lieut. McIntosh, Quarter Master of the Dumfriesshire militia.

27. At Edinburgh, Mr Alex. Gifford, S. S. C. to Miss Catherine More, only daughter of the Rev. George More, Edinburgh.

28. At Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Stewart, Surgeon, Glasgow, to Louisa, second daughter of the late Mr Wm. Henniker, merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, John Macpherson Macleod, of St Kilda, Esq. to Catherine, youngest daughter of William Greig, Esq. Gayfield Square.

Lately, At Peterhead, Mr Maxwell Gordon Forbes, surgeon, to Mackay, only daughter of David Ross, Esq. Peterhead.

DEATHS.

1892. April 9. At Sea, on his passage to Valparaiso, Capt. Thomas Graham, of H. M. S. Doris. His remains were interred in the fort at Valparaiso on the 1st May.

May 30. At St James's, Jamaica, in the 65d year of his age, Duncan Macfarlane, Esq. of Smallfield, after a residence of forty-five years in the island.

June. On her passage from Jamaica, to England, in the 27th year of her age, Catherine, the Lady of Captain Sir W. S. Wiseman, Bart. of his Majesty's frigate Tamar. Her Ladyship was the third daughter of Sir James Mackintosh, M. P.

July 2. At London, John Reid, M. D. author of a Treatise on Consumption, Essays on Nervous Affections, and various other useful works.

14. At Greenock, Mr James Ewing, younger, merchant.

17. At Stockton on Tees, Colonel Alexander Macgregor Murray, of Napier Ruskie, Colonel Commandant of the 1st or Highland regiment of Edinburgh local militia.

— At Pontsfield House, Cromarty, Jamima, youngest daughter of Mr D. Montgomery.

19. At Govan, Mr William Miller, merchant, Glasgow.

— At Scotstown, James Oswald, of Scotelown, Captain in the Royal Navy.

19. John Heugh, Esq. of Gartcows.

— At Cheltenham, William Stewart, Esq. late of Calcutta.

21. At Glasgow, John Macfarlane, Esq. merchant.

— At Monkland House, Mrs Marian Macfarlane, wife of Robert Montgomery, Esq. of Barnahill.

— At Bothkennar Manse, Miss Must, of Lasswade Hill.

— The Lady of the Right Hon. Lord Norbury, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Ireland.

25. At Kent House, London, Augusta Carr, Countess of Glasgow. Her Ladyship was the daughter of James Earl of Erroll.

24. At Edinburgh, Alexander Fullarton, Esq. late land surveyor of the customs at Perth, in the 86th year of his age.

— At Weisbaden, in Germany, Mr Natale Corti, late of Edinburgh, and well known in the musical world. Mr Corti was born at Rome, and came

to Edinburgh many years ago in the capacity of a teacher of music, where his abilities, and the mildness and kindness of his manners, soon procured him the countenance and protection of the first families, and indeed of all ranks. He continued to reside in Edinburgh in the most extensive employment, and enjoying the esteem of the most distinguished characters, till within these few years, when he went to London, in consequence of his accomplished daughter being engaged at the Opera House. Many of his pupils now grace the first circles both in London and Edinburgh. He was persevering and enterprising, and contributed more than all his countrymen to the advancement of the Italian school in this city—but we are sorry to say, that his schemes and enterprises tended more to the benefit of the public than of his private fortune. He died in his 57th year, leaving a numerous family.

25. At Vauxhall, Lady Viscountess Falkland, widow of the late and mother of the present Viscount Falkland.

— At Edinburgh, Morris West, Esq. late Secretary to the Board of Customs in Scotland.

26. At Drumachary, William Stewart, Esq. of Garth.

28. At Glasgow, in the 71th year of his age, Mr William McEwan, late merchant there.

— At the house of her aunt, Mrs Lockart, London, Miss Margaret McLeod, third daughter of Donald McLeod, of Geanies, Esq.

30. At Glasgow, Miss Isabella Lockart, eldest daughter of the late George Lockart, Esq. of Mousmill.

— At Comely Bank, near Edinburgh, James, third son of the late Jas. Campbell, Esq. younger of Craigmish, and formerly Captain in the 73d regiment of foot.

— At Newcastle, aged 25, Mr John Fletcher Stirling, eldest son of the Rev. James Stirling, minister of Cockburnspath.

Aug. 1. At Stirling, aged 52, Elizabeth Vandersen, wife of Mr C. Munro, proprietor of the Stirling House.

2. At Castlebank, Edinburgh, Isabella Christie, wife of John Anderson, General Supervisor of Excise.

— At Aberdeen, Mrs Clementina Forbes, widow of the late Rev. Charles Macnurdy, minister of Crathie and Braemar.

3. At Cannon Street, North Leith, Isabella Goalen, wife of Captain James Edmonstone.

— At Oxford, Sir Christopher Pegge, M. D., F.R.S. and Regius Professor of Physic in that University.

— At Arthursstone, Jas. McNabb, Esq. of Arthursstone.

— At Edinburgh, Ann Gordon Gibson, aged 19, eldest daughter of Mr William Gibson, plumber, Broughton Street.

4. At his house, east road to Leith, Thos. Greig, late baker, Abbey.

5. At her house in Albemarle Street, London, the Hon. Mrs Lane Fox, widow of the late James Lane Fox, Esq. M.P. of Braham Park, in the county of York, and Castle Lanebro', in the county of Lestrin, Ireland. Mrs Fox was Maria Pitt, second daughter of the late, and sister to the present Lord Rivers and Lady Ligonier. Her disorder was dropsy of the chest, and ended in the precise manner as the illness of her relative, the Right Hon. William Pitt.

6. At Canonmills, Alexander Denovan, late of the Transport Office, Leith.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Arch. Thomson, writer.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Whyte, Solicitor of Supreme Courts.

— At Gask, in the county of Perth, Harriet, fourth daughter of the late Laurence Oliphant, Esq.

7. At London, Lady Blair, wife of Lieutenant General Sir Robert Blair, K.C.B.

— Suddenly, John Inglis, Esq. Chairman of the East India Dock Company, &c.

— At Glasgow, John Dunn, Esq. merchant, Greenock.

9. At Dundee, William Small, Esq. Town Clerk of Dundee.

— At Orkneim, John Thomson, Esq. of Holeskettle, in the 77th year of his age.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

OCTOBER 1822.

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EDINBURGH

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

<i>Days.</i>			<i>Even.</i>			<i>Days.</i>			<i>Even.</i>		
<i>Nov. 1822.</i>			<i>Nov. 1822.</i>			<i>Nov. 1822.</i>			<i>Nov. 1822.</i>		
<i>H.</i>	<i>M.</i>		<i>H.</i>	<i>M.</i>		<i>H.</i>	<i>M.</i>		<i>H.</i>	<i>M.</i>	
Fr. 1	3	11	3	34		Sa. 16	3	13	3	30	
Sa. 2	3	59	4	22		Su. 17	3	47	4	5	
Su. 3	4	49	5	15		M. 18	4	24	4	43	
M. 4	5	43	6	11		Tu. 19	5	5	5	27	
Tu. 5	6	43	7	16		W. 20	5	50	6	16	
W. 6	7	52	8	28		Th. 21	6	43	7	16	
Th. 7	9	3	9	37		Fr. 22	7	48	8	20	
Fr. 8	10	8	10	39		Sa. 23	8	54	9	30	
Sa. 9	11	7	11	33		Su. 24	10	2	10	33	
Su. 10	11	56	—	—		M. 25	11	3	11	33	
M. 11	0	16	0	35		Tu. 26	—	—	0	2	
Tu. 12	0	55	1	13		W. 27	0	29	0	56	
W. 13	1	31	1	48		Th. 28	1	22	1	47	
Th. 14	2	6	2	32		Fr. 29	2	14	2	39	
Fr. 15	2	39	2	56		Sa. 30	3	6	3	31	

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

	<i>M.</i>	<i>H.</i>	
Last Quart...Wed. 6.	7 past	0 morn.	
New Moon...Wed. 13.	7 —	7 after.	
First Quart...Thur. 21.	57 —	10 after.	
Full Moon...Thur. 28.	17 —	7 after.	

TERMS, &c.

November.

- 5. Gunpowder Plot, 1605.
- 11. Martinmas.
- 14. Court of Session Sits.

* * The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.

THE
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OCTOBER 1822.

CAMPAIGN OF 1805: SURRENDER OF
ULM: PARTICULARS OF GENERAL
MACK.

MUCH as the Campaigns of 1800 supply the historian with matter of peculiar interest, and frequently as Ulm and its environs have been the theatre of sanguinary contests, none upon record are stamped with circumstances so remarkable as those produced by the renewal of hostilities against Napoleon in 1805.

It is in the recollection of every one, that the French army, in 1805, assembled at Boulogne, and on the shores of France presented, to anxious Europe, the appearance of Napoleon's determination of attempting to invade England. Public opinion, scarcely divided upon the continent, seemed to authorise this hazardous enterprise, by pronouncing a conviction of its success; whilst, in England alone, public and private opinion formed one great whole, decidedly convinced of its *impracticability*, and foretelling the complete annihilation of the enemy, should he make the attempt.

During the immense and useless preparations made from the shores of Holland, to the furthest limits of French authority in the Mediterranean, the British Cabinet had seized upon the opportunity to concert measures with its allies, for curtailng the overbearing intentions of the young imperial government of France.

Oppressed by a long continuation of war, and a most deranged state of finance, Austria had the energy to enter into new combinations for the

safety of Germany. Russia promised her assistance, and engaged (it has been said) to furnish 110,000 troops. Prussia stipulated for an absolute neutrality. England, recently offended by the French having seized Hanover, in addition to various other motives for hostilities, offered her gold, and equally powerful influence with the states on the continent. Thus encouraged, Austria nobly threw down the gauntlet in 1805, and justified the measure in a publication, which stated, that, by a simple act of arbitrary will, Napoleon had assumed the titles of Emperor of the French, and King of Italy, and had united Genoa to France. Napoleon, in his counter-declaration, did not fail to recriminate, and complained, that the Emperor Francis had extended his possessions in Suabia, and refused to make good the payments stipulated between the two Courts on account of Venice, in direct opposition to the treaties, both of Campo Formio and Luneville. These may be considered as the *ostensible reasons*, and this the state of affairs which gave rise to the grand decision for the renewal of war.

The distance at which it was known the French troops were then stationed seemed to offer considerable advantages; and the Austrians determined upon taking the field, without waiting for their Russian allies.

It is not necessary to enter into any details respecting the motives which about this time induced his Imperial Highness, the Archduke Charles, to relinquish the command.

of a brave army, which acknowledged him their hero, and to withhold his services from a country which had hailed him as its saviour*. This event originated in circumstances, of which no recollection has been allowed to be renewed, and occasioned (it may be presumed) his Imperial Majesty's determination to reserve to himself the chief command of the army, whose operations were destined to take place in Germany as soon as the junction of the Russian forces should have been effected, and hostilities commenced. General Mack was to attend his Majesty's person, with the appointment of Quarter-Master-General. In the mean time, the command of the Austrian forces in Germany was confided to his Royal Highness the Archduke Ferdinand, whose Quarter-Master-General was General Mayer; and the gallant Archduke Charles was appointed to the command in Italy.

Various events impeded the Emperor's departure from Vienna: the intention of continuing General Mayer near the person of the Archduke Ferdinand was changed; and General Mack was ordered to do the duty of this important appointment, until circumstances might induce his Majesty to recall him, according to the first agreement.

The powers with which General Mack was invested, upon this occasion, were infinitely more extensive than those generally allowed to Quarter-Masters-General†; his orders were given in the name of the Empe-

* In the year 1801, a medal was struck, bearing the head of his Imperial Highness, with the following inscription:—

“Car. Lud. Austr. Bohem. Servator.”

† The title of Quarter-Master-General may not convey to officers in the army of England an idea of the importance attached to such an appointment in Germany. It accords more with our idea of Chief of the Staff, as it embraces the direction and details of the whole army. Quarter-Masters-General are usually under the immediate order of the Commander-in-Chief; but in this case, General Mack was invested by the Emperor with the right of executing his intentions, even when contrary to those of the Archduke. There appears something anomalous in

ror; but this fact produced no official change in the character of the Archduke, who was absolutely the Commander-in-Chief of the corps of Austrians present.

It has been said, that his Royal Highness was not satisfied with this arrangement, and that, notwithstanding all the endeavours of General Mack to establish an unreserved communication of ideas, and a principle of mutual assistance, in every thing which regarded the public service, there never existed between them that harmony which was required, and to the absence of which many have attributed great part of the subsequent misfortunes.

Opinions had been, and were still, greatly divided as to the theatre which might be chosen, on the part of the French, for the commencement of hostilities. In the council of war, the Archduke Charles, and many of the most distinguished officers in the Austrian service, expressed their conviction, that the earliest attack would be made with the most powerful force of France, on the plains of Lombardy: the flower of the Imperial army, the chosen regiments of Hungary, and the greater part of those generals whose names stood high on the list of renown, were therefore invited to glory, and attached to the Archduke Charles.

Under the idea that the Russian reinforcements would sufficiently augment the army of Germany, there were not more than eighty thousand Austrians destined for this service, a great part of whom were young recruits. General Mack had early proposed an augmentation of thirty thousand men; but the influence of the above opinion, thus supported, prevailed in the council, and the proposition was negatived.

this arrangement; but it was understood, that the Archduke Ferdinand commanded the Austrians, and that General Mack, acting under the immediate orders, or by the immediate instructions of the Emperor himself, commanded the whole of the allied forces; under which authority, it was judged consistent, that the Archduke should not resist the orders, or impede the arrangements made by General Mack.

This army, then, of about eighty thousand men, proceeded into Bavaria. Not more than sixty thousand passed the Leck; Gen. Kienmayer, with a reserve of nearly twenty thousand, including artillery and cavalry, having been stationed to the east of that river, to wait the arrival of General Kutusow and his Russians.

It becomes the duty of the historian to make a few observations respecting the composition of the Austrian forces employed on this occasion, and to endeavour to throw some light upon the causes which contributed to their future discomfiture.

The aggregate amount of men placed under the command of a General, may convey to the public an idea of irresistible power, and indisputable success. But numbers alone form no such assurance. There is an augmentation of force accruing from moral causes, as well as from physical accumulation; and regiments which have served long together acquire a mutual confidence, an *esprit de corps*, that renders them truly formidable. These sources of personal and united exertion were wanting to the troops brought together for the preservation of the German Empire. The men who composed the companies were, for the most part, unknown to each other; the officers were introduced to new acquaintances; and variety of language, customs, and prejudices, intruded a further obstacle to all affectionate and confidential assimilation. Another peculiar feature of the campaign in Germany was, that it was undertaken after a new plan of organization of the whole army had been determined upon, but before its complete execution had been effected. Great part of this plan was the result of General Mack's experience; and although, in some degree, similar to arrangements which had been already adopted in the French army, still the improvements were considered, by all the officers of acknowledged science, as proofs of the General's superior abilities.

It must be observed, also, that he was called from his retreat in Bohemia a very short time before the commencement of this new war, so that many of the changes and arrangements found necessary in the ulterior

organization, as well as in several departments of the army, were executed with such precipitation, that it was not possible to take such advantage of their utility as, under other circumstances, would have been possible.

It had entered into the new system, to make an alteration in the grenadier corps*. Instead of having attached to each regiment two companies of these select men, it was resolved to unite the companies of three regiments, and form battalions of grenadiers, composed of six companies each.

Another, and most important part of the army, the engineer corps, was not, perhaps, in every respect, equal to the immense works which were to be hastily thrown up, in various directions; although the activity, talents, and resources, united in the person of General Martin Dedovich, promised every practicable assistance.

All the points which it was judged prudent to fortify were situated in a foreign country, Bavaria, or so near the frontiers, that, until the forces should reach the Iller, and thus cover the works, none could be commenced without manifesting intentions it was proper to conceal.

It is an act of justice to state, also, that many political circumstances proved less favourable to the military operations in Germany than had been foreseen, even by the dispassionate calculations of the cabinet. The situation of Prussia had not admitted of her giving any decided assistance; but it was officially understood, that she would preserve the strictest neu-

* Each Austrian regiment was composed of three battalions. Two of these battalions were formed of six companies each; the other, of four companies, with two of grenadiers. According to the new organization, every regiment was composed of five battalions, and each battalion of four companies; but one of these battalions was formed entirely of grenadiers. This system was not only more economical, but of easier conduct than the old plan; according to which, each company, in time of peace, had 120 men, and, in time of war, frequently more than 200; so that a battalion formed a body of men too considerable, in time of actual service, for one superior officer.

trality, or, in case of any aggression on the part of *any opponent*, would immediately furnish *all her army*, to join the forces against the aggressor. General Mack was therefore justified in calculating upon a probable addition of forces, in consequence of some infraction on the part of the French ; and, in fact, Bernadotte did unequivocally infringe upon the neutrality of Prussia, by marching his division into the territory of Anspach. The Prussians *did not, however, join the Allies*, nor did the cabinet of Berlin, as was expected, cordially unite in the common cause against France, although it was generally believed it could have easily supplied an army of one hundred thousand men.

The connections of amity and mutual interest, existing between the cabinets of St James's and of Vienna, gave rise to the most flattering expectations. It was understood, that the demonstrations to be made by England on the coast of France, would indisputably be such as to detain the army at Boulogne, at least so long that the Austrians would meet with no resistance in their operations east of the Rhine. It has also been believed, that a treaty of subsidies was concluded, by which every necessary supply was ensured, but that no payments were to commence until it was known that the Austrian forces had passed the Iller, or, at least, penetrated far into Bavaria. Supposing these facts to be true, it will easily be credited, that the necessities of Austria, exhausted by the efforts she had made to resist the overbearing power of revolutionized France, were pressing, and that the advance of General Mack's army was urged with more precipitation than his judgment could approve.

Entrenchments, magazines, and military *dépôts*, were not yet prepared ; but these disadvantages were not considered sufficiently important to impede the progress of the forces, who soon after crossed the Iller, and formed a camp in the neighbourhood of Ulm.

Napoleon, to cover his real intentions, and persuade the Allies that his principal strength would be collected in the south of Bavaria, directed part of his army to the environs of Neu Brisach, situ-

ated between Strasburg and Basle ; from whence, rapidly descending the Rhine, nearly the whole of the French line was formed upon its western bank ; the right wing bearing upon Strasburg, the centre upon Mayence and Spire, and the left upon the river Meine.

Murat, who commanded a superb corps of cavalry, passed the Rhine at Kehl on the 25th of September, and, by a variety of feigned movements, appeared disposed to enter the Black Forest. All the other divisions crossed the river with unexampled celerity, and proceeded, by different roads, to the neighbourhood of Stuttgart, Heilbrunn, and Nacaret ; whilst Marmont, who commanded the army in Holland, passed, with equal dispatch, near Mayence, and continued his march to Wurtzburg.

The Bavarian troops, then at Frankfort, were joined by those under Bernadotte, called the Hanoverian Army ; and the whole, thus united, formed the compliment of forces collected upon this occasion under Napoleon, who arrived himself, by Strasburg, at Louisbourg.

Never had such an immense body of men been transferred, in so short a space of time, to such a distance. The rapidity of their movement had in no degree deranged their efficiency ; every department was complete ; all were ready for action.

It must be acknowledged, that the Austrian army was astonished at the sudden appearance of such an overwhelming force. To prevent being taken in the rear, General Mack instantly changed his position, concentrated his troops between Ulm and Meningen, and strengthened, at the same time, the corps of General D'Aspre, posted on the left of the Danube.

On the 2d of October the French moved forwards in the direction of Nordlingen, Donauworth, &c. Detachments were dispatched to secure, if possible, the bridge over the Danube ; and their new line was formed, extending, upon the road from Donauworth, to near Nurmberg, leaving the encampment of General Mack, as it were, behind them, in one of the most celebrated positions of the country. On the 6th of October Vandamme, with his divi-

sion, overpowered the regiment of Colloredo, and took possession of the bridge at Donauworth. The next day Murat seized upon the communications over the Leck, and was proceeding to Wertingen, when, meeting with a corps of Austrian grenadiers, a dreadful and sanguinary battle took place, when the valour of these gallant fellows was compelled to submit by the approach of two divisions of fresh troops, under Marshal Lannes and General Oudinot. The French being masters of the interior of Bavaria, the position of the Austrian army at Ulm, and the arrival of the Russians, became every day more precarious. Separated from these expected auxiliaries, and from the reserve under General Kienmayer, it was evident that no attack could be made upon the French line, without being exposed to the greatest disadvantage. As soon, therefore, as the violation of the Prussian territory was ascertained, General Mack proposed the concentration of his army near Gunzburg, with a view of there crossing the Danube, at the same time that General Kienmayer should fall back behind the Inn, and wait the arrival of General Kutusow with the Russians. This disposition seemed likely to compel the enemy to divide his forces, and was the more eligible, as the intentions of the Prussian cabinet were not then known at head-quarters.

The Archduke Ferdinand, feeling the propriety of his Quarter-Master-General's arguments, gave the necessary orders; Kienmayer retrograded; Kutusow joined him behind, or to the east of the Inn; and this manœuvre, which originated with General Mack, preserved all those troops from being enveloped in the misfortunes which occurred to the advanced army.

The Archduke, at the same time, proceeded with three corps of the army to Gunzburg, which he reached on the 9th, intending to pass the Danube the following night. A general officer had been dispatched with a detachment, in the direction of Gundelfingen, on the left of the Danube, in order to secure the bridges, and facilitate the passage of the troops from Gunzburg. Unfortunately, this officer, who pre-

ceded his corps at some distance, accompanied by one trooper only, fell in with a strong party of French, and was made prisoner; and his detachment, no longer commanded by their superior officer, became an easy prey to the enemy. This accident allowed the French to take possession of the principal bridge with such celerity, that the troops near Gunzburg were unable to prevent the misfortune, and the plan of operations failed. Independently of this check, the forces under Murat resisted the advance of the Archduke's division; a severe action with the cavalry occasioned a considerable loss of men; and no other resource remained to his Royal Highness, but to return to Ulm, and endeavour to proceed by Haydenheim.

The Austrians arrived at Ulm on the 10th, and on the following day, instead of proceeding to Haydenheim, they were attacked by the forces under Marshal Ney, who were vigorously repulsed. This circumstance did not prevent Ney from summoning the Austrians to surrender. General Mack's answer was an absolute refusal; and, in a conversation with the general officers, he proposed the most determined measures of resistance. His language is reported to have been that of a soldier, unable to support the humiliation of resigning the command of thirty thousand brave companions, without a struggle. This conduct produced the highest admiration in the breast of many officers but unanimity was wanting. The council separated, and at the renewal of it, it was resolved, by a decision, *contrary to General Mack's opinion!* that terms of capitulation should be offered. Prince Maurice Lichtenstein was charged with the negotiation with Ney, which was protracted during six hours, when conditions were agreed to, less favourable than those proposed, and which had been specifically stated by General Mack. Twenty-two thousand brave men laid down their arms, and were sent prisoners into France;—sixty pieces of artillery and forty standards were added to the trophies of the victors;—all the officers were allowed to return home upon their parole!

It is of the utmost importance to observe, that, on the evening of the 14th, and previously to the proposal of capitulation being confided to Prince Maurice Lichtenstein, the Archduke Ferdinand left Ulm, accompanied by Lieutenant-General Prince Schwartzberg, Count Kollowrat, General of Artillery, Major-Generals Meesery, Dienersberg, and Vogel, with one squadron of Schwartzberg's Uhlans, four of Mack's Cuirassiers, and four of Klenau's light horse.

With this force it appears that his Royal Highness meant to join Werneck's division, and perhaps thought it would be practicable to join the Russians and Kienmayer's reserve, by crossing the Danube at Ingoldstadt, or between that city and Ratisbon. Whatever might have been the plan formed by his Royal Highness, it has never transpired. The fact is, he took the road to Geislingen and Aalen, but having learned at the latter the unexpected defeat of General Werneck, he was compelled to direct his course towards Nuremberg and Bohemia. At Aalen the Archduke found the grand park of artillery, under an escort of four squadrons of La Tour's light horse, and two battalions of Spork's infantry; but, vehemently pressed by Murat, he could only save the cavalry, which joined him, and left a prey to the enemy forty-one pieces of cannon, five hundred caissons, &c. &c. Continuing his retreat under the most untoward circumstances, his Highness fell in, at Ottingen, with Lieutenant-General Prince Hohenzollern, who had collected the scattered remains of the cuirassier regiments of Duke Albert, Hohenzollern, and Francois de Milan; as also those of the Hohenlohe dragoons, Rosenberg light-horse, and Blankenstein and Palatin hussars.

Reinforced by these troops, the Archduke proceeded to Agra in Bohemia, where he arrived, almost exhausted with fatigue, on the 22d of October, and where the Emperor confided to him the command of the new levies in Bohemia and Moravia.

It was with these newly-organised troops that his Royal Highness, on the 5th of December following, gained a signal and brilliant victory over

the troops commanded by General Wrede; but an armistice having been concluded at Austerlitz the preceding evening, all the prisoners were allowed to return to their corps.

Few events have made a more profound impression on public opinion, or been attended with more disastrous effects, than the discomfiture of what has been termed "General Mack's Army." The hopes and expectations of Austria seemed, in a certain degree, to be founded upon this officer's military reputation. England looked confidently forward to the annihilation of the French power in Germany;—all Europe felt interested in the contest.

The precipitate ruin of such expectations, and the consequent advantages to the French cause, plunged almost every country into a state of discouragement. Rumour changed her admiration of General Mack into every degree of disapprobation,—Calumny gave false colourings to every part of his conduct,—and Detraction ventured to dispute the reality of those talents, in honour of which no praise had before been thought too high. A mere reverse of fortune furnished to his enemies the means of degrading a soldier into the character of an idiot, or the more disgraceful one of a traitor. But if the cabinet communications, upon which were founded these military operations, proved erroneous,—if the violation of the Prussian territory produced no increase of force to Austria,—if the demonstrations of England were either not made, or so made as not to produce the intended effect of preventing the sudden appearance in Franconia of a French army composed of one hundred and sixty thousand men,—it is an injustice to reproach the commanders of forces not exceeding sixty thousand, with their feeble resistance and ultimate defeat. It must be added, that the indecision of Bavaria, in the early stage of the negotiations with Austria, paralysed intended measures, and her subsequent adherence to France rendered them abortive. The distressing results of the affairs near

Gunzburg, added to the shameful defeats of Reisk's corps, near Elchingen, and the equally shameful loss of Werneck's division, with other occurrences of the same nature, hastened the melancholy catastrophe, which was finally completed by the resolution of those officers who determined upon the capitulation*. Providence has granted to the much-injured General Mack courage sufficient to support the variety of sufferings to which he has been exposed, during thirteen long years of anxiety, and the happiness of knowing that a more just appreciation of his conduct has at length taken place; but we must follow the order of events.

After the afflicting capitulation had been signed, General Mack returned to Vienna, where a court of inquiry was ordered to examine into the affair. Respect, delicacy, all the honourable feelings of a soldier, prevented every kind of recrimination; and, subdued by the influence of these sentiments, the General's justification was confined within bounds of moderation little known. Degradation and exile followed. The animosity of the people was assuaged by the ruin of a public victim.

The greater part of these details were written in June 1819, when there appeared no probability of General Mack's finding a friend to vindicate his hopeless cause. The author had neither seen, nor maintained with him or his connections the slightest communication; but being in possession of facts which falsified many of the accusations brought against the General in every saloon of the capital, he was prompt-

ed to solicit further elucidation from the most respectable quarters. He succeeded beyond his hopes, and was about to give publicity to his statements, when the unexpected grace of his Majesty the Emperor fixed the seal to their veracity. Conscientiously attached to the principles of justice, the Emperor, at the solicitation of General Ducas, revised the whole proceedings, reinstated General Mack in all his honours, and authorised his grey hairs to descend into the grave adorned with the wreaths he had honourably acquired in long and dangerous services. The Archduke Charles, whose manly sentiments have long endeared him to his countrymen, seized this favourable opportunity of indulging the goodness of his heart, and requested that he might convey to his afflicted brother soldier the joyful intelligence of a return to Imperial favour: the affectionate manner in which his Imperial Highness communicated it, added grace to the kindness.

Another trait of character deserves to be recorded in letters of gold. Immediately after the battle of Leipsic, where Prince Schwarzenberg had covered himself, and the Austrian army, with glory; upon that field, where three Sovereigns knelt down and offered to God the effusions of pious thankfulness, the Emperor Francis, in a moment of enthusiastic admiration, addressed the Commander-in-Chief, "Prince Schwarzenberg, demand a proof of my regard." "Sire," replied the immortal hero, "*Grace pour le General Mack.*" On any occasion this conduct would have been sublime: at such a moment, the feelings of the heart alone are adequate to its just appreciation!

* On the 13th of October, General Mack gave out an order, prohibiting, *upon pain of death*, any proposal to surrender, capitulate, or retreat. But a resolution of nine general officers expressed that they were of a contrary opinion, and that they considered themselves as rendering more essential service to the Emperor, by demanding the return of his army, and thus saving such a number of troops, than by any endeavour to defend a city not even fortified, or capable of any efficient resistance. This important paper terminated with the following phrase:—"And we shall know how to support our opinion with the most satisfactory reasons!"

The reputation of General Mack had not been established on light grounds, and was the less disputable, as resulting from no other influence but that of eminent ability. Born, in the year 1752, at Neuslingen, in the Margraviate of Anspach, and son of a respectable gentleman in the civil service of the Margrave, his education was by no means neglected, as has been asserted*. He

* The entrance of Mack into the Austrian service was attended with parti-

entered into the Austrian army in 1768, as Fourrier, or assistant to the Quarter-Master of the first regiment of Carabineers, of which the Emperor Joseph the Second was ostensible proprietor, and Count Althaan, and afterwards Field-Marshal Lacy, *propriétaire en second*. Young Mack was soon promoted to the adjutancy of the regiment, and having frequent opportunities of approaching the Field-Marshal, was nominated his Aide-de-Camp in 1778, with the rank of Lieutenant of Cavalry. In the following year he was promoted to a captaincy on the staff, and employed in the private cabinet of the Emperor Joseph. In 1788 he had the honour to accompany his Majesty against the Turks, having

cular circumstances. His maternal uncle, named Leibrich, commanded a squadron of heavy horse, and invited his nephew to enter into it as a private. Young Mack, having obtained his father's consent, proceeded to Vienna, where the regiment was quartered; but previously to his arrival, a new organization had taken place in the Austrian cavalry. The heavy squadrons attached to light regiments, as the grenadiers are at present attached to regiments of foot, were united, and formed heavy regiments; and from these regiments, two were selected as a kind of *troupes d'élite*, and called Carabineers. Captain Leibrich's squadron was incorporated in the first of these chosen regiments; the real proprietor of which was the Archduke, (afterwards the Emperor Joseph the Second,) who was represented by General Count Althaan, as proprietor *en second*. Captain Leibrich presented his nephew to the General, who was much pleased with the appearance of the young recruit; but, unfortunately, the new regulations opposed his admission into the corps. The Carabineers enjoying more pay, and some distinctions in their uniform, were to be composed only of such men as had served without blame or reproach in some regiment of the line, for the term of two years, and this order was too recent and too positive to be infringed upon. It did not, however, include the non-commissioned officers, such as Quarter-master, Auditor, &c.; and as General Althaan was unwilling to lose so fine a recruit, he was appointed Fourrier, but permitted to do the duty of a trooper, and to rank in the squadron, where he first learned his military duties.

been promoted to the rank of major. Ill health compelling the Emperor to return to Vienna, Mack, with the title of Lieutenant-colonel, was appointed, on the 25th of February 1789, by a note in the Emperor's handwriting, addressed to the president of the military board, Field-Marshal Haddick, the *only* Adjutant-general of his Imperial Majesty. He was then attached to Field-Marshal Laudohn, with authority to control the conduct of the young princes and noblemen who had attended on the Emperor's person during the preceding part of the campaign. For his distinguished bravery in reconnoitering Mount Albion, near Onsova, and for the essential advantage resulting from this measure, Mack was nominated Colonel, and received, from the chapter of the order, the cross of Maria Theresa; a military order of the highest respectability, conferred only for acts of personal heroism, and such as are productive of military success. In 1790 he was appointed Colonel-commandant of Labkowitz regiment of light-horse; but the service requiring his presence near General Alvinczy, he remained some time at Vienna before joining his regiment, then in Galicia. He was afterwards nominated *Chief of the Staff* under the Duke of Saxe Cobourg, in the campaign of the Low Countries.

It is generally allowed, that the prudent plan of operations proposed by Colonel Mack, although disapproved of in the council of war, until he consented to take the responsibility upon himself, was the means of saving Maestricht. The Emperor held his talents in high estimation, and as a reward for the firmness which he had displayed upon this occasion, conferred upon him the nomination of Colonel Proprietor of the 6th regiment of Cuirassiers, then commanded by Colonel Prince Rosenberg. There is no other instance on record, in the Austrian army, of a Colonel being thus distinguished, the princes of the blood only excepted.

Field-Marshal Lacy having been informed of the opposition made to Colonel Mack's proposals, and of the success which had justified his perseverance in adhering to them, embraced him, upon his return to

Vienna, and exclaimed, in the words of Horace, "*Justum ac tenacem propositi virum.*"

Not only at Maestricht, but also before Neerwinde, and in the intrenchments at Landrecies, Colonel Mack's activity and talents were greatly distinguished. His plans were arranged with judgment, and executed with bravery. But the phlegmatic disciples of the old school discovered in his zeal too much precipitation, and a too decided adherence to any project which he had once formed. He has been accused also of a supercilious demeanour to officers under his command.

Without acceding to the justice of these reproaches, or rejecting them as altogether calumnious, we must keep in view the extreme difficulty of preserving respect by condescension, or authority by affability; nor must it be forgotten, that the high-minded German, innately noble as his title, and tremblingly alive to military etiquette, submits with more reluctance to a soldier of fortune than to a *Prince regnant*. It may, however, be doubted whether General Mack exercised any severity of manner not rendered necessary by a sense of duty; and the circle of former friends, who now with pleasure crowd round his person, to offer the consolation of tender and respectful attachment, best proves the estimable qualities they have so long admired.

Colonel Mack was selected to attend his present Majesty, the Emperor Francis, who commanded, in 1793, his army in the Netherlands, and was from thence dispatched to England, for the purpose of arranging the campaign of 1794. He returned to the continent at the time when the revolutionary projects of Martinowich, Heberstreet, and others, had so agitated the capital of Austria, that his Majesty was induced, by the representations of his minister Count Coloredo, to proceed to Vienna, where the command of the forces was resumed by the Duke of Saxe Cobourg, instead of the Archduke Charles, as had been stipulated with the cabinet of St James', in case of his Imperial Majesty's absence from the army. The ambitious Prince of Waldeck succeeded,

at the same time, in supplanting Colonel Mack in the appointment he had the honour to hold near his Majesty's person; and, in consequence, he retired to his small estate of Weiklanditz in Bohemia.

Soon after this event, in 1794, the name of Mack appeared in the list of Generals; and in 1797, when accumulated disasters assailed the two corps d'armée then in the field, General Mack was invited from his retreat to visit each alternately, and to make the best dispositions for defence in the neighbourhood of Salzburg and the Tyrol. He finally threw up entrenchments, &c. at the strong position of Weisserberg, having the capital of Austria, with all its immense resources, to support him.

At the peace of Campo Formio, which immediately followed, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-general, and in April 1798 had the first opportunity of displaying his talents as commander-in-chief of the Neapolitan army; which high station he was authorised to accept at the express solicitation of the late Queen Caroline of Naples, confirmed by the Emperor himself.

This army, destined to enter the Ecclesiastical States after Berthier had revolutionized Rome, was composed of sixty-two battalions of infantry, each battalion of four companies, and each company of four hundred and fifty men; thirty-eight squadrons of cavalry, with a proportionate number of artillery, forming a total of thirty-eight thousand combatants,—the whole well appointed, well organized, amply provided, and requiring nothing further to ensure success but an honest zeal in the cause they were employed to serve. But, unfortunately, a spirit of treachery and revolt appears to have been widely diffused, not only through the ranks, but also in the breasts of many of those who commanded.

The troops* began to pass the

* It is now known that the motions of the Neapolitan army, which was collected at St Germano, depended upon those of the French, and that in case of the latter taking possession of the Grisons in Switzerland, it was to be considered a decided proof of hostility; and that, of

Neapolitan frontier on the 24th of November; and, notwithstanding the wretched state of the roads, inundated by incessant rains, a strong advanced guard, reaching Frescati on the 27th, effected its junction with the advanced guard of the fifth column at Albano. The principal part of the army arrived in the environs of Rome about the 2d of December, the French having already evacuated the city, and retired from the two great roads leading to it.

The very first rencontre with the enemy was the signal of misfortune; and intelligence was received that the second column, which had been ordered to proceed by Teinay, had, without resistance, submitted *en masse*: the third column was arrested in its progress at Rieti by a handful of men, unable to contend an hour, had they been opposed.

The French forces under General Championnet did not exceed twenty thousand men, five thousand of whom were Poles and Romans; and yet, before the 10th of December, twenty-eight battalions had surrendered to them, and reduced the forces under General Mack to nearly one half of their original number, before it could be said that the campaign was fairly opened.

His Majesty the King of Naples, who had accompanied his army, and witnessed its disaffection, thought proper to return to his capital on the 10th, and General Mack was compelled to order a retreat. After innumerable proofs of disobedience, disappointment, and treachery, he arrived at Capua on the 22d, and entrenched himself with about five thousand followers. The next day he repaired to Naples, in time to present his respects to their Majesties, already embarked for Sicily on board Admiral Lord Nelson's ship, as their personal safety had been en-

dangered by the tumultuous disposition of their subjects.

The leaders of the hostile faction rejected every measure proposed by General Mack for the public good; and he returned to Capua, convinced that the royal cause was no longer an object of Neapolitan solicitude.

General Championnet had not neglected to follow a discomfited enemy. Aquila, d'Arsino, Gaeta, and all the Neapolitan magazines having fallen into his hands, he posted himself at Caserta, where negotiations, determined upon in a conference held before the Vicar-General on the 10th of January 1799, were opened with him for the purpose of obtaining an armistice.

Aware of the insurrection about to take place at Naples, where Ferdinand, in an expiring effort, had ordered a levy *en masse*, Championnet consented to the proposal, but upon extremely onerous conditions, viz. the surrender of Capua, the shutting of the ports in Sicily against the English, and Naples paying ten millions to France, &c. &c.

When Ancambaud, the French agent, was sent to demand payment of this stipulated sum, the fury of the populace was excited to an inconceivable degree: the nobles were divided into factions; the Lazzaroni pillaged the palaces; the Royal Family had disappeared, and General Mack and his army were exposed to the most offensive reproaches.

Abandoned on all sides, in a country where there remained no authority to which he could appeal, the General thought proper to address letters, on the 12th, to his Majesty, and to the Vicar General, announcing his resignation, and proposing as Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Salandra, who was born a Neapolitan. After this step, there remained no other for the safety of himself and the German officers, than to throw themselves upon the generosity of a brother soldier, and apply to General Championnet for passports as German Officers, no longer in the service of an enemy, and subjects of a power in amity with France. A dispatch was therefore sent to Caserta, and General Mack proceeded to the outposts, where he received the necessary papers from the French Com-

course, the Neapolitans were instantly to proceed to the Ecclesiastical States, and attack the French forces, then under the command of Championnet. The late Queen of Naples received, by her minister Battiste, the assurance of the occupation of the Grisons, and honouring General Mack with her presence at St Germano, ordered the advance of the Neapolitan army.

mander, more intimately acquainted than any one else with the perfidious causes of Mack's misfortunes.

It has been published by Mr Blanchard, in his "History of French Battles," that when General Mack presented his sword to General Championnet, he declined it, with equal gallantry and delicacy, saying, "No, General, my government has forbidden me to receive any present of British manufacture." This sword was a superb testimonial of esteem, from his late Majesty the King of England; but the fact is, that General Mack never presented his sword to the French Commander at all, nor by any act authorised this anecdote.

He proceeded to Bologna, where orders from the Directory had been received to arrest him, in consequence of representations made by Faypoult, *Representant du Peuple à l'armée*, the same who afterwards occasioned the imprisonment of the brave Championnet himself. General Mack was conducted first to Milan, and from thence to Briançon, and afterwards to the Castle of Dijon, where, with his Aide-de-camps, he was treated like a state prisoner.

The important change which took place in the affairs of France, at this period, having established Buonaparte as First Consul, the General thought proper to appeal to his justice, and apply for a permission to return to Germany with his suite. Instead of acquiescence, however, he was ordered to proceed to Paris, where, after some fruitless endeavours to seduce him into a negotiation contrary to his principles, his captivity seemed to be more decided; the First Consul pretending to place his situation on a parallel with that of General de la Fayette. The comparison was unjust. La Fayette confided his destiny to the army of an enemy, without any previous stipulation in his favour. Mack had entered into a regular treaty, and received passports from the Commanding Officers to whom he had been opposed; the conditions were sacred, but an unjustly exercised authority had infringed upon, and afterwards violated them.

It was therefore natural and justifiable, to escape from such a state of persecution, and the General ef-

fect his purpose in a most miraculous manner. His arrival at Vienna, in April 1800, exposed him to new rivals and enemies, who stigmatised as a breach of good faith, what was in fact defensible upon every principle of reason; the only relinquishment of honourable feeling that had occurred, being on the part of the French Directory.

From the moment of his return in 1800, until the renewal of hostilities in 1805, General Mack lived retired, but greatly occupied with the projected improvements in the administration of the army, the perfection of its manœuvres, and the glory of his sovereign.

We have now brought down this biographical sketch to the period when the subject of it was honoured with the direction of the army in Germany in 1805. The details of that campaign, and the unequivocal return of all the honours of which General Mack had, been deprived, have led us to the month of November 1819.

THE BILGGA'S MARRIAGE-GIFT.

(*A Tale, from the German of F. Kind.*)

OTTO VON D—, after an absence of several years, two of which he had spent in the luxurious capital of France, was recalled to his native Germany by the unexpected death of his father. He found the family estate involved in difficulties, chiefly occasioned by extravagance and mismanagement, which would have appeared inextricable to a mind possessing less energy than his own; but by at once adopting a system of curtailment and method, he soon succeeded in bringing matters into such a train, as not only enabled him to discharge the accumulated arrears of interest, but also gradually to reduce the principal debt with which his property had been im-providently burthened.

It was not until his mind was relieved of this first care, and he could uninterruptedly form his plans for the future, that Otto thought of choosing a companion who might share with him the sweets of life, and assist him in combatting its toils. He had left Adelaide, the

youngest daughter of his neighbour Von Z—, an interesting girl of fourteen: on his return, he found her blooming in all the charms of youthful innocence; and he was not slow in observing, as well in the hearty welcome of her parents, as in the tell-tale blush of the maiden herself, that his addresses would not be unacceptable. He, therefore, embraced an early opportunity to declare his sentiments; and, after the preliminaries usual on such occasions, the happy day was fixed, arrived, and was observed with all those ceremonies which the country people, in some parts of Germany, still religiously keep up, according to the good old custom of their forefathers.

First came the wedding-guests, conducting the bride, modestly clad in white, with a veil covering her face, and who were met on the lawn by the peasantry, preceded by the village musicians. The married women brought their offering of a cradle, and fine baby-linen spun by themselves; the lads presented a handsome plough and harness; the maidens a snow-white lamb; and the children doves and flowers. Adelaide gave her hand to all in silence; Otto spoke few, but impressive words, and on concluding, invited the whole party, in name of the bride's father, to a collation and dance on the green, for which preparations had already been made.

The lamps were now lighted up, and the fiddle and pipe were sounding merrily under the sweet-scented linden-trees, when a foreign livery-servant, whose coat was rather the worse for the wear, made his appearance on the dancing-place. His singular tones and strange gesticulations soon collected around him a troop of laughing villagers; but it was not without considerable difficulty gathered from the broken German of the orator, (whose hands and feet were equally eloquent with his tongue,) that his master's carriage had been overturned in the neighbourhood, and that a wheel was broken to pieces, which he was anxious to have put to rights, in order that he might prosecute his journey.

"Who talks of mending wheels, or going further to-day?" hiccup-

ped the bride's father, whose satisfaction at his daughter's good fortune had displayed itself at table in copious libations. "To-day," added he, patting his ample sides, "let all wheels go in shivers: no man shall pass this house to-day; you may tell your master so; but stay, you may as well take me to him." So saying, and attended by a crowd of followers, he proceeded to the highway, where they soon perceived a small wax-cloth-covered carriage lying upset on the road, one of its hinder-wheels being as effectually demolished as if an axe had been used in the operation. A tall thin figure, dressed in a plain blue frock-coat, having his right arm in a sling, a patch over his left eye, and whose woe-begone looks imparted to his general appearance no distant resemblance to the knight of the rueful countenance, stood near the vehicle, holding a jaded rosinante by the bridle. No sooner did he perceive the party approaching, than, hastening towards them, he addressed their leader in French, with much politeness of manner and fluency of utterance. Unfortunately, however, old Z—'s court language had lain too long rusty, and the state of his ideas was too muddled to enable him to brush it up at the moment, so that he was obliged to make the stranger understand, more by signs than words, that he must not think of continuing his journey that day at least, but must remain with them as a wedding-guest.

The invitation was accepted with many thanks; and the stranger, having caused his Sancho to wipe the dust from his hat and boots, put his collar to rights, and opened his surtout, under which a sort of uniform modestly peeped out. Thus prepared, he set himself in motion, by the help of a stout crutch-stick; and it then further appeared, that his left foot was also disabled, though there was something not ungraceful in its hobble. On reaching the Linden place, he requested to be introduced to the young couple, and, after wishing the bridegroom joy, he kissed the bride's hand, with the air of an old beau, and whispered many flattering things to her in his own language.

When this matter was settled, all

hastened again to dance and play. Otto soon removed his bride to another quarter; and it seemed quite natural, that the stiff and wearied old man should choose his seat on a bench apart from persons who neither understood him nor he them.

On supper being announced, the stranger accompanied the rest to the eating apartment, where he planted himself, with considerable adroitness, between two of the rosiest and plumpiest lasses in the room, to the no small mortification of a young lieutenant, who had fixed on this place for himself. Hilarity and mirth now presided over the happy party; the good-humoured joke was bandied about, and the hearty laugh echoed round the room; when one of the servants entered with a packet, which a messenger had just delivered, with directions that it should be given into the bridegroom's own hands. The curiosity of all was excited, and Otto was induced, by their solicitations, to open the packet immediately; and, after removing almost innumerable covers, he at length produced a plain wooden drinking-cup, with a silver rim, on which were engraved, "*Present de nocés du Gueur.*"

"Jaques!" cried Otto, kissing the cup with emotion. Adelaide cast an inquiring eye at her lover, and lifted up the cup, to examine it more nearly; but she had scarcely raised it from the table, when its unexpected weight occasioning her to replace it rather smartly, the bottom fell out, and discovered a rose-coloured case, containing a pair of bracelets, set in brilliants of the purest water, and newest fashion: the words, "*à la belle épouse de mon ami,*" were embroidered on the satin.

The surprise and curiosity on all sides may be easily conceived. All the guests rose from their seats, except the stranger, who remained sitting, with the most perfect indifference, and an expression of countenance that almost appeared to indicate contempt for what was going forward. Otto, whose growing dislike to the stranger was not lessened by this conduct, measured him with an eye of indignation, and allowed himself the more readily to be persuaded by his bride and the other guests to satisfy their inquiries.

"Yes!" he began, a fine glow suffusing his manly cheeks; "yes! I am not ashamed to own it: a beggar—Jaques is the worthy man's name—is my dearest friend; is, to express all to you in a few words, the preserver of my life and honour. However painful it may be to me, on an occasion like the present, to accuse myself of a youthful indiscretion, yet I shall not hesitate to do so, as I cannot otherwise, perhaps, do justice to the noble-minded Jaques, whose marriage-present shall ever be dear to my heart, and the most valued ornament of my Adelaide."

"Then let me wear it to-day," said the lovely girl, with tremulous voice; and the bracelets were quickly transferred from their rose-coloured covering to the white satin of her arms. Otto resumed, after a short pause: "During my residence in Paris, I was almost daily in the habit of passing along the Pont-Neuf. At one end of the bridge, and generally about the same spot, there sat a beggar, who, although he seemed scarcely more than fifty, had frequented the place upwards of thirty years, and was commonly known by the name of 'old Jaques.' Not out of any feeling of compassion, but merely because his general appearance rather interested me, I threw a sous into his hat as often as I chanced to pass near him. This became, at length, so habitual to me, that whenever I approached his station, I put my hand involuntarily into my pocket. He always wished me every possible good—chatted with me, when I was at leisure, about the news of the day—even warned me, now and then, against the dangers of town; in short, in the course of half-a-year, we stood together on the footing of acquaintances, who, though of different rank, are yet mutually pleased with each other.

"My time in Paris was spent very agreeably, and, I may flatter myself, not altogether without advantage. I lived as decently as my means permitted, but never extravagantly, till, a short time before my departure, my evil stars brought me acquainted with some young men who were addicted to gambling, and who, by little and little, led me on to stake, first small,

and then large sums at play. The consequence of this was as may be supposed: but it was not until I had lost all my own money, and had become deeply indebted to my *sos-disant* friends, that I began seriously to reflect on my situation.

"I immediately formed the resolution to pause ere it was too late, and quit the capital for ever, after discharging the debt which I had contracted. I therefore wrote to my father, requesting such a remittance as might be necessary for this purpose; but that letter, and several which I sent subsequently, remained unanswered. My bills, meanwhile, became due. I was forced to have recourse to the assistance of usurers, and ruin stared me in the face.

"Disheartened, gloomy, and silent, I now passed Jaques without noticing him; his fixed and earnest gaze became intolerable, and I avoided the place where he stood.

"At length I received the long-looked-for letters from home; but instead of the remittances with which I had hoped to silence the most clamorous of my creditors, they brought me the intelligence of my father's death, after a short illness, and announced the impossibility of sending me more money than would barely suffice for my travelling expences.

"Nursed in the lap of affluence, and unused to privation of any sort, it may easily be supposed that I was but little prepared for such news. The death of my good father filled me with sorrow. The involved situation of his affairs, which I now learnt for the first time, deprived me of all hope for the future. The idea of having debts which I could not discharge, and the prospect of a prison in a foreign land, threw me into despair. The longer I considered, the more did my situation appear utterly hopeless, till at length, in a state of mind bordering on frenzy, and with a determination which such a state only could inspire, I walked out, after a sleepless night, and bent my course towards the river. I was already within a few paces of the Pont-Neuf, when Jaques threw himself, with greater importunity than usual, in my way. I would not see him.

"'One word, Sir,' said he, in a tone of entreaty, and taking hold of

the skirt of my coat. 'Leave me, old man,' said I, with forced composure; 'to-day I have given all away.' He guessed my meaning better than I intended he should. 'By all that's sacred, my dear young master!' said he, solemnly, 'confide in me. What has happened?'

"'What is that to thee?' I replied: 'thou canst not help me.'

"'Who knows? only speak, Sir! I cannot rest until I learn what has so changed you. Tell me the cause of your dejection.'

"'Why, only a paltry thousand Louis,' said I, with a shrug.

"'And is that all? Good! I will lend them to you.'

"'You, Jaques! Good old man, you have been drinking too freely this morning.'

"'Well, only take the trouble of coming to me to-night; and, till then, I conjure you, do nothing rashly!'

"The earnestness of his manner, the firmness with which he spoke, and the reflection that I could at any time carry my intention into effect, brought my thoughts into another channel, and induced me to yield to his request. Jaques gave me his address, in a remote suburb, and I pledged my word of honour to meet him there the same evening.

"Urged by curiosity, more than by hope, I appeared at the appointed time and place, and found Jaques in a small, but extremely clean apartment, plain, but neatly furnished: he now wore a decent coat, and came forward to meet me with a friendly look.

"'Consider all that you see here, as your own,' said he. 'I have neither child nor relation, and what I daily receive from the benevolent suffices for my own and my house-keeper's wants.'

"Little as I had calculated on the old man's assistance, yet this address appeared too ridiculous; and I was hesitating whether I should consider him a fool or a madman, when he at once put an end to my doubts; for, requesting me to partake of the refreshments which he had provided, he raised a part of the floor, and brought, from underneath, a heavy wooden vessel, which he placed with difficulty on the table. On removing the lid, you may figure my asto-

nishment, when I saw that it was filled to the brim with gold pieces! 'Help yourself, Sir,' said he, smiling: 'here are about twelve hundred Louis. It is all I have by me in ready cash; but I can soon procure more!

" 'Do not mistake me,' continued my honest Jaques; 'I am no common beggar, who drive the trade from love of idleness, and cheat the needy of the charitable gift of the compassionate. I am of noble, though poor birth. Having lost my parents early, I entered the army in my sixteenth year, served under the great Saxe, and, if worthy of such a leader, let this testify: a cross of St Louis lay on the heap of gold! 'In my twentieth year, a cannon-shot carried away my right arm. I received my discharge, and was thrown on the wide world destitute and helpless. Ignorant of any trade by which I could gain a livelihood, and rendered incapable of labour by the loss of my arm, I abandoned myself to a profound melancholy, which threw me into a long and severe illness. When I recovered, my disappointed prospects, and a sort of spite at the world, made me a beggar. My youth and infirmities gained me more compassion than I had expected; and I soon earned, not only my daily subsistence, but became enabled to lay by a trifle daily, which, by little and little, amounted to a considerable sum. Out of this, I assisted such of my companions in misery as had been less fortunate than myself in this calling, and thereby acquired a sort of consideration amongst them, but no disinterested attachment. This vexed me. I adopted a foundling as my own child, and began to live even more sparingly than before, in order to make provision for him. I had him carefully brought up and educated, till his sixteenth year, when a counsellor was pleased with the lad, and took him into his service. 'This very boy—O François! François! how many tears have I shed on thy account!—soon began to consider it beneath him to be on terms of intimacy with a beggar; and on the same day that you first gave me an alms, he had the cruelty to pass as if he did not know me. He was ashamed of me—of me, who, at that mo-

ment, was begging to make him independent! 'He needs me not,' said I, and his unnatural conduct drove all the blood to my heart. 'Thou all-powerful Being! give me, then, another son!' Scarcely had I uttered the prayer, when you approached, and threw, with a compassionate look, a gift into my hat."

Otto was moved even to tears, and was forced to make a pause.

" 'You will not be ashamed of me,' continued Jaques. 'You are now unfortunate: make the old beggar happy by accepting his assistance.'

"You may easily imagine how I felt at this moment. 'The wonderful intervention of Providence, to prevent the commission of a crime at which I shudder; the noble, I may say, the heavenly look of the good old man; but, above all, my own dreadful situation, crowded into my thoughts, and I did not hesitate to avail myself of his generous offer. My intention of disclosing to him the cause of my embarrassments was needless, for he had already informed himself of every particular.

"I allowed him to count out one thousand Louis, and then requested pen and ink, in order to give him an acknowledgment for the amount; but my benefactor would not hear a word of this. 'Take,' said he, 'as much as you require; and, if you die,' added he, 'you can pay me yonder! I want but little here. You are sent to me as a son, whether you will or no, and you, at least, cannot deprive me of the secret satisfaction of being your father.'

" 'Yes, father! preserver and father!' cried I, falling on his bosom. 'Nature gave me one, and when I lost him, Heaven replaced him in you!'

"I did not leave Jaques's cottage till a late hour, when I returned home with a lightened heart, and refreshing sleep once more visited my eyelids.

"Early on the following day, I paid off every creditor, had another tête-à-tête with Jaques, and prepared immediately to quit France. My first care, on arriving here, would most certainly have been to discharge this, which I could truly call a debt of honour; but as he had expressly required me, at parting, not to think

of this till after the expiry of a year at soonest, to give him, as he said, a proof of confidence, I deferred doing so till very lately, when, on repaying him his loan, I had the satisfaction of acquainting him with my approaching union."

"And he shall be *my* father, also," said Adelaide, pressing his hand: then rising, and filling the goblet with wine, "Let us drink to the health of my worthy fathers—John Von Z—, and Jaques the beggar!"

Every one present pledged the toast with enthusiasm, except the old stranger, who, still evincing the most cutting indifference, pushed his chair back, and hastily rose up, with a countenance on which was written, in pretty legible characters, "What a fuss about a beggar!"

"Sir, you abuse the rights of hospitality!" cried Otto, angrily; and going up to the Frenchman, with the determination of making him quit the apartment.—"Mon ami, ah, mon fils!" replied the old man, with the tenderest expression, and removing, at the same time, the bandage from his left eye, "now, indeed, I am

satisfied that my choice has not been misplaced. You have not been ashamed to acknowledge the old beggar; your lovely bride, too, has called me father. For this alone have I undertaken a long journey, and caused my carriage to be overturned at your gate." He was now, in his turn, overcome; all the guests crowded round him with praises and caresses; and the grateful Otto, kissing his Adelaide, called this the happiest day of his life.

"Only allow me to pass my few remaining years with you," added Jaques, as he drew from his bosom a packet with his left hand, it being now remarked by all that the right was skilfully formed of wax. "There, my son, are your papers back. I will never be a burthen to you. I have twelve hundred livres yearly of rent; and all I request is, a small apartment in your house, or wheresoever else an honest beggar may patiently await his end!"

Otto tenderly embraced his adopted father, and the wooden cup was frequently replenished in the course of the evening.

SONG,

From the German of Goethe.

—
"Kenntst du das Land?" &c.

Know'st thou the land where bloom the citron bowers?

Where through dark leaves the orange-gold looks bright?

There shines the laurel, there the myrtle flowers,

And soft winds rove through heavens of azure light.

Know'st thou it well? Oh! blest would be

My steps, to wander there, belov'd, with thee!

Know'st thou the dwelling, with its lovely halls,

And pillar'd roof, and hues of iris-glow?

There marble forms, that breathe along the walls,

Seem as they ask'd the story of my woe.

Know'st thou it well? Oh! blest would be

My lot, to linger there, belov'd, with thee!

Know'st thou the mountain, with the clouds that fold

Its airy bridge, and hide the mule's dread way?

Still of its dragon-caves * wild tales are told,

O'er the bold rock still foams the torrent spray.

Know'st thou it well? Oh! blest would be

My steps, to wander there, belov'd, with thee!

Many wild traditions of dragons are still current amongst the Alps.

A TRUE AND AUTHENTIC HISTORY
OF "ILL TAM."

No. VIII.

IN pausing over, and reflecting upon my past life, nothing strikes me more forcibly than that "*vis medicatrix naturæ*," which is in constant operation in the moral, as well as in the animal economy. In the latter case, wounds and fractures are healed, and in the former, errors and delinquencies are corrected, by a general law of reparation. You peel the bark from a young tree, and in a few years you see the excoriation repaired; and over the lacerations which passion or temper effect upon the moral sense, a like tendency to cure is manifest. Thus, by following patiently the suggestions of experience, and by watching the efforts of nature, we are induced to trust more to those great corrective arrangements, over which we have no control, than to any institutions and adjustments of our own contrivance merely. A boy, for example, who has neither tutor nor governor, save the still, small voice within, and the arresting discipline of circumstance and occurrence without—who is bounced, and tossed, and driven from post to pillar, and from pillar to post—who is made acquainted with the consequences of prudence and of folly, of virtue and of vice, directly and experimentally—such a chap as our Doric matrons of Scotland would denominate the *mischaney aicht*--runs a great chance of out-distancing the more favoured pupil, with all his "appliances and means to boot."

I had now gained the very zenith, as it were, of youthful folly; I fear I must add, of youthful crime. Habit only was requisite to confirm and establish me in the practice of every species of infatuated and thoughtless mischief. Sometimes, indeed, the future or the past would peep through the chinks and crevices of conscience, in most hideous aspect and menacing grin, and I would start, as it were, into momentary retrospection and anticipation of the waste behind, and of the wilderness before me. But such lucid intervals were short and irregular in their recurrence, and were

always absorbed in darkness more close and palpable than any which had preceded them. At this crisis of my life and character, my mother was seized with a dangerous malady, and, in all appearance, had not many weeks to survive. This circumstance, under that God who directs ordinary events to extraordinary issues, was the mean of arresting me, all at once, into a perception of my danger, and into a determined resolution to correct my conduct. My whole dependence for life and subsistence was upon my mother, and upon her industrious and unwearied exertions; and should this prop, upon which I had hitherto leant, be broken into pieces from beneath me, what was then to become of me! I should be left all helpless, and friendless, and unprotected, in a world where I was old enough to know, that protection, and assistance, and friendship, were, in my condition in particular, indispensable. Besides, I loved—amidst all my wanderings I can say, with perfect confidence and sincerity—I loved my mother with all the affection and gratitude, at least, of a dutiful son. The anticipation, therefore, of her dissolution, came over my soul like the frosts and inclemencies of night upon the hectic and glowing warmth of an October afternoon. I started, in an instant, into a perception of the nature of Death, and of all the dreadful circumstances which inevitably herald his approach, and follow his steps. The evening was that of a warm and rather sultry July day, when I was led, in this state of mind, by my mother, in silence, and with tottering steps, towards the adjoining churchyard—that sacred receptacle of the dead, over which I had often passed whistling, and skipping playfully from turf to turf, and from stone to stone. I sobbed as I went, for I saw the tear in my mother's eye; and yet there was no definite and expressed cause of weeping; and, as I approached towards the kirk stile, my very knees shook under me. We ascended, by a few steps, into the hallowed recess, and in a few seconds were seated under the aisle, upon a grey and mossy stone, much deformed and wasted by time and accident. I had never seen my father's grave, and there it

was where my mother's finger pointed, though her tongue refused to utter the word. There were nettles all around, and, as I divided them with my hand, a toad began to trail its deformity across my vision. "Alas!" said my mother—and they were the first words she had uttered since we left home—"what is man! 'man that is a worm, and the son of man that is but a worm!' You behold there, my dear child, the spot where your father's bones rest. Whilst he lived he was kind to me, and, ere he died, he bade me trust in God, and dedicate my fatherless child to his fear and worship. I have done my best; but it has been *His* will, whose counsels we may not question—short-sighted mortals as we are!—hitherto to disappoint my wishes, and frustrate my utmost endeavours. Though a kind-hearted, (here we both burst into clamorous tears,) though a kind and an affectionate-hearted boy, you have proved idle, unbidable, and neglectful of your education; and now that in a few weeks, in all human likelihood, my bed shall be with him that sleeps soundly there, what is to become of you? Your aunts are old and frail, and fast approaching to the end of their journey, and when I too am *dead*—" "Oh, mother, mother! oh, do not distress, do not overwhelm me more! *You*, at least, will not die and leave me. You will—oh, now, you must get better; and as sure as I live I will never vex you again! I will obey, I will gratify, I will delight you; and I will be a good scholar, and support you by my learning in your old age, and as the Lord lives, and as my soul, which hath said this thing, lives likewise, you shall not want any thing that will make you comfortable!" The effect which my mother contemplated was produced. She rose, and, pulling my head towards her bosom, kissed me, smiled, dried up her tears, retreated a few steps from the grave, turned again, and closed *in* the nettles upon the grave, took me gently by the hand, and departed.

From that day, her disease, which was of a nervous description, began to assume a milder aspect, and my labours of amendment likewise commenced their accomplishment.

But to resolve is one thing, and to carry fully these resolutions into effect is another thing. I felt myself so hedged in with ignorance on the one hand, and inaptitude for any close or consecutive application upon the other, and, above all, by the opinion of my school-fellows and class-mates, that to walk abroad out of the course which I had traced and chalked out for myself, seemed at first view impracticable. I had held so long an inferior rank in my class, had acquired such a marked and decided character for trick, mischief, idleness, and truancy, that I had become a kind of positive fixture in the academical arrangement, and might no easier be removed out of my present situation, than a stone that has been mortared, and adjusted into a wall, can suffer alteration in point of position. Determined, however, I was; and, having built resolve upon feeling, as well as upon reason, my purpose was not easily to be relinquished. Geordy Johnston, the dux of our class, used to read over the explaining lesson—Terence, Horace, Livy, or Sallust—to all the boys of the class, immediately previous to our appearance before the master: but, luckily for me, Master George was a little capricious. Like most great men, he was exalted above measure, and above moderation, and used occasionally to exclude certain individuals, who had rendered themselves obnoxious to his displeasure, from the benefit of his prelections, and, amongst others, I had once or twice suffered from his caprice. One day, in particular, after receiving a complete "*rooking*" by me at the ring, he absolutely interdicted that "crawling, creeping creature," as he denounced me, from the benefit of his assistance. My pride was hurt—my ambition was fired—my love of independence was awakened into a passion; and that very night I went home with my dictionary under my arm; and, by most devoted exertions, in the course of a week, I had formed a small coterie of the lower boys around me, who chose to listen to my prelections, rather than submit to the caprices of "*Black Geordie*." I had now taken the field, and there was no retreat left—I had drawn the sword, and thrown away the scab-

bard—marched from Saguntum and burnt it: so, what with a few lucky interpretations I had given of difficult passages, and what with the accessibility of my assistance, and the affability of my address, I absolutely divided the class with my rival. It is true, I only commanded what may be designated the awkward squad; but still I *commanded*, and, what was of infinite consequence in my present circumstances and state of mind, *I knew what I was doing*. I no longer floundered on through construction, analysis, and explanation, at random, or upon the authority of others solely; but if I moved slowly, I moved cautiously, and with my eyes open. What I now gained I could not lose, as it was the conquest of judgment, and not the acquisition of memory; and, ere the vacation of this my sixteenth year arrived, I had become a formidable competitor for the honours of the class.

In arithmetic, too, I underwent a material change. Hitherto I depended upon others for the daily working, as we termed it, of my account. All the afternoon (the time allotted for this study) I was employed, either in placing a certain number of figures so as to make thirty-five each way, or in constructing the walls of Troy, or in playing with an associate idler at the nine "o's," or in running from table to table, and from one individual to another, soliciting assistance in getting up a decent task to present to the master. A slight glance over the slate, a steady look into my face, and the laconic inquiry, "Does it answer?" sent me usually to my seat, disburdened of all apprehension, and prepared to play the same game over again next afternoon. In this way, though I was nominally advanced into "Tare and Tret," and had travelled over the "Rule of Three," and "Vulgar Fractions," page by page, and question by question, I was still ignorant of the first principles of figures; nor had I the smallest apprehension, that the principle upon which the examples stated were solved, extended any farther than to the questions given. When asked, therefore, by a neighbouring farmer, to tell him the price of a flock of sheep, at so

much a head, or a score, I forget which, I very wisely answered, that such a question had never occurred to me, either in the Rule of Three, or in Vulgar Fractions! All was darkness around me. I was like a man floundering in drifted snow, or through a quagmire; the more I struggled, the deeper I sunk, and the less capable of extrication I appeared.

But light dawned upon me all at once; and as the occurrence through which it reached me was simple and intelligible, I shall state it circumstantially. A class-fellow* and I, who were equally sensible of our deficiency and ignorance, had agreed to spend a Saturday's afternoon in the skirts of a young plantation, with the view of examining the nature of "vulgar fractions;" for it had all along appeared most unintelligibly contradictory to us, that the figures 4, 5, 6, &c. with a small stroke, and a one above them, should diminish in real, as they increased in apparent value. Accordingly, we sat down under a nut bush, and bothered our brains for a very long time, to no purpose. The slate, and the "caum" pen, and the sponge, were at last thrown aside in absolute despair; and we began to gather nuts, which were now beginning to ripen. Having made a common store, we came at last to the division; and as we differed materially upon our notions of "halves," as they were apportioned in handfuls, we agreed to count the spoil, and to apportion by numbers. "Here's the *half* for you," said my companion, pushing over my share towards me with both his hands; "but you don't deserve the *third*, for you cracked all the while you were gathering." The truth instantly flashed upon my mind like lightning, that very truth we had both so recently and so unsuccessfully endeavoured to discover; if the third were less than the half, why, then, the fourth, and the fifth, and so forth, must be less, likewise, than the third? Bravo! bravissimo! I made two skips, shouted manfully,

* A certain schoolmaster of a certain distinguished Northern academy, not above 100 miles from Tain, will be able to verify this avowment. X.

swung myself by a branch, dashed into the thickest of the wood, and was off like a wild roe. Next afternoon, I was enabled to work five accounts for myself, a feat which I had never before performed; and it was not till after considerable coaxing that I let my partner into the secret of my discovery. I took a potato, and cut it into a certain number of parts; and then, by putting it into two halves, three thirds, four fourths, &c., I showed him how the *unity*, or *one* apple, was made up of the parts marked out by the denominator, or indicator of fractional value. Oh! it was a proud moment, and a delightful one; and from that hour, I was equally independent during the afternoon, as I was during the forenoon; and could manage Hut-ton and Dilworth with as much ease as I did Horace and Juvenal. From the abject and degrading state of a flattering, fawning, cringing dependant, I became the dispenser of favours, and the much-courted object of solicitation. "Knowledge," says Bacon, "is power;" and to this adage I now learnt most decidedly and experimentally to subscribe.

Harvest, and the vacation of my sixth year of classical education, at last arrived; and being now anxious to do something for myself, as well as to gratify my mother, whose infirmities, exasperated as they were by years, were now gathering down upon her, I agreed to instruct the children of a neighbouring farmer, during my six or seven weeks recess. My wages were in consistency with my mother's arrangement; four fleeces, *videlicet*, of white-skin wool, to be spun afterwards into a coat and stockings, for my "outset in life;" a ewe-milk cheese, half-a-stone of butter, with three white shillings, and the grey naig to the Martinmas-market at Dumfries. When the bargain was concluded betwixt my mother and the gudeman of Stonnyland, I felt elevated in my own estimation exceedingly. The first earnings of an ingenuous mind are most gratifying. To call any thing, however insignificant, one's own, by the right and purchase of labour, is naturally desirable; and to possess the power of pouring of the first fruit of your earnings into the lap of a widowed

mother, is quite enchanting. How finely is this idea exemplified in the case of the cottar's daughter, who is represented in Burns's inimitable Saturday night, as depositing her "sair-won penny fee" in the possession, and at the disposal of her parents!

In no respect is the change which the last thirty years has operated more visible and real, than in the character and condition of our "Scot-tish farmers." They have, during the lapse of a few years, been pushed, as it were, several centuries forward in the scale of improvement; and whilst above, as well as beneath them, in the hall of the baron, and in the shed of the cottar, material and sensible advances have been made, it is, after all, to the sfeeding, and whole economy of the farmer, that we are to look for by far the greatest and most surprising change and improvement. When I look upon the slated roof, and hedged garden, and spacious offices, and well-appointed stud, and market-day caparison, and whole circumstance and exhibition of the well-mounted, and well-fed, and well-clothed gentleman farmer, and contrast, with all this, the homely and unpretending appointments, and manners, and appearance of my first master, the gudeman of Stonnyland, and of his compeers and cotemporaries—I seem to have travelled into a foreign country, and to be associated, for the time, with men of different manners, habits, and profession. I felt, as I ascended the "brae" towards the place of my Autumn destination, that I was about to enter upon an untried state of existence; and my agitation, as, first, the blue and withering smoke, and, latterly, the spiked and lacerated kitchen-lum-head, with the roofing of the whole onstead, rose gradually upon my vision, was very considerable. At this moment, the butter, the cheese, the wool, and even the grey naig himself, appeared as nothing in comparison with the sacrifice of comfort and domestic happiness I was on the point of making. I absolutely sat down upon a grey stone, turned my eyes towards my native glen, and, whilst I could contemplate many well-known and familiar objects, in the immediate neighbourhood of my beloved home,

I thought of the kindly hearts I had left, and could have wished myself a cat, or a dog, or a chicken, provided I could have thus enjoyed the privilege which these animals were now enjoying. To have been fixed, at this moment, as the disobedient wife of the Patriarch Lot was fixed, would not, in my present state of despondency, have vexed me; and I actually deliberated for a considerable time, whether I should advance upon my new residence and office, or retreat at once, and give up all ideas of harvest service and gain. Whilst I sat in this state of suspense, casting many a longing, lingering look towards my native Jerusalem, the land of my household gods, the sweet abode of my heart's earlier and later, habitual, sole content, I was saluted by the barking of a colley-dog, who retreated, as if with suspicion, (like a courtier, however, still facing me), from my august and gloomy presence, and retired upon the plaided protection of his master. In a word, I now found myself in the presence, and under the guidance of "the gudeman himsel'," who having taken a turn to the hill, to survey the sheep, had seen me on my way, and having discovered my advance, had shaped his descent from the height accordingly. "Come awa', lad," said the kindly and honest-hearted farmer, in a most encouraging tone; "hail time's ay lucky time; come awa' hame, an' we'll see what the gudewife has got for hungry stomachs. Ye'll be e'en a wee yaupsouch* after yere lang journey; and the weans, puir things, are a' out on the Pyet Know-head, glouring out their een for ye." This address, very luckily, left me no time for hesitation, so onwards I went, keeping, if not pace, at least parallel with my conductor's strides; and after encountering a strange bevy of children, and dogs, and boggling cattle, I arrived in safety, through dub and mire, at the side of the kitchen fire. I was seated beside the gudeman, upon the lang-settle; and whilst dinner was getting forward, I had begun to contemplate my new situation. Immediately before me, there blazed a large peat-fire, upon a mill-

stone-hearth, which sloping off on all sides, caused every burning clod which tumbled down to drift to a considerable distance. Over this fire was suspended a large potful of newly "seiped" potatoes, sprinkled over thickly with salt, and sending up, from their cracking and steaming skins, a misty flavour. Beside the fire stood a kail pot, still bubbling and chuckling over—somewhat more inviting contents; and the cubbard, or dresser, gave support to a smoking pail or cogful of crap whey. Above the hearth sat the household gods, in the shape of two barefooted boys—my future pupils, apparently about eleven or twelve years old, scratching their heads manfully from time to time, and looking at the master, as if they had been surveying the lion in the Tower. Over their heads, and that of a newly-arrived servant lass, who was evidently set in for dinner, hung a drapery, partly composed of old stockings, hoshens, children's cloths, and newly-suspended sheep-skins turned inside out, and still indicating, by a few drops of blood on the sooty and dusty bench, that they had not been many hours separated from the carcase they originally covered. The gudewife, with a young child in her arm, or rather hanging leech-ways at her breast, and carefully turned over towards the fire, sat on the opposite side, amidst a whole bevy of younglings, who had just escaped, as their hands, and faces, and clothes, and whole appearance indicated, from contending with the pigs, or following, at every risk, the ducks, through all the depths and green defilements of the hyre-door-dub, or floschen. Towards the outer-door, and in the rear of all this, were to be seen wet plaids suspended over the corners of beds, and a marshalled supply of kents or staffs, which shewed their hooked, and variously-ornamented heads, from above beds and presses, where they had been lodged "out of the bairns's way." There was no ceiling, or ornamental frieze; but the absence of this was supplied by a canopy of dense blue smoke, through which, at intervals, the rannel tree and rafters gleamed, in all the indistinct decoration of sooty japanned work. Men and women poured in and in, and, with-

* Hungry, applied to with Jamieson.

out any salutation or ceremony, took their seats or stations precisely where they could find them; and in a few minutes after my arrival, the kitchen exhibited the appearance of a crowded "kill-oggie*" at hallowe'en. Here, in fact, every thing wore the aspect of liberty and happiness. The cricket chirruped behind the furnace fire, with a peculiar note of freedom and comfort. The kittens played and romped it at large; whilst the more sedate mothers of the feline race were carefully navigating their way through and amongst the "sporades," immediately beneath and in front of the kitchen table. The servant lass, with her petticoat tucked up around her plus-quam equatorial regions, whistled or chaunted aloud, whilst she rinsed the pots, or arranged the dishes for dinner. The dogs and the elder boys were upon the most intimate and familiar terms imaginable; and the whelps, or puppies, shared the buttering, if not the bread, with the younger children. All the distinction which attached to the master, consisted in the privilege of saying grace at meal-time, and of giving prayers at night and morning; whilst the gudewife was quite contented with such casual marks of command and authority as the "scolding" of the maids, and the conducting of her kitchen economy, implied. The gudeman, together with the greatest simplicity of manners, was exceedingly irascible, and not unfrequently burst out into paroxysms of rage, which were not less striking than ridiculous; but so soon as the evil spirit had departed from Saul, which, in ordinary cases, took place in a very short time, the spring-tide of his natural benevolence returned in full and accumulated flow. Hence he was subjected to every species of management, as it is termed and apprehended; nor was there an individual in the household, from the gudewife herself, down to the very colley-dog which companioned his steps, which did not know in what way to manage the gudeman. It was literally, as the mistress expressed

it, when advertising a newly-arrived kitchen-maid of the circumstance, "just jeuk an' let the jaw gang by. A great splutter o' words, an' nae mair about it." One day, he chanced to discover a young horse in the midst of a corn field, and quietly employed in appropriating the grain to his use. Having made several efforts, but without success, to remedy the evil, and finding, that in spite of all his and his dog's noisy and preposterous measures, the transgressor still advanced further into the field, trailing the grain in mouthfuls, and breaking it sadly down, he flew into a paroxysm of passion, ran home as fast as his feet could carry him, and having armed himself with an old Queen-Ann gun, was upon the point, when arrested by the hand of a less Mercurial menial, of "laying a handful of slugs under the old jade's flanks," as he expressed it. This servant received a pair of extra shoes, against next Martinmas Wednesday, for his prudent interference. On another occasion, one of his own children having suddenly excited his displeasure, he took up the offender, and dashed him violently and headlong into the duck-pond; but coming immediately, as was usual, to his better senses, he snatched the culprit from his comfortless, rather than dangerous situation, and carrying the "puir wean" in to his mother, absolutely shed tears over his own cruelty and rashness. Of this circumstance advantage was afterwards taken in procuring a suit of new clothes for the sufferer, against the next Thornhill fair. There was not an occasion, in a word, on which the gudeman appeared in extraordinary power and authority, from which he did not retire vanquished and subdued; a ready and imbecile tool to any one who might esteem it their interest, or find it their amusement, to handle him to their purposes.

The gudewife's character is more

* Roasting of apples, and burning of nuts, at a Kill-oggie, on Hallowe'en, was a favourite amusement with our ancestors. X.

* On another occasion, he received information respecting the delinquencies of his oldest son; and rushing into the bedroom where, with his younger brother, the boy was asleep, he inflicted an immediate and most vigorous punishment upon the "wrong breech."

difficult to individualize, and yet, in my own imagination and recollection, she sits as separate and distinct as her husband. In one respect, she was his perfect counterpart; for nothing on earth could put her into a passion, or make her lose that cool, equable, *most teasing* demeanour, which was natural to her. One could never tell whether he had succeeded in giving her satisfaction or not, for if she were displeased, she said little, and looked still less, and if she were satisfied, her external indications of approbation were equally questionable. She moved slowly, but steadily, in the midst of her family, smoking her pipe, nursing her child, superintending the cheese-making, observing glaring negligences, and keeping the gudeman in mended stockings and night-caps.

The two boys, who, properly speaking, were my pupils, had attained to considerable address in leading "cars," in watering horses, and in all that scientific tact which lazy servants know so well how to induce upon easily flattered and active children; but as to literary attainments, having never visited a school, or experienced until now the benefit of a teacher, they were glaringly deficient. Though advanced, nominally, into the Proverbs and the New Testament, and made acquainted, by the ear, with the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the "Belief," they were, in reality, still labouring with the perplexing similarities of the *b's* and the *d's*, the *p's* and the *q's*, and would rather have turned all the sheep upon the hill, or watered all the horses in the grass park, than have mastered the alphabet.

Soon after dinner, the two bullet-headed, pot-bellied urchins, were urged forward, by the compulsory hands of their mother, into my august presence and acquaintanceship; and upon putting a few very simple questions to them, in succession, I found that the one regularly looked into the face of the other for an answer. The fact was, that, in spite of all, my endeavours to suit and accommodate my queries to their opportunities and apprehension, I still found myself unsuccessful, till having observed the nether extremities of a "hunn, or earth-bee," hanging

by the waistcoat-breast of the elder urchin, I made enquiry respecting the amount of "binks *," with the knowledge of which he was blessed, and found him deeply versed, and correctly informed, upon the subject. "Sandy, there, kens o' three foggies, and twa red bottoms; but I ken of a real blue *bummer*, as big as the tap o' yere thumb, man." This conversation brought us completely into acquaintanceship, and even familiarity, and laid open the flood-gates of Rab and Sandy's speech, an evil which all my future art and authority could never remedy.

Towards evening, I was conducted into the "mid-room," an apartment which lay at an equal distance from the "but" and from the "ben," where, being a stranger, I had tea administered to me by the gudewife herself. Here, surrounded by every kind of children's clothes, and immersed in the gudeman's whole wardrobe of wearing apparel, which lay heaped up upon two wooden chairs, we sat on the side or stock of an adjoining bed, and in immediate opposition to an old fusty "*maiden* †," who flourished out her elbows, and spread abroad her train, in antique style, from over the chimney-piece. And here the gudewife and I became so well acquainted and gracious, that long ere the tea was over I had a squalling brat on each knee, and had been regularly apprized of the obligation under which such occasional accommodation to her convenience in this way, would place her. Having never in my life been accustomed to children, I made but an indifferent, and a somewhat awkward nurse; but the mother praised my address, and all, in so far, was well. At night, after supper, and at the very instant when the gudeman had given out the first line of the psalm, in the midst of a half-sleeping audience, I was kindly nodded away by the gudewife, and conducted "*ben*" to my bed, of which both my precious pupils had previously taken possession, and where

* Hives.

† This is the handful of oats which has been cut last, the preceding harvest, dressed up into the shape and designation of a "maiden."

they were already lying, "heads and thraws," with the blankets (for sheets there were none,) tossed and roped about, in the utmost derangement and confusion. Nor were these, my restless and unaccommodating pupils, the only company I had to contend with during the night; for the ben-house having been appropriated, with the exception of the corner where the bed stood, from time immemorial, to the reception of wool, there had collected and consoiated, year after year, a vast variety, and a countless amount, of vermin, which, like the beasts of prey mentioned in the Psalmist, sallied out during the silence and repose of the night, upon predatory excursions. Their motions and evolutions were so rapid, that, like a certain Queen of a celebrated city, I could have wished to have had a train of artillery in my chamber, to attack and discomfit them. However, such is the happy constitution of youth and health, and a substantial potato supper, that, after a few fruitless endeavours to diminish the number of assailants, by an offensive warfare, I wrapt myself up, as Horace has it, in "my own integrity," and positively fell into a sound sleep. When I awoke in the morning, the light had just begun to dawn over the damp and dreary solitude of my, or rather our chamber, and I could still hear the gudeman's powerful and highly-pitched voice, twining away at the psalms, in the kitchen, where, on the preceding evening, I had left him. This circumstance, at first, occasioned me some surprise, as I had left him singing at night, and concluded that he had not yet ceased his devotional exercise; but, upon further investigation, I found that I had slept longer than I imagined, and that, hence, my misapprehension had originated.

Here, indeed, I was nominally the instructor of youth, and had the benefit of having myself addressed by young and old, under the imposing title of "the master;" but in fact, my daily and habitual employment lay a hundred miles distant from all and every species of teaching. Whenever a push of domestic labour, which, during harvest, is an event unusually frequent, required the immediate agency of the kitchen-maid, and of

her assistant, in all humble subsergency, the mistress, I was immediately summoned into action. The cradle was to rock; the bairn "to tent a wee," and to keep out of the fire; the broth pot was to cool, and to prevent from o'er boiling; and I was entrusted with all the weighty and inviting contents of a "barrel-kirn." The herd's cog of porridge were likewise to be borne a-field; and many a soft and misty morning have I seen him skin off the brat, and leave the "clauted" loggings for the service of his dog, beneath the comfortless covering of a wet and spongy plaid. At dinner time, too, I found myself loaded with a stoupful of broth on my head—steady boys, steady!—and a brace of milk cogs in either hand; and in this guise and capacity it behoved me to make my approach to the harvest "boon." For the gudeman, likewise, I was all hands, arms, and legs—converting myself, at his bidding, into a driver of cars, a tramper down of hay, or a turner of fanners. I could never be made acquainted, however, with the art of forking or of threshing corn, though I was occasionally compelled to make the essay.

All this was quite foreign to my former habits, and had it not been that I was gloriously fed—was, after all, kindly used, and looked forward to a rousing "*kirn* *," and the grey naig to Dumfries market—I had certainly taken a moonlight leave of my present residence. Yet still I had moments and seasons of most melancholy reflection, and longing desire, when I thought of home, and all its comforts and early associations. They only who have been brought up amidst the sublimity and withdrawing of mountain scenery—whose affections have been early wedded to the few, but permanent and kindly objects, which a home thus situated presents—such only can appreciate the full force and depth of my present feelings—that sinking of the soul and despondency of spirit which obtains when "home," for the first time in particular, is no longer within immediate and every-day reach. Never did a descendant of Heber, whilst weeping by the brink, and

* Harvest-home.

suspending his harp upon the willow-tree of Babel's stream, long more ardently for Zion, city of the living God, than did the unfortunate subject of this history for the burn, and the yard, and whole consecrated aspect and establishment of home.

The harvest at last drew towards a close, and "the kirk," the long anticipated feast of ingathering, arrived. On the day of the "*winning*," as it is termed, of this agricultural conquest, the gudeman's boon amounted to upwards of fifty hocks, for there had been a general turn-out from the adjoining villages and farm towns, to aid, gratis and voluntarily, in the accomplishment of this desirable event. Whole hecatombs had been boiled and roasted, and the barn smoked to the rigging, before seven o'clock at night, with every variety of viand in which peasant and hungry stomachs are known to delight. It is needless to particularize where every thing was deserving of commemoration, or to excite the longing of some unhappy reader by description, without being able to gratify it; suffice it to say, that neither haggies nor pudding, of every rank and authority, from the plebeian "white hause," up to the imperial "gibby with the girds," were absent, and that the "herd callan" had like to have choked upon the first mouthful of stewed-meat, in his unpropitious and unsanctified haste to secure a belly-full. What had begun in good eating, ended in equally valorous drinking, and in all that demonstration of noisy merriment and gleesome delight which a blind-fiddler could countenance from his four-stringed, and otherwise deficient instrument.

When I returned home, at the end of this my first "service," and found myself again conversant with the poets and historians of antiquity, I felt as if, from a state of slavery, I had all at once ascended into freedom and honour,—and for the dungeon's damp and confinement, was again permitted to breathe free and dry air, under a blue sky, and an ample horizon. On all former occasions of harvest recess, I had returned to my winter tasks with a heavy and a peevish spirit, regretting the past, and averse to encounter the future; but at this time, the idea of the school, and the master, and the class, and the emu-

lation, and the honour, and the victory, came upon my newly-awakened faculties, in one tide of oppressive delight. Besides, I had earned something I could call my own, and had it in my power, for the first time in my life, to shew some small degree of gratitude to the best and kindest of parents; and when I came over the knowe-head, and descended upon the blessed goshen of my heart's affection—and when I met the smiles, and the kind inquiries, and the hearty congratulation of my aunts and mother, not to speak of Rover—there was not a happier soul in all King George's dominions!

P. S. So far my Uncle,—over whose future experience it befits us, till next month, to preserve a veil. X.

ON ASTRONOMICAL SYSTEMS.

THE contemplation of the starry heavens has at all times engaged the attention of the more serious part of mankind; and it was a natural consequence that the human mind, ever intent on acquiring knowledge, should be anxious to ascertain the nature and position of the sparkling objects which glisten in the vast expanse above us. The science of Astronomy is the work of ages; it has been gradually improving, from the earliest period; and its first dawnings are almost coeval with the universe which it contemplates. During the early ages of the world, as might naturally be expected, many absurd and fanciful notions were entertained respecting the figure, and the relative position of the heavenly bodies. To determine the form of the earth must have been an object of great curiosity: hence preposterous opinions were adopted, because they sometimes agreed with the slight and inadequate observations which had been previously made; and the motions and positions of the surrounding bodies, that is, the system of the world, were elucidated in the way which best accorded with preconceived opinions in philosophy and religion. The earth was, at first, considered as an immense plane, extending much farther in length than in breadth, and environed by an impassable ocean.

A huge mountain was placed towards the north, round which the sun and stars performed their diurnal revolutions; and, from its conical shape, and the oblique motions of the sun, they endeavoured to explain the inequality in the length of the days, and the variations of the seasons. The vault of heaven was conceived to lean upon the earth, extended beyond the ocean, while the earth itself was supported by two vast columns. Beneath the arched canopy, angels conducted the stars in their various motions; above this arch they placed the celestial waters, which were intended to cool the fiery regions of the starry firmament, and above all were the supreme heavens.

As knowledge increased, and men began to visit distant countries, these crude notions gave place to something more correct; the earth was found to be spherical, and this was the figure appropriated to all the other bodies which surrounded it.

The true system of the world was for a long time unknown, and one conjecture only served to overturn another; but as the bounds of science increased, the knowledge of Astronomy improved, and the Grecian philosophers had some of them formed very correct notions of the real state and condition of things as they are now known to exist; for history assures us, that the Egyptian Magi, and the Grecian philosophers, both taught that the sun is in the centre of our system, and that all the other bodies, that is, the earth and the planets, revolve around him. "Of all the natural sciences," says Laplace, "Astronomy is that which presents the longest series of discoveries. There is an immense distance from the first view of the heavens, to that general view by which, at the present day, we can comprehend the past and future state of the system of the world. To arrive at this knowledge, it was necessary to observe the heavenly bodies for a long succession of ages; to recognize, from their appearances, the real motion of the earth; to develop the laws of the planetary motions, and from these laws, to derive the principles of universal gravitation; then to descend from this principle, to the complete investigation of all the celestial phenomena, even in their

minutest details. This is what the human understanding has affected in astronomy."

The sublime truths taught in Greece by Pythagoras, and his followers, were soon after lost in the barbarism of succeeding ages. Every branch of mathematics and natural philosophy expired under the yoke of despotism; for the grand object of the Roman people consisted in subjugating to their sway the whole of the human race.

About the commencement of the Christian era, Ptolemy wrote an account of the system, which afterwards went by his name, which had been sanctioned and taught by Aristotle, Hipparchus, &c. and which was continued in the schools for a number of succeeding ages. In this system, the earth is supposed to be at rest, in the centre of the universe; while the heavens are considered as revolving about it, from east to west, and carrying along with them all the heavenly bodies, that is, all the stars, and all the planets, once in twenty-four hours. Not a single circumstance could be adduced in support of this system, except that it favoured appearances; but it was clogged with so many difficulties, and encumbered with such a ponderous load of epicycles and crystalline orbs, that it sunk at last under the weight of its own imperfections.

The TYCHONIC SYSTEM was invented by *Tycho Brahe*. It supposes that the earth is fixed in the centre of the universe, and that all the planets and all the stars move about it in twenty-four hours. But it differs from the Ptolemaic system; for it not only allows a monthly motion to the moon round the earth, and that of the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn, in their proper periods, but it makes the sun to be the centre of the orbits of the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, &c. which are carried round him in their respective years, in the same manner as the sun revolves about the earth in a solar year: and all these planets, together with the sun, are supposed to revolve around the earth, once in every twenty-four hours. This hypothesis was also loaded with so many difficulties, that it gained but few proselytes, and it might be

said to be still-born. A few alterations were made in it by Longomontanus, and others, who allowed the diurnal motion of the earth on its axis, but denied its annual motion round the sun. This hypothesis, partly true, and partly false, was called the SEMI-TYCHONIC SYSTEM.

The true system of the world was restored by *Copernicus*, about the beginning of the sixteenth century. In this system, the sun is at rest, and the earth and all the planets move about him as a centre, while the moon and all the satellites move round their primaries in the same manner. The stars are supposed to be at rest, and their apparent diurnal motion round the earth, from east to west, is imputed to the motion of the earth round its axis from west to east. This system was supported by that eminent mathematician and philosopher, Archimedes, who mentions it in his book "De Granorum Aræne Numero."

The systems above described show the gradual advancement of knowledge at different periods of the world. The COPERNICAN, or TRUE SYSTEM, as it only describes the motions and situations of the bodies in our system, that is, of our sun and his attendant planets, may very properly be denominated the SOLAR SYSTEM.

But the progress which Astronomy has made since the discoveries of the immortal Newton, has extended our views, and Astronomers are beginning to regard the whole of the fixed stars as composing one large system, which is, at present, called the SYSTEM OF THE UNIVERSE. The Solar System only takes in a very small part of the universe; it is so diminutive, and so insignificant, when compared with the whole, that, if it were entirely annihilated, the eye that could at one view take in the whole, would scarcely perceive any diminution in the mighty scheme.

The stars which we observe in a clear night are scattered about in space: from their immense distances, it is easy to demonstrate that they must at least be as large as our sun; whence it is manifest, that the stars are all suns, and, in all probability, have planets moving round them,

in the same manner as our sun has planets moving about him. These stars, with their attendant planets, constitute the System of the Universe. Before the invention of telescopes, the few stars which are visible to the naked eye were the only bodies known to exist; but since the invention of that noble instrument, their number has been increased almost to infinity: may we not be allowed, then, to infer, that the stars are innumerable, and that they reach to an extent which exceeds even the bounds of imagination? Persons unacquainted with the principles of Astronomy can form but a very imperfect idea of the distance of the stars from the earth. Astronomers determine the distance of a star of the *first* magnitude, or rather the limit beyond which it must lie, in the following manner: If the earth's diameter had subtended a sensible angle at the nearest star, they would have been able to ascertain the distance of that star, by the observed change in its place, when viewed from the opposite extremities of the earth's diameter; but as this base was found to be too short, they have substituted, for the earth's diameter, the diameter of the earth's orbit. If an observation be made on a star, when the earth is in one of the extremities of the transverse diameter of its orbit, we ought naturally to expect that the star would appear in a different part of the heavens, when viewed from the other extremity of the diameter of the earth's orbit, which includes a base of 190 millions of miles. But, notwithstanding all the attempts that have been made, with the most accurate instruments, no such change of place of the star in the heavens has been detected. The observations made for this purpose were conducted with such extreme precision, that the parallax of the stars cannot possibly amount to a single second of a degree; for, if it had, it would most certainly have been determined. Now, although this angle, which is called the parallax of the stars, has not been determined, we are certain that it is less than one second. Let us suppose, then, that the parallax of the stars amounts to one second, that is; that the diameter of the earth's

orbit subtends, at the nearest star, an angle of $1''$; we have given the base of a right-angled triangle 190,000,000 miles, and the angle at the vertex $1''$, to find the other side, which comes out a little more than 20,000,000,000,000 of miles; and the distance of the nearest star must be greater than this number, which is much larger than many persons can easily imagine.

This amazing distance will afford us a pretty correct idea of the immense magnitude of the universe. Another corroborative proof of the great distance of the stars arises from their apparent smallness, and the impossibility of magnifying them, even with our best telescopes. On applying an instrument which magnifies 700 times,—and this is the same thing as if the observer were removed *one seven-hundredth part* of that distance nearer to the star,—the star appears to be rather diminished than increased in magnitude! From the distance of the stars, we may also form a tolerably correct idea of their magnitudes. If the parallax of any one of them amounted to a second, and its distance were only twenty billions of miles, we can easily calculate that its diameter would be more than a hundred times larger than that of our sun; but as this is scarcely probable, it is evident that the parallax of the stars nearest to us does not amount to one second. The same result may be obtained, by observing the moon and a star, at the time of an apulse of the moon and a star. For, as the moon moves over one second in her orbit, in two seconds of time, it is obvious that, when the moon comes in contact with the star, it should take up two seconds in becoming totally hid, if the diameter of the star were equal to one second; but it plunges behind the moon, and becomes totally hid in an instant, and therefore the apparent diameter of the star is less than *one second*. Mr Pond may be right, then, in asserting, that no sensible parallax of the stars is indicated by the best instruments now in use.

Let us now consider whether the bodies, that is, the stars and planets, which compose this system of the universe, are at rest or in motion. It has been ascertained, that bodies reci-

procally gravitate towards each other, and that the influence of gravity reaches to the utmost limits of creation. If, then, the stars be at rest, they must be distributed through space, in every direction, to infinity: for as gravity acts constantly, all the bodies in the universe will be solicited towards the centre of position of the system, unless they be acted upon equally in a contrary direction, to keep up an equilibrium. Thus, if we suppose any single body to be placed on the outside of the system, it will begin to move towards the centre, because there is no counter-acting force on the outside of it, to draw it in the contrary direction. In the same manner, all the outer bodies would begin to move towards the centre, and, however slowly they might *begin* to move, as their motion would continue to accelerate, they would at length come together, and become one chaotic mass, in the centre of gravity of the whole.

But that this beautiful system may continue, and that order and harmony may be preserved, we have a simple remedy in store; having only to introduce projectile force and progressive motion. The system of Jupiter and his satellites is a miniature of the solar system, to which it belongs; in the same manner, the solar system is a miniature of the universal system, round the centre of which the whole of the solar system is in motion. And, also, not only the solar system, but as many other systems as there are stars, are all in motion round the centre of gravity of the universe; and thus, instead of the disorder and ruin which would occur, if all these bodies were not acted upon by a projectile force and progressive motion, the whole is changed into a countless number of admirably-adjusted motions, all harmonizing together, and displaying the wonderful power and wisdom of the Divine Architect. What grandeur and magnificence is here displayed! The sublimity, however, of this system, only discovers itself by degrees. In the centre, there may be a large body which governs the motions of all the systems: in this case, what an astonishing display of creative power is suggested, when we contemplate that place which the motions of so many sys-

tems are compelled to obey ! What an immense number of suns, each attended by its train of planets, and these planets perhaps peopled with myriads of intelligent beings, are thus presented to our view ; while in the centre of these may be a body several thousand times larger than the whole ! What renders this supposition of a central body probable is, that if the systems be similar, our sun, in the centre of our system, is nearly four thousand times greater than the entire mass of the surrounding planets : why, then, ~~we~~ we not suppose that the central body of the universe is many times larger than the whole of the systems which revolve around it ? It is not absolutely necessary that this body should be visible ; its use is not to illuminate the other bodies in the system, but to govern their motions ; and the stars appear to shine with their own light. It is not, indeed, absolutely requisite that there should be a *central body* ; but the beautiful simplicity and regularity which we behold in every part of creation which comes immediately under our cognizance, seems to warrant a like simplicity and regularity in the larger, as well as in the smaller parts of the universe, and, therefore, renders the supposition of such a central ruler at least possible. The probability of a progressive or circular motion of the sun, was first suggested, from theoretical principles, by the late Dr Wilson of Glasgow ; and Lalande deduced a similar opinion, from the rotatory motion of the sun, by supposing that the same mechanical force which gave it a motion round its axis, would give its centre a motion of translation in infinite space.

If the sun has a motion in space, it is natural to conceive that it is directed towards some particular part of the heavens. It is obvious, also, that the stars in that quarter will appear to recede from each other, while those in the opposite quarter will seem gradually to approach ; in the same manner as, when walking through a forest of trees, those to which we are advancing appear to open, while those behind us appear gradually to contract. The proper motion of the stars, then, in those directions, ought, in some respects, to

correspond with this hypothesis ; and Dr Herschel found by observation, that the motion of many of the stars is in the direction which would result from a motion of the sun towards the constellation Hercules ; or more nearly to a part of the heavens, whose right ascension is $250^{\circ} 52' 30''$, and whose north polar distance is $40^{\circ} 22'$. Klugel found the right ascension of this point to be 260° , and Prevost makes it 230° , with 65° of north polar distance. These observations are sufficient to prove that the stars are *in motion* ; it is obvious, however, from these, and it is more fully proved by the recent observations of M. de Zach, that the direction of their motion is not in a right line, or that it is not directed towards any one point in the heavens. On the hypothesis of an orbital motion, they ought not to verge towards any particular point ; but as the stars are at different distances from the centre of the universal system, their observed places ought to coincide with their motions as referred to the orbits in which they move round that centre. A considerable number of observations must, however, be made, with the utmost accuracy, before this point can be finally settled.

Dr Herschel supposes that the motion of the sun, and the other parts of the system, is not slower than that of the earth in its orbit round the sun, and that it is performed round some distant centre. The attractive force capable of producing such an effect, he does not suppose to be lodged in one large central body, but in the centre of many clusters, or perhaps in the centre of all the clusters.

Lalande is of opinion that there is an equilibrium among all the systems of the universe, and that they have a periodical revolution about their common centre of gravity.

On the hypothesis of an universal system revolving round a centre, we can easily account for the appearance and disappearance of some stars, which have been observed at different periods. Let us suppose that our solar system is situated near the confines of the universal system, and that a star just appearing is not very distant from the centre of this system ; it is evident, that, as the star

moves towards that part of its orbit which is nearest to the solar system, it will be visible to us; but as it moves on to that part of its orbit which is on the opposite side, it will become invisible to us,—and will be visible to us *once* during every revolution in its orbit. On the same principles we can account for the separation, &c. of double stars, and some other phenomena connected with them. The supposition of the motion of the universe round a centre is not, therefore, a mere hypothesis, but strongly supported by analogy. The universal system is similar to the smaller parts of our system, and also to the whole of the solar system. Beside, as we have already proved, if the stars have not a circular motion round a centre, because gravity acts upon them, they must be in motion towards the centre of attraction, and will at length all meet in that centre, and become one immense, chaotic, ruinous heap*! But if they are in motion round a centre, all this confusion and ruin is prevented; the harmony of the parts is preserved in the whole; several phenomena, otherwise inexplicable, are easily explained; beauty, order, and regularity, immediately follow; and the universe appears worthy the hand that formed it. This analogy also acquires additional evidence, even from the transcendant nature of the universe; as nothing less magnificent, or less symmetrical, in all its parts, appears suitable to a BEING of infinite perfections. Nor does the analogy stop here. The light of the stars is the same as that of our sun; it moves with the same velocity; it is reflected and refracted, according to the same laws; it consists of the same colours; it is exactly similar to solar light, and the medium of vision must therefore be acted upon in the same manner, by solar light, and the light of the stars: and thus a me-

chanical connection is proved to exist between them, both with respect to *Light* and the *power of Gravitation*.

LETTERS AND MAXIMS OF MADAME
NECKER.

Madame Necker to Lord Stormont.

MY LORD,

YOUR letter gave me a most sensible pleasure. It is evidently written amidst the overflowings of a virtuous happiness. A solid understanding, and a mind so excellent as yours, cannot surely regret the absence of the troubles and vexations of a high place and employment. The torrents of the mountains are most unwelcome and dreaded where the land is most rich and fertile. I have remarked, with much satisfaction, in your kind letter, various affecting expressions, that paint delightfully your domestic happiness. This is the fruit of your numerous good qualities, and should be the more dear to you. It is rare, and most praiseworthy, at Lady Stormont's age, to have seen our many strange frivolities, and to have adopted, in their place, the peaceful duties and true satisfactions of a pure mind. An abode in Paris appears to me indeed a dangerous situation, especially since my daughter has grown up; and I have found it my duty to contend, without ceasing, by particular examples, against the general usage; a combat, you will acknowledge, unequal, and of doubtful success. I am astonished every day at that moral indifference which seems to have struck, with lasting barrenness, all hearts and all minds. *Here*, we judge of society as we speak of the actors in a theatrical piece: we ask merely if the characters are well supported, and we hiss only when a knave happens to do a good action, or an honest man a deed that is equivocal. Nothing interests us but novelties; vices or virtues, all are the same; every thing is well received, provided the conversation be animated, and ennui, our most dreaded plague, be kept away. We fear, above all things, at Paris, a correct conduct that critical wit can take no hold of; just as sailors fear, at sea, a lasting calm, that hinders them from

* If observations had proved that the universe is in motion, in a straight line, towards a fixed point, it would follow, as a necessary consequence, that the universe, in such a case, must be hastening towards its ruin; but observations completely refute such an hypothesis. Does it not then follow, *a posteriori*, that the universe is in motion round a centre?

renewing their store of provisions. Yes, we love agitation; but it is after the manner of infants, who wish to be moved and rocked even in the same individual place: for amidst much bustle we stand still: there is motion, but not movement. When shall we act as men! when shall this dread disorder cease, and convalescence arrive!—My Lord, with great regard yours, &c.

Madame Necker to Mr Gibbon.
1792.

DEAR SIR,

WE often think of those days, so full of delight, which we spent with you at Geneva. As for myself, during that favoured space of time, I experienced feelings altogether new to me, and certainly to most others that live; for I was enabled to unite, in this situation, through the rare kindness of Providence, one of the sweet and pure affections of my youth, with what has been my distinguished lot in riper years, and has rendered me, in truth, a being so worthy to be envied. This singularity in my condition, and the delightful conversation, without model, that I enjoyed, were to me somewhat like enchantment; and the connection of the times past with the present, made my days pass like one of those delicious dreams that, as the poet expresses it, come through the Ivory Gate to console weak mortals. Would you not desire, my dear Sir, that this happiness should be continued? Copet is now in all its beauties: but I know not if I should insist much at present, we are here now so solitary, and live in such quietness. Circumstances keep the Genevans at their fire-sides, and their country-residences are deserted. Mr *** has thought it right to marry again, thinking to get rid, in this way, of the half of his cares. Allow me to say to you, my dear Sir, avoid an union thus tardy and unseasonable. The marriage that renders a man happy in advanced age, is that which was contracted in youth. Then alone is the union perfect: tastes are mutually communicated—the sentiments speedily correspond—the thoughts become common—the

intellectual faculties take a similar impression—satisfactions are rendered double—and the whole life is a prolongation of youth; for the soul preserves its power over the senses, and the beauty which has disappeared still preserves its empire.

But with regard to you, my dear Sir, in all the vigour of your faculties, with your views established, and your habits decided, without almost a miracle, you would not find a woman worthy of you; and an union of an imperfect kind would but verify the significant picture of Horace. Shall I not say to you that you are married to glory? and your friends, who love you, cannot be jealous of a tie that lifts *you* so high, and even reflects on *them* consideration and regard. I have thought a thousand times, with great pleasure, of the confidence that you have placed in me respecting your writings, and I wait for the successive publication of these with inexpressible interest. I believe that your genius will present to the world a new species of writing. All the riches of the age are yours; and you will be found the powerful and true loadstone, that detains within its atmosphere all that it approaches, and is worthy of being drawn to it. Adieu, my dear Sir. There is no one in the world that feels more than I do the value of that singular union, of a genius the most extended and the most brilliant, with the mildest temper, and the most equable mind: so that we may well speak of you as Cicero speaks of Letters, "Equally delightful in retirement and in the world," in Paris and at Copet.—Yours, with great regard, &c.

MAXIMS, SAYINGS, AND ANECDOTES.

THE fire of the Muses is not like the vestal fire: it goes out when you hide it.

Genius is often casually lighted up: Malebranche appeared, for a time, to his friends as weak. Chance threw in his way Descartes' *Treatise on Man*. He read it without quitting the Pont-neuf, where he found it; he read it during the night; and he became at once a deep thinker, and a great man.

Our tastes are a key to our minds:

Madame *** loves botany, but cannot bear chemistry. To relish the one, it is needful to see : to relish the other, we must think.

M. Thomas, when he saw at Geneva the French troops that were said to come to protect liberty, said, "I think I see those guards that are placed over the graves of the dead."

You should be really a person, and not an actor.

A plain appearance misleads the judgment. The celebrated Daniel Bernouilli, travelling into Italy in the diligence, met with a fellow-passenger who took great delight in his conversation, and who, in the close, earnestly asked his name. "I am Daniel Bernouilli," replied he, modestly. The traveller, looking at Bernouilli, imagined he was bantering him, and replied, in the same tone, "And as for me, I am Sir Isaac Newton!"

Voltaire, said Dubueq, is always, when he writes, Amphitryon in the fable: he contrives to pass for the master of the house, in the house of another.

Charles, Duke of Bourgogne, never ceased speaking of the great Hannibal. He was defeated by the Swiss near Granson. His fool cried to him, while he was rapidly flying, "Now, my Lord, this is like Hannibal!"

Argenson said to his friends, "I keep close in my office: since I have been Minister, I have not yet worn out one pair of shoes." "I well believe it," said Madame Surgère; "every one carries you on their shoulders."

A Turk, full of enthusiasm in favour of the despotic government of his country, said to a French traveller, "You cannot figure to yourself how great is my happiness, when I say to myself, It is by the grace and kindness of my sovereign that I find my head upon my shoulders!"

An Englishman, having had a long conversation with Voltaire, King George the Third asked him, what he thought of him? "Please your Majesty," said he, "he appears to me to be the devil's buffoon!"

In the provinces, men in general appear equal, by means of simple manners, and a wise economy: but in Paris, men are equal, through art and prodigality.

Voltaire one day meeting Piron, called out to him, "Well, Piron, what do you say of my *Meropé*?" "That I am," replied Piron, "a fool, and you a man of understanding; for I always take subjects for my plays that have neither father nor mother."

Women who desire to appear reasonable, rather than brilliant, have, happily, the fate of Solomon: they obtain in time the reputation which they did not seek.

Madame Darti, beloved by the Prince of Conti, was dangerously ill of the small pox. Said her confessor to her, "Madam, it is time to abandon all undue attachments, and to renounce all the vanities of this world: and how does it come to pass that you allow the Prince of Conti to remain days and nights at the gate of your hotel, to learn tidings of you?" "Ah, my dear father!" said she, "how greatly you delight me! how happy you make me! I was afraid he had altogether forgotten me!"

Madame du Delfand said one day to M. De Pendevelle, "We have been friends now for forty years; and that is, I think, because we have been always indifferent to each other." "Madam," replied Pendevelle, "you are right."

The principles of Rousseau are false; but the results he draws from them are just. "He is," said Cerrutti, "like a clock somewhat wrong: you hear with pleasure the tune that is played, but you must not heed the hour that is pointed."

Cahuzac, on reading one of his tragedies at Madame Geoffrin's, thus prefaced it: "My hearers, you will observe that I shun equally the gigantesque of Corneille, and the insipidity of Racine." Says one of the company, "Yes; you modestly sit on the ground, between two chairs."

Read much, but read few books.

DR COTTON'S REPLY TO THE REVIEWER OF HIS "LIST OF EDITIONS OF THE BIBLE *."

SIR,

ON the thirtieth of May last, your Magazine for November 1821 was put into my hands, in which I found a notice of a tract lately published by me, on the subject of English Bibles. Under any circumstances, I should have received such a notice favourably, and should have been equally thankful for the correction of error, or the communication of additional information. But, Sir, particular pains were taken to let me know, that the article in question was written by the Rev. Mr Dibdin; and, in deference to the name and character of so established a bibliographer, I at once conceived it right, and even necessary, to offer such explanations as I might be able, in answer to his remarks.

In the engagements and avocations which have, for upwards of three months, prevented me from following up my purpose, the public is entirely uninterested: I have only to hope that your kindness will allow the insertion of this reply, and that, though late, it may be admitted and perused by those who remember the observations which have occasioned it.

As Mr Dibdin's remarks are made on particular points, with the exception of two general observations, I shall beg leave to adopt a similar method in my reply.

The two points with which he finds fault *generally*, are, first, the quaintness and inelegance of my style; and, second, that I have not sufficiently quoted *him*. To the first of these I plead guilty, in the fullest

extent; my style of writing is certainly ungracious and disagreeable, even to myself. I cannot but perceive, and must lament it. Let us hope, however, that this defect may be remedied or alleviated by degrees. By the time that I shall have written as much, and on as great a variety of subjects as Mr D., some portion at least of this stiffness may be expected to wear off; in the mean time, I must entreat the indulgence of the public, and request them to accept any information which I am enabled to give, without being deterred by the awkward garb in which it is unfortunately clothed. * As to a "consequential, pompous, tiptoe style," and a "convocation-air," nothing could be farther from my intention in the work referred to, nor, as I believe, from my general disposition and demeanour.

The second general charge, that of not quoting Mr Dibdin so frequently as I was bound to do, I shall better explain by and by.

Of the *particular* allegations, the first is against my Dedication. I may have wandered unconsciously into a "nursery" style; but my feeling was certainly, that, for all care and superintendence since the time when I was six years old, for all my present enjoyments, (and, thank God, they are numerous and substantial,) for all my hopes, and all my prospects in this life, I am wholly indebted to the late Dean Jackson. If I have erred, it has been in expression; my feelings, I am quite sure, are above censure.

2d. I had said in my Introduction, "a compilation like the present is not to be completed by a man, but by men;" meaning, of course, that no one person can ever hope to see, and describe accurately, *every* edition of the Bible. Mr D. is determined to misunderstand me, in order that he may "differ" from me. "We differ from him in this conclusion; a good, correct bibliographical, and even critical account of the earlier

* We conceive it an act of common justice to Dr Cotton, to insert his Reply to the Observations of the Reviewer of his work, on the "Editions of the Bible;" although, in ascribing the notice of that work, which appeared in our Magazine for November last, to the Rev. Mr Dibdin, he can have nothing to bear him out but his own conjectures, which, whether right or wrong, do not, we think, warrant the use that, on this occasion, and upon such imperfect evidence, has been made of Mr Dibdin's name.

* I cannot yet bring myself to use the fashionable expressions of "joyous," "ryghte mery," or "disport ourselves."—I cannot call a good bookbinder "the Coryphæus of Bibliopægiasts." I love old books and bibliography; but I hate downright nauseous nonsense.

printed English versions of the Bible, might be successfully executed by a single pair of hands." Even if this be granted, it is what I never denied, nor even spoken to at all; it is obvious that I was altogether upon a different subject.

Mr D. desires authority for my account of four dry-fats, full of Bibles, being saved from the fire at Paris in the year 1538. I need only refer him to Strype's life of Cranmer, p. 84, fol. edit.: he also very unluckily doubts the propriety of the word *fat*, and substitutes *vat*. What! does he not know that the former is the more ancient mode of spelling; and that the word, thus spelt, may be found even in several of our later dictionaries? or need I remind him where it is written, "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat?"

Although Mr D. is "persuaded that neither Grafton nor Whitchurch ever planted a foot upon French ground," yet I am equally persuaded, that my account of their printing a Bible there, in 1538, is founded on fact. The actual presence of the proprietors of a work, neither was, nor is, I apprehend, essential to its publication.

Mr D. "would have been glad to have seen wherein the edition of November 1540 differs from the edition of *May in that year*." I nowhere had said that it did: I named the editions of 1541, not 1540, and gave, in my Appendix, a full account of the difference between them.

Mr Dibdin is surprised to find, in my account of Tyndale's first Testament, "no mention made of the particular description of the copy of this inestimable little volume, which appears in the Bibliographical Decameron." In truth, I believe him: but I believe also, that he himself is almost the only person who is surprised at this occurrence. "The anecdotes related by Dr Cotton have been mentioned in the work just referred to; and in short, (we believe,) by the compilers of the Harleian library." The latter part of this statement is erroneous, and the former contains no argument to convince me that I have committed a crime in preferring other authority to that

of the Bibliographical Decameron.—Again, "we find a particular notice of Coverdale's Bible of 1535; the author forgetting, at p. 3. that Lord Spencer possessed a copy, which copy had been copiously described in the printed pages of a work, which we suspect the librarians of the Bodleian library to be in the occasional habit of consulting." To say nothing of the vanity of this remark, the facts are these: I did not notice Lord Spencer's copy, because I had not myself seen it; but was in hopes, although my acquaintance with its noble and learned owner is extremely slight, to have at some future time the pleasure of a personal inspection: and I did not take Mr Dibdin's account of the book, (given in vol. 1. of the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*,) because, in the first place, I had the book itself before my eyes, in the Bodleian library; and, secondly, that account would only have misled my readers; Mr Dibdin, either not knowing that Lord Spencer's copy was imperfect, which is bad, or knowingly concealing it, which is worse.

Mr D. corrects me for calling Nicolson's Bible of 1537 a folio, instead of a quarto, and yet I had mentioned the quarto edition *also*; but took my notice of the folio from Mr Crutwell, who, as Mr Dibdin himself observes in the preceding page of his review, "has done his task very creditably."

He declares at last, that my book will not add a wreath to my fame, either as a Bibliographer or a *Divine*! he might have added, an *Alchymist*, *Geometer*, or *Man-midwife*; for in each of these characters, as far as I can see, am I likely to be affected, just as much as in that of a *Divine*, by a work which, although its subject-matter relates to the Scriptures, is yet, in its composition, purely and professedly bibliographical.

But I think it appears beyond a doubt, that the very head and foot of my offending in this business, and which has given a tone of pique and bitterness to observations which I should otherwise have valued, is the sad circumstance of my not appealing to Mr Dibdin as authority so often as I ought to have done. I am not called on to give any opinion upon the publications of Mr D., but so far as is necessary to explain my beha-

viour in this particular, I must beg leave to say, that for liveliness and variety of remark, I give his works much credit; for interesting and exquisitely finished embellishments, still more; for accuracy, I regret to say, very little. This last is the qualification which I wanted, and if I did not find it in him, felt myself fully justified in seeking it from other quarters.* This pique of his cannot but remind your readers of an angry squabble, which, a short time ago, afforded no small amusement to the literary public; in which it was gravely stated as a grievance, that *Mr E. H. Barker had neglected no opportunity of quoting Dr Bloomfield, but that Dr Bloomfield had never once quoted Mr E. H. Barker!*

The fame of Mr D. needs no support from me; the author who, for twelve years past, has been feeding the public with bibliography at the rate of three guineas per volume, cannot concern himself with an aspirant, who only ventures a tract of seven shillings and sixpence, and that, too, upon ground almost untouched by Mr Dibdin, although he seems by a note (given below*) to be desirous of entering more fully into this department also. We should be much obliged to him for a new and enlarged edition of Lewis. His stock of information must be adequate to the successful execution of such a work; only let him not think accuracy beneath his notice, nor suffer his sober judgment to be run away with by his imagination.

I now take my leave of Mr Dibdin. I am obliged to him for all his good wishes to my book; and, should it ever be reprinted, I will endeavour to avoid the errors and imperfections which he has now noticed, or will at any time hereafter be kind enough to point out.

II. COTTON.

rd. 16th " " "

* "By the bye, why does not this enterprising and experienced bibliographer give us a new edition of 'Lewis upon the English Bibles.' We think it would answer in every respect—in reputation and in profit—especially as more *splendid* performances have been recently found to be less advantageous on the latter score." Who, since the days of little

THE LITERARY LEGACY.

No. IX.

MR EDITOR,

I FEEL much pleasure in presenting you with the sequel of Willie Jardine's adventure. May the fame thereof be shed abroad, from Maiden-kirk even unto Johnny Groats, and increase the sale of your *Miscellany* seven fold! Being in a plaguy hurry, and not over-well disposed to go about the bush, you will please to excuse me for tripping up the old woman's heels so very unceremoniously.

THE GYRE CARLINE.

(Concluded.)

"The mermaid sat on an oosy rock,
Her kelpies around her lay;
She kaim'd her glistening locks on the breeze,
And wrang out the briney spray.

"O welcome again to your bairnies and me,
Fu' sweetly the siren sang;
'Our days ha'e been dreigh, and sleepless our nights,
Ye've tarried frae hame sae lang.

'Our sprightly boy is parading the beach,
Delirious wi' joy, I trow,
And wildly the wee ane louns in my lap,
And hauds out its hands for you.'

"Then changing her note to the prattling lisp
O' the bairn on the nurse's knee,
'O, father! what hauds ye awa' sae lang?
Mak' haste, and come hame to me.'

"The steersman suddenly turn'd his helm
Wi' a fatallly skilful hand,
And about he brought his deluded bark
To bear on the craggy strand.

"Then rous'd frae their watery pillows of rest,
The surges were heav'd on high,
The tempest howl'd, and the thunder growl'd,
Frac the bree o' the sullen sky.

Jeffrey Hudson, could have written such a puffing note as this concerning himself? This discontented, querulous tone, and these perpetually recurring hints about *profit*, would fain lead us to believe it to be Mr D.'s opinion, that the whole and sole use of a book was to throw a certain sum of money into the pockets of its manufacturer.

"The tempest raged on the watery waste
Till the wild waves lash'd the skies,
And the foul fiends, with accursed ac-
claim,
Beheld their approaching prize.

"The lightning rain'd on her blazing deck,
And flash'd on her shatter'd side,
And the demon's laugh, frae his stormy
hall,
To the sailor's shriek replied.

"She climb'd to the crest o' a mountain
wave,
That struggled and toil'd on high,
Her canvas flaming afar on the wind,
Illuming the gloomy sky :

"And rock'd on the ridge like a sea-bird
tost
On the billow's foamy brow,
Then down she rush'd on the crashing
rock,
And stove in her gallant prow.

"The mariner clung to the drifting wreck,
And struggl'd with wind and wave,
Till, weary and wasted, senseless they sunk
In a wide and watery grave.

"But, oh ! the witch laugh, the exultin'
yell,
And shriek o' appal'd despair,
That clos'd the sad scene, will annoy my
growth,
And haunt me for ever mair.

"Now still was the wind, and silent the
sea,
Besprinkl'd wi' starry light,
And warlock and witch frae the wreck
brought away
The spoils o' that dreadful night.

"The kimmers sat down on the smooth
green merse,
Wi' cheerie and blithesome face,
And auld Nicky Heron steik'd her cen,
And said the infernal grace.

"And aye they carous'd, i' the how o' the
night,
On a' that was gude and rare,
And aye they drank o' the blood-red wine,
Till their skins wou'd laud nae mair.

"Then up gat twa o' the cantiest elves
E'er scur'd at the break o' morn,
The tane o' them blew on a lawland pipe,
The tither a gude gait horn.

"And on the sea-shore they merrily play'd
Sae lively lilt, I ween,
That auld and young frae their hunkers
arose,
And footed it o'er the green.

"The auld dames kilted their kiltmankies,
And oh sae wudly they sang,

And yellach'd, and leugh,[•] and snapped
their thumbs,
At ilka unearthly spang.

"The GYRE CARLINE, i' the courtliest
style,
Her auld-farrand airs did shaw,
And reel'd wi' the warlock o' ———
The souplest loon o' them a'.

"He lap and he shuffl'd, wi' gruesome
grimace,
And gied aye the tither yell,
And leugh and holloo'd, till I verily thought
The fiend was beside himsel'.

"At length there arriv'd an ill-favour'd
inip,
Weel branded wi' Satan's birn,
And stood i' the midst o' their merriment,
The WATCHER o' CRIFFLE CAIRN.

"Ha'e done wi' your daffin, my gal-
lants,' he cried,
'And saddle your steeds,' quoth he,
'For the morning sun, afar i' the east,
Is lifting a waukrife e'e ;

'And the wind, whase breath our glamour
dissolves,
Like mist on the mountain grey,
Is wagging the braken on Arwald Fell,
Sae busk ye, and come away.'

"The pawkie kimmers, wha dreaded as
death
The breath of approaching morn^{*},
Now warily took to wiping their mou's,
And qualling the parting horn.

"Auld Maggie took leave o' the throw-
ither thrang,
A ranting kimmer was she,
And merrily sang 'The Rinawa' Bride,'
Until she untethered me.

* *Barbara Russel* tells a strange story concerning the effects of morning air on Satan's flying cavalry.—A certain old warlock, having made too free with the quogh at one of their nocturnal meetings, was riding homewards along the Milky Way, very much at his leisure, when the breath of morn suddenly dispelled the buoyancy of his broomstick, and down he came, like a shot gull, plash in the loch of *Ken*. A shepherd, who happened to be rather early out, plunged into the water, and, with the assistance of his dog, succeeded in hauling the old blade ashore, without reflecting, for a moment, on the strange occurrence ; but when he came to himself, and recollected the perpendicular descent of his new acquaintance, he lifted up his hands, and bawled out, "In God's name, where d'ye come frae? where are ye gaun? and what do they ca' ye?" "D'ye no ken me?" quoth the cunning carl : "I'm the man o' the moon, and ha'e

" Syne buckled the belt o' her riding skirt,
That richly wi' gould did lowe,
And at ae loup, the auld limmer flang
Her hough on the saddle bow.

" And wha but the witch o' *Hallidayhill*
Rade by on a courser fleet,
And thus Meg Oliphant, full i' the teeth,
Wi' a taunting leer did greet :

" Hlaith ye sneer weel at the waddling
gait,
O' *Kelliston* dominie,
But gi'e the young miller his will o' the
rein,
And I'll rin him blin', quoth she.

" And sae will I, quoth *Mirgeric Waugh*,
And stroak'd her prancing roan,
' For a soupler tailor never lap shough
Than spunkie *Wattie M'Crone*."

" The Jezabels gied an eldritch scraigh,
And speedily spurr'd awa',
But, lash'd wi' a wattle o' hell-grown
saugh,
I had the heels o' them a."

" Like hissing gleams frae a scowling
cloud
To the *Caveen's* yett we flew,
And there the dominie slipped his girth,
And the tailor tint a shoe.

" But soon did the beldames buckle his
graith,
And *Wattie* they soundly shod ;
And syne wi' a skirl that gaed to our
hearts,
They mounted and took the road :

just gotten a wee drappie owre meikle o' our wife's hame-brewn yill. It flew to this auld noddle o' mine, and made sic a piece o' wark, that I slipped a foot at the house-end, and ye see what's the consequence. Conscience, lad, if I only had ye ayont our hallan, ye shou'dna depart, like the cat frae *Marion Gibson's* kirk, black-fasting. I'd send ye hame agairn singing the sang that a neighbour o' mine composed at our house-heating :

" A cantier carle ne'er ladled a bowl,
Nor danced to the bagpipe's bum,
' Ca' round the *brown cow*' is his motto,
I trow,

And drink for the drouth to come.

" Monie a gude fat sheep ha'e I seen on thy back, *Willie M'Guffock*, that shou'd ha'e been elsewhere, and beheld thee burying monie a prime skin wi' the laird's birn on't ; but keep your ain counsel, and ye've ne'er be the waur o' my evidence." The account he gave of himself was so very satisfactory, that *M'Guffock* turned on his heel, and Satan's disciple departed in peace.

" And awa' to the tap o' *Kirkconnel Hill*,
Like swallows along the lake,
Where *Maggie* left baith the limmers a-
storn,
To follow her airy wake.

" But never out owre her shouther she
glowr'd,
Nor pause by the way made she,
Till a warning voice, frae the *Boglethorn*,
Tauld her to unsaddle me.

" Her cantrip bridle, that Satan himsel'
Embroider'd wi' mony a charm,
The kimmer unbuckl'd, wi' cautious care,
And hanked it on her arm.

" And as I began to come to mysel',
She shook her infernal wand,
And daur'd me to stir till the cocks had
crawn,
Sao left me where I was faund."

The Friar arose at the tail o' our tale,
And liftin' his voice, quoth he,
" O, Satan ! a dreadful lawin ha'e I
To settle belyve wi' thee.

" Deceive not thyself, for the day draw-
eth near,
And the reckoning hour's at hand,
When a clog to thy cloven foot I will bind,
And sweep thine hosts from the land !"

Nor vain was his speech, nor barren his
boast,
Else n' that's been said and sung,
O' his wondrous deeds, is an auld wife's
tale,
The clash o' Tradition's tongue.

But, Reader, draw near, and a word to
the wise

I'll drap frae my wild-geese quill—
There's lustier tales ha'e been tauld by
divines
Than the feats o' *Father M'Gill* *.

Having now disposed of the Gyre
Carline and her awesome crew, I feel
myself more at liberty to look after
Miss *Dinwoodie's* affairs.

My next packet will contain some
curious information relative to the

* What the feats of *Father M'Gill* may have been I really feel myself at a loss to conjecture, having sought after them high and low, without success ; and much do I fear that the records are for ever lost to posterity. As for the lustier tales, said to have been told by divines, mayhap our pious rhymster alludes to the miraculous emigration of the *Sacra Casa* from Palestine to Loretto, or the lamented end of *Ureula* and her eleven thousand virgins, Lord love them ! whose remains

Dramatis Personæ, particularly *Gal-lawa' Tam* and *Harmless Habbie*. Would you believe it, Mr Editor, that these two gentlemen are one and indivisible; that *Josie Whauple* and *Jenny Dawson* are twa queer deevils, and that *Adam Dinwoodie* fills the right honourable situation of secretary, or *black sole*, to Aggie and her gallant? The information may appear strange, but it is matter of fact. I add no more, lest the happy sequel of that young lady's adventure, and the satisfaction it afforded to all concerned, *Shauchleshins* excepted, should haply be enjoyed by anticipation. With best wishes for your prosperity, both in this life and the life which is to come, I continue to remain,

My dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

SAML. KILLIGREW.

London, 1822.

THE BRIDE OF BALACHAN.

(Continued.)

Pate Linton's memory, like a troggar's wallet,
Was fraught wi' marvellous tales and anedotes
Baith douce and droll. His never-cloy-
ing stories
Gaur'd wise men smile, and gaping gome-
rals haud
Their shaking sides, sae glibly did they
slither
Frae his auld-farrand tongue.

Elgiac Fragment.

NOTHING is more provoking to a fellow of plain education like myself, than a book replete with kittle words and ambiguous sayings. Often have I sat for hours together, with the

are revered by the faithful to this good hour, notwithstanding an unbelieving physician presumed to declare that many of the blessed bones had been pilfered from the shanks of dogs and of lap-dogs. The fellow's impious asserction had well nigh clapt a faggot to his tail, and right thankful was he to steal a march from *Cologne* by moonlight. Or, peradventure, his bardship hints at the many miracles wrought by the fingers of our own worthies, Saint Magnus, Saint Winifred, Saint Dunstan, and so forth; but these are only my own surmises, and should they happen to be scouted, the Reader may retire to his study, and conjecture for himself.

dictionary at my elbow, endeavouring to wade through a chapter whose perfectly intelligible commencement led me to anticipate a pleasant journey; and great was my disappointment, on finding every other paragraph barricadoed with stumblin-blocks more appalling to my understanding than *Transubstantiation* itself, and often on a par with *Mahar-shalulhashbash*, in so far as harmony is concerned. Of a truth, there are many words and sayings mixed up with our language, for which, (God forgive me!) I really have a natural antipathy, which renders the perusal of classical authors irksome. *Tactics*, for example, in my estimation, is the most trifling of all trifling expressions. It savours much more of the nursery than of the camp. *Welladay* is another whose services Johnson might have dispensed with extremely well, because it is only ejaculated by ladies of a certain age, when bewailing their virginity; and as for the young fiddler, who feels inclined to *preside at the violin*, he is heartily welcome so to do whenever he chooses; but I have expunged the phrase from my vocabulary. Now, on carefully perusing these presents, the sagacious reader will naturally enough suspect, that my knowledge of authors is very limited, and my excursions on their literary manors still more so. If such are his conjectures, I beg leave to assure him that he is far from being wide of the mark. I certainly know the whole bardic tribe, from *Homer* down to *Andrew M'Naught*, of verb-tormenting memory, and daily exchange a few nods and how-d'ye-do's with Travellers, Voyagers, Novelists, and Pamphleteers of almost every denomination; but intimate acquaintance I utterly disclaim—indeed the afore-said obstacles are effectual preventives. My whole stock of knowledge consists of information gleaned from amongst *real* men, and *real* women, at their own firesides, kiuns, bridals, fairs, house-beatings, and the like; garnished with local anedotes, both sentimental and otherwise, many of whom, I am proud to say, were the property of my late ingenious friend *Pate Linton*, who advised me to shorten the fore-legs of my study-chair, in order to lengthen the swag

thereof, when I felt inclined to rock myself into a reverie. By the bye, I may just as well acknowledge, once for all, that every little peculiarity in the semblance of *mannerism* perceptible throughout this work, must be placed to the credit of Pate's account, with the exception of what may be discerned amongst these few sheets, whereon I humbly propose to exercise my own discretion, merely to treat the voluptuary with a dish *à la Killigrew*.

Having thus far explained myself, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, I shall now proceed to lay the cloth, and carve away without further prologue.

John Dinwoodie and his wife arrayed themselves in garments suitable for the occasion, and repaired to the louping-on-stane, where Wattie Shaw's favourite naig, *Sandy o'er the lea*, stood switching his sleek sides, with a tail that required the whole of Walter's precaution to preserve from sacrilegious hands during the trouting season. The gudeman mounted with his usual alacrity, assisted by James Scott of Drumbreg, who officiated as stirrup-holder. Nanse was speedily seated on the pillion behind her husband, by the hands of Joshua Morrison of Thirlamwhairn, and William Dandison, younger of Lintylinn, who very politely volunteered their services; and Wattie Shaw was no less usefully employed in holding the animal's head, and stroking his glossy neck.

Thus mounted, the gudeman of Balachan and his amiable wife took their departure for the baronial residence, accompanied, need I add? by the best wishes of every human being who beheld them. Sandy o'er the lea, the finest bay gelding that ever was bred in Nithsdale, no sooner felt the heel of his master's boot at his ribs, ~~for~~ the gudeman never wore spurs, and the folds of Mrs Dinwoodie's riding skirt fluttering about his flank, than he became, if I may be allowed the expression, conscious of the honours conferred upon him, and strode away with the worthy couple at a decent pace, gradually amending his speed, until it became what our Cameronian Seceders are pleased to call a *kirk-gaun-trot*, whilst Mr and Mrs Dinwoodie busied

themselves in framing a suitable apology for disturbing the Baronet's quiet, Sir James having recently undergone a most severe and painful operation, which he endured with Christian fortitude, and, we may also say, with manly firmness. The introductory preface being at length agreed upon, the gudeman lifted up his eyes from Sandy's near shoulder, whereon they had been steadily fastened during the debate, and beheld the Baronet's carriage approaching the *three brethren*, a cluster of oak trees by the way-side so called, because they spring from the same stem, and lift up their boughs and branches together, just as though they had heard and obeyed the voice of Him who said unto the children of men, "See that ye love one another;" whilst the stately conical mass of green foliage they mutually uphold, presents to the traveller's eye one of the finest specimens of vegetative brotherhood in Nithsdale, perhaps in Scotland.

"Here he comes," exclaimed the gudeman of Balachan; "the prayers o' the righteous ha'e been heard, and our ain Sir James is i' the land o' the living." A sudden flush of joy rushed to Mrs Dinwoodie's face, and for a moment dispelled the sorrow that gnawed her heart. "Thou's a welcome sight indeed," quo' the gudewife, addressing herself to the approaching vehicle; "a sight that will brighten monie a brimfu' c'e. It's lang and monie a day since the blithesome smack o' Coachy's whip was heard at our gate-end,"—a rumour being abroad that Sir James's chariot would never more appear in public, should he unhappily fall a prey to the severe malady that afflicted him; but, in case of recovery, it was generally understood that the Knight himself would be the first to take an airing therein; a circumstance that may very weel account for the gleam of gladness that visited John Dinwoodie and his wife, rendered still more gladsome to the amiable pair, when they descried the school children ranging themselves by the road-side in little straggling lines, with their Bibles and Testaments under their arms; the boys pulling off their caps, and the girls curtsying to their common father, whilst Coachy

assayed several times to lash their bare legs with his whip, as he rattled along, but without so much as compelling a single younker to abandon his position, for they knew him well, and feared him not. This affair with the coachman naturally enough induces me to look out for a little more wisdom. There is a very singular property peculiar to the horse, that I have long and anxiously endeavoured to obtain some knowledge of, but in vain. By way of experiment, put a couple of raw-headed young fellows into a stable where these animals stand at livery, or otherwise, and presently their dialect will become gross and contaminated. Now the information that I lack is simply this: how comes it to pass, that the brutifying virus is transferred from quadruped to biped, seeing that the former is altogether incapable, so far as we know, of inoculating the mind of his Christian crony by means of sounds which we of the other genus denominate words, sentences, and so on? I do assure my friends, that this conundrum in natural history has bothered me not a little, without so much as half an hypothesis presenting itself; and should the very ingenious reader feel disposed to favour me with his opinion on the subject, a few lines, addressed to his very humble servant at Maigrumbraes, will be most thankfully received; but before he commits himself to gilt post, I would sincerely advise him to *couch it* for a few stages on the great north road, leading through that portion of his Majesty's dominions commonly called Yorkshire, and there, if my information is to be relied on, namely, the evidence of mine own listeners, he may happen to hear a lingo, the which, it is to be hoped, for the sake of a rising generation, will never defile paper. No longer ago than yesterday, *Bauldy Haphoue*, the drover, declared, in my hearing, that a Yorkshire John was known by the impurity of his imprecations, the Newmarket jockey by the elegance and fashionable cut of his oaths, and the metropolitan smack by the indecency of his slang.

"I should like to know, Mr Killigrew," the simple querist will be apt to exclaim, "what the deuce this

impertinent digression of yours has to do with the Baronet's coachman?" Why, Sir, nothing at all.

The charioteer, on John Dinwoodie's near approach, slackened his pace, thereby affording that gentleman an opportunity of riding full up to the carriage door, bonnet in hand, with these hastily-summoned words of congratulation on his tongue, ripe for the car, and ready for delivery, "Sir James, Sir James! this blessed day will be lang remembered i' the barony;" but lo and behold, the chariot was empty! "He'll be out the morn, if it's a gude day and a's weel," quo' Coachy, casting his eyes heavenward as he spoke; "and I shou'dna be surprised to see him, i' the course o' aught or ten days, gaun his rounds as crouselly as ever; for monie a knee has been bended in his behalf, and the doctors ha'e done their duty faithfully and skilfully." These words were music to the ears of Nanse Dinwoodie and her husband, who felt much alarm on missing the man whom their hearts sought after, because they anticipated the worst. Such was their effect on the mind of that most excellent woman, that she lifted up her left hand, the right being about John's waist, and gave vent to the overflowings of her heart:—"Blessed be His holy name," quo' the gude-wife, "for vouchsafing to hearken unto our prayers! His mercies are indeed tender, and His love surpasseth knowledge. Oh, may it be His holy will to bless and prolong the valuable life o' His gude honest servant, until the days o' his years are many, and the sweet babies o' bairns' bairns play wi' his grey hair!" "It's pleasant to me," observed the coachman, "to meet wi' sac monie kind enquiries after our master, and unco gratifying, turn which way I will, to forgather wi' civility and respect on his account. Sir James's livery has often been my safeguard at fairs and merry-meetings, when younger blood warmed the passions; and it's not to be marvelled at, for he's a thorough-bred Scotsman to the hane, and so were his fathers before him; the verra bairns pu' aff their bits o' caps to his empty carriage." The gude-man of Balachan rejoiced at the news of Sir James's recovery,

though he said not a word thereanent. Indeed, another syllable, in addition to what had passed from his wife's lips, would have been superfluous. He therefore contented himself with slightly touching the subject that more especially concerns this narrative. "The last time we were together," quoth John, "it was on a Friday afternoon, and I'll ne'er forget it." "Gudeman," quo' he, "I ha'e reason to be thankfu' that a's right here," pointing to his bosom. "My purse has always been open to the needy honest man; my gude offices were never denied in suppressing local animosity, and furthering the growth o' social intercourse; and if my dying breath can be o' service to a neighbour, he's thrice welcome to the benefit o't." This was on the Friday before he submitted to that dreadful operation; and now, that he's coming sae finely about, Nanse and me just thought we cou'dna do better, than haud awa' to the Castle, and lay before him the grievous dispensation that afflicts our house." "And ye canna gae there in a better time," observed Coachy, "for he's in charming spirits, and I'm just gaun to fetch the auld Laird o' *Manikimount* to crack wi' him a blink." After exchanging a few homely compliments, old Coachy made the best of his way to the Laird's residence, and John Dinwoodie to that of the Baronet. The castle is a stronghold, coeval with the family, whose heroic founder "struggled for freedom with Bruce." It stands on the margin of a pleasant lake, flanked with outworks of considerable extent, and compassed about with a fosse; but the draw-bridge thereof has long since been superseded by a substantial road-way, the gates have forsaken their hinges, and the hall, where armed men went to doff their steel caps of yore, has become an airy, spacious chamber, wherein the softer sex play frills and clear-starch muslin dresses. Gentle reader, it has been a laundry ever since I remember. Now, were we to compare every ancient weapon that gleamed of old in the baronial hall, with those so very dexterously used by the late and present laundry-maids, I question much if the latter missiles would be found one whit less mischievous than their

predecessors. True it is, that a band of resolute fellows, rushing out from beneath a portcullis, with spears, brands, and battle-axes, were certainly not to be sneered at; but then they were apt to forgothar with opponents equally robust, well armed, and daring as themselves; and what would be the natural consequence?—diamond-cut-diamond to be sure. Whereas, in these our days, half-a-dozen pair of blue and black eyes, shooting cloth-yard glances, barbed with love, from the loop-holed laundry, at simple unharnessed swains, whom curiosity or lawful business may happen to bring within the range of their artillery, have been known to do more execution, and secure a greater number of captives in one little week, than ever did the male garrison of yore in a round twelvemonth, and this I can prove by the parish register. Nor is the witchery of their voices by night less dangerous than the fascination of their eyes by day.

When wayward wights avoid the goblin
howe,
And graunie says her prayers ayont the
knowe,

the heedless, unsuspecting youth, inclines his ear and listens to a love ditty—Katherine Ogie, Tam Glen, or the Blue-c'd Lassie. He wraps him in his plaid, and traces the enchanting lilt through glen and greenwoodshaw, like a hapless wight allured by the sweet singing of sylphs and mermaids, for the laundry lasses are deemed the best sinfers in all Closeburn;

And cheerily their evening fire
Illumes his wayward view,
From whence of old, in deathful ire,
The whizzing arrow flew.

I could fill a little volume with sonnets addressed to the bright eyes of those fair ones, some upbraiding with cruelty, others with disdain, and not a few bewailing the absence of their Cynthian light altogether, when the luckless sonneteer had stood for hours together, by the trystethorn, without so much as being blessed with a single glance. Alas, Gabriel! many of the latter class were woven in thine own cranbo-loom, when *Jamie Snobson*, the *Lochmaebangate souter*,

found more favour in the sight of *Jessy Marigould* than ever thy mother's son could lay claim to. Years have passed away, and Jamie has become a town bailie, and Mrs Snobson the happy mother of lads and lasses; yet does the merry glance of her captivating eye from the laundry window still haunt my memory, and tease my peace. Would to Heaven I could dismiss her from my remembrance altogether, and persuade the bailie to alter the inscription on his sign-board, "Snobson, boot and shoe-maker, from London!" Every time I pass the shop, that frightful inscription assaults my heart. To its alluring influence may be ascribed the withdrawing of Jessy's affection from her faithful Gabriel; Snobson being a smart, far-travelled lad, and poor Killigrew a blunt country *hobnob*. The subject gives me pain, and I dismiss it.

John Dinwoodie having stabled his steed, repaired to the Castle without delay, where *Saunders*, the butler, received him most cordially; heartily shaking his hand, and kindly wagging his wife's. John acquainted him with the nature of his errand, in a very few words; to which the butler replied, that Sir James, though in a fair way of recovery, could not be seen for an hour or so; the medical gentlemen having just examined his ailments, and sat down to a consultation, during which period the Baronet was not to be disturbed; "but," continued Saunders, "ye may just as well be seated, and when they ha'e done, I'll tell him wha's here;" an invitation that no reasonable man could possibly decline, seeing that it was delivered in the butler's pantry.

I remember, when a boy, of being much taken with the effigies of old Father Time fronting the title-page of a Belfast Almanack; and, if my memory is deserving of credit, he was equipped with a pair of especial well-fledged wings, an hour-glass in his left hand, and "an awfu' scythe out owre ae shouter;" thereby intimating, I presume, that he stops at nothing, and mows down all before him. Now, it so happens, that an hour consists of three thousand six hundred little seconds, a portion of time that the old fellow's scythe would

speedily sweep away; and therefore do I suspect that the industrious reader cannot possibly redeem it more effectually than by revisiting Balachan Grange with all convenient speed, and diligently attending to what is there going forward; a measure that may be accomplished at a few ideal skips; and when the hour-glass is run, he can return again to the Castle with the like celerity. Much about the time that John Dinwoodie and his wife parted with Sir James's coachman, the conversation at Balachan assumed a tone more in unison with Stroudwater than Johnny's Grey Brecks; a change not at all to be marvelled at, when we duly consider that it behoved every gentleman to examine well into the state of his spiritual affairs prior to embarking in an expedition so very perilous. Willie Dandison sat by the parlour table, amusing himself with a bunch of ballads, and occasionally replying to Jamie Scott's queries and remarks, Drumbreg having ideally taken the field, at the head of his troops, to invade Galloway. What the leading features of their conversation may have been I beg leave to excuse myself from delineating, because they really have escaped my memory; but the reader may draw his own conclusions from a few of Willie's sayings, being the only fragments now on record of that most memorable colloquy. Here they are: "Eye for eye, and tooth for tooth's my motto!"—"The man wha spills the blood o' anither, in a just quarrel, stands blameless i' the eyes o' baith God and man:"—"A bag-fu' o' linen rags, and half a dozen boxes o' gude healing sa', wadna' be amiss:"—"Ye had better keep *Davie Lindsay* i' the rear; he's a swearing, tearing, ne'er-doweel, and shou'd aught happen to his harness, his soul wou'd be in jeopardy;"—"It certainly wou'd be advisable for every man to prepare his mind for the worst—There's no knowing how many bouks may lie on the green," &c. Thus far had the colloquial discourse proceeded, when Dandison happened to fall in with Chevy Chace, a ballad far famed for the chivalrous spirit it breathes, and also for the many doughty deeds therein recorded. Such were its attractions, that Willie heeded not the gradually develop-

ing plan of operations suggested by Captain Scott, and finally left him to ruminate on his embryo measures. But the miller and his wife were also engaged in discussing matters of the highest importance, if we may be allowed so to jealousy, from the manner in which the gudewife played with her apron strings. Thirlamwhairn sat in an inclining position, firmly grasping one of John Dinwoodie's hazel staffs with both hands, whilst his nose reclined on the head thereof. Mrs Morrison's body also inclined a little forward, her left hand resting on Joshua's shoulder, whilst her right amused itself in manner aforesaid—by far the most becoming posture that I know of, for a married woman to adopt when plying her husband with wholesome advice. I have seen an anxious client whispering a mouthful of raw material in his counsel's ear, the which, when safely housed, the man of words set about manufacturing into tethers for judge and jury. In like manner was our friend the miller impregnated: he sat like an empty jar, into which his wife poured the vital spirit of instruction, not in a continued stream, as some readers will be apt to suppose, but at irregular intervals, just as the spaw of her very superior understanding happened to ebb and flow; and so effectually did she exercise her petticoat privilege, that in the short space of seven minutes and a half the miller's receiver was completely charged. He then lifted his nose from its hazel couch, changed the posture of John Dinwoodie's staff from an upright to a slanting direction, and rested the tip of his chin thereon. In this position did Joshua Morrison of Thirlamwhairn empty his oratorial jug. "Linty," quoth he, "thou's a handy chield at pencraft, and better skilled than some folks' bairns in sowthering words thegither in a classical manner. This Gallowa' adventure, shou'd we ultimately ha'e recourse to strong measures, may happen to cost some o' us a sair head, and likely enough be the cause o' a certain honest man's bairn lying her lane, for I'm tauld there's a wheen tight chields on the water o' Dee. Our wife has been suggestin' the propriety o' making some sort o' testamentary arrangement, happen

what will, and if ye'll ha'e the goodness to write out something o' the kind, in a law-bideing style, I'll furnish ye wi' the particulars."

Dandison threw aside his ballad book without hesitation, the miller being a kind of oracle whom all men revered, and assured his friend with great sincerity, that any little scholarcraft he possessed was heartily at his service. Captain James Scott also bestirred himself on this very important occasion, and through the good offices of Miss Harriet Halliday procured a superabundance of every implement and material used in will-making, the which being tabled in due order, Mr Dandison proceeded to business, and disposed of soul and body in the usual testamentary manner. Having finished his preamble, Willie stuck the quill behind his ear, and awaited Thirlamwhairn's instructions.

"I think," quo' the miller, "if agreeable to a' parties, we had better begin wi' the odds and ends. There's a dizen and a half o' new *cow'd hutters* hingin' i' the stable, that our yaud will never live to see teased into oakum. Swallowhawk may very weel spare the odd half-dizen to *Jamie Gauntaguin's* black filly *Hair-anteeth*. She's a great object, wae-fu' beast, an' Jamie's anither o' the same. She hasna gotten sae meikle as a pair o' decent strac-sons to her back; and Jamie, poor fallow, downa weel afford her the common necessities o' life, nor himsel' either." "Mair shame for him!" exclaimed Mrs Morrison. "Jamie's able enough to support himsel' and the filly baith, in a very creditable manner, if he had only grace to mak' a righteous use o' the mental and physical powers that Providence committed to his keeping; but, instead o' setting the stout heart to the stey brac, like a sensible, industrious man, he's aff to a' the preachings, and wailings, and gnashings of teeth, that our bonnie sectarians haud sic a palaver about; and when naething o' the kind's astcer, in place o' looking after his ill-guided mailen, he wraps himsel' in a grey maud, and lies down ahint the knowe, thumbing owre the Pilgrim's Progress, and Boston's Fourfold State, thereby fortifying his soul, as he alleges, against

the assaults o' Satan, when his ain bits o' sheep, wafu' things, are hingin' amang the thorns, in threes and fours, and the corbies pyking the verra een out o' their heads before his face. He deserving o' a legacy! My sooth, I ha'e little sympathy for folk wha ha'e nane for themself's. If ye'll be advised by me, gudeman, leave the halters to Willie Hamilton's grey cowt *Spangaw*, and a pair of hair-tethers into the bargain. Willie's a believer i' the gude auld saying, 'God helps them wha help themself's;' and really, poor fallow, he mak's a wonderfu' appearance, considering his stunted means. *Rachel's* aye like a new preen herself, and Willie and the weans look, on a Sabbath morning, just for a' the world as though they had jumped out o' band-boxes. There isna a cantier wife, nor a sonsier batch o' bairns, nor a merrier ingle-side in a' the parish, than Willie Hamilton's; and yet he tak's the beuk morning and evening. But do as ye like, gudeman, and dinna be over-ruled by me, for the gear's your ain; only haud in remembrance, that Jamie Gauntagain isna worthy o' creishing Willie Hamilton's shoon." "Weel, weel," quo' the miller, "be it sae. He's a neighbourly, sound-hearted lad." This point being settled, Willie Dandison assigned him the afore-said chattels.

"I' the next place," continued Thirlamwhairn, "I ha'e some thoughts o' leaving our *flaughter-spade* to Johnny Slawstitch o' Skellumshaw. Poor soul! he has often tauld me that the tailoring trade didna agree wi' him; and if he cou'd only fa' in wi' some ither occupation, admitting o' healthy exercise for mind and body, it wou'd be as gude as a plaster o' eggs to his back, the application that gae Hezekiah nae less than a ten year's respite. Now, it rins in my head, that flaying divots wou'd suit him to the nines." "Flaying divots!" quo' Mrs Morrison, in a tone of derision, mingled with surprise; "I marvel to hear ye speak! Johnny's a stout, able fallow, sure enough; but, my truly, ye'll no catch him lang at the tail o' a flaughter-spade. Na, na; his notion o' hard wark may be gather'd frae the famous speech he made to

his brethren, when they met at the *Flying Doublet* to raise their daily wages from a grey groat to a white saxpence." "Ha'e ye gotten the right set o' tailor Slawstitch's oration?" quo' the young laird. "I'ntauld it's a great curiosity, and worthy of being on record." The gude-wife replied, that she believed her edition was perfectly correct, having taken it verbatim from the recitation of *Davie Selvaegen*, who happened to be chairman on the occasion. "But let me tell ye," observed Mrs Morrison, "that there's some o' the words I dinna just understand; for they're neither English nor Scotch. The tailor, ye ken, 's a vain gowk o' a fallow, and enbroiders his discourse wi' parts o' speech that he gather'd when harvesting somewhere in Cumberland; sae ye maun just mak' the best o't ye can." Willie Dandison unclasped a common-place book, where he was in the daily habit of inserting all manner of comical sayings, curious songs, anecdotes, and, indeed, whatever happened to take his fancy, whilst Mrs Morrison made free with the husband's broad bonnet, and arose with an air of great consequence. She then bowed respectfully to the chair, bonnet in hand, and delivered the following oration:

"Master Charman, Surr, I presume we'll ha'e more ado than meucking gonnart in establishing these ovr joust klains. Poublic, tha sees, ha'e been long big weeth notion that tailoring trade's mcre bairn's-play; but I do aver, that sewing hainch buttons, on what the goodwoman of Hawkiehill calls her double-mill *sow's-lug*, is equal, in so far as regards manual toil, to mowing itself; and he who seets down to clout small cloas, wheroon three teer of patches are stitched already, may joust as weel betake him to Havre-field, hook in hand. Workman's worthy of his hire; and if ever John Slawstitch of Skellumshaw pricks cloath without the odd half groat, may his sowens be hung on the tailor's link * for evermore, amen."

* In my younger days, the tailors went to shape and sew even until supper-time; and numberless are the instances wherein pawky gudewives suspended their secth-

Dandison having quartered this pithy speech in his pocket-book, Mrs Morrison proceeded: "Now, gudeman, I was just thinking what an especial blessing it wou'd be to *Sandy Croglin*, if ye wou'd only condescend to gi'e him the spade. The last time he passed our house it was standing at the byre-door, and I saw him laying his hand on't, poor fallow, wi' as meikle natural affection as though he had been a father laying his loof on the curley head o' an only bairn. 'Thou'd be a wee fortune to somebody,' quo' Sandy, and away he went, whistling, 'My daddie's a delver o' dykes.' There canna be a more civil, obliging, willing creature, than Sandy Croglin, and it's weel kend that flaying and delving are just his delight."

Towards the latter end of Mrs Morrison's encomium on this famous flayer of divots, the miller stroaked his beard three times, and a smile gathered on his face, the which Willie Dandison, who knew him well, thus interpreted: "It's of no avail to kick against the pricks; right or wrang, the grey mare will be the better horse:" and accordingly bequeathed the said slaughter-spade to Sandy Croglin, and the heirs male of his body, lawfully begotten, for ever and ever. But these bequests were of minor importance compared with the miller's celebrated *flay-brake*, constructed by *Hughie Waugh*, the best and only manufacturer of wooden hats in Nithsdale, being altogether without a competitor. Exclusive of the very superior style in which it performed the operation of braking, this curious machine actually cried *cuckoo* when not fully supplied with provender, therefore awakening the unfaithful servants' conscience who attended it; and when we soberly take into consideration the lively tunes played by a small barrel-organ, thereunto attached, our wonder at the great price set on its head by every true lover of ingenuity will speedily vanish.

Miller Morrison's goodness of heart was so truly excellent, that he had

actually made up his mind to leave Hughie's masterpiece to a very worthy man, whom we had the honour of alluding to in a former part of this work. "There's *Johnny Crummie o' Quarrelwood*," quo' Thirlamwhairn, "whare will ye meet wi' a man that fears God, and eschews evil, wi' greater diligence? He's at it carly and late, amang the grave-stanes, carving awa' at bare skulls, shank-bances, and sand-glasses, and the fertility o' his head can only be matched by the celerity o' his chissel, when an aff-loof epitaph, or a new head-stane, happen to be wanted against the sacrament. But constant dripping bores rocks, and playing owre lang on the bass-string makes a drowsy audience. John Crummie, honest man, stands in meikle need o' recreation, to cherish his intellects, and brace the nerves o' his understanding; for pondering amang the tombs, without ceasing, has affected them very materially. Now, I ha'e a notion, that our lint-brake, was he only to tak' a spell at it now and then, wou'd tend much to renovate his mental system, for the tunes it plays are far frae being demure, and Johnny's a man wha's left leg, if I mistake not, wou'd willingly wag on the floor, if the right wou'd only follow its example. Besides, an elder of the kirk, gaun frae toun to toun, braking lint, might be o' great service, in sobering doun the flaunty demeanour o' our lads and lasses."

"John Crummie," observed Mrs Morrison, "has been cock o' the roost at diedgies and dowie occasions ever since I remember; and he can say twa words to a haggis very becomingly indeed, when the bridal folk's teeth ha'e patience enough to wait for the coming o' his far-fetch'd amen, an' that has been dispens'd wi', to my certain knowledge, oftener than ance. Wi' our lint-brake for a companion, he may succeed in procuring abundance o' creature comforts; and as for spiritual concerns, he's welcome to reason wi' the unbeliever, and expostulate wi' the spendthrift, and rebuke the blasphemer; but let him beware how he meddles wi' sinless jocularity, and harmless daffin, because they excite an appetite for neighbourly intercourse, and prevent the waters o' life frae

ing pots from the upper link of the *crook*, emphatically called the *tailor's link*, in order to withhold the evening repast a little longer.

becoming bitter. If sober, edifying discourse, is absolutely necessary for our spiritual weelfare, depend on't, that some sort o' laxative is also wanting, to purge the mind, and lighten the heart; and was I in your skin, gudeman, *Jamie Smirkly o' Tillyflichan* should ha'e the brake, for he's ane o' the qucerest auld-farrand creatures that ever stepped in a black leather shoe." Having thus far let my readers into the secret, it only remains for me to say, that Miller Morrison was so effectually pelted with logic, by his privy council, that he fairly gave up the point, and left Hughie Waugh's masterpiece, in-reversion, agreeably to the gudewife's wishes, together with his favourite spleuchan, spectacles, and various

other little matters. With respect to the more bulky property, I do assure my friends, that it was disposed of in the most equitable manner, being assigned to a personage in every respect deserving of the bequest; but, lest I should happen to be in error, the miller's own words are herewith presented for the reader's guidance: "A' the remaining gudcs and gear, moveable and immoveable, I hereby give and bequeath to *our wife* without reserve." This very important clause, meeting with no opposition, was engrossed verbatim by Mr Dandison.

The document was then signed, sealed, and delivered in due form, and ultimately deposited in the family archives, where it is still to be seen.

Ballad,

FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM.

The Spanish Maiden's Grave.

WHY is the Spanish maiden's grave
So far from her own bright land?
The sunny flowers that o'er it wave
Were sown by no kindred hand.

'Tis not the orange-bough that sends
Its breath on the sultry air;
'Tis not the myrtle-stem that bends
To the breeze of evening there:

But the rose of Sharon's eastern bloom
O'er the desert's slumberer fades;
And none but strangers pass the tomb
Which the palm of Judah shades.

And why hath sculpture, on the stone
Which guards that place of rest,
Blent with the cross, o'er a grave unknown,
A helm, a sword, a crest?

These are the trophies of a chief,
A lord of the axe and spear!
Some broken flower, some faded leaf,
Should mark a maiden's bier!

Scorn not her tomb!—deny not her
The emblems of the brave!

O'er that forsaken sepulchre
Banner and plume might wave.

She bound the steel, in battle tried,
Her woman's heart above,
And stood with brave men, side by side,
In the strength and faith of love.

That strength prey'd, that faith was blest!
True was the javelin thrown;
Yet pierced it not her warrior's breast,
She made its sheath her own:

And there she won, where heroes fell
In arms for the holy shrine,
A death which sav'd what she lov'd so well,
And a grave in Palestine.

And let the rose of Sharon spread
Its breast to the silent air,
And the palm of Judah lift its head
Green and immortal there!

And let yon grey stone, undefaced,
With its trophy mark the scene,
Telling the pilgrim of the waste
Where love and death have been!

THE RECLUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

THE calm joys and satisfactions of the country are themes upon which the wisest and best, in all ages, have dilated with that air of sincere feeling and truth, which shews they only speak of what they themselves had fully tasted and experienced. I, Sir, am one who, although without the philosophy and wisdom which marked such great and contemplative men, yet feel, I believe, as truly as any, an ardent and abiding attachment to such scenes of rural retirement. The elements which make up my satisfaction are, it may be, mean and despicable, when contrasted with those grave and sublime inquiries which, in such situations of old, imparted to sages and philosophers their dignified and tranquil content. Yet, although my occupations are humble, and nearly within the reach of all, upon looking calmly back, I may be permitted to doubt if the course of life, with either of them, has stole more swiftly and imperceptibly away; or if the declination towards its setting has been more softly glowing and peaceful than with myself. Perhaps some of your readers may here smile at one who, not only touches at his past happiness, but who confidently speaks of it as still durably abiding; and may perhaps contemptuously ask, what is this boasted and infallible secret which has so long foiled the anxious pursuit of the disappointed world? I can only reply, that I have no such deep and hidden secrets to reveal; what has shed joy and satisfaction around my sequestered life, may fail in its application to others; the medicine which renovates and invigorates one constitution, may only, in another, foment the original violence of disease. I can only speak of those amusements and recreations which, throughout a long life of rural seclusion, have been the approved and simple specifics I have used; to which I may add, what must appear obvious, that, to enjoy, in such situations of retirement, that placid and peaceful tranquillity of mind, and to taste, without satiety, those pleasures equable without violence, and, to the heart, as grateful and refreshing, as they are pure and innocent, it assu-

redly requires no painful or recon-dite acquisitions of study or philosophy, but simple, unambitious desires, rightly-attuned dispositions, and an eager relish for the varied and impressive beauties of nature.

It has been my favoured fortune, to spend the greater part of my life in the country. I succeeded in my youth, by the death of my uncle, to a small but beautiful estate; upon which, throughout life, I have with little intermission continued to reside. It is situated in the west of Scotland, in one of those intermediate ranges of country, possessing few of the uniform and less inviting features of an agricultural district, but delightfully diversified by those picturesque undulations of hill and plain, which mark the near approach to the more grand and majestic scenes of the Highlands. In its general features, it partakes much of a pastoral air; and when I wander, in a calm summer evening, amidst that singularly rich and varied scenery which it displays, either carelessly tracing the picturesque windings of one of its clear and swift streams, or reclined upon some wooded bank, beneath a dark and grateful shade, while I look out upon the windings of the water, which, far in the distance, streaks the richly-wooded valley with its silver gleam; while the sun is seen in its splendour, slowly sinking behind the majestic mountains of the west—I say, I feel disposed to doubt, if Sanazzaro, or any of your pastoral writers, in all their fablings of Tempe and Arcadia, have ever conceived a scene more rich and delightful to the eye, or more soothing and grateful to the heart.

I am one of those who can be said only fully to enjoy life when in the country. This I attribute to the habits and predilections of my early life, and to a peculiarly warm susceptibility to the beauties of nature; and when at any time I have been constrained to visit your crowded city, and been reluctantly drawn into its empty bustle, and its vain and frivolous amusements, I have often, in my impatience, called to mind the exclamation of the Roman Orator, fatigued and harrassed with forensic struggles, “*O rus, quando te aspiciam!*” I am, I think, without any

tinge of moroseness or discontent. My excellent uncle, in his truly paternal education of me, guarded against the growth of any such tempers. Many have reprobated the likings and biases with which he inspired me. I, however, feel a tender gratitude to his memory, that he nursed my secret biases—that he inspired me with a taste for pure and simple pleasures—that he impressed upon me the consoling maxims of an unostentatious philosophy—and that, by checking or modifying the aspirings of that restless and deceitful ambition which lurks within all, he led me to find that happiness within a limited, but to me a magic range, which I might have pursued as a seductive phantom, amidst the harrassing and vain struggles of the world. I have thought, Sir, that perhaps the amusements and recreations of a recluse, like myself, might not be wholly without interest to some of your readers; especially as the frivolity and *dandyism* of the young men of the age forbid them, I am told, to become the actors in any amusements which have a tendency to give a healthful and abiding vigour to the frame.

The family mansion in which I reside is one of very old creation, to which, as the wants or caprice of its successive owners have led them, a variety of additions have been made. Its site is delightfully romantic and beautiful, upon the summit of a somewhat steep and rugged eminence; and, I confess, when I see my old fabric, with its numerous and variously-disposed turrets—its broad and massive winding-stair in front—its tall and irregular chimneys, which shoot aloft into the air—its venerable windows, looking out in every variety of size and antiquity of shape—while several majestic trees, vigorous and luxuriant in their age, tower above the whole, with their far outspreading and over-arching branches; I often think my old mansion a more picturesquely beautiful object, and that it harmonizes more fittingly and impressively with the scene, than many of our more elegant and fairly-proportioned fabrics.

Like all true lovers of the country, I delight in gardening. My garden is spread out upon the irregular and sloping bank in front of

my house. It looks towards the south, and the entrance towards it is by an old arched gateway, overgrown with briar and honeysuckles, which salute you, as you enter, with the rich diffusion of their sweets. I have been anxious that my garden should, at the same time, partake somewhat of the nature of an orchard. My fruit-trees are not disposed in corresponding rows and succession, but fancifully thrown into groups, and occasionally mingled with some rich and graceful forest trees. The irregular hollows and risings of the bank, as it shelves towards the bottom, have furnished me ample and delightful scope for the indulgence of my fancy and taste, in this varied and ornamental gardening. I have skilfully arranged trees of different kinds, from the umbrageous plane and chesnut, to the graceful birch, and the more formal lime, with its dropping branches, wherever I conceived they might lend some picturesque feature to the scene; and by noble and shady walks, and occasionally blending the rugged and careless wildness of untutored Nature, with the graceful and smooth regularity of well-ordered Art, I have produced what creates, in my neighbourhood, much admiration, as a kind of sylvan paradise, and to which it would perhaps be difficult to find any thing similar within the formal brick fortifications which enclose our modern gardens. At the foot of the bank runs a rapid and clear rivulet, which still flows copiously, even amid the heats of summer. Its margin is thickly wooded, and here and there I have introduced an apple or plum-tree, or several tall flowering shrubs, whose blossoms give additional beauty and animation to the more sober livery of the other forest trees. When fatigued with my garden labours, I often retire from the noontide heat, to the dark and grateful shade of this grove. There I hear the murmurs of the stream, hid by the luxuriant foliage around me, or through some remote opening, seen stealing softly and swiftly along, like the report of a noble action, which its doer seeks not to reveal. Here, while the progress, and varying appearance of every plant and tree, interest me in a way which

you cannot, perhaps, easily conceive, I derive health and recreation from those occupations, which the changing seasons, and nearly every month in the year, present; and when the time advances for gathering in the produce of my orchard, while I shake my trees, and am pelted by a shower of my own Ledingtons or Pippins, and see my adventurous little boy perched high upon a branch, and stretching his hand to some apple distreable in his eye, and my daughters gathering the fruit as it drops, while my servants convey it in sacks and baskets to the garner, I feel some of those emotions of delicious and tranquil satisfaction, which Rousseau, the most eloquent of moderns, has described in such glowing colours as experiencing himself, when engaged in a similar occupation.

But the amusement in which, of others, I take most delight, is that of angling, and especially that of fly-fishing; in which, you must know, I regard myself nearly as dexterous as old Isaac Walton, or his sporting friends, R. Roc, or "honest" Nat, who angled till he was ninety-five. The river is distant several miles, and can only be reached by threading the fields, and traversing a long range of wild heath. Having selected a day which promised to suit the sport, I set off with the first dawn of the morning, while the dew lies heavy upon the grass, and the clouds yet hang in one dark, unseparated mass, in the heavens. As we push forward, my dog is seen often following upon the track of a hare, or starting the young moor-fowl; while my little boy, who often accompanies me, warbles, in a sweet and clear voice, as we move gaily along,

"Away to the brook,
All the tackle out-look;"

or Chalkhill's fisher's song, "*O the gallant fisher's life*;" while I, delighted, drop in occasionally a few notes of bass, or second, to give nerve to the jocund melody. By the time we have reached the extremity of the heath, the fleecy vapours are seen slowly rolling up the sides of the mountains; we hear the rushing of the stream, as we descend the rugged pass which leads to it; while the sun

is seen slowly breaking through the clouds of the east, going forth in that march which animates and gladdens all nature. Having, as quickly as my impatience will allow me, fitted my rod, chosen a pair of flies,—perhaps the "green-tail" or "yellow-watchit,"—to suit the aspect of the day, and slipped on my wading shoes, I give my line one or two careless throws, to free it from its folds, and make it fall sweetly and softly in the stream; and having folded back the sleeve of my coat from my wrist, I then put my best skill and dexterity into play. Were I here, Sir, to describe to you the keen abiding pleasure I feel while thus engaged, in this most peaceful and delightful of all sports, your readers, I fear, would either not understand me, or regard my expressions as hyperbolic. I am then seen, my basket swung beneath my left arm, slowly wading, and descending the stream, and feeling, whilst the water beats against my limbs, a delicious and refreshing coolness. I am seen often crossing to opposite sides of the river, that I may more dexterously throw my line into the wished-for places; not, perhaps, into the stronger, and more rapid parts of the stream, but into the dark whirls and eddies, occasioned by some projecting bank or stone, or into that side of a pool which is overspread by a deeper shade. While thus engaged, my little boy marks, with the sharp eye of a future brother of the angle, the motion of my fly on the water; and when I have struck some large and refractory trout, he is ready to assist me in landing him; and even my dog, while he steals cautiously behind me along the bank, with an arch sagacity of look, seems, by his barking and caressing, to participate in the sport. When my son tires with being a mere spectator, he either betakes himself to fishing minnows, or, being a bold, adventurous fellow, he goes a bird-nesting among the thick wood, and tangled shrubbery, which in many parts closely skirts the river; or I hear his voice calling to me, from some height he has reached, and waving his hands towards me, with joy and exultation. There is one favourite spot upon the stream, where I generally stop, to enjoy my rustic morning's repast, and

where, if I did not for a while pause, over the rich and picturesquely-wild scene around me, I should feel my day's enjoyment incomplete. There, upon the fair and smiling margin of the stream, or seated upon some bold projecting crag, from which the gush and roar of the waters beneath spread around them wild music, I draw from my basket my bread, my eggs, and my bottle of milk. Here, in a deep and fair solitude, while we enjoy our repast, I view, with extatic delight, nature spread out in its features of wild luxuriance before me. From the spot where I recline, I behold a valley shut in by towering and majestic mountains, from which the bleating of the distant flocks falls gently on mine ear. I behold the valley diversified by a variety of singular and fantastically-shaped hills and eminences, which shoot up throughout its range; and along the foot of which steals the river, full, clear, and broken into numerous falls by the roughness of its bed, and presenting nearly one continued restless, boiling, and agitated course. Upon a bold and rugged eminence, on the opposite side of the river, stands, in a most commanding and picturesque attitude, the venerable ruins of an ancient castle. Time, while it has defaced and mutilated its original form, has lent to it, in its hoar decay, a magical and impressive beauty. The matted ivy has nearly covered its remaining walls; and several venerable oaks and chus, which shelter, and cast their dark shade upon its mouldering remains, while they stretch their rugged and broad arms across the stream, rolling far beneath, give to it an air of melancholy and ruined grandeur, which accords well with the scene, and which I always feel most impressive and delightful. Need I then, Sir, say any thing in studied eulogy of a recreation, which leads its followers amidst such peaceful and delightful scenes? I do confess, at the same time, that it is not, with me, an amusement which can beget no thought or reflection beyond the objects of its immediate exercise. I have often, in such a solitude, yielding to my excursive and wandering thoughts, delighted to figure to myself, in the olden time, the accom-

plished Sir Henry Wotton, the elegant Cotton, and the venerable Walton, the darling friend of those great and pious men whom he so impressively perpetuates, finding in this peaceful sport a healthful and refreshing relaxation from their laborious studies, or more harassing pursuits. I have pictured them to myself, arrayed in the dark coat and velvet cap, the anglers' dress of the time, following their sport upon the animated and smiling banks of the Done or the Wye. I have represented them to myself, preparing their landing net, to lift ashore some unwieldy fish; or dressing, from the store of their "dubbing bag," some fly to resemble those on the water; or I seem, as it were, to hear Sir Harry Wotton humming some madrigal, or motetto of Palestrina, or the Prince of Venosa, or joining with Walton in some of the catches, or lighter strains of our English Tallis, or Byrd. But while I pursue my favourite recreation, there often occur to me other thoughts and recollections, of a nature more immediate and personal to myself; for when I approach some well-known spot, where, in times long since past, I oft amused myself with some dear and gentle brother of the angle, now, alas! no more, I lay myself down upon the bank of the stream, and think what he once was to me, in the years of early confiding friendship, and ere yet the hand of age had pressed upon me. I seem then, in my emotion, again to hear his well-pleased sayings, his finely-attuned discourse, and, in my mind's eye, to see him, as it were, before me, enjoying, amidst the eddies and falls of the stream, his darling recreation, surrounded on every hand by that wild beauty he admired, and in the bosom of that fair solitude he loved. Thus do my thoughts often wander back to the loved companions of my early youth, most of whom have now disappeared from the scene. And when I think of the painful struggles, the dark reverses, the hard privations, which many of them endured in crowded cities, or amidst distant, perilous, and inhospitable scenes, in which they suffered shipwreck, I then think myself happy and blessed amidst my unambitious seclusion;

from which, like the shepherd who had tried the deceitful ocean, I can look, without emotion or desire, upon the most alluring scenes of the world.

When I have amused myself sufficiently, by which time, like all very keen anglers, the sun is generally declining in the west, I unscrew my rod, and deposit my hooks and lines in my pocket-book, till another day. I then draw off my wading shoes, slip on a pair of soft, warm lamb-wool stockings; and having thrown my basket (filled with fine trouts, from which the tails of some of the largest may be seen protruding) across my shoulders, my son and I proceed slowly homewards. As we approach the termination of our journey, we are generally met by my wife and daughters, who have become impatient for our return; by whom I am always relieved of my rod and basket, while my wife, insisting I look tired, makes me take hold of her arm; and as we proceed homewards, my young traveller having shaken off his fatigue, is recounting, with much animation and satisfaction, to his sisters, the wonders he has seen. At supper, an excellent dish of trouts, crisp and fresh, is served up, dressed after the recipe of old Tom Barker, or Walton, who knew equally well how to dress, as to take their fish. After which, when I have sipped a glass or two of white-wine posset, and made my daughter Helen sing me one of my favourite songs, I retire to bed; where, tired in every limb by healthful exercise, and canker care being shut out, I drop at once into a deep and refreshing sleep.

At other times, when I am averse to so much fatigue, or when the day is unfavourable for an expedition to the trouting stream, I often amuse myself in trolling for pike, or taking them by lines, prepared with ground baits, in a river which bounds my estate in one direction; which being sluggish, and turbid in its course, and abounding in deep pools, is most favourable to the breeding and resort of such fishes. But, although a keen angler, I do not seek to prolong the sufferings of the smaller fish I use for baits; and in applying the frog to this purpose, I have never sought after the most approved fa-

shion, to sew its quivering limbs neatly to the arming-wire of the hook, "*using him*," as old Isaac says, "*as though I loved him*." As this is a kind of angling which requires none of the activity or watchful dexterity of trout-fishing, I often, while seated upon the bank of the river, in a warm summer day, beguile the intervals of time, by reading for the fifth or perhaps sixth time, some old standard novel, as "*Cleveland*," or "*the Dean of Coleraine*;" or, in the "*Fool of Quality*," the stories of the reprobate "*David*," or of "*Mr Fenton*;" perhaps the most powerful, and vividly-depicted narratives in our language; or, while the fish are cautiously approaching, or nibbling at my baits, I am perhaps wrapt in tracing the development of the plot, in some play of Cartwright, or old vigorous and sterling Heywood. In this manner, while I read what modern frivolity and change have perhaps forgot to have any existence, the fish have time to gorge the bait; and the pike being, besides, what Walton calls, a tough, "*leathern-mouthed*" fish, I seldom lose any of them. As the river is near at hand, my daughters often share with me my recreation, and are very dexterous anglers of perch: when they tire of the sport, or the fish cease to take, they often sing to me, seated beneath an aged oak, on the river side, and accompanied by the tinkling of the Spanish guitar, some of the simple pastoral songs and duets of Jackson, so admirably and singularly adapted to enforce the impression of the words.

But I fear the love of my favourite recreation betrays me into prolixity; so difficult is it, I find, to speak with discretion, and within bounds, of what we truly love. As some excuse, perhaps, I may, however, add, that accidental circumstances have contributed to nurse, and keep alive, my strong predilection for this peaceful sport. It has happened, by a singular coincidence, that most of my best friends have been devoted lovers of the angle. So strong, indeed, is my attachment for a recreation which comports so well with youth and with age; and so constantly present to my mind are its tranquil pleasures, that, in speaking of my dear and departed associates,

while an exclamation of sad regret escapes me, I often find myself insensibly characterising them, in the language of ancient Walton, as "men with whom I have often fished and conversed." And indeed, Sir, what sport can there be equal to that which is pursued amidst Nature in her beauty and her prime, when the inclemencies of the season are past and gone, and every object smiles in the growing richness and luxuriance of the year? It is then, while I pursue my darling recreation, in my favourite sequestered stream, amidst the rush of its cool and sparkling waters, that I often call to mind that passage of Walton, in which he thus communes with his admiring young angler, while he initiates him into the mysteries of the art.—"No life, my honest scholar—no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr Boteler said of strawberries; 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;' and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation, than angling."

Perhaps some of your readers may here ask, am I as eagerly devoted to the sports of the field as to the recreation I have described?—This, however, I should think, must be the question of a mere novice. Indeed, I never yet knew any eager follower of the one amusement, who did not, in some degree, undervalue the other. There has always seemed to me a slight antipathy, so to speak, and incompatibility, between the two sports. The angler, such as I have known him, loves his recreation, because it nurses that spirit of musing and contemplation in which he delights; because the silence and peaceful deliberation in which it is pursued, suit well with the more subdued and gentle tone of his affections; and because it cherishes, while it indulges, the romantic susceptibility of his nature,

and leads him to linger amidst the most impressive scenes of the fairest and deepest solitudes. The exciting ardour, and restless untiring activity of the sportsman, are dissimilar from his character. He could not endure the numerous petty vexations, and the fatigues of a sportsman's life; and he would, it is probable, be wanting in that constant deep-rooted love of his sport, which could alone carry him, with ardour and cheerfulness, through all those obstacles and inconveniences which attend upon such purposes. Added to which, a sport that is mostly pursued during the more severe inclement season of the year, could present few seducing charms to one who would ever be secretly and insensibly contrasting the bleak and sterile nakedness around him, with those rich, animated, and luxuriant scenes, which, amidst the glowing beauty and freshness of a blander and more kindly season, used to burst upon his delighted sight, while he pursued, in a copious and swift-flowing stream, his darling and tranquil recreation.

Notwithstanding, however, my eulogy of the gentle brotherhood of the angle, I generally, for a short season, at the commencement of the grouse and partridge shooting, take the field. I have never attained the celebrity of being a sure and deadly shot; so difficult, you perceive, Sir, is it to attain equal eminence in two primitive arts. However, I occasionally bag my two brace of birds, and am able, in the company of sportsmen, to throw in artfully a few occasional observations and experiences of my own, which beget me respect, and lead them compassionately to regret, that angling has spoiled, or seduced, a good sportsman. Some of my young friends have kindly wished to present me with pointers, more scientifically and skilfully trained than my own; I have, however, as yet, declined their kind importunities, for I am attached to my two old dogs. They complain to me, that they do not range sufficiently wide; that they often point most provokingly steadily at a lark; or give chase, in violation of all decency, to a hare. However, as to the first, I find that, for one old like myself, their range is suffi-

ently ample; and as to the latter of these serious imputations, as I fear it is owing to my own indulgence that they have forgot the finish of their original education, I should feel some touches of compunction were I to part with my old favourites for any more accomplished striplings of the kennel.

To be candid with you, I have never been able wholly to vanquish the surprise and trepidation I feel upon the uprising of a covey of moor-fowl or partridges; so that, like a novice in a battle, I sometimes hurriedly throw away my shot, to have the mere credit of firing. My only chance of success is, when the birds rise singly, and fly straight out from me. As for your shots over-head—your side-shots—your rapid passing-shots—it would be as vain for me to attempt to kill by them, as to take a trout by the fly in a clear and still pool. For this reason, with all your snipes, and fowl, which love the oblique or quick angular motion in their flight, I have sworn a sincere and eternal friendship. It is only with your grouse or partridges, when they spring one by one at my foot, in a warm sultry day, that I feel my enmity growing with my success; or that, when I see before me a black-cock rising from the heath, and slowly winnowing the air with his mighty wings, I feel a somewhat confident hope of victory. Upon this topic, however, I shall not farther dilate. Your sagacity will doubtless make you perceive, that, in the character of a sportsman, I am not greatly superior to other men. Let me, however, in the “leafy month of June,” have my foot in the water, and my basket slung on my back; give me a five-yard rod in my hand, and for my flies the Red Uackle, the Yellow Miller, or Harry Longlegs; let the south wind be blowing briskly and steadily down the stream, to ripple the pools, and dim the quick eye of the trout, and, like the fabled giant of old, touching the earth, I am invincible.

But, Sir, there is another recreation, more refined and elegant than either of these I have already detailed, and which, by its magic influence, has contributed to smooth and compose the troubles and anxieties of

a long life. I allude to music; that delicious art of which I am a passionate admirer, and in the practice of which, in my younger days, I used to be esteemed somewhat of an eminent proficient. This I have zealously and fondly encouraged among my children, as of all the arts, perhaps the purest and most enchanting; as that which, while it vividly awakens, most richly and adequately satisfies the excursive longings of imagination; and which binds most closely and intimately, in its willing bands, the domestic circle. I speak here of music in its highest and truest acceptation; such as those who have best appreciated its astonishing capacities, and whose noblest and most felicitous exertions have increased the delightful range of its sway, have raised it to. And, I confess, if there is any occasion when I fear losing, for a moment, the habitual serenity of my temper, it is when I hear some shallow coxcomb reprobating, in this art, some of the greatest monuments of human genius, and before which, nations much more skillful, and, in this walk, more finely and delicately susceptible than ourselves, have bowed with unfeigned admiration. And to the productions of the art, in its full power and perfection, he opposes—what? Why, a few Scotch or Irish airs, the offspring of a rude and remote age; or perhaps some of the feeble and harmless vocal productions of the day, which become, so to speak, wrinkled and decrepid in the course of a night, and whose obscure burial follows rapidly upon the heels of their birth. In their fleeting and transitory passage, they remind me of those gaudy insects which the sun warms quickly into existence, and the momentary term of whose life only allows to spread their wings, take one feeble flight, and then fall down and expire.

Do not imagine here, Sir; that I undervalue our Scotch airs. My deep-seated national attachment prevents me doing so. They are, without doubt, delightfully wild, plaintive, and original; and may be said to be a striking and singular echo of the peculiarities of the people and nation in whose affections they live, and are so deeply hallowed. Yet,

however excellent they are, it is but in an imperfect and limited range of the art ; and we might, with as much truth and propriety, compare a song of Burns, or a ballad of your Ettrick Shepherd, to one of the expansive dramas of Shakspeare, as our national melodies to the sublime, impressive, and gigantic productions of Scarlatti the elder, of Jomelli, or of Handel. I may add, that, as in the sister and analogous arts of poetry and painting, much study, and varied and minute observation, is necessary, to appreciate fully their excellencies ; so, in music, there is required much acquaintance with the noblest productions, with the different resources and applications of the art, and with the principles of the science upon which the impressive superstructure is reared, before the disciple in this art can discriminate and adequately feel its commanding strokes of beauty and invention ; or be enabled, after a progressive and painful initiation, to lift aside the veil which hides from others so much refined and exalted enjoyment.

It is this enchanting art, in its higher acceptation, and more exalted and permanent sources of enjoyment, of which I have successfully infused into my children a fond and ardent passion. My eldest daughter plays the piano-forte with a clear and distinct articulation, and a rapidity of execution, and steadiness of time, which, with little study, carry her through, with considerable power, the most excellent productions of the most valuable of the ancient and modern composers. My second girl, after much friendly altercation and zealous persuasion, I must allow, with my wife, I have myself taught the violin ; from which she now draws, I can assure you, a very rich and mellow tone, and displays a very graceful and flowing bow-hand.

Your female readers may perhaps smile here at the vulgarity of my taste. I can, however, assure such delicately sensitive readers, that this instrument was frequent in the fair hands of the ladies in my younger years ; and I still recollect the animation and fascinating movements of elegance and grace which they displayed in the use of it ; forming a singular contrast to that stiff, unva-

rying formality of manner, which is unfortunately inseparable from the seated position of our piano-forte performers. I may, however, ingenuously confess, that, in teaching my daughter the violin, I was perhaps unconsciously influenced by the recollection of having heard, in my earlier youth, a beautiful black-eyed girl, full of unconstrained and artless vivacity, play upon this instrument some airs and movements of Vivaldi, with an expression I have never forgotten, while her dark hair waved, in rich and clustering ringlets, on her bosom, and the motion of her white and delicately-formed arm, displayed the most perfect beauty and gracefulness. When I look on my daughter, and listen to her while she plays, the memory of this delightful vision of my youth often tenderly and forcibly impresses me. The instrument upon which I perform is the violoncello ; and, like an old Maestro di Capella, while I play the fundamental bass, I have a scientific and delightful pleasure in watching the march and progress of the changing harmony, the gradual development, and final rich embellishment of the subject, and that delicious cinnity and tasteful proportion of parts, which is happily and wonderfully preserved amidst all the delicate intricacies of invention, and skilfully adjusted contrivance.

In this way we are enabled to play, in concert, many of the best productions of Abel, Wagenseil, Bocherini ; and, among those more modern, Wölfe, Clementi, Haydn, and Mozart ; and a whole host of others. There is an extravagant composer, Beethoven, with much fire and genius, of whom my daughters are fond ; but he seems to have no compassion for the feebler hand, and less pliant and flexible fingers, of an old man ; and, in playing his restless and capricious accompaniments, I should often be in hazard of being left behind in the course, did not my daughter kindly relax in her rapidity, remembering I am not the race-horse, Childers, I once was. When I meet among my collection of music some piece which strikes me as peculiarly excellent, but composed for other instruments, I often beguile the tedium of a winter day, by re-

modelling its parts, to suit the more limited musical forces of our family circle. Or, while I stroll in my garden, or mend my tackle, or proceed slowly to the trout-stream, I devise little airs and mottivos, which, under a fictitious name, often become favourites in some of the neighbouring families. At other times, my girls sing to me, in the simple, unornamented style I have taught them, some of the detached airs of Leo and Vinci, these great and venerable masters, or some of the sacred and deeply-impassioned duets of Pergolesi; while I, seated at my double-keyed harpsichord, preserve alive my knowledge of the science, by dropping in the accompanying chords of thorough-bass. At times, however, overcome, I confess, by the tender excitement of the moment, I find myself unconsciously breaking in, with my feebler and less flexible voice, upon the more melting and liquid notes of my daughters. These are composers for whom I acknowledge my decided partiality, and than whom, I do believe, none ever felt the powerful impulse of a purer, nobler, or more lively, creative fancy: and if they cannot show some of the curious and elaborate wonders, or excessively polished ingenuities, of more modern composers, they display, at least—what to me harmonizes better with the susceptible, yet subdued feelings of age,—a simple and majestic gravity of style,—a continued stream of masculine melody, original without effort,—and a deep, yet unostentatious science, at all times subservient to the purpose of kindling and sustaining emotion. This strong predilection for what is regarded by many as rude and antiquated, but which I assuredly esteem the triumph and perfection of art, I foster and encourage in my daughters, because I find that a pure, unvitiated taste, in one of the arts, naturally and invariably extends its chastening and corrective influence to the others.

This passion for these great and venerable masters was nursed in me by my venerated uncle, who passed several years of his early life in Italy, when these gifted men were yet in their glory, and when that simple, majestic, and dignified gravity of style, emanating from the Church,

diffused a portion of its vigour, and its manly and chastened graces, into every species of musical composition. There is another, often a melancholy seduction, which leads me to linger over such impressive compositions. They recal to me more vividly the memory of this most revered and paternal relative. I then seem, as it were, again to behold him, with all his softened benignity of countenance, seated at his harpsichord, and to hear his rich, and finely-mellowed voice, pouring forth to my young ears a delicious stream of sound, while his quiet, yet feeling and manly graces, make some strain of Jomelli or Hasse sink impressively and ineffaceably on my heart. I think I yet see him, measuring time by the equal motion of his hand, while we sung some delightful duet of these composers; that I yet hear his voice, which breathed the accents of true expression, taking up the subject, with his energetic precision, and in fugue pursuing me; while, as the pure and skilfully-devised harmony draws, in growing power and richness, to the close, I seem yet to see the placid and tender cast of his features becoming more animated, the mild lustre of his eye waxing brighter; that I yet hear, as it were, to me, his zealous, admiring disciple, his delicious words of approval and encouragement, and that I yet feel the affectionate grasp of his hand. Ah! to me hallowed and softening recollections, may the chill of age never blot ye from my memory! May my susceptibility to the tender and impassioned creations of so sublime a science still glow and vibrate within me unimpaired! These tender remembrances are what have endeared and made sacred to me such compositions: and you will forgive an old man for saying, that, when seated in my uncle's venerable arm-chair, in a summer evening, while the old chesnut-tree in front of my house casts a portion of its dark shadow across the window, I listen to my dear girls, while they sing some of these hallowed favourites of my youth, I often feel my eyes begin to moisten, and am obliged to turn aside, to disguise my emotion, while there rushes upon me the memory of that gentle and benignant

being, who cherished my early fondness for so divine an art, and who led me, not into the rugged and slippery path of ambition, but to the tranquil pleasures of sequestered and contemplative solitude.

You may, perhaps, here be inclined to ask, Is my whole time devoted to the recreations I have now described? and is my reading confined to the *Gardener's Calendar*, to the pages of the musical *Hawkins*, or *Burney*, or to old *Evelyn* the *Forrester*, or the venerable father of *Anglers*? I do confess, Sir, my literary pursuits are now more limited than they once were, and with respect to these, my taste, I fear, will appear to some of your readers nearly as antiquated as in music. As I do not read, to become either an antiquary, a linguist, or a politician, and being free from the calls of peculiar and exclusive study, which a learned profession demands, my literary avocations, you may presume, are neither very deep nor very various. At an early period in life I was, however, much devoted to an extensive range of literary study and pursuit, and my ardour and avidity carried me through the most esteemed productions in the European languages. Since then, however, this insatiate passion for excursive reading has gradually grown weaker within me; and, excepting the heroic romances of the *Italians*, the "*Oberon*," or "*Idris*" of *Wieland*, or some of his numerous novels, or the *Idylls* of *Goethe*, I now seldom, in reading, depart from the field of our own language. For I am now old enough to be convinced of the folly of exploring, with a never-tiring curiosity, the literary territory of other countries, for what, to him who can diligently seek, may be found, in equal richness, and beauty, and power, among the highly-gifted authors of our own land. I am fond, enthusiastically fond, of poetry; not, indeed, of that ostentatiously splendid and elevated kind, which seeks to command admiration; but rather of that which affects, and wins upon me irresistibly, by its unobtrusive and touching simplicity; of that, of which our early dramatists exhibit such impressive examples, and of which I find a mine which never satiates, in the smaller

pieces of *Greene*, of *Withers*, and innumerable detached passages of *Old Daniel*, and *Michael Drayton*. Of that poetry, which more exclusively describes the fair and diversified scenes of Nature, I have ever been a constant and devoted lover. I do not so much mean that which is solely descriptive, in which the author is the sole prolocutor, as that which assumes dramatic form, and in which Nature, lovely and inviting in herself, acquires a more interesting locality, and additional beauty and animation, from those personages who move and act, amidst her varied and contrasted scenes. Hence, those plays of *Shakespeare*, in which the characters, for a time, move amidst the most enchanting rural scenes—the "*Arcadia*" of *Shirley*—the "*Sad Shepherd*" of *Jonson*,—and, in *Tasso*, the flight, and rural seclusion of *Erminia*,—in *Berni*, the description of the fair *Paradise*, smiling amidst the wild and barren mountains, where *Atalanta* retains, in seclusion, the impetuous *Ruggiero*,—and, in *Ariosto*, those delicious scenes of pastoral quiet and repose, which succeed the splendour of tournaments, the rage of combats, and the din of battles,—have ever been most healthful to my fancy, most cheering to my heart.

In reading such pieces, I feel at once impressively, that there is indeed a poetry, which has its seat deeper in our nature, and touches, with a more irresistible hand, the chords of our affections, than much which, in these times, has sprung up amongst us. My daughters sometimes on this point gently attempt to shake my scepticism, by citing some passages from our living poets, and especially from the pages of a noble peer; but, as they have never yet heard the empty and dogmatical lisping of any of your famed blue-stockings, I easily bring them back to a proper feeling of nature and poetry, by repeating some passage from *Drayton* or *Spenser*, striking, yet natural, and impressively simple in its conception; rich, and, and significant, in that of living language, which pierces forth, with vividness and power, those scenes they so much love, and of which they so truly feel the awakening influence. They then com-

prehend how different is true poetry, from that which seems often to be built upon the cold, formal, and ill-disguised rules of rhetoric; that she seeks not to raise her hand, with an air of defiance and command, but rather to be like those noble, virtuous, and agonized heroines of the drama, who, forgetful of every thing but their afflictions, speak, without effort, the simple and subduing language of Nature and of the passions.

You may perhaps think it strange, that I say scarce any thing of the works of more modern poets. But, Sir, I have a strong liking for those which have in them a smack and relish of age, and which, like the fruit of my orchard, have become mellowed by keeping. Hence it is, that I especially look upon old Chaucer—the “mirror of Magistrates”—Spencer, and the Dramatists of the great era, as the most luscious of all winter fruits; which, (to preserve the figure,) when many of our fairest modern Magnums, and Ledingtons, and Golden Pippins, have become shrivelled and wrinkled in a season, still retain the rich abundance of their juices, with a dash of original piquancy and tartness, to make them tell upon the palate.

By such a course of delightful study, I guard (as it seems to me) against that coldness and aridity of mind, so apt to steal upon age; and, aided by the nature of my amusements, communicate to my fancy somewhat of the buoyancy, and richness, and elasticity of youth. These great productions, in the delightfully vigorous tone they impart to the mind, may be likened to those rich and fragrant essences, which communicate without exhaustion, to whatever approaches them, a balmy and delicious odour; or to the soft and refreshing dews, which ascend from a full and gentle river; and which, amidst the parching heats of summer, diffuse beauty, and luxuriant bloom, along its banks. I may add, that I am a great peruser of lives—those of Walton, and Sir Thomas North's Plutarch, are to me a never-tiring repast. But to me the most enchanting of all books, in this way, is the *Life of John Bun- cle*. How shall I describe the delight

which his graphic and vigorous descriptions of the picturesque, and awful solitudes, into which his wanderings led him, have imparted to me!—There are, in the book, so many solemn and fine-toned renunciations of the world, contrasted with so many repentant returns to it; such interesting descriptions of the loveliness of his wives, and the grace of their soft domestic virtues—(and, we may presume, his sincerity, for he married even till the seventh time); added to this, he has so true an eye to Nature—is so skilful, and devoted a brother of the angle—and mingles with his lighter matter so many impressive maxims in morals, and such singular and fanciful speculations in Theology, that, next to the pathetic, pastoral Burns, John Bun- cle is my bosom companion in my walks and fishing excursions. But I need hasten to draw this long, and, I fear, tedious communication, to a close. You may perceive, that I feel too impressively the grandeur of nature to be forgetful of that humble and devout homage which is due from all to its Great Author. I have carefully inculcated in my children sound and just religious principles, and have endeavoured to inspire them with an ardent piety, constant and abiding in the heart, humble, yet which, in its humility, does not seek to lower or trample upon the glorious capacities of our nature. I have most cautiously guarded their minds from the influence of that sickly, obtrusive cant, which, at all times, and in all places, is ever proclaiming its dull, comfortless, irreverent creed;—than which I know not a mental disease more destructive of all real dignity and energy of character, or more dissimilar to the healthful and ennobling spirit of pure and rational religion. Of old, an eloquent philosopher feigned Virtue appearing among men, and drawing to herself all hearts, by the transcendent beauty of her demeanour, and the irresistible chasteness and dignity of her attractions. To this, as a powerful contrast, I might say, were Religion, such as the deceased fancies of many of her votaries represent her, to appear similarly personified, the repulsive cast of her lean and withered features, and her stern eye—from

which there beamed no diffusive charity, or melting compassion—would, I think, even make her zealous followers start affrighted, at the haggard and unsightly being to whom they had so long, in the vain delusion of their hearts, sacrificed.

When we do not go to church, as the parish church is many miles distant, I generally make my daughters read aloud, upon the Sundays, a sermon of South, or Donne, or Tillotson; or I read to them myself, some of the “Resolves” of racy, and vigorous old Feltham; and I have a peculiar pleasure in making them remark, in this favourite author, the vein of original and masculine thinking, which lurks beneath his rude fantastic language, and the occasional displays of rich poetical feeling and ingenuity which shine forth in his numerous figurative and metaphorical illustrations. During the summer, these prelections are generally held beneath the shade of the spreading chesnut tree, or in a small embowered hermitage, close to the rivulet in my garden. In the evening, after our stated devotions, and as a fitting conclusion to the devout instructions of the day, we sing some of the sacred, and tenderly supplicatory and impressive pieces of Pergolesi’s “*Stabat Mater*,” and then retire to rest, filled with those softened and hallowed emotions, and sublime aspirations, which are among the purest and most acceptable offerings to true religion.

During the summer months, I am almost constantly in the open air, when the weather permits; to which I chiefly ascribe the equable and vigorous health I have throughout life enjoyed. I am seldom at a loss for objects to occupy my attention; and as I am willing to find satisfaction in very humble occupations, I may be seen at one time, perhaps leading my horse, or my daughters’ ponies to the pasture, or to drink at the stream; at another, sauntering carelessly along, with a Dutch hoe in my hand, and perhaps rooting, from my gravel-walks, a thistle or bindweed, or giving to the bordering turf a sharper and a neater edge. At other times, like the obscure and fitting forms in Virgil’s Elysian fields, I may be imperfectly

descried wandering among my young plantations, and busily wielding my pruning-knife; or, perhaps, I am seen thrusting a bush into a broken fence, or angling for small trout, to be used as pike-baits, on the morrow;—or, it may be, that in bees have cast, and the whole household are assembled, beneath some lofty elm or ash, upon which they have settled,—then I may be seen, swelling the rude clanging chorus, which is to lure them from their height, while, with great pertinacity and assiduity, I am knocking upon a saucepan or goblet—adding to the harmony which my wife, at my elbow, is eliciting from a fish-kettle, or my old gardener with his dibble is drawing from a frying-pan. In short Sir, if my occupations are innocent, I by no means allow myself to be staggered by their seeming vulgarity, or insignificance; the pure and sparkling water, which springs from an obscure fountain, is still grateful and delicious to my taste.

Thus does my life steal softly away, like a stream whose smooth waters glide imperceptibly by; and the sports and avocations which delighted my youth still cheer and solace my age. The Greeks of old feigned the goddess Chloris flying through the air, and scattering roses wherever she went. Such have been to me my innocent and tranquil recreations; they may well be said to have been the precious flowers which have spread around me a rich and balmy fragrance, and which even yet, while I write, seem to me as fresh, as beautiful, and as deliciously inviting as ever. Most of my friends have long since departed, some of them after tempestuous and disastrous struggles; yet the going down of my sun is glowing, yet peaceful and tranquil, and I perceive the shadows slowly deepening, without emotion or disquiet. I shall yield up life amidst those dear and tender accompaniments, for which thousands, in the abiding passion of their nature, have fondly languished and sighed in vain. I shall drop this mortal career, where first I took it up—amidst those delicious scenes which knew my early infancy: I shall die in the very arms, so to speak, which nurtured me; and my

last gentle struggles shall be hushed
and composed by those who have
spread a hallowed and serene joy
around my sequestered life ; and who
—shall I speak the last fond wish of
humanity?—shall long associate me
with the wildly-beautiful scenes a-
mong which I now wander, and drop
a tender and pious tear to my me-
mory.

MARCUS.

CHARACTERS OMITTED IN CRABBE'S PARISH REGISTER.

No. IV.

Register of Baptisms.—Tom Weston.

WHAT great events ! how vast the change appears.
In the short retrospect of thirty years !
The fate of nations, and the march of mind,
Leave lagging ages thrown in shades behind ;
For keen reflection, what a fruitful theme,
Rich as the fictions of a fairy dream !
Historians, sages, poets, find a scene
In every court, in every village green.

Tom Weston was a studious, thinking lad,
Whose humble virtues made his parents glad ;
His talents, too, perhaps increas'd their joy,
For all who knew, admir'd, and lov'd the boy,
Till known o'er all the parish, gossip Fame
Soon to the Rector told Tom Weston's name.

This Rector, in sequester'd college bred,
Had store of learned lumber in his head ;
But, void of taste, and careless of display,
The mingled mass in rich confusion lay ;
The laws of nature, and the works of art—
All things he knew—except the human heart .
Inclin'd with faithfulness his flock to feed ;
With will to drive—but wanting skill to lead ;
Upright in conduct, as in heart sincere,
In virtue rigid, and in life austere ;
Unskill'd to bend, and meekly suffer wrong,
Warm in his friendship, in resentment strong
He wish'd to see the parish stand in awe,
His precepts gospel, and his will the law :
If some poor hapless straggler left the track,
No kind entreaty woo'd the wanderer back ;
Instead of modest truth's persuasive charms,
Pride, anger, rage, were instantly in arms ;
In short, it was this worthy Rector's fate
To spring to life at least an age too late.

Such was the man who felt well pleas'd and proud
To call Tom Weston from the vulgar crowd ;
To nurse his talents, warm his youthful mind,
With brighter hopes, ideas more refin'd ;
While to the Rectory Tom his steps would bend,
His fond heart whispering, he had found a friend !
'Tis thus, the florist finds some humble flower,
And bids it blossom near his favourite bower ;
He loves the plant, because it gives him joy,
When selfish pleasures all his mind employ :
Such was the Rector's love, and such the village boy.

For three long years, each Sunday, foul or fair,
Tom ne'er was absent from the house of prayer ;
Would sometimes, after sermon, stop to dine,
And list to hear the Rector's rhetoric shine.

Tom's active mind had now begun to soar,
Untrodden fields, most anxious to explore :
Alas ! a dangerous maze before him lay—
A flowery path—but wildly devious way !
From Gallia's land, a meteor, blazing far,
Was hail'd, as Freedom's bright and morning star ;
And many a loyal British heart beat high,
To mark the splendour of that halcyon sky ;
Unapprehensive of the giant form,
The demon hovering in the gathering storm ;
Unseen, the cloud, precursor of the flood,
Which soon descended in a shower of blood !

Tom Weston's unsuspecting heart was warm,
And Freedom sounded with seductive charm ;
And while his breast with generous ardour glow'd,
He hail'd the goddess from her bright abode :
His friend, the Rector, with suspicious ear,
Heard every plaudit as it echo'd near.
One day, some friends, for social converse met,
With Tom, were round the Rector's table set ;
France soon became the burden of their song,
And, with the Rector, every change was wrong ;
Discussion grew—and Tom, more warin than wise,
Accustom'd still to speak without disguise,
Took part with those who hail'd the rising sun,
And Gallia's day of happiness begun ;
Unconscious still that he could give offence
By what appear'd to him plain, common sense.
Ah ! heedless youth !—his mind a guileless page.
Though, credulous, unskill'd in party rage !

Next week he went, with heart elate and gay,
To see the Rector in his usual way ;
A menial servant, smiling, bade him wait ;
The Rector's called, and comes in haughty state ;
For since the party from the Rectory pass'd,
His wrath, well nurs'd, had grown and gather'd fast .
All times unskill'd his passions to control,
Thus burst the tempest boiling in his soul :
“ What brought you here ?—I hate your face to see
“ You took a pride, Sir, in opposing me !
“ Seditious rascal !—ingrate !—there's the door—
“ Begone !—and let me see your face no more !”

No doubt, the furious Rector's fiery zeal
Was fann'd by interest in his country's weal ;
But, injudicious, fierce, and ill applied,
He cur'd no error, while he wounded pride ;
For Tom, thus rudely from the Rectory driven,
Felt that an insult ne'er to be forgiven ;
Rage fir'd his heart, while frenzy whirl'd his brain ;
He sought a friend, and pour'd his mental pain.
“ I'm nought surpris'd,” this artful friend replies,
Insidious pleasure sparkling in his eyes ;
“ Why should you blush ?—go triumph in the tale ;
“ I'm glad to find you've seen within the veil ;

" Have seen expos'd, in proper point of view,
 " The servile, sneaking, haughty, canting crew ;
 " With cunning statesmen all in league combin'd,
 " To fix their fetters on the free-born mind :
 " Too long we've bow'd beneath their iron yoke,
 " But, thanks to France, the galling chains are broke ;
 " And man shall flourish, happy, wise, and free,
 " When hypocrites and tyrants cease to be ! "

Thus, while his philtres sooth'd the rankling wound,
 The subtle poison ready entrance found ;
 Tom had not been of those who join the throng,
 Indifferent if their faith be right or wrong ;
 He controversy, creeds, and systems read,
 And to his Bible some attention paid ;
 Some gospel mysteries he could not conceive ;
 But hesitated still to disbelieve :
 When Reason's lamp could not a light supply,
 He dar'd to doubt, but never to deny ;
 Free will and fate full many a thought had cost,
 In metaphysic's misty labyrinths lost.
 Now, with resentment rankling in his mind,
 His passions unsubdued, his friend unkind,
 The Rector's faults were placed against his creed,
 And Tom, a poor, unstable, shaken reed,
 With pride the parson scorn'd—the church despis'd,
 And other studies more important priz'd ;
 In devious wilds of sophistry he ran,
 Till Mirabeau confirm'd what Ilumc began !

Ere Tom was wreck'd on Pyrrho's dismal shore,
 Love taught his heart a more delightful lore.
 Amelia Johnson, mild as summer morn,
 And pure as dew-drop on the verdant thorn,
 Of chaste simplicity the guileless child,
 He saw and lov'd—and she approving smil'd :
 Of gentle manners, easy, ductile mind,
 Her form was graceful, and her heart was kind ;
 To chase his griefs, and heal his wounded pride.
 She blush'd consent—the nuptial knot was tied :
 And now the Rector's insults all forgot,
 Tom clasp'd his bride, and bless'd his happy lot.

There is a pause in every earthly joy,
 And Love, the balm of life, is not the sole employ ;
 Sometime they drank from his delicious springs,
 Nor had a thought to spare on priests and kings ;
 But business, and the varied cares of life,
 Led Tom to hear again of Gallia's strife ;
 Led him to mingle with a hot-brain'd train,
 Devout admirers of Voltaire and Paine :
 Tom's wit was keen, his arguments profound,
 He saw his eloquence with success crown'd ;
 Priestcraft and monarchy were now decried,
 And even a God, or doubted, or denied !
 Amelia too, that meek and modest fair,
 Her husband's joy, sole object of his care,
 By love's fond ties, and woman's weakness gain'd,
 Renounced the faith she had through life maintain'd ;
 And she would talk of prejudice, how strong—
 Perfectibility a darling song—
 The dawn of truth—the boundless powers of mind—
 Omnipotent to renovate mankind !

Such this fair votary of the sceptic school,
The guileless maid, now turn'd a giddy, prattling fool.

Think not I seek to stain a brother's name,
While truth requires that I the Rector blame ;
For Tom, who hated Kings, and mock'd at Heaven,
Was from the fold by bigot fury driven ;
While kind remonstrance, smiles, and accents mild
Might to the path restor'd this erring child,
Retain'd a loyal subject to his king,
And chok'd the tares his rashness made to spring.

Amelia now a tender mother seen,
Led her twin children o'er the village green ;
A playful girl, and active, manly boy,
Their mother's pride—their father's hope and joy .
Alas ! no joy had Thomas Weston now ;
Deep clouds of care sat lowering on his brow !
By rigid virtue scorn'd, by prudence shunn'd,
Oppress'd by poverty, by tradesmen dunn'd ;
Now with himself, and all the world at strife,
With not a hope beyond the present life,
He view'd the scene of more than midnight gloom,
Plunged in the dark abyss, and hurried to the tomb

To pious minds there seems some pleasing grace
Still absent from a female sceptic's face ;
Her cheek may glow, her sparkling eye may shine,
And round her ivory neck dark ringlets twine ;
Light on her lip the smile of Love may play,
Still to the mind will restless Fancy stray,
And sigh, to find a dark and dreary void,
Life's noblest bliss unknown and unenjoy'd ;
Hence absent all that Faith and Hope impart.
To elevate the soul and warm the heart.

Yet was Amelia, in domestic life,
The tender mother, and the faithful wife ;
But when they brought her husband's breathless clay
One glance she cast—then shriek'd, and swoon'd away
Restor'd to life and intellectual pain,
With fever'd veins, delirium seiz'd her brain ,
Alternately she smil'd, and sigh'd, and sung,
Tears on her cheeks, while frenzy rul'd her tongue
But while her speech in raving wildly ran,
She begged and pray'd to bring some holy man ;
But not that priest, with proud heart, stern and cold
Who rudely drove her Thomas from the fold—
His presence would be hateful ;—I was next ;
A peasant came in haste, with look perplex'd,
And cried, “ Oh, Sir !—if you have skill to save,
“ Tom Weston's widow's hast'ning to the grave !
“ Long shunn'd in life—seen with averted eye,
“ The hapless wretch is left alone to die !
“ Her conscience waken'd—death approaches fast—
“ Good Sir, make haste—ere Mercy's hour be past !

I went with speed—the shuddering victim lay,
While life's last foe, grim, hover'd o'er his prey ;
Her lip was livid, and the fiend Despair
Sat in her eye, with wildly-frightful glare !
As I approach'd, she cast an anguish'd look,
While all her frame with strong emotion shook ;

With keen convulsive grasp she seiz'd my arm,
 And cried, "Have you the power or skill to charm
 "These demon spectres, hovering o'er my bed?
 "Ah, no!—they wait till life's last spark is fled!
 "And then—Oh! speak—and say, what then remains?
 "Annihilation—or still future pains!
 "For taught to doubt—to disbelieve—deny—
 "I fearless liv'd—but now—I dread to die!
 "All, all is dark—obscure—but if there be
 "A future state—what place remains for me!
 "My faith renounced—my children unbaptiz'd—
 "Heaven's mercy scorn'd—Almighty power despis'd!
 "My babes will you from dark perdition save?
 "Oh, say you'll guide their views beyond the grave!
 "Oh! hear a wretch!—a sinner's parting breath—
 "Oh!—pray to shield me from this worse than death!"—
 Ere I could raise my hands the spark was gone—
 The troubled spirit fled to worlds unknown.

I could not leave the helpless orphans there,
 The home of sadness, sorrow, and despair;
 Beneath my roof the weeping pair were brought;
 They fondly look'd, and listen'd, as I taught;
 I saw, with joy, their ductile minds expand,
 For Heaven had bless'd the labours of my hand.

When to the sacred font the twain were led,
 Full many a tear was in th' assembly shed;
 Not tears of grief, but tenderness and love,
 While ardent prayers were pour'd to Heaven above.
 They live—and still my friendly counsel seek;
 Their conduct blameless, as their minds are meek:
 I watch them with parental, kind regard,
 And in their filial fondness have my rich reward.

Register of Marriages.—Frank Dickson.

ALTHOUGH the dim and bounded view of man
 The ways of Providence can seldom scan,
 Its secret paths unable to descry,
 Unskill'd to see the *wherefore* and the *why*;
 Yet sometimes we can clearly trace below
 What pangs from guilt—what ills from folly flow
 And mark, in life, when comes, in sequent train,
 A youth of pleasure, and an age of pain.

We saw Frank Dickson, in his early prime,
 Most proudly start, to run a match with time;
 Saw him in Folly's paths unthinking tread;
 Heap wrongs and woes on Widow Wilmot's head;
 With joy unseemly hail the welcome day,
 When she before him cold and lifeless lay:
 His future progress speaks in truth severe,
 A moral lesson—if the world would hear!
 When death had snapt the matrimonial chain.
 Frank gladly thought his youth renew'd again;
 Blest with his partner's better half—her wealth,
 A frame robust, uninterrupted health,
 To all the giddy joys of life alive,
 He deem'd himself still young at fifty-five!

No child to plague, or claim a parent's care,
 A boundless prospect lay before him fair ;
 And Frank resolv'd to riot unrestrain'd,
 Till Pleasure's cup should to the dregs be drain'd :
 " No more," he cried, " the slave of nuptial vows,
 " Nor e'er again curs'd with a jealous spouse ;
 " I, like the bee, will rove from flower to flower,
 " Amidst the varied sweets in Pleasure's bower ;
 " My sun of life shall now unclouded shine,
 " While beauty's wanton lip is bath'd in sparkling wine !"

He sees his hours in swift succession pass,
 Winged with the venal kiss and jovial glass ;
 His health and wonted vigour now decay'd,
 Till art is called to languid nature's aid ;
 Imagination fans his former flame ;
 Though changed the man, the heart is still the same.
 " Shall I refuse," he cries, " the cup to taste,
 " Because I may the luscious potion waste ?
 " I feel the fire of youth in every vein !
 " Why should I then the heart's warm wish restrain ?
 " Mine be the joys that wine and woman give !
 " But these denied—then let me cease to live !"
 Thus wicks burn fastest when the oil is done,
 And broader far appears the setting sun ;
 A gentle breeze will fan a smould'ring fire,
 While flickering flames by ruder gales expire.

Frank's fancy wander'd still in fairy bower,
 And fondly hover'd o'er a wild wood-flower,
 That blush'd and blossom'd in the secret shade ;
 For Sally Richards seem'd a cottage maid.
 The Muse might tell how graceful was her air,
 Her smile how winning, and her face how fair :
 I check my pen,—why should the fancy warm
 To paint a venal syren's every charm ?
 For such was Sally—pupil from that school
 Where Prudence sleeps, and Wisdom plays the fool !
 She knew that Francis would no price deny,
 To purchase charms, and love, that gold could buy.
 Her plan was laid, her secret spring prepar'd,
 And Sal, rejoicing, saw the bird ensnar'd.
 But when she found how ardent was his flame,
 She changed her purpose—play'd a deeper game—
 To form a contract that should last for life ;
 Yes, she would be Frank Dickson's lawful wife !
 And soon she felt she had her prey secure,
 Her conquest certain, and her triumph sure.
 I need not tell the meretricious art
 That she employ'd, to lure a worthless heart :
 Suffice to say, his blandishments were vain,
 Each golden offer spurn'd with proud disdain ;
 While outraged Virtue, in her native grace,
 Was counterfeited in her syren face.
 At first, his passion was a sensual flame,
 It now assum'd a nobler, purer name ;
 For Sally's *virtues* with such lustre shone,
 That he resolv'd to live for her alone !
 To make such guileless innocence his wife,
 And lead a long and spotless, happy life !
 His purpose could no longer be delay'd—
 His heart and hand were offer'd to the maid ;

While lawyers should in haste a deed prepare,
That she and her's alone his wealth might heir.
For Folly thus glass-beads and baubles shine
Bright as the diamond from the Eastern mine.

With sparkling eye, and softly-lisping tongue,
She bade him think how old, and she how young.
"I thank you, Sir—but this can never be:
"Farewell!" she said, "and think no more of me!"
I need not say how oft he went and came,
While she at every visit fann'd his flame;
At last, with due delay, to save her pride,
With well-feign'd modesty the fair complied.

When they before me to the altar came,
A strange sensation shot through all my frame;
I saw the blushing bride, with downcast eye,
Gaz'd on her blooming face, and heav'd a sigh;
She seem'd a rose-bud, sweet as summer morn,
Bound to a hoary, leafless, blighted thorn;
I felt it grief, to think the garden's pride
Should be to loathsome, church-yard hemlock tied!
For as I mark'd her modest, dimpling smile,
I deem'd her artless bosom free from guile:
I thought what Frank was thirty years ago,
Thought of his aims, and Widow Wilmot's woe!
Then, Avarice could his sordid soul inspire,
Now, smoking ashes from a wasted fire,
Which neither light nor generous heat display'd,
The sensual purpose of his mind betray'd.
He from the altar led his blushing bride,
And blooming Twenty lay by wither'd Sixty's side!

Sally was skill'd to trifle, smile, and toy,
Knew all the arts of loose, voluptuous joy;
She simper'd, wheedl'd, and contriv'd to rule,
Her fondling grey-beard—vain, uxorious fool!
Some months had pass'd—her matron shape express'd
That Frank would be in all his wishes blest;
With gloating eye he gaz'd upon the fair,
Fond Fancy musing on his infant heir.
A phaeton's purchas'd—daily she must ride,
In safety seated by her husband's side.
Time roll'd along, and, ere the year was done,
His wither'd arms embraced an infant son.

As winter snows before the smiles of May,
So did the doting husband's strength decay;
Life's lagging tide crept slowly through his veins,
With rigid muscles, and rheumatic pains,
He limp'd along, with feeble, halting limb,
His speech was hollow, and his eyes grew dim.

Her purpose gain'd, and her's the sole command,
The reins were tighten'd in her skilful hand;
For she, in kindness, would assume the care
That weight of years forbade her lord to bear.
As slow, but surely, works the turning screw,
She smil'd, and still his bands more tightly drew;
Till he at last, by struggling in his thrall,
Made every fetter still more keenly gall;
For she would walk, and ride, and gad about,
Had gossips in, and with her friends went out;

While he, with aching heart, and anguish'd mind,
 Was to his couch with racking gout confin'd.
 How writh'd his frame ! what rage his bosom swell'd !
 When, from the window, he his wife beheld
 Ride slowly o'er the lawn, in phaeton placed,
 Her snow-white arm around the servant's waist !
 And sometimes she would on his shoulder lean,
 In summer twilight, on the terrace green,
 And glance, and smile, with fondly wanton look,
 Till Francis' soul with indignation shook !

Afraid to speak, unable to suppress
 The wrongs he felt, with tender, kind address,
 His timid counsel he contriv'd to frame,
 As watchful only of her matron fame.
 Around his neck she laid her arm so sleek,
 Her slender fingers tapp'd his wrinkled cheek :
 " This kiss, dear Frank ! shall speak my love and truth !"
 She press'd his wither'd lip—then turn'd, and wip'd her mouth !

Threescore-and-ten found Francis tir'd of life,
 While Sally bloom'd a buxom, wanton wife :
 She saw with joy six children round her rise,
 Hatel as serpents in her husband's eyes.
 One day she placed the youngest on his knee,
 And said, " Now, William, kiss papa for me !"
 " And must I bear," he cried, " this scorn from you ?"
 " Take your vile bantling from my blasted view !"
 He said, and grinn'd, in ghastly horror grim,
 While rage was quiv'ring in his every limb.
 " Be calm, my love—I'm sure you know full well—"
 She said, and whisper'd—what I must not tell !
 Contempt and scorn his pride could ill sustain ;
 With boiling blood, and looks of proud disdain,
 He rais'd his arm—" Nay, this," she cried, " is worse—"
 " The child to lift its hand against its gentle nurse !"
 " Be quiet, deary—let your passion cool ;
 " I'm loth to quarrel with a dotard fool !"

Accumulating ills, with age combin'd,
 Now shed thick clouds and darkness o'er his mind ;
 Till from his mem'ry would the present pass,
 As glides the image o'er the polish'd glass :
 The past—a chaos, jumbled in his brain,
 Much perish'd, ne'er to be recall'd again !
 By toys amus'd, he fretted, smil'd, and sigh'd,
 Or, drivelling, fondled, scolded, laugh'd, and cried ;
 While Sally, lost to every female grace,
 Toy'd with her paramour before his face !
 Would pat poor Francis, with sarcastic leer,
 Then loudly bawling, stun his startled ear,
 Till memory waking in his wither'd brain,
 Renew'd his woes—told his disgrace again !
 If in his sight the playful children came,
 Their presence would his slumb'ring wrath inflame ;
 " Vile spawn—imps—filthy bastards !" he would cry,
 And glare upon them with a tiger's eye ;
 Then stare around him—wring his hands, and weep,
 Till wearied Nature lull'd each sense asleep !

'Twas thus ten tedious, ling'ring years, were pass'd,
 His spouse afraid she ne'er would see the last ;
 Time on his wrinkled brow had writ *fourscore*,
 And he was hast'ning to the long-wish'd shore ;

When life's dim taper shed its parting beam,
 Returning reason glanced with transient gleam ;
 He gaz'd around, and cried, " Departed shade !—
 " Ah ! Emily Wi'mot !—now thy wrongs are paid !"
 In seeming sadness, Sal approach'd the bed,
 To smooth the pillow for his weary head ;
 To shun her hated sight he vainly tried—
 And shrinking from pollution's touch, he cried,
 " Shame to thy sex !—detested—" all was o'er—
 His pale lip quiver'd—and he breath'd no more !

Register of Burials.—Emma Stirling.

From dark oblivion's gulf their names to save,
 Some climb the Alps, some stem the Arctic wave ;
 Lur'd by the noisy drum and trumpet's breath,
 Some scatter desolation, fire, and death :
 One on Parnassus proudly writes his name ;
 To brass and marble many trust for fame :
 So weak, so vain, this boasted being Man,
 His circle narrow, and his time a span !
 Here, in his last retreat, rise sculptur'd stones,
 'Midst fœtid weeds, rank grass, and mould'ring bones ;
 But moss-clad stones will crumble while we gaze,
 And polish'd brass with cank'ring rust decays ;
 Some nobler monument our names must save,
 If we would wish them known beyond the grave.

Amidst the crowds that undistinguish'd lie,
 Without a stone to draw the gazer's eye,
 See where, in morning's dew, the daisy weeps,
 And gems the turf where Emma Stirling sleeps !
 On Sundays, passing to the house of pray'r,
 With slacken'd pace, the peasant pauses there ;
 With lighter steps the little children tread,
 And strew their flow'rs above her grassy bed.

Long, calm, and pleasant, Emma's morn of life,
 A thriving farmer's thrifty, cheerful wife :
 A rash adventurer sought her husband's aid,
 Though Prudence caution'd, Friendship was obey'd—
 The schemer bankrupt—lost the farmer's wealth,
 It sunk his spirits, undermin'd his health ;
 For small the wreck of fortune he could save,
 And disappointment laid him in the grave !
 A flood of sorrow mourning Emma shed,
 But sighs and tears could not recal the dead ;
 And she, of fortune and her friend bereft,
 Had now to scan the little fate had left ;
 The best provision for her wants she made—
 A small annuity, half-yearly paid ;
 And thus her grateful heart to Heav'n resign'd,
 Time's gentle hand restor'd the tranquil mind.
 She had no child to claim a parent's care ;
 But she was bless'd in many an orphan's pray'r ;
 Wide o'er the parish was her kindness felt,
 Her counsels whisper'd, and her bounty dealt :
 When age and sickness bow'd the peasant's head,
 And want the inmate of his cheerless shed,
 Returning health oft smil'd at her command,
 While craving hunger bless'd her liberal hand :

The urchin shiv'ring in the wintry storm,
 At Emma's door would shew his naked form,
 Assur'd, that she the ways and means would find,
 To wrap his limbs from frost and biting wind ;
 From richer friends, wide o'er the parish spread,
 She'd beg a blanket for the widow's bed ;
 A coat, to screen some orphan from the cold,
 While she her tale with such persuasion told,
 That Avarice, though reluctant to comply,
 Durst not her prayer importunate deny.

When by her wealthy friends invited out,
 (For she had many, scatter'd round about,)
 Her work-bag still was dangling at her side,
 And she her knitting needles ceaseless plied ;
 Whoe'er the company, whate'er the sport,
 Was to the thrifty widow still *n'importe* ;
 Her friends would chide, while she would thus reply,
 " I've pass'd my promise, and the time draws nigh—
 "Hose for an orphan girl, and barefoot boy,
 "And shall I disappoint them of their joy ?"

One day a distant friend a visit paid—
 " You'll stop and dine ?"—" Why, aunt, I'm much afraid
 " This unexpected call—but if you'll make
 " No change for me, with pleasure I'll partake."
 " Dear John, of all that claims a wise man's care,
 " The most unworthy is—a bill of fare ;
 " I never of my board or larder boast ;
 " But I can promise you both boil'd and roast !"
 The hour is come, the snow-white cloth is spread,
 The dishes serv'd—and grace devoutly said—
 Remov'd the cover from a gay turcen,
 Plain boil'd potatoes, rich and hot, are seen,
 And these, *par excellence*, the centre graced,
 Brown bread, and butter milk, in flank were placed ;
 The stranger star'd—" What means this fare, dear aunt ?
 " Speak plain—does it proceed from choice or want ?"
 " Why should I blush to say, it springs from both ?
 " I cut my coat according to my cloth ;
 " A liberal hand has drain'd my pocket dry—
 " A month must pass ere I can have supply."
 " You must not thus—I will your banker be !
 " Why should you blush to ask a loan from me ?"
 " What ! run myself in debt ?—that will I not !
 " 'Twould break my peace, disturb my happy lot !"

Next week she in a pauper's hovel stood,
 And found the inmates wanting fire and food,
 Her purse was empty—something must be done !
 A guinea borrow'd—on the waters sown,
 Has warm'd the shiv'ring, dried the weeping eye,
 And to the hungry brought a rich supply !

Though some folks said that madness rul'd her mind,
 It has not prov'd of a contagious kind ;
 For since she slept beneath that turf of green,
 I have no symptoms of infection seen :
 Romantic Charity is now no more,
 And Wealth goes proudly past the poor man's door ;
 But tears of fond remembrance still are shed
 Above the grassy turf that covers Emma's head !

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF ARTEMI,
OF WAGARSCHAPAT, NEAR MOUNT
ARARAT, IN ARMENIA: FROM THE
ORIGINAL ARMENIAN, WRITTEN
BY HIMSELF. LONDON: TREUT-
TEL & WURTZ, &c.

Is this, said we, on perusing the Memoirs of Artemi, a piece of veritable auto-biography? or, is it not rather a clever imitation of the less absurd and extravagant species of Oriental Romance, in which the characters and events are of course fictitious, but the manners drawn from the life? In this questionable shape were our first impressions embodied. But, on looking more narrowly into this curious and singular book, our doubts as to its authenticity vanished, and we were satisfied that poor Artemi had really "a local habitation and a name" in that comparatively unknown region, the manners and condition of which he has described with so much artless simplicity and truth. At the end of the book, too, we are furnished with certain facts, which appear to corroborate the impression produced by the work, and to furnish a clue for determining the genuineness of this singular record of the present moral, religious, and political condition of Armenia. The Memoirs terminate with the arrival of Artemi in Petersburg; but, it seems, he afterwards visited Paris, as commercial agent for an Armenian house in the Russian capital, and became acquainted with M. Saint Martin, who mentions him in his *Memoires sur l'Arménie*, and states, that he rendered important assistance to M. Klaproth, in the translation of a work from the Persian. Having acquired considerable property during his residence in the French capital, it is added, that he has since set out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, by the way of Constantinople, following in the footsteps of M. de Chateaubriand, with the intention of publishing, on his return, a history of his travels and adventures, in imitation of that orthodox Ultra. "Nous voilà donc suffisamment instruits;" although, as far as the substantial merit of the book is concerned, it is of small importance whether the character of the hero be real or fictitious: it is enough,

that the representation of a peculiar, and almost anomalous state of society and manners, is at once vivid, simple, impressive, and calculated to extend our knowledge of human nature, by exhibiting mankind, in circumstances as dissimilar to our habitual experience, as it is possible to imagine. The satirical wit, and intimate acquaintance with the vices and follies of men, displayed in the inimitable and immortal pages of Le Sage, are not the less relished and admired, though we are never for a moment cheated into a belief of the actual existence of such a non-descript fiend as *El Diable Cojuelo*. Had the author professed to record any new facts in geography or science, the case, we admit, would have been different; but his object being to present a picture, the elements of which exist in every human bosom, we possess a means of verification, totally independent of the individuality of the hero, or the force of human testimony.

This book may be regarded as the best, if not the only, description which has yet been given to the world, of the manners, customs, and institutions of Armenia, and of part of Persia, and Russia in Europe: and this description is particularly recommended to our notice by the strange and novel elements of which it is composed. Ancient renown has here merged into that worst species of barbarism which lies on the confines of demi-civilization: the few remaining traces of patriarchal manners are forcibly contrasted with that oppression which seems everywhere to prevail, and with the sordid vices to which men, in the primitive ages, were happily strangers: feodality, despoiled of its chivalrous and redeeming accompaniments, here presents itself in all the deformity of the most minute and inquisitive despotism: government is nothing but a combination of banditti, under a leader whose sole object is war, rapine, and plunder: religion appears only in the shape of the most absurd and ridiculous superstition, and, in spite of the universal ignorance which prevails, is scarcely able to maintain itself, on account of the profligacy, cupidity, and rascality of its ministers: property, and even life are in-

secure, because at the mercy of every petty *Starschine* or petty tyrant of the district: in short, throughout the whole of the picture, we discover the almost incessant predominance of cruelty, oppression, poverty, and misery, aggravated by the darkest bigotry, and the most furious religious schisms and animosities. Yet, even on this sombre canvass there are brighter spots, and some consoling examples of maternal tenderness, filial piety, domestic virtue, and the mild and ennobling influence of religion on the heart. It is impossible not to sympathise with the sufferings of poor Artemi and his virtuous mother, or sufficiently to admire the patient fortitude with which they endured their misfortunes,—finding some compensation for the barbarous and unfeeling brutality of their oppressors in the reciprocation of those virtues of the heart, which, wherever they appear, possess an indestructible charm, and never fail to secure the affectionate esteem and regard of every mind not dead to the native and unsophisticated impulses of humanity.

Having said thus much by way of introduction, we shall now proceed to give some account of the author and his book, which are indeed the same thing; and we do it with the greater pleasure, as it will afford us an opportunity of introducing our readers to the knowledge of scenes and characters, which, whatever may be their independent interest, have at least all the attractions of the novel, or rather *unique*, to recommend them.

Artemi informs us, that he was born on the 20th of April 1774, in the town of Wagarschapat, near Mount Ararat, towards the east of Armenia. His father was not rich, and died while our hero was only four years old, leaving himself, with another brother and sister, to the care of their mother. Artemi was the younger brother, and seems to have early evinced indications of superior genius. He delighted to listen to the traditional narratives handed down from antiquity, and betrayed an attachment to intellectual pursuits, which neither envy nor malice, embittered by poverty, could overcome. Placed in more precarious

circumstances, and allowed to give scope to the unrestrained bent of his genius, in the pursuit of knowledge, it is impossible to calculate the eminence he might have attained; but when we consider his necessitous situation, his hardships, adventures, and sufferings, we cannot but admire that energy and firmness with which he appears to have conducted himself, nor can we refuse our wonder how he withstood and triumphed, not only over private enemies, but the Mahometan despots, who seemed determined to resist his liberal views. It is scarcely imaginable, indeed, that in these times there could exist upon the face of the globe, even amidst the gloom of Mahometan superstition, such barbarity as appears to have actuated the Armenian ecclesiastics, and others in authority; and few, we believe, will peruse with indifference Artemi's account of the rude and unfeeling treatment he experienced from these tyrants, as well as from his more wealthy and oppressive neighbours. Regardless even of the forlorn widow, they took delight in aggravating her sorrows, and adopted every possible means to prevent the education of her son, whom she anxiously wished to be duly qualified, and admitted in her lifetime, into the office of the priesthood. The following statement will give the reader some idea of Eastern refinement:—

I learned (says he) all that was requisite, and in September 1786 I went to the church to evening service, and read, for the first time, the Psalms prescribed for the occasion by our ritual. The malicious envy of the *starschines*, (elders, chiefs,) who were present, and whose children, unable to read, were employed in agricultural and domestic occupations, instantly burst forth. Without waiting till I had finished, "Why," cried they to the priest, "dost thou allow this beggar-brat to read here? He will not do what our children do. Give him a sound thrashing, and send him about his business." The feeble-minded priest, in his solicitude to please them, forgot the dignity of his office, and the sanctity of the place, and, stepping up to me, gave me a violent slap on the face, and drove me from the altar. My mother, overwhelmed by this behaviour of the priest, sunk senseless to the ground. She, too, was beaten, turned out of the church by com-

mand of the *starschines*, and driven home. No sooner was this riotous service over, than the *starschines* ordered the *desatnek* (tithing-man) to keep a vigilant eye on me, and not allow me a moment's leisure, that I might not occupy myself with any thing but the usual labours. "This ragged son of an impudent beggar would fain set up for a person of learning, and place himself on a level with our children! (as if their children could read.) Let him go and drive cattle, work in the fields, make water muddy; in short, we charge you to beat every thing like learning out of his head." A truly liberal direction, and worthy of the heads and hearts of my countrymen!

This inhuman treatment, as must have been expected, sunk deep into the heart of his mother. She, however, contrived to conceal her anguish, in order to comfort and encourage her son; and, at the same time, gave him some salutary exhortations.

Previous to her marriage, she had been a Mahometan, but had renounced Islamism for the Christian Faith, no doubt, the principal cause of her own and her son's persecution, but, at the same time, the only ground of her support and consolation. Like the ancient Martyrs, she rejoiced to suffer for righteousness,—bade Artemi remember the injunction of our Saviour, "If a man smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also,"—and assured him, that if the wicked spared him not even in the temple of God, his wrath would be so much the more fiercely roused to punish them for it in another world, and to avenge the outrage done to them. Thus did she endeavour to soothe and to cheer him; but at last, unable longer to suppress the anguish of her soul, she sunk into despair, and began to curse the day of her birth, and murmur against the dispensations of Providence. Here Artemi strove to pacify her in the best manner he could; and his youthful efforts were so far successful, that her despair at length subsided into silent sorrow. At the same time, either to relieve her oppressed and wounded heart, or to promote his instruction, she related all that had befallen her, from her earliest infancy till that time. Deprived of her father in childhood, she was compelled to flee with

her mother to Erivan, from the plundering cruelty of the marauders, who pillaged and laid waste her native country. Their object was to proceed from thence to Wagarschap, where they understood the inhabitants lived in the enjoyment of peace and plenty. They had not, however, travelled two days, when they were attacked by the Lesgians, a plundering tribe, literally stripped of their clothes, and cruelly left, in that state, to their fate. The daughter, mother of Artemi, being young, was sold to a wealthy Persian, residing in the city of Gandshu, who, pitying her youth, brought her up as his own child, and had her instructed in various branches of education, and in his own religion. The mother, thus left to deplore her own, and the fate of her daughter, made her escape to the neighbouring village of Shamkar, where, we are told, she lived for some years. Unable to stifle the feelings of maternal tenderness, she determined to go in quest of her lost child, should the search even cost her her life. At last she discovered her retreat, and proceeded, without a moment's delay, to petition for her liberty. But the wealthy Persian, Saphar-Beg of Gandshu, for some time, rejected all her petitions with contempt, and subjected her frequently to the most severe treatment, under the pretence of her being an impostor, and that she was not the real mother of the unfortunate captive. Saphar, however, it appears, had treated the girl with kindness, and had even promised to marry her to his own son. But, notwithstanding all his kindness, promises, and intentions, he could not prevail with her, either to remain with him, or form an alliance with his family. Though young, she was resolute in her determination, regarding neither his displeasure, the blows she received from his domestics, nor the abuse which the populace heaped upon her. "Fear not," said she, calmly, to her mother, "I feel not their tyranny, they cannot shake my resolution." In the meanwhile, Saphar-Beg, having asked whether she would accede to his proposals? without a moment's consideration, she replied, "That she well remembered all his kindness, for which

she was humbly thankful, but that she could no longer avail herself of it; that she wished neither for his wealth nor his fame; and that no consideration should induce her to renounce her mother and her religion." This reply filled the Mahometan with indignation, as it reflected both upon himself and his favourite superstition; but, as he was now convinced that neither threats, nor the severest punishment he could inflict, could alter her determination, he at last, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, agreed to set her and her mother at liberty. Afraid lest his good-will might speedily give place to the spirit of revenge, they sought shelter, during the night, in caverns and ravines, and, in the morning, pursued their journey, keeping always a vigilant eye on whatever stirred around; nor did they begin to feel themselves *free*, until they reached Wagarschapat, a distance of more than twelve days' journey from Gandshu, the place of their captivity.

Here the narrative becomes extremely interesting. The mother and the daughter, once more united, find a friend in old Simeon, the then patriarch of Wagarschapat, who, being informed by the priest of Gandshu of all that had happened to them, sent for them, received them graciously, and assured them of protection for the future; and as a compensation for their sufferings, and, as a test of the sincerity of his own motives, negotiated a marriage between the daughter and a young man named Astwazatur, who became the father of the author of our memoir. We shall here insert the concluding paragraph of his mother's narrative, as it will afford the reader some idea of her character:—

I have related the events of my life to thee, that the sufferings which I and my mother endured for the love of God, and the succour which he afforded, in delivering us from such manifold distress, may serve as an example to thee, and strengthen thee in the assurance that God is still the Mighty One. He can lift up the fallen, recall the dead to life, and raise children to Abraham out of stones. We are formed of earth, and to earth we must one day return. Our life passeth away as a shadow, or as the running water, and with it, too, all our sorrows pass

away. Our present state is a pilgrimage, a journey; and those who hero sow in tears, shall reap in eternity a harvest of joy. Wish for nothing but patience, and seek no other consolation from thy faith than love to, and confidence in God. Be faithful unto death, and expect thy reward only in a future life. Be not angry when fate presses heavily upon thee: God punishes those who do injury, and will one day reward thine innocence. Remember my admonitions; take my fortunes and my sufferings for thy guide; imprint them on thy memory and on thy heart; preserve the Christian faith in which thou hast been educated. This is my testament to thee: if thou keepest it, thou wilt be blessed in the sight of God.

Artemi, still bent on the pursuit of his education, endured for its sake almost every species of suffering. Beset with tax-gatherers, tithing-men, and other Mahometan knaves, they forced him from his studies, and compelled him to work. At first, he was employed in digging wells, from which it appears the water was conducted from elevated situations to irrigate the fields; with such, and other laborious occupations, he was harrassed every day excepting Sunday, for two successive years. He helped to sow cotton, to prune vines, and thrash corn; in short, he assisted in all the operations of agriculture. Whenever opportunity offered, however, he secretly went to his master to receive instruction, and also to the priests, whom he commonly assisted in the performance of their spiritual duties, by which means he sometimes obtained a little money; and at the command of the patriarch, he was introduced into the convent, where he became an apprentice to a book-binder. This circumstance greatly rejoiced his mother, and likewise his brother and sister, but operated as a sad mortification to his enemies. Here Artemi enjoyed the best treatment, and was paid, besides, thirty *paras* a-month. The following extraordinary occurrence, which he witnessed in the convent, is worthy of the reader's attention:—

One of the pilgrims, a wealthy Armenian merchant, gave all the inmates of the monastery a dinner, at which I also was present. According to the rules of this establishment, no person is allowed

to speak a word during dinner; but all must listen to a sermon, or considerations on a passage of Scripture, which one of the ecclesiastics reads from the pulpit. Thus, too, on the present occasion, an appropriate discourse, concluding with warm commendation of the devotion and pious zeal of the above-mentioned merchant, was read. One of the Archimandrites, who had not long before returned to the convent from an official mission abroad, conveyed, during the delivery of this discourse, with his neighbour. The archbishop muddily observed to him, that he would afterwards have plenty of time for conversation; but the Archimandrite, regardless of this admonition, continued talking as before. After dinner, the archbishop communicated this act of disobedience to the patriarch, and the poor Archimandrite was sent next to the discipline of the *prince*; during the infliction of which, the archbishop said to him, "Now, you are at liberty, not only to talk, but to shoot as much as you please." This *frank* lasted, as usual, a considerable time, and ended with the archbishop's crying out to the almost insensible Archimandrite, "Well, why are you now silent? why don't you speak?"

Artemi's residence in the convent was not of long duration. The tiething-man, at the command of Balust, the director of the town, came early one Saturday morning, and forced him and a number of other poor young men away, for the purpose of assisting in building a fortress upon Mount Arakat. In the course of this work, several of his companions died—some from the falling of stones, others from hunger, or disease. The approach of winter, however, put an end to their sufferings: they quitted the mountain where they had been for six successive months, and were allowed to return home. In the following summer, our adventurer went to Baiafit, with a person who had some time before come from that place. On their way they had to cross the river Errakls, or Araks, the current of which is extremely impetuous, and often carries away houses, and lays waste the adjacent fields. In fording this river, they had well nigh perished in the attempt. On reaching the river, Artemi mounted on horseback behind his fellow-traveller, who, from previous indisposition, being too weak to manage the horse, quitted the bridle, and the

poor animal slipping from the shallow, plunged into a deep part of the river. In this dilemma Artemi succeeded in laying hold of the horse's tail, and his companion having clung to him, they were both providentially saved by this means. In the evening, they arrived at the village of Plur, where they attended vespers, and sang and read. This being over, Artemi accosted the priest, and, to discover what sort of man he was, asked him several questions relative to the meaning of various texts of Scripture. The poor priest, however, like the generality of his brethren, was quite incapable of giving any satisfactory explanation, and entreated Artemi to drop his questions, and accompany him to supper, as being more necessary to his comfort, after the ducking he had experienced, than any thing he could advance, in elucidation of textual difficulties. Next day, at noon, they proceeded on their journey by the foot of Mount Arakat, and, in the evening, arrived at the village of Gara-Bulach, belonging to the district of Baiafit, in the Province of Kurdistan. The inhabitants of this territory are a wandering tribe called *Jasites*: as they seem to be a distinct race, neither assimilating with their neighbours in religion nor in language, we cannot, we are sure, gratify the reader more, than by inserting here the author's description of this singular people.

The Jasites are a wandering tribe. In summer they rove about on the mountains, and in winter return to their village, which is their principal station, probably on account of the extraordinary excellence of the water of the Gara-Bulach, or the Black Spring. The Jasites are not Mahomedans, nor is it known precisely what religion they profess. They speak Turkish, but have another language of their own, known only to their tribe. They have no written characters, but have a particular class, consisting of scholars, who transmit their learning, as a secret, from father to son; each father revealing it to that son whom he deems the most worthy. They have many other singular customs that deserve to be mentioned. In taking an oath, and in many other cases, they cross themselves like the Christians; but with this difference, that they fold their hands, raising only the middle fingers, which they

place one against the other, and in this manner make the sign of the cross. When they drink red wine, they lift it up with both hands, asserting that this wine is the blood of Christ; and if a drop of this blood happens to fall upon the ground, they lick the spot with their tongues. They are remarkably hospitable. Any Jasite would rather sacrifice himself and his family than betray his guest, or suffer any harm to befall him while he remains in his house. They are strictly forbidden to inveigh against the devil, and would almost put to death any one who would transgress in this particular; for, they say, the devil was once the next in rank to God; he was punished by him for his sin, expelled from heaven, and deprived of his angelic form; and, for ought we know, God may yet forgive him, and restore him to his former dignity. Were you to draw a circle round a Jasite, sitting or standing, he would probably continue in the same posture, without stirring, till he died, unless you erase the circle, within which, when any one has thus fixed him, he earnestly begs you to do. The origin and tendency of this practice are secrets known to themselves alone. They weep and lament over the dead forty days, sitting almost night and day, for that period, in the churchyard: nay, it is a fact, that some of them have abstained from food so long as to become quite emaciated, and to expire on the grave. What I have here said concerning the Jasites is universally known in our country, and I have myself witnessed and verified all these particulars. I have heard, moreover, that the Jasites, in commemoration of the three days passed by the people of Nineveh, after Jonah's denunciation, in imploring the Almighty to forgive their sins, and to deliver them from the destruction which impended over their heads for their wickedness, in like manner devote three days every year to profound penance, sitting in their houses, and not only abstaining from every kind of food themselves, but even denying suck to their infants, and food to their cattle, during that time.

We must now follow our author through a new scene. Arrived at his twentieth year, he resolved to quit Wagarschapat for ever, and travel into Russia. This resolution seems to have been rather speedily adopted,—the more especially, when we consider that his adherence to it not only disunited him from his friends and his country for ever, but also

placed him on a new field of trial, under all the disadvantages of a stranger. Agreeably to his purpose, he set out with a merchant from Tifflis on the 15th of July 1795, to Amaran, through Aschtarak. When about three wersts from the town, he thanked God for his deliverance, satisfied that he was now out of the reach of all his enemies. The caravan in which they travelled halted at the convent of St George, and this circumstance had nearly proved fatal to Artemi's escape. It appears there is no other way of getting into those caravans, than being drawn up with ropes and pulleys, in the same manner as it is common to draw up stones and mortar in building lofty houses. Every twenty-four hours, parties of ten men are alternately on the watch in the village, to observe all persons passing near it, and to give timely notice of the approach of an enemy. Among those who were there on duty, was a young man of Aschtarak, whom Artemi had taught to read, and who had come to the convent to inquire what was going on at Erivan. Having informed his old acquaintance whither he was travelling, they parted, Artemi having no idea he should ever set his eyes again on any person from his own country, when, on the following day, to his no small astonishment, his brother, with ten men, made their unexpected appearance, demanding his immediate return. Artemi earnestly entreated his brother to leave him in peace, and neither to drag him back to sufferings from which he had made his escape, nor denounce him to the caravan as a runaway. It was impossible, however, to persuade his brother that he had taken his measures so decidedly, nor would he be diverted from his purpose, by any arguments Artemi could employ, till at last he was told, that if he would not listen, to reason, and still determined to force his return, Artemi, with other thirty of his friends, would cut him and his ten followers to pieces. His brother, at this threat, became sensible of his folly, or rather, that he was too weak to carry his design into execution, and thus parted the two brothers; the one venting his feelings in reproaches, the other in assurances of

his affection and everlasting attachment. After travelling a few days, during which he and his friend the merchant encountered great dangers, they reached the town of Boda, whence the servants were sent with the goods across the *steppe* of Soganglug, while he and his fellow-traveller took the shorter road over the mountains, and arrived safely at Tiflis. Fatigued as Artemi was with the journey, and dispirited with the dangers he had encountered, he was still anxious to gratify his curiosity. Next morning, as soon as it was light, he went out to see the town, and in going and returning, dreamt of nothing but the success he hoped to meet with at Tiflis, and afterwards to follow up in Russia. The enchanting appearance of the town and its inhabitants, and the opulence every where apparent, were sufficient inducements for forming such plans; but his day-dreams lasted only a few hours. At this time Raim-Chan, nephew of the Chan of Handshu-Ishawat, applied to Heraclius, Zar of Grusia, for assistance against his uncle, who, on the death of his father, had usurped his territories. For this purpose, soldiers were assembled in the neighbourhood, waiting orders. One day Artemi, in the Persian dress, chanced to fall in with them in his walk, when they detained him, concluding he was a Persian spy, and without farther information dragged him towards a cannon. At first he thought them in joke, but he was soon undeceived, as they proceeded, in good earnest, to tie him to the gun, and to beat the soles of his feet so unmercifully, that for a considerable while he was quite unable to walk. With much difficulty, however, he contrived to crawl out of the city, but unable to proceed farther, he dropped on the road, and there lay the rest of that day, and the following night, in the open air. Next morning, he pursued his route to Zcheta, where he met with some straggling fugitives from Tiflis, with whom he proceeded the following day to Duschet. Meanwhile, the Shah had already quitted Handshu, and had actually commenced his retreat. As soon as this was publicly known, the inhabitants of Tiflis, who had secreted

themselves in the woods behind Duschet and Ananur, again made their appearance. The sight of so many scenes of woe made Artemi forget his own distresses.

Old and young, (says he,) of both sexes, and all ranks, had thronged in crowds to Ananur; had passed day and night, in the most inclement weather, under the open sky; and, without food or clothing, deplored their own fate and that of their families and friends. The father had lost his son, the son knew not what had become of his father; mothers inquired for their daughters, and daughters for their mothers; husbands were parted from their wives; and all united in one thing—that is, in filling the air with their complaints and lamentations.

His relation of his own, and the sufferings of the unfortunate inhabitants of that country, during this war, is truly affecting; but we beg to refer our readers to the pages of the work itself, for the particulars.

After much difficulty, danger, and fatigue, he reached Moscow, which appears to have filled him with astonishment, and transported his admiration beyond all bounds. Remaining there a few days, he proceeded to St Petersburg, where he found professors of his own religion, who informed him of the advantages he might there enjoy under the protection of the Russian government. The beauty and extent of the city, the majestic current of the Neva, together with the surrounding scenery, so impressed the mind of Artemi, that he here, for the first time, felt a desire to put a period to his wanderings. The brightest rays of hope now beamed upon him in all their seducing splendor; and a presentiment announced, with a voice not to be silenced, “Here thou wilt find prosperity, and rest for thy soul.” These hopes were realized. He raised himself, by degrees, to respectability in society, and, through industry, regulated by religion, temperance, and moderation, acquired considerable property.

From this short sketch, the reader can form but a very imperfect idea of the varied merits of this remarkable production. To exhibit them fully would require a detail much beyond what our limits can permit.

Written in the Armenian language, by a native of the country who was doomed to struggle against fortune through a great part of his life, they are well calculated to excite our curiosity, and to awaken our sympathy; and, we believe, few will peruse his pages without a feeling of interest and pleasure. The whole memoir carries along with it the impress of honest simplicity. The narrative is clear, simple, consistent, and characteristic of the author, and of the country the manners of which he describes. As Artemi did not enjoy a liberal education, he has not been able to furnish us with those enlarged views which we could have wished, respecting the religious and political institutions of the East; but still we feel indebted to him for what he has communicated in these respects, and also grateful for his numerous, entertaining, and instructive descriptions of the manners, habits, and prejudices of his countrymen.

Of the translation we have but little to say. The language is not unfrequently faulty, and we could have wished that more attention had been paid to the selection and application of words; but as this, in translation, is a difficult task, the principal object being to bring out the true meaning of the original, we have no hesitation in saying, that we think well of the translation, upon the whole; and that it seems to exhibit as faithful a representation of the peculiar qualities of the original as was perhaps possible, all circumstances considered, to produce.

HORÆ SENILES.

No. III.

"He loves books."

Not that he has a scruple about learning
Than will suffice him to say in ear, but, like
Some pitious cowards, who a self thought valiant
For keeping store of weapons in their chambers,
He loves to be esteem'd a Doctor by
His volumes.

I HAVE just closed, and placed upon the shelf, a book, the perusal of which has been a considerable fund of entertainment to me. The *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, the production of Hutten, either solely, or with the assistance of Rubianus and others, is a poignant satire, the lash of which was directed against the ignorance

and folly of the monkish theologians; and it succeeded in exposing those against whom it was levelled. Leo X. issued a bull for its condemnation.

This work was published at the time when, owing to various causes, that suspicion of the proceedings of the Holy See and of its members was spreading abroad, which was immediately followed by the Reformation. Monasteries, and their secluded inhabitants, were no longer sacred from ridicule, contempt, or hatred; the triple-crown shook, and infallibility became a jest. It is not to be wondered at, that the publication of a work like the present should raise a considerable ferment, and excite, against the author, all that malignity which attends those who pull down the screens, and expose the secret of imposture and falsehood.

Here are more epistles; *Epistolæ Hediæ*, another interesting and entertaining work. Howell was the ornament of James's time, and his letters abound in that familiar chit-chat which is the soul of epistolary correspondence. A great traveller, he imports the news of foreign climes, and hushes up his account of strange countries and manners, with lively anecdotes, and apt and entertaining remarks, in a way that engages our attention without fatigue, or the least shadow of weariness.

I love collections of the letters of eminent characters. The light which they throw on their thoughts, manners, and habits, is delightful; pen-cilling out, as it were, those minute and mere delicate marks which are overlooked in the sketches of history, and seldom, if ever, accurately portrayed by biographers, even when individuals have themselves been their own recorders. Then there is the intimacy you seem to have with a man whose letters are open to you: his peculiar modes of expression, and his light discursive wit, unchecked by fears of criticism, give a sort of actual presence to the writer. I wish I could have seen the letters of my most favourite epistolary writers in their own handwriting. Whatever is the work of a great man, receives a magnitude proportioned to his fame, or our own fondness for him. This latter motive, the delight which we

have taken in any particular writer, would weigh most strongly with me, in wishing to peruse the manuscript of his letters. I should not care very much to see the handwriting of Copernicus, or Marlborough, or Charles V. of Spain or XII. of Sweden, or Peter the Great Barbarian, or any other of those people who have made wonderful discoveries, or achieved great exploits; but for whom I care not—that is, I have no personal interest in them. I may appreciate and admire the greatness of their talents, and value their works or actions, but I care little about their private characters or pursuits, further than is explanatory of their operations. But I would give any thing to see a letter, a friendly, familiar letter, of Sir Thomas Browne, or old Izaak Walton. The writing of the first might be a neat close reflective hand, something like Lamb's, with the *m*'s and *n*'s close a-top, with an occasional sharp-turned *n* tail, or a strange preternatural cross of a *t*, and his *i*'s not to be distinguished from his *e*'s. But I am writing an essay on hand-writings, when I should be talking of other things.

Had Erasmus possessed no wit, no liveliness, his letters would be interesting to us, from the notices they contain of the occupations and customs of our forefathers. But he is one of the most entertaining correspondents you can imagine. His fund of amusement is inexhaustible. If he describes a curious or foreign usage, you see it performed before you; you are acquainted with it in a moment; you perceive that you have been in the habit of seeing it since you was born. Does he give you a character? The person described is your intimate acquaintance—the likeness is palpable—you can shake hands with him. Such are the epistles of Erasmus. They are in folios; such of my readers as a folio does not affright, will find pleasure in perusing them.

I have got a large collection of "Epistolæ" here; but let us pass by them. Here are a multitude of fictions, some of the productions of the Eastern Romance. I must stop a little with these my Mohammedan friends.

The first work which I remember

reading was Robinson Crusoe. What a vast number of editions—what a circulation has this most entertaining work had! What is the fame of Byron, or Scott, or Rogers, or Lamb, compared to Daniel Defoe's! Great as the multitude of their readers have been, how far do they fall short of the countless perusers of the shipwrecked mariner of York! Lives there a boy of twelve, a milliner's or mantua-maker's apprentice, old or young, gentle or simple, who has not sympathised in his distresses, assisted him in his architecture, and with him produced forth clad in skins, conquered vases, and built boats? The reading of Robinson is one of those events which form an era in a man's literary life. He dates from it, as the Roman's did, "*ab urbe condita*." It is the time when he acquired a mass of new ideas, a second life. Another era is the reading the treasures of Asiatic fiction. Here they are, Persian, Turkish, Chinese; and here is the one generally first and truest read, the Arabian Nights, which is in style and manner purely Persian, and probably originally the work of a Persian. Be they what or whence they may, how vast has been the diffusion of these legends of genii, and spells, and caliphs, and camel-drivers! The power they have acquired over the mind of readers is obvious, not merely from the multiplication of copies, but from the imitation, which have from time to time been sent forth. An unread work is never imitated. Why are not the treasures of Asiatic literature more frequently translated, and more of their beauties widely disseminated? Or why are some of those which have been so brought forth, so little known? Does one person out of a thousand know that there is a dramatic work, beautiful for its simplicity and elegance—*Sacontala*—which has been translated from the language of one of the most ancient nations, by Sir William Jones, whose name, as a gentleman, a scholar, and a lawyer, is, or ought to be, equally a passport to whatever he considered worthy of notice? It is to be hoped that this literature, neglected as it is, except by those who are in its very birth-place, will become more general, and an object of greater research;

and the names of Ferdusi, Hafiz, and Sadi, be spoken of as authors whose merits are known and acknowledged.

I know not how I have been led into this digression; my purpose here is with those Eastern relics which *are* estimated. I read the Arabian Nights in my twelfth year. What a world was opened to me! The bright and fairy land of enchantment, of splendour, of romance, lay before me! With what zeal did I devour the narrations themselves, possessing the magic power of which they speak—which tell of the astonishment of the boy Aladdin, at first witnessing the power of his wonderful lamp—of the miserable fisherman, who had inadvertently placed himself in the power of a mighty and malignant being, and the ingenious trick by which he delivered himself, and turned the tables upon the humbled genius! Long, very long, the tales of the thousand and one nights haunted my imagination, and started up in my dreams: and *now*, when the light hues of youth and wonderment have faded away, and age has shown the emptiness and vanity of much that caught my early eye, I recur to these volumes, as a traveller who, after many wanderings, seeks his native home, and recognizes in every tree, and rivulet, and mossy stone, the friends and contemporaries of his infancy.

Here are more romances; but they are the romances of our own, or neighbouring countries. Here is that treasure of chivalry, that memorial of knights of great worship, of fair ladies, of furious joustings, of smittings on the brain-pan, and throwings over horses' cruppers, which has so long preserved its existence and its popularity—*Le Morte D'Arthur*. But there are others which, though they find a place on my shelves, I have never been able, nor indeed inclined, to wade through: *Pharamond*, or the famous history of France; *Clelia*; the famous history of *Parismes* and *Parismendus*; the *Arigales* and *Parthenia* of Quarles; *Purchas' Pilgrimage*; the *Hermetic Wedding*, and many more, whose names are probably unknown to my readers. I marvel if the ladies of the olden time were as great devourers of the romances of the chivalry, as the modern are of

the novels and the romances of horrors. Compare a damsel of Queen Elizabeth's times, clad in all the outrageous stiffness of the day, sitting on a chair of an hundred weight, as firm and immovable as it, save when she gracefully cooled herself with her fan of ostrich feathers, reading Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, with a fine lady of George the Fourth's day, languishing and miserablising, (to take the privilege of coining a word,) over some tender tale of sympathy or sentiment, (which is the correct phrase?) the production, perhaps, of a milliner's apprentice, or, at most, a gentleman in private lodgings, *i. e.* the top garret.

From romances in prose, to romances in verse, is an easy transition. But stay; here is one more proser whom I would mention—*The Voyage of the Wandering Knight*—as a most entertaining work, written in the style of continued allegory in which so many of the old writers indulged, and admirably sustained throughout. It is dedicated to Drake. And now for our versemen:—

Of these, the most beautiful is the *Pharronnida* of Chamberlayne, the wild wandering story of which, abounding, as all of that time do, in strange adventures, mistakes, and double entendres, battles, sieges, and what not, is clothed in stately, but sweet and beautiful verse. It abounds with admirable passages, and possesses more unity of design than most of the similar poems of the time. But the greater number of these works, including some of the best, are to be found among the productions of the continental writers. We, in this country, have never had the fortune to be attacked by Moors or Saracens, and therefore have wanted the opportunities of recording the achievements of our warriors, in delivering the land from sable invaders, in which deficiency we are inferior to the poetasters of Spain and Italy. Ariosto, Boiardo, Pulci, Zinabi, had opportunities of this kind, which we want. We have one name, however, which may be set against all these—a name, which it is now the fashion to speak of and to praise, without knowing much of the works of its possessor—Spencer.

I have been writing here an hour

or two, meditating on the productions of men ; may I turn from them, to indulge for a few moments in other thoughts ? Around me are the works of mortals like myself, greater, probably, in station than I am—far superior in talents, power, and fame. Yet what has their repute done for them, more than my obscurity for me ? They have faded, as I shall fade ; their memory is slowly perishing, as mine also shall more quickly perish. A few worm-eaten leaves are perhaps all that remain to tell of the former lustre of a forgotten name. So is it with all things. I look from this window ; it is a little Gothic-shaped aperture, with panes an inch square : I look around, every thing seems fresh and blooming ; yet, examine them closer, there are fruits falling, some leaves are withered, some are fallen, and blowing about at the impulse of every breeze. The evening, too, is coming on, and the gloom is sinking ; there is a spirit of melancholy, of peace, of holiness, around, which hallows every scene, and gives enchantment to every spot : the wild associations of youth, or the graver recollections of manhood, spring up in every place. See that little arbour, with the tender jasmines twining round it, and a small stream running bubbling by it, glittering in its purity. Thirty years since, I planted the trees which form it ; and there, in my later days, I love to sit and read my favourite authors.

It grows darker—I can see no longer in the venerable gloom which encompasses me here ; I will go and sit in the little arbour, and read old Izaak.—Farewell.

CRITO.

MEMOIRS OF A MISANTHROPE.

(Continued.)

Yet pause upon the brink of resolution ;
Nor, in a fit of spleen—a flush of anger—
A momentary tumult in the blood—
Do that which will bring long repentant days,
And nights of lonely, hopeless meditation,—
And leave a sharp, impersishable thorn,
When all the rose is wither'd.

Tobin.

I HAD walked about five miles, when I struck out of the turnpike-road, to follow a path which I knew would lead me beyond the little town

of D—, and which would, in other respects, expedite my journey. I had not passed far along this lane before I was startled by a loud and shrill whistle close beside me, and before I had time to think what it could mean, I was collared by two men, who sprang out of the hedge on each side of the lane, which was at this spot extremely narrow. My first impression was, that I was about to be conveyed back to Caertrevor, and that these unceremonious individuals had adopted this summary method of apprehending me, having been dispatched by Sir Talbot Trevor for that purpose. But I was quickly undeceived on this point ; for I was conducted in a direction quite opposite to that of the road leading to Caertrevor ; and my conductors, I was well assured, did not belong to the household of the Baronet. We proceeded in silence, and in speed, for I made no resistance, nor did the ruffians speak at all to each other. I had a considerable degree of curiosity to see the conclusion of this strange rencontre, notwithstanding the chance of its being terminated to my discomfort ; and I kept pace with my companions without any sort of reluctance. Indeed, this adventure was an advantage, rather than an injury to me ; for it served to stop the current of a very unpleasant train of thought, and to bring in, as it were, a more salutary re-action in my mind. I had no fear of being robbed, because I had little or nothing to lose ; and the idea of being murdered never once entered my head. In short, I had been so agitated with the events of the evening, that my heart was in a great measure callous to suffering.

When we had walked about two miles, one of my conductors took a handkerchief from his pocket, while the other held my hands till his comrade had blindfolded me. We then recommenced our journey ; and I could feel that we were ascending an eminence. Presently afterwards we entered a wood ; for I could hear the rustling of the trees, as the night-breeze passed over them ; and after many turnings and windings, we stopped, and a shrill whistle from one of my conductors, answered by

another at a short distance, intimated that my progress was likely to be interrupted. I walked a little farther, and heard a sound as of many voices: in a moment afterwards the bandage was removed from my eyes, and, looking round me, I found myself in the presence of a most strange and promiscuous assembly.

I was in the ruinous banquetting-hall of the old and dilapidated castle of Rhiwaclog, and with me were nearly thirty individuals; one third, at least, of which were females. They were all occupied in various ways. Some were busily employed in the manufacturing of horn and wooden spoons, and other humble utensils, and others were lying on the floor, drinking ale and smoking. I was at no loss to discover the rank and character of my new associates; for I knew full well that I was in the haunts of the Gipsies of Mowddwy, a most daring and predatory gang, with which, to the disgrace of the magistrates, the whole district, for miles round, was infested. From the quick and quiet manner in which I had been conducted to this den of vagabonds, I was inclined to suspect that I had been mistaken for some other person; and the fixed, unmeaning gaze, with which I was regarded, added to my suspicion.

"Why, how is this, Morgan Davies?" said a tall and fine-looking man, who came towards me from a recess at the farthest end of the apartment; "why, thou blundering fool, is this the miller of Mowddwy? It were better for thee, and for all of us, if that thirsty throat of thine was not quite so often swilled with brandy. What hast thou done with the miller, sirrah?"

"Nothing, by the holy powers, if this be not he," said Morgan.

"This he!" said the chief; "*this* puny stripling the jolly miller of Mowddwy! Why, thou blind owlet, he is as much like this youth as thou art like the proud Baronet of Caertrevor. Go, Sir, and seek more faithfully; and do you, Ellis Roberts," he continued, speaking to a short, and very stout man, "go with him. The miller must be here to-night; but he has, I fear, cre

now, passed over the river, safe to his own meal-sacks. Away! and see if ye can speed better! Stand forward, Sir," he continued, addressing me, "and shew us the pretty face that belongs to so thin and delicate a carcase;" and I came forward from the place where I stood, which was in a dark corner of the apartment. The deep tone of the speaker's voice was in some degree familiar to me; but I could not recollect when or how it had become so. But when I stood before him, and looked upon his features, I instantly discovered the person of an individual who had often met me on the hill-side with the old shepherd, Robin Humphries, and who had evinced a very particular partiality for me as a child. He was a very remarkable character in the neighbourhood, and was generally known by the name of the Wanderer; for he was not a native of Merionethshire, and only visited that part of the country occasionally. I should not speak correctly, perhaps, if I called him a robber; but no outlaw, whether of ancient or modern times, was more feared in Merionethshire than was Reinalt, or Reginald Vaughan, the Wanderer. But there was an idea of some supernatural power attached to Reginald, which rendered him an object of much dread, and even reverence, with the superstitious peasantry; while his kindness to the poor endeared him to the humbler classes as much as his persecution of the rich and the sordid made him an object of detestation and terror to the higher orders. But Reginald, or rather Reginald's people, as they were called, never plundered the good or benevolent man. However rich he might be, he was always secure from the depredations of the gipsies of Mowddwy; and it was only the proud, or the niggardly wealthy, that became the objects of Reginald's unsolicited attentions.

It was before this remarkable man that I now stood; and I was no sooner exposed to the light of a large lamp, which hung from a rafter in the ceiling, than Reginald instantly recognized me. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "my little mountain wanderer in the gipsies' dwelling-place! What

this is not well; but many years have gone by since we met last on the hill-side; and the gipsy-chief-tain can only now say to his young favourite, "Welcome to the brutal lair of Reginald Vaughan." He extended his hand to me as he spoke, and taking mine in his, led me gently towards the recess whence he had at first issued.

As a child, I had always experienced a sort of awful delight in the attentions of Reginald Vaughan; and now, that I had grown up into manhood, I still felt something of my childish reverence for this extraordinary being; and he was a man well calculated to make an impression upon a sensitive, or, if you will, a romantic mind. His fine manly form—with features more strictly commanding, perhaps, than handsome, and, withal, slightly shaded with melancholy—was never seen to greater advantage, than when he threw off all reserve, and mingled freely in conversation with the old shepherd and myself: and the strange adventures, which he related to us as having befallen himself in foreign countries, never failed to impress me with a stupendous idea of the wonderful and imposing character of this extraordinary man.

The recess already mentioned was altogether distinct from the apartment occupied by the common members of the horde, and there was an attempt even at rude elegance in its furniture. Reginald motioned me to a seat by his side, and, looking steadfastly at me, said: "And what has taken you so far from Caertrevor to-night? Have the smiles of some peasant's pretty daughter, or has the dull hootings of the owl, allured you so far from your home?" "Neither, Reginald," I replied; "but the oppressive tyranny of Sir Talbot Trevor, who drove me forth with—" "Ha!" interrupted the chief; "did Sir Talbot Trevor drive you from his house at midnight, to seek for shelter in such a place as this? Is it thus with you?" He paused a while, and then said, in a tone of deep commiseration, "Unhappy boy! and what will become of you?"

I have already mentioned the sage counsel which I meant to pursue, now that I had left Caertrevor, and I

disclosed to Reginald every particular of it. But this was not all. There was an irresistible influence in the voice and demeanour of the gipsy chief, which, as I have already said, even when I was scarcely beyond the bounds of infancy, made a very powerful impression upon my youthful mind; and now, that we were together in the ruinous castle of Rhiwaedog, I felt as if I was in the presence of a being infinitely superior to the common herd of mankind, and to whom I might disclose all the events of a life, already replete with misery and misfortune. It appeared to me, too, that Reginald evinced a more than an ordinary degree of solicitude for my welfare. Accustomed as I had been to the austere pride of Sir Talbot Trevor, I felt more vividly the power of that sympathy which this friendless wanderer shewed, or seemed to show for me; and this alone, independently of the mysterious influence already alluded to, would have been sufficient to draw from me the most unreserved and implicit confidence. I was a stranger to the world, and to its cold formalities, and I was equally ignorant of the danger of confiding in one who had the power of abusing my confidence. I knew not *then*, that, in the busy world, all live by seeming; that love is a sordid and a sensual passion, and friendship nothing but heartless hypocrisy. I told Reginald, therefore, without any reserve, all that had happened me, more especially on that memorable night: I did not even conceal from him my love for Catherine Trevor. He heard me with the deepest interest and attention, and exclaimed loudly and indignantly against the infamous conduct of Sir William Evans. He spoke of Catherine as an angel. He himself, when in the disguise of a pedlar, and fainting with fatigue and hunger, had once experienced the soothing kindness of this noble girl; and I thought I saw a tear on his dark eye-lash, as he spoke of her tender attention to the "poor old pedlar." His voice certainly faltered; but it was for a moment, and he quickly regained his accustomed stern composure.

After I had finished my story, a great portion of which I found was

familiar to the chief, Reginald addressed me thus: "Young man, you have been rash and headstrong, and will repent it. Look at me, Frederick Anwyl, and at my habitation. It was not always thus with me. The night-hawk and the owl might frequent, unscared by me, these hoary ruins; and these features were not always thus clouded with sorrow. But one rash and sudden act, one damnable paroxysm of intemperate passion, has driven me from the haunts of men, to herd with those who are worse even than the very brutes; and friends, kindred, and *all* that my heart held dear, are lost to me for ever. Listen to me, Frederick, and you shall hear the short tale of one who has watched, though unseen, carefully over your youth, and who can now only offer you the succour and consolation of a poor, friendless, unhappy, heart-broken wanderer!

"You have been at Oswestry, and may recollect a large, and rather gloomy-looking mansion, about two hundred yards to the right of the road leading to that town from the little village of Chirk. There was I born, and there were the days of my childhood passed, in careless happiness, and unthinking glee. I was an only child, and well do I remember each interesting circumstance connected with my earlier and happier years. My father was an indulgent parent, by far too fond and forgiving with a youth of my fiery temper; and many a time has he permitted me to do that which a wiser man would have forbidden. However, my boyhood passed on in happiness, and I was maturing into manhood, when my father died, and my mother soon followed her husband to the grave, leaving her orphan boy to the rude buffetings of the world, before he had attained his eighteenth year.

"I was passionately fond of my parents, and did not bear my loss with much fortitude: but the grief of youth is as fleeting as the summer-shower, and I soon found that my heart grew light again. A distant relation had been nominated as my guardian, and, with his concurrence, I entered into the army, about a twelvemonth after the decease of my

parents, having purchased an ensign's commission in the — regiment. I remember well the day on which I first quitted the peaceful seclusion of my native hills, to mingle with the careless and busy world. It was a wet and gloomy evening; and I performed my journey to Liverpool, where my regiment was then quartered, on horseback, accompanied only by Evan Davies, one of the most worthy and faithful of my father's domestics. A new and most dazzling world now opened before me. The gay and licentious manners of my brother officers were but too congenial to my own feelings; and soon, very soon was Reginald Vaughan a confirmed and an irrevocable sensualist. I do not say, however, that I was selfish or unfeeling, for I certainly was neither; but I was blind to all sense of virtue or morality, and plunged deeply into the excesses which particularly characterized the mess of the — regiment.

"Among my brother officers were two young Welshmen, with whom I used more particularly to associate. The name of the one was Mostyn, and that of the other Trevor. You start, Frederick! and with reason. This Trevor is the same who now enjoys the rich domains of Caertrevor, and the father of *your* Catharine! They were both pleasant companions enough, but poor Mostyn was at first my favourite. There was a generous spirit of confiding affection in him, with such a hearty flow of good-humour, that all loved and respected him; for his character formed an exception, and, I believe, the only exception, to that cursed spirit of demoralizing debauchery which prevailed so much amongst us. Often has poor Edward endeavoured to convince me of the unworthiness, and even of the wickedness of my customary pastimes; and as often have I laughed at his saintish scruples, as I called them, and ridiculed his more mild and steady virtues. I have since felt, that it would have been a blessing to me if I had listened more attentively to his friendly precepts. But let that pass; I have suffered sufficiently for my inattentive levity, and happy should I be were it to me alone that

the evil consequences were confined ! Trevor was of a very different character. He was as gay and as thoughtless as any of us, and proud and selfish to a great degree. There was in his heart a cool, cold-blooded attachment to self, which made all other interests subservient to it ; and so well had Talbot Trevor studied the art of deceiving, that, whilst he was secretly plotting your destruction, he was, to all appearance, your best, your bosom-friend. I am not ashamed to say that I have been his dupe ; but I shudder to think that I am now his victim.

" I had not been long at Liverpool, before we received an intimation that in a short time we should most probably embark for India. This, to me, was pleasing intelligence ; because my appetite had become palled with European luxuries, and longed for some of the more stimulating and gorgeous delights of the East ; and I heard with deep gratification, that we were to quit the tame and temperate climes of our own country, for the fierce sunshine of India. Previously to our departure, my two friends and myself obtained a furlough, of three or four weeks, to visit once more, and perhaps for the last time, the scenes of our youth. They, too, had friends and kindred to part with ; but I had none who cared for me. We arranged that we should first repair to my estate, near Oswestry, and then afterwards proceed with Mostyn to his mother's ; and, last of all, with Trevor to Caertrevor : and we set out on our excursion. We reached Oswestry in due time, but remained there only a few days, before we proceeded to Llangollen, where Mrs Mostyn resided. She received us most cordially, and we spent more than a week with this most hospitable and amiable woman. Edward was the only child which now remained to solace her declining years. Two lovely daughters had she followed to the grave, while they were yet in the very fragrance and tenderness of youth, and now her only son was about to embark for a deadly climate, and to peril his life in the field of battle. But she did not repine : ' There is a hand above,' she would say, ' which will shield

my boy from danger ; and if it please Him, who gave him, to take him from me, it is not for me to murmur at the decree ! ' There was a placid resignation in the good widow's manner, when she bade her son adieu, which shewed that her mind was familiar with sorrow, and well disciplined in the school of affliction. The tears, indeed, trickled down her face as she kissed the cheek and brow of her son ; but she blessed him with a firm voice ; and although her cheek was pale, her manner was composed and tranquil.

" From Llangollen we proceeded to Caertrevor, and were received by the old baronet with all the profuse hospitality of a wealthy Welshman. But there was another individual who welcomed our arrival at Caertrevor with more joy than the baronet himself, and this was his daughter Elizabeth. She was younger than her brother, and beautiful as an angel. But her's was not merely personal beauty : it was the artless beauty of an intellectual and benevolent being ; and I found, before I had been in her presence many minutes, that, however regardless I had hitherto been of female charms, my heart was not invulnerable to the bewitching attractions of Elizabeth Trevor. She loved her brother with all the tender affection of an only sister ; and, regardless of the presence of Mostyn and myself, she threw herself into his arms, and welcomed him to his paternal halls with a flood of happy tears. But a deep blush overspread her brow and bosom, as she withdrew herself from his embrace, and encountered the greeting of her ' old friend ' Edward Mostyn. The sparkling vivacity of her joy seemed suddenly quenched ; and she received his salutation with all the timidity of virgin bashfulness ; and I saw that my friend was equally embarrassed, although his eyes sparkled with delight. To any one more experienced than myself, the cause of all this mutual embarrassment would have been sufficiently obvious ; but I saw in Elizabeth's manner nothing beyond the engaging timidity of maidenly modesty, which did the least diminish the attraction those charms which nature had so

abundantly lavished upon her; and as for the perplexity of my friend, I attributed that to the general bashfulness of his disposition.

"The more I saw of this lovely girl, the more I became fascinated with her; and I looked forward to my approaching departure with feelings very different from those with which I first hailed the intelligence of our embarkation. I had now become attached to Wales by a tie which, I imagined, could never be broken; and while I thought of my separation from Elizabeth, the only consolation that I could obtain, was the cheering consciousness of being able to think of her by day, and to dream of her by night, till we should meet again; and the discouraging suspicion that her heart might already be engaged, never once entered my mind. But the pleasing illusion into which I had plunged was soon to be destroyed; and in a manner which, fool that I was, I might have foreseen. Mostyn and I had been walking in the garden one evening, when, after some more general conversation, my friend addressed me somewhat abruptly with, 'My dear Vaughan, I have a favour to beg of you, which you must not refuse; will you promise to grant it?' 'What is it?' I asked. 'Oh, a mere trifle,' he replied; 'it is merely to—' and here he stopped, as if unable to proceed farther with his solicitation. Looking steadfastly at him, I perceived that he was violently agitated; and the light familiar tone of voice in which he had just spoken to me, did not at all accord with his present emotion. 'Good God, Mostyn!' I exclaimed, 'are you ill? Let us return to the house.' 'No, no, I am better now; but how shall I entrust you with my secret? I do not distrust your friendship, Reginald; I only fear the result of my application.' 'Nay, it that be all,' I answered, 'be under no apprehension: if I can serve you in any way, tell me, Edward, and I need not say how glad I shall be to do so.' 'Well, then, I will tell you. You may have observed, perhaps, that Elizabeth Trevor loves me, (my heart began to palpitate quickly) and that I love her. We have loved each other from our in-

fancy; but her father and brother would never sanction an attachment by which a daughter of their ancient and honourable house would become united with the descendant of an obscure, but equally honourable family. I have prevailed upon Elizabeth to accompany me this night to a neighbouring chapel, where I have already arranged with a clergyman, who is to marry us. She will be accompanied by her own maid, and I wish that you would witness our marriage. She does not like this clandestine mode of proceeding; and it was long ere I could prevail upon her to consent to it: but we have no alternative, and all is now arranged. Say, dear Reginald, will you witness our nuptials?"

"If a thunderbolt from heaven had fallen at my feet, it could not have amazed me more than did this intelligence. My faculties were absolutely benumbed with astonishment; and I have no very perfect recollection of what followed. I have, however, some distant remembrance of a midnight marriage—of a pale, and almost fainting, yet still beautiful female form—of the gloomy and obscure light of the nuptial torches—and, above all, of the heavy and deathlike sob which concluded this mysterious ceremony. What occurred immediately afterwards I know not; for I was laid upon the bed of sickness, under the influence of a raging fever. Long did I languish under its violence; but I at length recovered, and in time to join my regiment previous to its embarkation. During my illness, Mostyn's attention to me was unremitting; and he scarcely ever left my bedside. Nor did Elizabeth withhold her tender assiduity; and when I became convalescent, I found that my unhappy passion for the amiable wife of my friend had gained additional strength from her kind attention to me. The fever which had raged in my blood had not dispelled the brilliant day-dream of my soul, and I still hoped that Elizabeth Trevor might be mine. But why do I dwell on this unhappy theme? Oh! that I could for ever drown in oblivion all recollections attached to it!

"The time of our embarkation at

length arrived; and we sailed from Plymouth for Calcutta in a government transport. Our voyage was expeditious and pleasant; and we arrived at our destination in good health, and buoyant with delight and expectation. During the voyage, Trevor and I were constantly together; but I found that an enmity to Mostyn, at first almost imperceptible, was gradually gaining ground in my heart; and he became, as it were, instinctively abhorrent to me. Still he was as kind and as friendly as ever; and so, perhaps, was I, *apparently*, but in reality I detested him. Trevor, who possessed, in an extraordinary degree, the faculty of divining the secret thoughts of others, soon perceived my hatred towards Mostyn; and he spared no pains to fan this hatred into a flame which nothing could extinguish. He was, I have now no doubt, aware of his sister's union with Mostyn; and this must have been the cause of his diabolical enmity towards his friend. Trevor, I have already said, was a proud and selfish man, and my happiness, therefore, was of little consequence to him: at all events, he wished to render it subservient to his own malicious purposes; and therefore did he strive to poison my mind against one whose confiding affection was his only fault, and who was by far too virtuous and benevolent to mingle with his heartless and licentious associates. Too well did this fiendish tempter succeed in his designs; and ere we debarked at Calcutta, I had ceased to associate with Edward Mostyn. Edward, I saw, was grieved at this; but so well had my cursed propensity played his part, that Edward's sorrow gave me pleasure, and I was almost happy with excess of hatred. But I had my reflections, and they were neither grateful nor soothing to my mind. Wine, however, would dispel them; and to its exhilarating influence I had recourse whenever these reflections occurred; so that my naturally passionate and impetuous disposition was rendered even more irritable and ungovernable than ever.

"We remained at Calcutta in a state of inactivity; for the differences between the English and the

Native Powers had been amicably adjusted before our assistance could be given. About twelve months after our arrival, a circumstance occurred which deepened, if possible, my enmity to Edward, and which led to an event of terrible importance to me. I was walking towards the parade, when Edward passed me, with another officer, to whom he had apparently been reading a letter which he held in his hand. The letter attracted my attention, for I saw that it was from England; and they only who have been in foreign climes can tell how pleasant it is to see even an inanimate object from their native land. In returning the letter to his pocket, he slipped it on one side, and it fell on the ground, unperceived by Mostyn. I was close behind him, and immediately snatched up the letter, which I thrust into my bosom, and then walked into the parade. After the duty was over, I hastened to my quarters, and, locking the door of my apartment, drew forth the letter. It was, as I expected, from his *wife*!—from the object of my adoration; and I opened it with all the trembling haste of an impatient lover. Oh, what a letter was this! So full of tenderness and affection, and interesting tidings! 'Our dear boy,' said the fond mother, 'grows every day more like his father. He has the same bright eyes, and the same high, expanded forehead. He loves a red coat dearly; and crows and chuckles in the nurse's arms at the sound of a drum or trumpet. You would be delighted with him; and as I gaze upon his lovely features, I think of his dear father, and pray that he may reach his native land again in health and safety.' There were also some observations respecting myself. Elizabeth lamented, with much feeling, the alteration which had taken place in my conduct, and sympathized with her husband in his sorrow at the change. 'Reginald,' she said, 'is of a quick and passionate temper; but his heart, I am quite sure, is good and generous. Endeavour, then, dear Edward, to become reconciled to him; for I should be sorry to hear that two such friends as you have been were still at enmity.' All this was like a

dagger in my flesh ; and I felt a thousand pangs of envy and hatred ; but I felt also a gleam of joy, when I thought of the agony which Edward would experience at the loss of such a letter ; for I naturally enough imagined that nobody knew that it was in my possession.

"After dinner, I walked out with Trevor, having drank more wine than usual, for the purpose of overpowering the discordant emotions which agitated my mind. We had walked till it was nearly night, and were returning homewards, when we perceived, at a short distance before us, a person advancing towards us. We did not at first discover who it was, for it was nearly dark, and we paid no attention to his progress. As he advanced, however, I saw that it was Mostyn, and I easily guessed the purport of his approach. I said that I had taken more wine than usual that day, and I experienced, from its effects, that impatience of control which so often leads to contention. I was determined, therefore, to pick a quarrel with Edward, and I awaited his approach with anxious eagerness. He came up to me, and making me a polite bow, courteously requested that his letter might be returned, if Mr Vaughan had *quite* finished its perusal. Now I detested irony, and nothing could enrage me more ; so that my blood, already heated with intemperance, was quickly on fire. I replied passionately, that I knew not what he meant, and stoutly denied all knowledge of the letter. Edward, with his usual characteristic coolness, told me calmly that he knew I had the letter, and would thank me to return it. Provoked beyond measure by his coolness, I again denied the fact, and threatened to falsify the accusation by a public exposure of his conduct. At this, a faint smile came over his features, and then, with more severity than I ever before witnessed, he replied, 'Mr Vaughan, you are disgracing yourself and your profession, by asserting these falsehoods. You HAVE the letter, Sir ! and I insist upon its instant surrender !' He approached nearer to me as he spoke, for the purpose, I supposed, of enforcing his demands. I started back, and the next minute

Mostyn was at my feet, weltering in his blood, which flowed from a wound in his side, into which I had madly plunged my sword !"

The recollection of this horrible occurrence blanched the swarthy cheek of the Wanderer ; and the terrors of a guilty conscience smote him with such agony, that the perspiration bedewed his forehead and temples like drops of rain ; and his hardy frame trembled like the aspen leaf in autumn. Having somewhat recovered his composure, he proceeded with his narrative :

"I fled into the woods, and lived with the beasts and the Indians for three long and most miserable years. My sleep was disturbed by the horrible death-groan of poor Mostyn ; and his pale and corpse-like features wandered before my eyes. Time can never wear away the terrors of a murderer's conscience, nor can it ever assuage the miseries of remorse. Even now—and many a long and gloomy year has past on—even now I am startled by the sound of Edward's dying moan ; and haunted by the calm, reproachful, pitying look with which he regarded me, as he lay dying at my feet. At the end of three years, an opportunity occurred which enabled me to leave India, and I once more found myself on my native shores. Our regiment had long since returned to England, but I was an alien in my father's country. There were no rejoicings, to welcome my return,—no glad caresses—no fond attestations of delight and joyousness. All was silence and despair, and the wind whistled round my head, for I had no place wherein I could shelter myself from the fury of the tempest. I hastened into Wales, and found my paternal property enjoyed by a stranger, from whom I dared not claim my just inheritance. I then went on to Caer-trevor, hoping to catch one secret glance of her whom I still loved with all the desperation of an out-cast. But here I found her not. The hand of Death had struck her in mercy, and her mortal remains were deposited in the neighbouring church. Her father was dead, and her proud and wicked brother was enjoying his ancestral wealth. He had married, and had one son ; and

I passed him, as he walked to church with his young and loving wife. He started as I met his view, looked stedfastly at me, and then spurned me from his path. But I did not think that he knew me. The hot sunshine of India, with the fierce storms of that sultry climate, and the horrible privations which I had endured in my concealment in the woods, had changed those features, which were once as fair as thine; so that I thought that even my most inveterate enemy would not have recognized me. But I was mistaken. On the next day I was apprehended, not as a murderer, but as a *vagrant*, and carried before Sir Talbot, who received me with one of those insidious smiles which always preceded some work of malice or of mischief. He motioned to the attendants to withdraw, and we were alone. 'Welcome to England, Mr Vaughan!' said he to me. 'I did not calculate upon the pleasure of seeing you again, after your valiant exploit at Calcutta. Know you not that the dreadful doom of a murderer hangs over you?' I did not reply. From the first moment of my apprehension, I had made up my mind to suffer for my crime; and I was determined to preserve a sullen silence, more from stubbornness, than with a hope of benefiting myself. I knew there was no hope of mercy from such a wretch as Sir Talbot Trevor, and the stormy passions of my heart had become quenched and crushed by the overpowering accumulation of my sufferings. Life was a burthen to me, and I cared not how soon, or by what means, it should cease. I therefore returned not Sir Talbot's salutation. He seemed surprised, as well as displeased with my silence, and proceeded: 'What! will not Reginald Vaughan return the salutation of his old friend Talbot? Surely so long an absence might merit a warmer greeting.' Still I replied not, and the Baronet became irritated. 'Come, come, Reginald,' he continued, endeavouring to suppress his choler under the semblance of familiarity, 'why will you not speak to me—to your old friend—and, lowering his voice, 'to the *only* witness of your crime? 'Come, be not so churlish with me.' But he

spoke in vain: I was too well prepared to break my resolution, and I remained stubbornly silent. 'Obstinate fool!' he passionately exclaimed: 'you will not speak to me? Then you shall have enough of silence! If ever you say one word of me, or of any of my family, kindred, or friends; and if ever you are seen in this part of the country again—you know your doom!—a *murderer* need not be told of the nature of his punishment! Go: we have met once, but beware how we meet again!'—and, calling to a domestic, he desired him to turn the poor fellow out, as he was only a harmless beggar; and I found myself thrust out of a house where, five years ago, I had basked in the beams of Elizabeth's beauty, and by a menial who had welcomed me to the mansion of his master, with all the cringing obsequiousness of a slave—and I survived it all!

"I did not heed Sir Talbot's menace; and although he knows that I frequent these hills, I have never received any intimation of the threatened vengeance. But I have had strong temptations to rid the world of such a monster; and several times has he been so near me, that the muzzle of my pistol would have almost touched his person. Once he was walking alone in the wood behind Caertrevor, little dreaming that I was within reach of him. I had my pistols with me, for I never go unarmed, and had drawn one from the pouch, for the purpose of shooting him. Already had I presented it, when a beautiful creature came bounding along, in childish glee, towards him, and addressed him with all the fond endearment of a daughter. I could not murder in the presence of so fair and innocent a being, and I turned away in terror!

"I have nothing now to solace or to cheer me. I look forward without hope, and the present moment is so miserable, that I seek to forget myself in the company of these wretches, who are not disturbed by those forebodings which are as a demon to me. How long I shall continue to linger thus in misery, I cannot tell; but my short space must soon be closed. I have often thought,' continued the extraordinary man, 'that

we have less control over our fate than we ought to have; and that some evil destiny dogs us through life, and pursues us to perdition. Take counsel, I beseech you, Frederick, from my words, and warning from my conduct: remember that one rash and intemperate action may involve you for ever in a series of calamities, which no subsequent sorrow or repentance can ever expiate."

The Wanderer ceased his narrative, to which I had listened with the most intense interest; and if I had already looked upon him with awe, I regarded him now with a double portion of interest. I cannot account for the powerful influence which he had over me, nor is it necessary that I should; but I never listened with more attention to the words of any person, than I did to those of this extraordinary man. There was a fascination in his demeanour, which positively enchained my mind. I had not the power of exercising my faculties, so completely was I captivated with the Wanderer. But when he persuaded me to return to Caertrevor, I peremptorily refused to do so; for my pride, fool that I was! would not permit me to humble myself before Sir Talbot Trevor.

The grey-dawn of morning had already appeared in the east before our interview was at an end, and the chief then conducted me to a small anti-room, where a rude couch, formed of leaves and dried grass, constituted a welcome support to my tired and aching limbs. I slept long and soundly—so soundly, indeed, that it was considerably past mid-day before I awoke; and when I did awake, I found the Wanderer sitting by the side of my couch. He had been watching me some time, he said, and envying the soundness of my slumbers; and now that I was awake, he would confer with me as to the best method of leaving the neighbourhood, and of proceeding on my way towards London. "Three of our people," he told me, "will set out for Shrewsbury this evening; and by submitting to a little disguise, you can accompany them with safety. They go as pedlars, and their vocation will ensure them a pleasing welcome at all the farm-houses on the

road. In the meantime, let me provide for your present necessities: Take this purse"—and he put into my hands a leathern pouch, apparently well filled with money—"it will suffice for a while—nay, I must have no refusal; it is honestly obtained, and cannot be devoted to a better purpose than to the succour of the unfortunate. You will reach Shrewsbury to-morrow evening, and then you may part with your companions, who will proceed to execute their several commissions, while you will repair to the house of an old and very convenient friend of mine, who will give you the necessary directions respecting your future progress. This letter will explain to him all that is necessary, and I have ventured to christen you anew. I have not called you Frederic Anwyl, but Owen Oliver, by which name alone you will, of course, be known to Shonen Roberts. Your conductors will see you safe under his protection; and if you will still persist in your determination of visiting London, expect to meet me there in two months after this. And now it will be necessary that you take some refreshment, as the day wanes, and in less than an hour our pedlars will be stirring." So saying, he led me into the recess where we sat the preceding night, and placed before me a savoury mess of pottage. Having finished my meal, I proceeded to equip myself for my journey. My own cloathes were packed up in a bundle, and their place supplied by a pair of blue woollen trowsers, cut at the knee, a ragged coat, and a dirty kersymere waistcoat, which, with a hat that wanted the rim, rendered me a very personable pedlar. Thus accoutred, and mounted upon an ass, I quitted the ruined Castle of Rhiwaedog, on my way to the town of Shrewsbury.

THEATRICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

London, October 3.

Our winter theatrical campaign has begun,

In which full many a bloodless battle
Is fought by men as well as cattle * :

* "As well," but not a whit better. That the lines might be applicable at all points, the last "for meaning, not for

or, to drop the figure and to speak plain prose, Covent-Garden Theatre opened for the season the day before yesterday. The pieces selected were *Twelfth Night* and *The Miller and his Men*; but before I speak of the performance, I must say a few words about the House.

It has been the custom from time immemorial, ("whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," as lawyers say,) to announce various "alterations and improvements" in the building during the recess. Accordingly, a great deal has been said on this score regarding Covent-Garden, and it was civilly hoped (in the bill) that "the alterations and improvements would meet the wishes of the patrons of the drama." It turns out, however, that the only material alteration is not an improvement; that is to say, the area of the theatre is increased, by the removal of what were called the *bushets*, at the back of the front boxes on the dress circle. Already, a great deal "more was meant than met the ear" from the stage; but now, that a considerable additional space has been opened in rear of the Auditors, (I call them so in courtesy, as members of the House of Commons are called Representatives,) and a sort of sounding-board (occasionally put up) removed, it will be nearly impossible to hear them at all. Perhaps this change is to be taken as an indication of what kind of performances we are to expect *hereafter*; and, coupled with the fact, that the manager, Mr C. Kemble, is to be the *decus et tutamen* of the establishment, to the total rejection of Mr Young, and the temporary absence of Mr Macready, we may conclude with tolerable certainty, that shew and partonime are to be the order of the *night*. Connected with this point, the following information was yesterday somewhat cunningly inserted in the principal morn-

measure," ought to run, "Is fought by cattle as well as men." It is given out, that this year Covent-Garden intends to introduce "real horses" into the fights in *Richard III.* and *Macbeth*. Every body recollects what wrath was excited among the critics in the reign of Queen Anne, by the employment only of a few live sparrows and chaffinches in the Italian opera of *Rinaldo and Armida*.

ing paper of London, as from the editor; but, in fact, as every body must see "with only half an eye," (to use Jerry's elegant expression,) from the Manager of Covent-Garden Theatre:

"We understand that it is no fault of Mr Charles Kemble that Mr Young is not engaged at Covent-Garden Theatre: the requisitions of Mr Young were incompatible with previous contracts with other performers. Mr Macready's absence till November will unfortunately lower still further the tragic strength of the company; and Mr Charles Kemble will feel himself compelled to assume characters which he would otherwise have been glad to leave in other hands."

We are here favoured with nothing to shew why it was "no fault of Mr Charles Kemble;" nor are we told why Mr Young was not secured before "incompatible contracts" were made with other performers. The design of this paragraph was obviously to prepare us for what I hinted a month or two ago—that Mr C. Kemble is about to attempt a course of parts played by his brother John, such as *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Coriolanus*, *Brutus*, *Cato*, &c. I do not say of him exactly,

—*Nilul est quod credere de se*

Non possit—

because he was formerly a diffident young man, though it might perhaps be truly asserted of another actor-manager over the way. Neither do I mean that the absence of Mr Young, and the non-appearance of Mr Macready, have been contrived to give Mr C. Kemble some sort of pretence "for assuming characters which he would otherwise have been glad to leave in other hands." Fortunately for me, (and for my readers,) as far as regards impartiality, I am not acquainted with a single performer, (excepting Mr Atkins, who has sent me a letter in reply to what I said regarding his nose, and of whom I may therefore truly observe, *noscitur e naso*): I know nothing of Mr Young, except as I have seen him upon the stage; but he is quite as good an actor, in all parts, as Mr C. Kemble, and, in some characters, a great deal better: Mr Macready, in a peculiar line, is superior to them both. Mr Young has, besides, this especial re-

commendation, that, in quantity and quality, he has the finest voice on the London boards, and is the only man who can fill Covent-Garden Theatre without a painful effort, which makes one almost expect in other performers, that they should put one hand to their cheek, to prevent extreme vibration, like itinerant coster-mongers and oyster-women. The dissertation upon the nature of sound emitted in the London Ories, promised by Sir R. Steele*, might be of great use to actors coming from minor theatres in the country, to try the strength of their lungs, rather than of their genius, on the overgrown houses of this metropolis.

It may be asked, also, whether Mr C. Kemble has shewn any peculiar competence to the parts he is about to be "compelled to assume?" In the lifetime of his brother, (now dead to the stage) he tried Hamlet, and failed—Macbeth, and failed—Brutus, and failed. If, as the old copy-book has it, "youth is the season of improvement," that season has passed with him some years ago. I was, and am still, a strenuous admirer of him in certain parts—Falconbridge, Wellborn, Valentine, Don Felix, and many others; but his very excellence in such characters renders him, in a great degree, unfit for those in which he is about to appear, if report, and his own paragraph, speak truly. In short, I can see no reason why he is to be "the be-all and the end-all here," (at Covent-Garden) at present, any more than when John Kemble was playing; unless, indeed, we are so degenerated, that what seemed mediocrity then, will appear high excellence now.

Adverting to the performances of Tuesday last, it may be remarked, in the outset, that the vocal department of this theatre, as far as females are concerned, is extremely strong. Independently of Miss Stephens, whose voice is a "ravishing delight," and whose engagement, it seems, does not expire until next year, Miss Paton has been secured; and the proprietors knew their interest too well to part with Miss M. Tree, or Miss Halland. The concern is, however, deficient in male

singers. I do not hear of any body better than Duruset, whose voice, though full and powerful, is too foggy to be flexible. In this respect, he may be directly contrasted with Sinclair, whose organ was far from being so rich, but clear, and capable of the most rapid and brilliant execution. The musical drama of *The Twelfth Night* was cast as last season, with the exception of the parts of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew; the first was performed by Bartley, *vice* Emery, deceased; and the last by Blanchard, *vice* Liston, promoted, some say to a baronetcy, but whether "in the ordinary form," or, like the celebrated Sir Hannibal, only "by the common consent of mankind," remains to be seen. Mr Bartley's Sir Toby was an improvement upon Emery, in as much as it was not so coarse; but in richness and strength it was decidedly inferior: besides, Mr Bartley was too brisk and mercurial for the goodly, portly gentleman. Blanchard used always to play Sir Andrew, until the comedy of Shakespeare was transmogrified into an opera, and then, for the sake of novelty, the part was given to Liston; but he never made much of it. There cannot be two notions of the way in which such a character ought to be represented, and Blanchard's face and figure suited it best.

Miss M. Tree had an opportunity of again displaying her pretty legs, and her full and melodious tones, in the airs assigned to Viola. She sang and looked as well as ever; but she did not seem improved in her acting since last season: at least, she gave the passionate speeches, "Make me a willow cabin," &c. with less effect. She is here playing a part before Olivia, and a little extravagance, approaching to rant, might be excused; but Miss M. Tree was too tame. I have seen nobody play Viola like Miss Brunton, (now of the West London Theatre); but it is, perhaps, a little too much to expect pre-eminent excellence, both in singing and acting, in the same individual: it is some praise to Miss Tree to say, that they have never been seen so well united as in her; although, in the latter, there is still much wanting. A single word in praise of Love

(Miss) will fill my sheet. She played Olivia for, I believe, the first time; if not, it is the first time I have seen her in it, and it shall not be the last. Miss Green, (like Miss Wilson, one of the over-rated nine-day wonders of the stage,) used to support this part, and to sing miserably out of tune. This defect Miss Love successfully avoided; and, on the whole, she is a very improving performer, with a very pretty face.

London, October 8.

Until last night, little has been done at any of our theatres worthy of very particular remark, since the date of my last. At the Haymarket, Miss Paton has had, as she deserved, a very profitable benefit—as profitable as the size of the house will allow. The performances were “The Beggar’s Opera,” “A Day after the Wedding,” and “Love, Law, and Physic.” In the first, Miss Paton performed Polly, as far as the singing was concerned, in a style of first-rate excellence. If she, (and the observation will apply equally to Miss Halland) could sing without being seen, the effect would be much improved. Her personal appearance is not in her favour, and she does not dress in a becoming manner: in Polly, especially, the utmost simplicity should be observed, if only for the sake of consistency with the part. What I have said may be thought extremely ungallant; but I do not know what gallantry has to do with theatrical criticism. In several of the airs Miss Paton was encored; and, excepting Miss Stephens, I am inclined to think, that there is no female singer on the stage who would merit it in this part more. A Mr Davis was the Captain Macheath, and went through the part respectably: higher praise cannot justly be given to him at present, though his voice is pleasing and well regulated. The sister of Miss Paton acted Lady Elizabeth Frendlov, in “A Day after the Wedding;” but as she is almost a child, and appeared for the first time, I do not wish to speak of her acting, until I have had an opportunity of seeing more of it.

The English Opera House, (as it is called, and mis-called) has closed for the season. It has been more

profitable than the last, and Mr Arnold begins to find out, that the way to augment the receipts of his Theatre is to bring forward other productions than his own. He is much indebted, this year, to Mr Beazeley.

Last night, at Covent-Garden, Mr C. Kemble appeared as Hamlet, and on Thursday he is to play Jaffier. He would have represented the latter some four or five nights ago, but for the death of a near relation, so that he is early commencing the career promised in his paragraph of the 2d inst. Nevertheless, I would not complain of him, if he restricted his ambition to such tragedies as “Venice Preserved.”

Amor, ch'al cor gentil ratto s'apprende

(to borrow a line from Dante *) was formerly his forte, and Jaffier is a whining sort of a gentleman, without fortitude to endure, or spirit to encounter ills, not unsuited to the style of face and acting of Mr C. Kemble. I shall make a point of seeing him, especially as a new lady, in the present grievous dearth of female tragic talent, is to make her *debut* as Belvidera. At present, my business is to say a few words, and very few they shall be, upon his Hamlet. It has at all times, and in the ablest hands, been found difficult to make the part of Hamlet effective, and it is unsuited to theatres of magnitude. The play is a moral lecture upon the folly of good intentions, without mental energy to carry them into execution. Such was the view Professor Richardson of Glasgow took of the character, nearly thirty years ago †, and he has been followed in his opinion by Mr Coleridge ‡. No-

* Inf. c. v. The Rev. Mr Carey seems to have found some difficulty in rendering with nicety the verb *apprende*. He was not aware that Chaucer had translated it before him

“Pleasaunce of Love, oh, goodly deho-
naire!”

In gentle hearts aye ready to repara.”

Prolog. to Troilus, L. 2.

† See “Essays on some of Shakespeare’s characters; by Wm. Richardson, Prof. of Humanity in Glasgow,” 1797.

‡ In his Lectures upon Shakespeare, delivered at the room of the Scottish Hospital in the year 1818. It is to be lamented, that Mr Coleridge is so much like

body since the time of Mr John Kemble can be said to have completely succeeded in it. Kean exhibited parts of the character very finely, but failed in all the rest; and Macready, who, to a certain point, imitates Kean, did not go beyond him here. Mr C. Kemble shewed a rare want of judgment in selecting it; for while his face and person reminded the audience in a slight degree of his highly-gifted brother, they could not but render particularly obvious his other deficiencies. I do not mean that Mr C. Kemble was guilty of any theatrical indecorum; on the contrary, his acting was marked with great propriety; but, upon the whole, a more languid, not to say tedious, performance, has been rarely witnessed. Some of the newspapers complain, I see, and truly, that the galleries were particularly noisy; and well they might be. Much that passed upon the stage did not reach them, and they were obliged to amuse themselves in the best way they could, until the commencement of the shewy afterpiece. Of Miss M. Tree, who played Ophelia, it is sufficient to add, that she has been very seldom seen to such disadvantage. If Mr C. Kemble's anxiety to undertake Hamlet forced her into this part, for which, compared with others, she is little qualified, she has some reason to complain of this exercise of authority on the part of the new Manager.

London, October 12.

Miss Lacy, whose name I introduced in a former letter, made her *début* the night before last in the arduous part of Belvidera. The puffs asserted, that she was an "actress of the very highest promise, in the noblest line of tragedy." The first sight of her person and features gave this statement a flat contradiction; for she has neither figure nor face for a tragic heroine, and her voice is much too weak for so large a house as Covent-Garden. I do not say that some portions of her performance were not pleasing, but she is not equal to the part as a whole; and, though a few of her tones are musical, in the more impassioned parts of the tragedy it

Hamlet, as to want mental energy, to put those lectures into a form for the press.

was quite painful to listen to her. Her features are upon a small scale, and, in order to give them all possible effect, Miss Lacy was guilty, now and then, of painful, not to say offensive distortions. The scenes of love and tenderness were by far the best.

Mr C. Kemble whined and mouthed the part of Jaffier to the full as much as I had anticipated. Mr Abbott, a very respectable actor, played Pierre; but it was too much for him: it was "the club of Hercules in the hand of a dwarf." My friend Mr Atkins (whose favour I noticed on the 3d inst.) was the Duke of Venice of the night. This advancement, like that of the favourite of the late Queen of Naples, is entirely to be attributed to his nose: he used to perform Spinosa, the conspirator, until the galleries interrupted the progress of the piece, by calling him *Spy-nose*. There was no improvement among the conspirators. Perhaps it was thought that the more thoroughly radical they looked, the more appropriate. They were headed by the veteran Claremont, whose posture on the stage is as fixed as that of the knave of clubs.

I kept my letter late this month, because it was advertised that Drury-Lane would open to night, when I should have had an opportunity of seeing and describing "the vast and expensive improvements and alterations." They are, no doubt, considerable, and have cost a great deal of money; but whatever they may be, they cannot possibly come up to the extravagant puffing of "the sole lessee of this establishment." The first night is the 16th instant.

Mathews has arrived at New York, and is to begin his performances at Boston. Just before he sailed, he was in the gallery of the House of Commons, where the members sat for their portraits, to be conveyed across the Atlantic. No doubt they will be striking likenesses. It is to be hoped that he will bring back some fine specimens of Yankee oratory, and will give us a notion of the true state of manners and society in the United States. Like Steele's Tom Mirror, "he has no commerce with the rest of mankind, but as they are objects of imitation." Mathews is at once a copy and an original.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Dr Ridge will shortly publish, in two volumes octavo, *Lectures on Genesis*, or plain Historical Sermons on the Leading Characters and most important Events recorded in that Book.

A tragedy, entitled *Werner*, or the Inheritance, by Lord Byron, is announced.

Speedily will be published, in two volumes octavo, *Columbia*, a geographical, statistical, agricultural, commercial, historical, and political account of that interesting country: intended as a manual for the merchant and the settler. The work will be embellished with a map, and with portraits of the President Bolivar and Don F. A. Zea.

Muller's recent *Travels in Greece* constitute the next ensuing number of the "*Journal of Modern Travels*."

C. Mills, Esq. is preparing a History of Rome, from the earliest period to the termination of the empire, which will form ten octavo volumes.

Joseph Swan, Esq. is printing, in an octavo volume, an Enquiry into the Action of Mercury on the Living Body.

Dr John Baron will soon publish, *Illustrations of the Enquiry respecting Tuberculous Diseases*, with coloured engravings.

Shortly will be published, a very considerable portion of the celebrated treatise of Cicero de Republica, discovered by M. Angelo Mai, the Keeper of the Vatican Library, in a *codex rescriptus*. The fragments are not only such as to increase our regret at the loss of the entire work, but are of sufficient length to give a correct idea of the whole.

The Life and Remains of the late Dr Clarke, of Cambridge, is in the press.

Mr Britton is preparing a handsome volume, descriptive and illustrative of Fonthill Abbey. He has been at that mansion collecting materials for its history, and making descriptive notes. Mr Catermole, the artist employed by him, has made elaborately-finished drawings on the spot. Some of these are peculiarly rich, effective, and splendid. The interior views are so brilliant in colouring, with purple, scarlet, crimson, gold, ebony, painted glass, &c. that nothing but high finishing and colouring on the spot can do justice to the subjects.

Fifty Lithographic Prints, illustrative of a tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy, during 1819, 20, and 21, from original drawings taken in Italy, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, by Marianne Colston, in octavo, are preparing for publication.

The Rev. Dr Evans has on the eve of publication, a new edition, with one hundred sketches of biography, of his *Golden Centenary*, or *Sequel to the Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World*.

An Historical Sketch of the United States of America is in the press, accompanied by personal observations made during a residence of several years in that country, by Isaac Holmes.

A Chart of all the Public and Endowed Free Grammar Schools in the Kingdom, is in the press.

Mr John Hunt will shortly publish, *The Vision of Judgment*, by Quevedo *Revivus*, said to be from the pen of Lord Byron.

The Rev. R. T. England, editor of the "*Letters of the Abbé Edgeworth*," is preparing for publication, the *Life of the celebrated Father O'Leary*.

Goethe's *Poetical Works*, in one volume 18mo. with ten wood engravings, will be published in the course of October.

Mr Thos. Dale, B.A. of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, author of the "*Widow of the City of Nain*," is preparing for publication a new translation of the *Tragedies of Sophocles*; the object of which has been, to render the various metres of the Greek tragedian, by measures as nearly corresponding with the original as the genius of the English language will permit. The work will be comprised in two volumes octavo, and is expected to be ready for publication early in the ensuing spring.

A work entitled *Royal Naval Biography*, to consist of genealogical, biographical, and historical memoirs of all the flag-officers, captains, and commanders of his Majesty's fleet, now living, is nearly ready for the press, to be published by subscription. The first part of this work, containing *Memoirs of the Flag-Officers, Superannuated Rear-Admirals, and Retired Captains*, will be printed as soon as a sufficient number of subscriptions have been obtained.—*Memoirs of the Post-Captains and Commanders* will speedily follow.

The Port-folio, a collection of engravings from antiquarian, architectural, and topographical subjects, curious works of art, &c. with descriptions, is now ready for publication.

In a few days, from the pen of a parent, *Gleanings and Recollections* to assist the *Memory of Youth*, dedicated from a Father to his Son.

A work on the subject of our extensive possessions in India, in one volume

octavo, will be published in October, entitled, an Inquiry into the Expediency of applying the Principles of Colonial Policy to the Government of India, and of effecting an essential change in its landed tenures, and in the character of its inhabitants.

EDINBURGH.

In the press, and will be published in October, in one volume 12mo. with eighteen new plates, engraved by W. H. Lizars, a new edition of Innes on the Muscles; revised, corrected, and enlarged; with Notes, practical and explanatory, by Robt. Hunter, Lecturer on Surgery, Anatomy, &c. Glasgow.

Speedily will be published, Letters to Sir Walter Scott, Bart. on the Moral and Political Effect of the Visit to Scotland of his Majesty King George the Fourth, in August 1822.

In the press, and speedily will be published, a History of England, with conversations at the end of each Chapter, intended for young persons; by Mrs. Markham; in two volumes, 12mo. with fourteen engravings of Costumes, &c.

On the 1st of January 1823 will be published, Memoirs of the late Robert Trotter, Esq. Surgeon, New Galloway. 1s. 6d.

To be published by subscription, The History of Hannibal the Great, the Enemy of Rome. Compiled from the Ancient Histories, and illustrated from Modern Works. With some particulars of

the Phenician and Carthaginian History. By Alex. Molleson, Librarian, Glasgow.

The Maid's Revenge; a Summer Evening Tale, and other Poems; by Cheviot Ticheburn.

The XIII. Number of Dr Chalmers' Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns should have been published on the 1st of October; but as the subject, which is "On the facilities for the extinction of Pauperism in Scotland, and on the difficulties in attempting the abolition of Pauperism in England," will occupy two Numbers, the XIII. and XIV. Numbers will be published together, on the 1st of January. Number XIV. will contain Dr Chalmers' First Essay on the Causes and Cure of Pauperism in England, and is designed to exhibit the evils, and point out the means for attempting its abolition. Published Quarterly. 1s. each Number.

Select Naval and Military Biography, consisting of the Lives of Pious British Soldiers and Sailors, to be published in Numbers, each number to contain a complete Life of a Soldier or a Sailor; the whole, when complete, to make two handsome vols. 18mo. but each Life to be sold separately, if wished. No. I., containing the Life of Lieut.-Colonel John Blackadder, of the 26th or Cameronian Regiment, afterwards Deputy Governor of Stirling Castle, who served with distinguished honour during the Duke of Marlborough's Campaigns on the Continent, and during the Rebellion 1715, in Scotland, will appear early in the month.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE.

Vol. V. Part I. of the Transactions of the Agricultural Society of London. 4to. 1.1.11.6d.

ANTIQUITIES.

A Description of the Antiquities and other Curiosities of Rome. By the Rev. E. Burton, M.A. 8vo. 15s.

ASTRONOMY.

The Elements of Astronomy. By John Brinkley, D.D. 8vo. 12s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Part II. of a Catalogue of Books; comprising a Miscellaneous Assortment in all Classes of Literature. 1s.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of William Penn, abridged and adapted to the use of young persons. By Mary Hughes. Foolscep 8vo. 4s. 6d.

The Political and Private Life of the Marquis of Londonderry. By T. P. Fitzgerald, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

BOTANY.

The Florist's Manual, or Hints for the Construction of a gay Flower-garden, with directions for preventing the depredations of insects. Second edition, small 8vo. 5s. 6d.

CLASSICS.

Essays on the Institutions, Government, and Manners, of the States of Ancient Greece. By Henry D. Hill, D.D. 12mo. 7s.

Museum Criticum, or Cambridge Classical Researches. No. VII. 8vo. 5s.

DRAMA.

Athalian, a Tragedy, founded upon 2 Kings xi. and 2 Chronicles xxiii; translated from the French. 12mo.

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The fourth edition of *Friendly Hints*, principally addressed to the Youth of both Sexes, uniting subjects the most pleasing and instructive, relative to the duties of this life and the joys of immortality: interspersed with striking anecdotes. By J. Doncaster. 4s.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE.—The trials for Treason at Poitiers have terminated in the capital conviction of Berton, Caffé, Sauge, Fradin, Jaglin, and Sennechault. The other prisoners were found Guilty of Misprision of Treason, in not revealing the existence of a conspiracy to overturn the Government. Berton and Caffé being members of the Legion of Honour, were solemnly degraded. They and Fradin and Sennechault were to be executed in the public square of Poitiers, and Sauge and Jaglin to be executed in the village of Thouars. All of them appealed to the Court of Cassation, by which, however, their appeal has been dismissed. Jaglin and Sauge are to be executed at Poitiers, and the others at Thouars. M. Draut, for refusing to defend Berton, though he declared himself incompetent to do justice to his cause, has been sentenced to have his name erased from the list of the advocates of the Royal Court of Proctors. Messrs Guise, Cassano, Legracieux, and Faucillion, Editors of the *Constitutionnel*, the *Pilote*, the *Courier Français*, and the *Journal du Commerce*, have been tried for giving false reports of what passed at the trial, and particularly at the conviction of the Rochelle conspirators. The accused Editors sought to be allowed to prove the fidelity of their reports, and that they had published nothing but what had actually taken place. This was refused them; and, by the law of that session against the press, it was held sufficient that the public prosecutor's (the Attorney-General) bare word should be sufficient to prove that the articles in question were incorrect. Accordingly, M. Guise, the editor of the *Constitutionnel*, and M. Faucillion, the editor of the *Journal du Commerce*, were sentenced (each) to one year's imprisonment, and a fine of 5000 francs. M. Legracieux, the editor of the *Courier Français*, to six month's imprisonment, and a fine of 3000 francs. M. Cassano, the editor of the *Pilote*, to one month's imprisonment, and a fine of 1000 francs. The four Journals are also forbidden to publish any reports of judicial proceedings—the two former for the space of a year; the third for six months, and the last for three months. They are condemned in costs in nearly the same proportion.

The four Rochelle conspirators were executed on the 21st September. They behaved with great coolness, saluting the

persons whom they recognised among the multitude, who, in their turn, made farewell signs to them. On ascending the scaffold, they embraced each other; and their fortitude, says one of the journals, never for a moment forsook them.

Colonel Caron, lately sentenced to death at Strasburgh, was executed there on the 1st October. He died, it is said, with the courage of a Christian and a soldier. As he advanced in front of the twelve men, by whose arms he was to fall, he refused to have his eyes bound. He himself gave the signal to fire, which was immediately obeyed, and he fell dead at their feet.

The French Sanitary Cordon, on the Spanish frontiers, has at last assumed its proper title, and is in future to be called a Corps of Observation. The Royal Ordinance which decrees this change of name, has given rise to many conjectures.

The fine cathedral at Rouen, founded in A. D. 990, and finished in 1062, was set on fire by lightning on the 15th September, and almost totally consumed.—The most strenuous efforts of the firemen could effect nothing against such a mass of fire; and indeed, the melted lead, which ran in torrents from the roof, rendered a near approach to the building very hazardous. It is said that several persons lost their lives. The storm of thunder and lightning, which was the cause of this catastrophe, was one of the most terrible ever witnessed. It afterwards visited Havre de Grace, where it is said to have done some damage.

SPAIN.—At the date of the 24th September, tranquillity, prevailed in Madrid, and a grand civic fête was held there that day, in honour of the Revolution. The disorderly bands on the northern frontiers, it is said, were daily losing ground, and would, it was hoped, in a short time be entirely dispersed. Lieut. General Baron D'Eroles, Brigadier Don P. Herries, Don Vincent Quesada, and Lieut. General Don Carlos O'Donnel, have been dismissed from the army, and deprived of their employments and honours, for having joined the insurgent royalists.

General Elio, who was condemned to death, on the 2d of June, in consequence of the revolt of the cannoniers of the fort of Valencia, which it was alleged he had instigated, was executed there on the 4th of September. About 12,000 spectators were present at his execution, where he

solemnly protested his innocence, declaring that he was wholly unconnected with the revolt of the canonicans. "I wish," he added, "that my blood may be the last which is shed in Spain. Spain will one day do justice to the purity of my intentions, and repeat the cry which is now my last prayer—Long live the King and Religion!" The people, we are told in a letter from Valencia, maintained that demeanour which becomes a heroic nation, and accompanied the culprit to the scaffold, with shouts of "To death with Elio! his blood will cement the constitutional edifice." In what respect this demeanour can be considered heroic, it is not easy to see.

The decision manifested by the new Ministry, with regard to the execution of Elio, has, it is said, produced an impression favourable to the constitutional cause. The general officers and colonels of the garrison of Valencia, who avoided taking the command of the district after the sentence of the court on Elio, have been separated, and transferred to different stations. A commission of officers appointed for that purpose has classed the soldiers of the guards who took the position in the Pardo. They have been divided into three classes, 1. The innocent. 2. Not altogether innocent. 3. The guilty. Those of the first class are to be distributed in the corps of the army. Those of the second class are also to be distributed in other corps, but will lose part of the time for which they are enlisted, and will therefore have to serve longer. The third class will be tried.

The Royal decree for convoking the Cortes Extraordinary states, that they are to direct their attention—1st, To furnish the Government with resources in men and money sufficient to meet the wants of the State, and to deliver the nation, without delay, from the factious bands which infest the frontier provinces. 2d, To the arrangement of affairs of high importance with some Foreign Powers. 3d, To give the Spanish army a new organization, according to the military ordinances, the discussion of which was suspended in the last Legislature, and the placing of which, in harmony with the existing institutions, is most important. 4th, To the code of legal process, so necessary for the prompt and impartial administration of justice.

PORTUGAL.—On the 25th Sept. a grand procession took place in Lisbon, of a deputation of the Cortes, to present to the King the new constitution drawn up by that body, which his Majesty solemnly swore to preserve. The Cortes have decreed, that the delegated authority of the

Prince Regent in the Brazils shall immediately cease, and that he shall return to Portugal in four months: it therefore remains for the Prince either to obey this mandate, or, disclaiming the authority of the Cortes, to declare himself the independent sovereign of the Brazils. The latter alternative, it is most likely, he will adopt.

HOLLAND.—*Amsterdam, Sept. 18.*—To-day, at noon, one of the most dreadful fires broke out here that has happened in this city for many years. The new Lutheran Church, on the north-east side of the Singel, is burnt down, together with some of the adjacent buildings. The church was observed to be on fire about half past one, and a little after two it was all in flames. The heat was so great, that all efforts to save the nearest houses were necessarily renounced. It was felt at the distance of two streets on the Torensluis, and opposite the church it was insupportable, notwithstanding the breadth of the Singel. The sight of the lofty cupola in flames was dreadful, but sublime. The copper which covered it, and which flew in large sheets through the air, coloured the flames with varying tints of blue and green, which were speedily mingled with the brighter flames of the ardent spirit, and the dark yellow smoke of the oil, with which the adjacent warehouses were filled. The fine church thus destroyed, and of which little will remain but the wall round it, which is ten feet thick, was erected in the years 1678, 1681, chiefly by voluntary donations.

GREECE AND TURKEY.—A considerable degree of uncertainty still prevails with respect to the affairs of Greece. All the late accounts received through Germany are entirely unfavourable to the Greek cause. On the other hand, letters from Corfu and Zante, copied into the French papers, repeat the former statement of the repulse of Chourschild Pacha at Thermopylae, on the 20th of July, and the defeat and destruction of the army, which invaded the Morea, at Argos, the 8th of August. Between these opposite accounts it is impossible to make a selection which will not be open to some objections. The German statements (unfavourable to the Greeks) are the most numerous and confident; those from Corfu and Zante most particular, and, apparently, the most authentic; but there are internal marks of untruth or exaggeration in both. The accounts from Corfu farther assert, that three thousand Turks, who had landed at Lutraki near Arta, and at Fidari near Missolongi, had also been defeated; and that at Katuna the Greeks had burned all their houses, and devastated the country, to deprive the

Turks of provisions and necessary supplies. They further state, that for many days it had been known at Corfu that the Turkish fleet was at Patras, but that they had no troops on board sufficiently strong for making incursions into the country.

The account of the conflagration of Jassy, in Moldavia, is, unfortunately, fully confirmed. The appointment of a new Hospodar, and the apparent settlement of all existing differences, had induced many of the Boyars to return to their possessions in that principality; trade revived, and all announced peace and prosperity, when, in the night of the 10th of August, the streets suddenly resounded with furious yells, and every house was forced open and plundered by the Janissaries, who had marched back unknown to the inhabitants. In a short time they proceeded from pillage, and all its concomitant excesses, to wanton destruction, and the town presented one universal blaze:—"At the departure of the courier," says an account dated from Suczawa, on the Moldavian frontier, "the number of houses destroyed by the conflagration was estimated at twenty thousand! It was feared that those which had hitherto escaped would share the same fate."

AMERICA.

UNITED STATES.—A fire took place in New York about the middle of August, which destroyed some stores, and property to the amount of 100,000 dollars. On the 19th of the same month, much merchandise was also destroyed by fire at Baltimore. Both there and at New York, it was supposed that incendiaries had caused the disaster.

In August and September, the city of New York had suffered from the yellow fever, and great numbers of families were in consequence leaving it. Between thirty and forty deaths took place daily: Savannah and Philadelphia were also in an unhealthy state, and some alarm was felt at Boston.

Union of the American Lakes with the Atlantic Ocean.—The magnificent work which is to render New York one of the most flourishing and powerful States, of the same extent of territory, that has ever flourished in the long history of empires, goes nobly on to completion. A few months more, and the Grand Western Canal will cause our inland seas and the ocean to mingle their great waters. Ten thousand men, or about that number, are now employed in the unrivalled enterprise, the offspring of the bold and masculine policy of our present Chief Magistrate. We have just been informed, that a canal is to be cut from Providence, Rhode Island, to Worcester, in the State of Massachusetts, the distance being about forty miles. We deem this canal of great importance to the city of New York. It will increase her commerce, and hasten her on, with other combining circumstances, to that destiny, when she will stand the London of the New World, and among the most powerful commercial emporiums that has ever arisen and flourished in any period of Society.—*New York paper.*

MEXICO.—The coronation of the Emperor Augustin Iturbide, was celebrated with great pomp on the 24th June. The Sovereign Congress have issued a decree for a new coinage of gold, silver, and copper.

COLUMBIA.—The last news from this quarter state, that the Spanish General, Morales, having effected a landing on the Spanish main, with about 1500 men, marched towards Caraccas. In the way he was met by General Pocz, with an inferior force, beaten, and his army totally destroyed. Some accounts add, that Morales is dead. This, if true, may be considered as the last effort of Spain in the Caraccas.

PERU.—The greatest confidence seems to be placed on the stability of the independent cause in Peru, a loan of one million two hundred thousand pounds having just been contracted for in London.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

The King's Visit to Scotland.

Preparations in Edinburgh, &c.—On the 18th of July the Lord Provost received a letter from Lord Melville, announcing the King's positive resolve to visit Edinburgh, and stating that he might be expected to arrive about the 10th of August. Preparations were accordingly immediately commenced, for receiving the Sovereign in a manner suitable to his dignity, and creditable to the character of the people he was about to visit. Workmen were employed to fit up the Palace of Holyrood, for his Majesty to hold his courts, levees, &c., and Dalkeith Palace for his private residence. The improvements in the interior of these Palaces were under the superintendence of Mr Trotter, the King's upholsterer. Improvements were at the same time going on in the outside of the Palace of Holyrood. A new road to the front, communicating with the Great London Road on the Calton-hill, was formed, and a carriage-way made through the parks on the east, for his Majesty's private use, in going to and returning from Dalkeith. A number of small, and ugly out-houses, attached to the Palace, on the south side, were thrown down, and a neat shrubbery planted in their stead; a handsome portico was also erected at the south door, to form a private passage for the King. Throughout the city, the same bustle and preparation were going on. The Weigh-house, an unsightly building, which, for upwards of 500 years, had obstructed the entrance to the Castlehill, was removed; various improvements were made in the High Church, where it was expected the King would hear divine service; the Outer Parliament House, and the Assembly Rooms, were fitted up in a style of great splendour—in the former of these, it was intended to give a grand civic feast, and in the latter, two balls were proposed to be given to his Majesty; one by the Peers of Scotland, and the other by the Caledonian Hunt. In the whole line of street, or road, through which it was expected that his Majesty would pass, galleries and balconies were erected for spectators; and at the commencement of the royalty, on Leith Walk, a little below the entrance to Picardy Place, a handsome gateway was placed, at which the ceremony of delivering the keys of the city to the King was to take place. Improvements were also commenced upon the Theatre, where a spacious box was prepared, and two rooms

were elegantly fitted up, through which his Majesty was to pass to the Royal box.

The same note of active preparations was observed in Leith, where triumphal arches were erected in Bernard and Constitution Streets; a raft was moored in the harbour, below the lower draw-bridge, from which ascended a flight of steps to the quay; from the top of these steps a platform was laid along the quay to Bernard Street, the whole covered with gray cloth, above which was a foot-cloth of crimson, for his Majesty.

The public bodies of Edinburgh and Leith held meetings to prepare addresses of congratulation, and concert measures for the reception of the King. An elegant coach and six was prepared, by the corporation, for the Lord Provost, having the city arms painted on the pannels, and a hammer-cloth and livery of the city-colour, orange. Dresses were also prepared, similar to those worn by the beef-eaters, for thirty men, appointed to the service of the Lord High Constable and Knight Marischal. The Royal Company of Archers being appointed by his Majesty to form his body guard, and to do the duty of the interior of the Palace, lost no time in commencing drilling, and in providing themselves with an elegant uniform, consisting of a Robin Hood tartan jacket, tartan trews, the Highland hose, flat blue bonnet, ruff, Robin Hood belt, and white satin bow-case, worn as a scarf; and, in compliance with their tenure, the Company caused two barbed arrows to be presented to his Majesty, on his arrival. The Celtic Society, also, which was instituted in Edinburgh in 1820, for the purpose of promoting the use of the ancient Highland dress in the Highlands, formed themselves into four companies, and prepared to act as guards to the Lord High Constable and Knight Marischal, and as guards over the regalia of Scotland. Twelve pieces of ordnance were placed on the summits of the Calton-hill, and six pieces on the parts of Salisbury Crags immediately overlooking the Palace of Holyrood. Tents were at the same time pitched on these eminences, for the artillerymen; and, subsequently, the verdant slope of the Crags, and the whole surface of the Castlehill fronting Princes Street, were covered with tents.

In the meantime, the same joyful enthusiasm seemed to pervade the whole of Scotland, and while the counties, towns,

and burghs, prepared addresses of congratulation to his Majesty; the town councils of the royal burghs of Glasgow, Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, Stirling, Dumfries, Cupar, Peebles, and other considerable towns, appointed deputations of their number, headed chiefly by their respective Provosts, and provided with suitable equipages, to proceed to the metropolis, there to present their addresses to the King. From all quarters of Scotland, numbers were daily crowding to the capital, for whose conveyance, every description of vehicle was for some time in requisition; and before his Majesty's arrival, the population of Edinburgh had increased to about three times its ordinary amount. The rents of lodgings, in consequence, rose to an exorbitant height; and many strangers, who had no relatives with whom to take up their abodes, and were unable to pay the high prices charged for lodgings, were contented to bivouack in the fields. Many of the Highland chieftains brought with them a number of followers, (ludicrously denominated their *milb.*) dressed in the tartan, and decorated with the badges of their respective clans. Among these Highland bodies were the Breadalbanes, the Celtic Society, the Strathfillan Society, the Clan Gregor, Glengarry's men, the Clan Sutherland, the Clan Drummond, &c. Sir Walter Scott was, by universal consent, chosen adjutant-general to these gallant mountaineers. The Dukes of Atholl and Gordon, Macleod, Lord Fife, and other Highland chiefs, wished to contribute to this martial attendance; but their offers were, for various reasons, declined. The attendance of the Clan Ronald was prevented by the sudden death of the Marquis of Londonderry, to whom their chief was nearly related.

The effect of this rapid influx of strangers was lively and striking. The streets became every day so thronged, as to be rendered almost impassable. The inhabitants were astonished by the number of dazzling equipages that rolled along the streets, and the multitudes of inquisitive faces that crowded the pavement. In this moving multitude, the brave Highlanders were conspicuous objects, and their fine martial appearance served agreeably to diversify, and greatly to heighten the interest of this animated scene.

The ladies of Scotland, at this time residing in the capital, resolved to greet the approach of their Sovereign, by some testimony of their loyalty and love. For this purpose, they delegated Sir Walter Scott to present to his Majesty, in their name, a brilliant St Andrew's Cross, the ancient emblem of Scotland. This ele-

gant offering was the work of Mrs Skene of Rubislaw, daughter of the late Sir William Forbes, Bart. It consisted of a broad rich cross of pearls, raised on blue velvet, and inclosed within a belt of gold, on which was embroidered, with pearls, the Gaelic motto of *Ringhalbhain gubhrath*, (hail to the King of Scotland.) The belt was attached by a brilliant diamond buckle, and from its extremity was suspended a magnificent pearl, the produce of Scotland, and probably the finest ever found in this country. The whole was surmounted by the Imperial crown, girt round with brilliants, and richly decorated with rubies, emeralds, and the topaz, alternating with pearls, in the manner of the ancient Scottish crown, so long forgotten, and so ominously brought to light, at this auspicious period. A band, with a buckle of Scottish gems, was adjusted, so as to admit of this elegant and costly jewel being worn either on the hat, or bound round the arm.

On Saturday the 12th, the Scottish Regalia was conveyed, with great ceremony and pomp, from the crown-room in the Castle, to Holyrood Palace, in order to be carried before his Majesty, in his expected procession from the Palace to the Castle. The Regalia was carried in a coach and six, by Sir Alexander Keith, Knight Mauchail, accompanied by Captain Ferguson, the Deputy Keeper, and escorted by guards of Yeomanry and Celts. On this occasion, a melancholy accident happened on the Castlehill, which for some time considerably damped the general joy. A great number of people crowded upon a scaffold which was then erecting, in spite of the workmen and some police officers; and the diagonals not having been yet placed, the consequence was, that the frame-work of the scaffold leaned to its descent, and in a moment the whole was prostrate. A number of persons, chiefly young people, were dreadfully hurt, and two were carried off the ground dead. Several died afterwards, of the wounds and bruises they had received. In consequence of this accident, a strict survey of the whole scaffolds that had been erected immediately took place, only two of which, however, were condemned as insufficient.

14.—*Arrival of the Royal Squadron.*—From the 10th, the day on which it was conceived possible that his Majesty might arrive, until this day, crowds of well-dressed people were constantly on the Calton-hill, on the outlook for the Royal Squadron, and a number of parties sailed daily down the Frith, in steam and other vessels, in the hope of being first to meet and welcome the King. His Majesty, how-

ver, did not leave London till the 10th, when he proceeded in state from Carlton Palace, and embarked at Greenwich in the afternoon. The Royal George, in which his Majesty sailed, was towed during greater part of the voyage, by the James Watt and Comet, steam-ships; and about ten o'clock in the morning of the 14th, they had fairly entered the Frith of Forth. The squadron was desecrated through a thick haze, from the Calton-hill, when a considerable way down the Frith, and instantly all was in motion to witness the spectacle. Agreeably to previous arrangements, the public authorities, troops, &c. which were to figure in the procession, hurried to their respective posts; and the multitudes thronged, each according as his judgment or taste dictated, to occupy situations for favourably witnessing the spirit-stirring spectacle. About the time, however, that the Squadron reached its anchorage in Leith Roads, the rain began to pour down in torrents, and about two o'clock, an officer landed from the Royal George, and announced that his Majesty had determined to defer his landing till next day at twelve o'clock. Notwithstanding of this, thousands still lingered on the shore, gazing at the gallant ship which bore their Sovereign, and numerous parties in boats continued till dark to surround the Royal yacht, in hopes of getting a glimpse of the King; and they were not disappointed; for in spite of the rain, his Majesty appeared upon deck, under an awning, for a considerable time, and returned the greetings of his subjects in the most affable and princely manner.

In the fulfilment of his mission from the "Sisters of the Silver Cross," Sir Walter Scott went out in a boat to the Royal yacht. As soon as it was announced to the King that he was alongside, "What!" said his Majesty, "Sir Walter Scott? the man in Scotland I most wished to see! Let him come up!" This distinguished Baronet accordingly ascended the ship, and was presented to his Majesty on the quarter-deck, where, in the name of the ladies of Edinburgh, he presented the St Andrew's cross which his fair subjects had prepared for his Majesty. The King received the present very graciously, promising to wear it in public, and Sir Walter Scott had the honour of kissing his Majesty's hand.

About six o'clock, Mr. Secretary Peel went on board, and announced to his Majesty the melancholy intelligence of the death of the Marquis of Londonderry. He remained closeted with the King about an hour.

Sir Walter Scott, and Sir William Cur-

tis, who had accompanied the Royal Squadron in his pleasure yacht, had the honour of dining with his Majesty on board; the former sitting on his right, and the latter on his left hand.

In the evening, an immense bonfire was kindled upon the top of Arthur's Seat; and its lurid flames, as they broke occasionally through the darkness and rain, had an astonishingly grand effect. A large crown on the top of the principal chimney at the gas-work, was illuminated with gas, and presented a no less striking appearance. The general illumination of the city was, by a proclamation of the Magistrates, deferred till the evening after his Majesty's landing.

15.—*Landing of his Majesty.*—This morning the weather was fine, and the Frith was covered with innumerable boats and vessels, decked out in the gaudiest manner, plying about the Royal yacht. On shore all was joy and breathless expectation. About nine o'clock the different military corps, and other bodies which were to form the procession, assembled in Queen Street, and, marshalled in the following order, proceeded to Leith, which they reached about eleven:

A squadron of the Mid-Lothian cavalry, commanded by Sir John Hope.

About eighty of the Celtic Society, in the Highland costume, and under the command of General Graham Stirling.

The Lord High Constable, (the Earl of Errol.) His Lordship was appointed to his proper robes of office, in consequence of the shortness of the time allowed for preparation, and appeared habited in the magnificent robes of the House of Lords, in which gallantry as his Lordship is lauded on. He carried his train of office. He was attended by

Six Constable Esquires mounted. Their dress was, generally, they had short Spanish cloaks of purple edged with gold, Spanish hats of black velvet, laced up with gold, and adorned with white plumes; their under dress was white and gold, and they wore the usual brown boots with gold tassels.

Six Constable Esquires on foot, and a large train of footmen in white breeches and black velvet caps.

(This train of the Lord High Constable, the first subject in Scotland, was one of the best arrayed in the whole procession, and made a very imposing appearance.)

Lord Lyon King at Arms, (the Earl of Kinnoul) represented by his lieutenant, George Tait, Esquire, followed the High Constable. The King at Arms was superbly dressed in his magnificent tabard, over a mantle of crimson velvet, decorated with the various devices of his office, worked in gold, the train hanging over the horse and almost concealing it. On his head he wore the crown which distinguishes the King at Arms. It was of crimson velvet, with a cincture of gold ornamented with the thistle and lion. The top was adorned with a superb tassel of gold. On either side of him was a groom on foot, in white livery, faced with crimson, and wearing crimson caps. Beyond the grooms, to support Lord Lyon, rode two Herald-Messengers, (Mr Small and Islay (Mr Cook). They were dressed in their appropriate tabards.

The White Rod (Sir P. Walker) followed the Lyon King. The White Rod's dress was the most splendid, beyond comparison, of any that graced the ceremony. He wore the superb jacket of crimson and gold which he had used at the coronation, but which was concealed, in a great measure, by a splendid mantle of white satin, lined

throughout with crimson, and fastened with a cord of gold and crimson.—His lower vestments were of crimson, and he had on brown boots adorned with gold tassels and fringe, and a black velvet Spanish cap looped with gold, and with a black feather. His horse was almost covered with a scarlet shabrack edged with white lace, and adorned at the corners with silver thistles. The bridle was of white satin with crimson rosettes. On each side of him rode assistants in plain blue surtouts, lined with white silk, and having white silk sashes edged with gold tufts; Spanish caps, and brown boots, blue saddle-cloths with white edging, and white rosettes on the bridles, and white rein.

Four trumpeters on foot came next, dressed in scarlet, and with gold-laced hats, their trumpets having blue and white banners. A small party of British men on foot, two heralds in their appropriate habits mounted.

The carriage of Officers of State—Lord Clerk Register—Lord Advocate, and Lord Justice Clerk. Two state trumpeters.

Chief Judges of the Supreme Courts, not being Officers of State, Lord President, Lord Chief Baron, and Lord Chief Commissioner. Sir Walter Scott was in one of these carriages. A division of Highlanders.

The Lord Lieutenant of Mid Lothian, the Marquis of Lothian, in his proper uniform, that of a Brigadier-General, decorated with the order of the thistle.

Deputy Lieutenants, dressed in green coats, mounted. Their under dress was buff, they wore cocked hats and swords.

Sheriff Duff. His dress was blue, with a white under dress and military cocked hat. His attendants were dressed in blue, with a silver thistle on the cap; they wore a red waistcoat and white bow-tie. The Sheriff and his party were all mounted.

Sir Ewan Macgregor, in his proper Highland tartan, with his tail, banner, and piper.

The Knight Marschal (Sir Alexander Keith,) dressed in a scarlet frock coat, lined with gold, and having a white under dress. The Knight Marschal's horse was richly adorned with caparisons; it was a small shewy black horse. A great attendance of grooms and servants, some mounted and some on foot. The Marschal Esquires had on scarlet cloaks and the Marschal Yeomen brown surtouts.

A Celtic guard, under the orders of Col. Stuart, followed: Then came a division of the Greys; the band of the 15th regiment of the line; the Edinburgh troop of Yeomanry, followed by their trumpeters, completed the procession.

The procession halted in St Bernard's Street, to await the arrival of the King. Here it was joined, about eleven o'clock, by the Royal carriage, which was guarded by the Glengarry Highlanders, consisting of twelve gentlemen with their carriages, under the command of Colonel Ronaldson Macdonell of Glengarry and Clanronald. These kept close to the Royal carriage, which was drawn up at the end of the lower draw-bridge, until his Majesty had entered it, after which they occupied the station appointed them in the procession, next to the Royal Company of Archers.

The arrangements at Leith were on an extensive scale, and were by this time completed. The Merchant Company, and the various trades, and incorporations, headed by their officers, dressed generally in blue coats, white vest and trousers, and wearing a St Andrew's cross on their left breasts, were drawn up in line on each side of St Bernard Street and Constitution Street. The south side

of the quay was lined by the Gentlemen Constables of Leith, dressed in the uniform above described, and carrying elegant batons. A detachment of the Scots Greys guarded the upper end of the draw-bridge, and a detachment of yeomanry, with some companies of foot, were stationed towards the pier, while the platform on which the King was to land was lined by his body-guard, the Royal Archers, commanded by the Earl of Elgin. Upon the north quay were the Magistrates of Canongate, (the superiors of North Leith,) and the Trades of Canongate, headed by their Convener, with standards and a band of music. Scaffolding was erected in every commanding situation, and every window and house-top was crowded. Above the draw-bridge, five smacks in the London trade were moored across the harbour, their cross-jack-yards and cross-trees manned with sailors in new jackets and white trousers. The *tout ensemble* here was strikingly grand and impressive.

The resident Magistrates of Leith, with the Port-Admiral, the Town-Clerk, Procurator-Fiscal and Assessor, and Drs Robertson and Dielsion, Ministers of South Leith, were stationed on the platform to receive his Majesty; also the heads of the four courts in Edinburgh, with the Lord Advocate, Lord Clerk Register, and a number of noblemen, among whom were the Marquis of Lothian, Lord Lieutenant of the County; the Duke of Dorset, Master of the Horse to his Majesty; the Marquis of Winchester, Groom of the Stole; the Earl of Fife, Lord Cathcart, &c.

A few minutes before twelve o'clock, a gun from one of the squadron announced that the King had entered his barge. The moment the signal was heard, a shout was raised by the thousands assembled upon shore, the effect of which was indescribably striking. The roar of the cannon from the ships and the battery, which saluted the King, and the combined voices of the multitude, seemed as if contending for the mastery; while this joyful tumult of sounds was rendered still more impressively grand, by the profound stillness that prevailed in the back-ground. His Majesty was accompanied in his barge by the Marquis of Conyngham; Lord Graves; Sir Charles Paget, Commodore; Mr Russel, Flag Lieutenant; and Mr Tucker, Midshipman; and was rowed by sixteen men, dressed in blue frocks and black velvet caps, richly trimmed with gold lace, Sir Charles acting as helmsman. The Royal barge was preceded by the barge of the Admiral on the station, and followed by the captains of all the King's vessels in the Roads, in

their respective barges, according to seniority. An immense number of private boats, gaily trimmed, formed the rear of this grand aquatic procession, which advanced with a velocity almost equal to the impatience of the delighted spectators. When at some distance from the shore, his Majesty was saluted by Mr Kent, who was walking upon the water, to whom his Majesty bowed. So soon as the Royal barge came within hail of the pier, the Royal standard was hoisted on the Light-house, and an immense cheer, accompanied by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, burst from the multitude.

At twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, his Majesty, who was dressed in an Admiral's uniform, with a thistle and sprig of heath in his hat, and the Ladies' St. Andrew's cross on his breast, was alongside the landing-place. The Marquis of Lothian, accompanied by the Duke of Dorset and the Marquis of Winchester, immediately descended the steps to receive him. The two latter assisted his Majesty from the launch to the raft, and immediately the former, kneeling, kissed his Majesty's hand, and congratulated him on his arrival in Scotland. The King then ascended the stair, with a firm and dignified step, and was received on the platform by the Lord Clerk Register, who made his obeisance. Bailie Macfie, the senior resident Magistrate of Leith, then, in name of the inhabitants, congratulated the King on his auspicious arrival in his ancient kingdom. His Majesty smiled graciously, and expressed his entire satisfaction with the arrangements made for his landing. He then shook hands with Bailie Macfie, and several persons of distinction, and proceeded along the platform to his state-carriage, which he entered, amid the most enthusiastic acclamations. Recognising the Earl of Elgin among the Archers, the King cordially shook him by the hand. After the King had rested a few minutes in his carriage, which was an open landau, drawn by eight beautiful bays, the procession moved slowly towards Edinburgh, in the following order :

Three trumpeters Mid-Lothian yeomanry cavalry.
Squadron Mid-Lothian yeomanry.
Two Highland Pipes.
Captain Campbell, and Tail of Broadalbane.
Squadron Scots Greys.
Two Highland Pipes.
Colonel Stewart of Garth and Celtic Club.
Sir Evan McGregor mounted on Horseback, and Tail of McGregor.
Herald mounted.
Marched trumpets mounted.
A Marshal groom on foot.
Three Marshal grooms on foot.
Two Six Marchal e grooms mounted. } Two
grooms. } red, three abreast. } grooms.
Henchman (Kt. Marshal mounted,) Henchman
Groom, } with his baton of office. } Groom.
Marshal rear-guard of Highlanders.
Sheriff mounted.

Sheriff officers.
Deputy Lieutenants, in green coats, mounted.
Two Piper.
General Graham Stirling and Tail.
Barons of Exchequer.
Lord Clerk Register.
Lords of Justiciary and Session, in carriages.
Marquis of Latham, Lord Lieutenant, mounted.
Two Heralds, mounted.
Glengarry mounted, and grooms.
Young Glengarry and two supporters.—Tail.
Four Herald Trumpeters.
White Rod, mounted, and equerries.
Lord Lyon Depute, mounted, and grooms.
Earl of Errol, Lord High Constable, mounted.
Two Heralds mounted.
Squadron Scots Greys.
Royal Carriage & Six, in which were, the Marquis of Graham, Vice-Chamberlain, Lord C. Bentinck, Controller of the Household; Lord C. Bentinck, Treasurer of the Household; Sir R. H. Vivian, Equerry to the King; and two others of his Majesty's suite.
Ten Royal Footmen, two and two.
Sixteen Yeomen, two and two.
THE KING,
attended by the Duke of Dorset, Master of the Horse, and the Marquis Winchester, Groom of the Stole.
Sir Thomas Bradford and Staff.
Squadron Scots Greys.
Three Clans of Highlanders and Bannets.
Two Squadrons of Mid-Lothian Yeomanry.
Grenadiers of 77th regiment.
Two Squadrons Third Dragon Guards,
Band, and 1 Scots Greys.

In the rear of the procession a plain carriage followed, containing a number of gentlemen attached to his Majesty's suite. There was also in the rear an immense line of other carriages, belonging to different noblemen and others, whose superb liveries harmonised well with the official grandeur of the spectacle.

As the procession, in advancing along Leith Walk, was approaching the barrier where the Magistrates of Edinburgh, in their robes, were waiting to receive his Majesty, Sir Patrick Walker, Usher of the White Rod, supported by Marchmont and Islay Heralds, preceded by two State Trumpeters, and attended by two pursuivants, advanced to give the summons to the city in time to prevent any delay in entering the gates; and the ceremony of demanding admission into the city being finished, the procession entered the barrier, amid the loud and reiterated acclamations of the assembled multitude, which his Majesty repeatedly acknowledged, by taking off his hat and bowing. When the Royal carriage entered the barrier, the Lord Provost, attended by the Magistrates, advanced, presented the keys of the city, and addressed his Majesty in the following terms :—

" May it please your Majesty,

" We your Majesty's most faithful and dutiful subjects, the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Edinburgh, animated with the warmest feelings of attachment to your Majesty's sacred person and government, have embraced the earliest moment of approaching your Royal

presence, for the purpose of congratulating your Majesty on your safe arrival in your ancient hereditary kingdom of Scotland, and of offering, for your gracious acceptance, the keys of your Majesty's good town of Edinburgh. This dutiful ceremony, Sir, does not, as in former times, represent the direct command of gates and fortifications, these having been long since rendered unnecessary, by the internal peace and happiness which Edinburgh has enjoyed under the mild and paternal government of your Majesty, and your Majesty's Father, of happy memory. This ceremony now implies, that we place, with loyal devotion, at the disposal of your Majesty, the hearts and persons of our fellow-citizens, and bid your Majesty a heartfelt welcome to this metropolis, so long the residence of your Royal ancestors."

His Majesty replied :—

"I return you these keys, being perfectly convinced that they cannot remain in better hands than in those of the Lord Provost of my good city of Edinburgh."

The Lord Provost and Magistrates then returned to their carriages, and took their appointed places in the procession, which moved slowly along its destined rout, through Picardy and York Place, St Andrew Street and Square, and turning into Princes Street, proceeded by Waterloo Place and the Calton-hill road to the palace. In passing through the different streets, the acclamations, accompanied by the waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and silk flags, were incessant; his Majesty appeared to be deeply impressed with the scene, and repeatedly made his acknowledgements, by taking off his hat and bowing to the people. On entering Princes Street he had a view of the Calton-hill, thickly covered with people, and he was evidently much struck with this interesting spectacle, heightened as it was by the picturesque effect of the adjacent scenery. He took off his hat, waved it, and repeatedly cheered. His attention was also arrested by the fine range of buildings on the Regent Bridge, and, after viewing them with attention, he exclaimed "How superb!" His Majesty was also deeply struck by the bold and romantic scenery of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. When he reached that part of the road where the spires of the palace of his ancestors more distinctly met his view, "God save the King" was sung, which evidently affected him, and he smiled, raised his hat, and bowed.

The Royal carriage reached Holyrood House at half-past one. Immediately a Royal salute was fired from Salisbury Crags, the Calton-hill, and the Castle.

The King was received at the Palace by the Duke of Hamilton, keeper of the Palace, who had the honour to kiss hands; the Duke of Montrose, the Lord High Chamberlain, Lord Melville, the Lord in Waiting, &c, and followed by the Officers of State, Lord High Constable, and Usher of the White Rod, who also had the honour of kissing hands; the Depute King at Arms, Duke of Argyle, Great Master of the Household, and their attendants. His Majesty looked round the Palace, and seemed much gratified by the general appearance; he moved up stairs with a firm step, bowed to the Noblemen and Archers, and retired into the Royal closet. He was afterwards attended by the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Melville, and Mr Peel. After remaining a short time, the King proceeded to the Presence Chamber, bowing in a condescending manner to the Noblemen who attended him.—Immediately on his Majesty being seated on his Throne, the Knight Marischal and his two Esquires, bearing the Regalia, (who were ready at the lower end of the room,) advanced towards the Throne, making three reverences; first, at the place where they were stationed; secondly, at the middle of the room; and thirdly, at the foot of the Throne. The Knight Marischal then (on his knee) presented the Crown, and the Deputy Lord Lyon of Scotland, in obedience to his Majesty's command, summoned the Duke of Hamilton to receive it (on his knee) from the Knight Marischal, and he immediately took his station on the right hand of the King. The Knight Marischal then received from his Esquire the Sceptre, and presented it in like manner as the Crown. The Deputy Lord Lyon then summoned Lord Francis Levison Gower, as the representative of the Earl of Sutherland, who on his knee received the Sceptre from the Knight Marischal, and took his station on the left hand of the King. The sword of State was, in like manner, presented and delivered to the Earl of Errol, who took his station on the right hand of the King. The Knight Marischal then had the honour to kiss the King's hand, and retired with his two Esquires, making three reverences, to the lower end of the room.

The Lord Provost and Council were then introduced by the Duke of Montrose, along with the other Officers of State, when his Majesty received the city's address, to which he was pleased to return a gracious answer, and the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council, had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand.

The Earl of Hopetoun then proceeded to the Royal closet, followed by Sir George

Mackenzie, as Vice President of the Council, carrying the barbed arrows on a green velvet cushion, and accompanied by Sir David Milne, John Russel, Esq. Henry Jardine, Esq. Captain Robert Hay, R. N. and Major Norman Pringle, who (with the Earl of Dalhousie) compose the Council of the Royal Company. Sir George Mackenzie then delivered the arrows to the Earl of Hopetoun, who presented them to his Majesty, stating, that, by the Royal Charter in favour of the Royal Company, they hold their privileges under the Crown, for the service of a pair of barbed arrows, which, on the part of the Royal Company, he now humbly offered to his Majesty, and craved a continuance of his Royal favour and protection. To this address his Majesty was pleased to make a most gracious reply, and received the arrows, which he handed to one of his attendants. The Earl of Hopetoun then kissed his Majesty's hand, and proceeded to the private entry, attended by the Chamberlain and Lords in waiting.

His Majesty left the Palace for Dalkeith, the seat of the Duke of Buccleugh, a little after three o'clock; and as he stepped into his carriage, he called Lord Lynedoch to him, and expressed, in the hearing of many individuals, the great satisfaction he had experienced to-day, and stated, that he had never been more gratified in his life time; observing—"I have often heard the Scots called a proud nation—they may well be so—they appear to be a nation of gentlemen."

The following noblemen and gentlemen had the honour of dining with his Majesty at Dalkeith, viz: the Duke of Dorset, the Marquis of Winchester, the Earl of Lauderdale, the Earl of Fife, Lord Gwydir, Lord Lowther, Lord Graves, Lord F. Conyngham, Sir E. Nagle, Sir A. Barnard, and Sir William Knighton. His Majesty was in excellent spirits.

In the evening, the bonfire on the top of Arthur's seat was again rekindled, and at the west end of George Street there was the most brilliant display of fireworks ever exhibited in Edinburgh. Leith was brilliantly illuminated.

16.—This day the King remained at Dalkeith-House, where he received visits from a considerable number of noblemen and gentlemen. In the evening, he entertained a select party at dinner, among whom were the Earl of Fife, Lord Ravensworth, and Lord Chief Commissioner Adam. In the evening, Edinburgh presented a most splendid and brilliant illumination, a spectacle to which its romantic buildings and situation are so well calculated to give imposing effect. On this

occasion, all ranks vied with each other to give effect and lustre to the scene; and inscriptions, devices, and emblems, were displayed in endless and dazzling variety. The Castle ramparts were illuminated with torches, and the crown at the gas work was also brilliantly lighted up, as it was every evening during the King's residence in Scotland. The streets were crowded to excess; but nothing could exceed the order and decorum of the people. About ten o'clock, salvos of cannon were fired from the Castle, Calton-hill, Salisbury Crags, Leith battery, and the war-ships in the Roads; the solemn pauses between which were occasionally interrupted by *feux de joie*, from three regiments of infantry in front of the Crags. The effect was glorious.

17.—*The King's Levee.*—His Majesty this day held his first Levee in Scotland, in the Palace of Holyrood. It was most splendidly and numerously attended, between 1500 and 2000 noblemen and gentlemen having been presented. So early as ten o'clock, the carriages began to draw up along the New London Road; and by twelve, they had accumulated so as to form a long line, reaching backwards along Waterloo Place, and the Regent Bridge, as far as Hanover Street, and afterwards to near the end of Princes Street. They continued to arrive without intermission, till near three o'clock. Those noblemen and gentlemen who have the privilege of the *entrée*, were admitted by the private door on the east side of the Palace, and were conducted to the room immediately adjoining the Levee-room. Notwithstanding of this, the great Picture Gallery was nearly filled with company; and when the door began to be opened, the crush towards it was very great. There a certain number were admitted; and when the space towards the door of the next room was filled, the two Archers in attendance crossed their bows at the first door, and seemed, as if by magic, to suppress the advancing crowd. After this, there was no further trouble; the whole moved slowly till they arrived at the room next to the Presence Chamber, where they were directed to pull off their gloves, and fall into single file. On entering the room, his Majesty was placed behind the door, with the Lord in Waiting at his left hand, and the name being announced, the individual knelt and kissed the hand of the King. The ceremony was performed in less time than is required to describe it; and it was remarked by some of the Archers in waiting, that about 15 were dispatched in a minute. After they were all gone, his Majesty remarked, "there go 2000 at least."

A few minutes before two, his Majesty arrived from Dalkeith, in a carriage and four, escorted by a party of Scots Greys. He entered by the private door on the south side of the Palace. His Majesty was dressed in full Highland costume, of royal Stuart tartan, and looked uncommonly well; he appeared in excellent health and spirits. A great many naval and military officers were present, and several noblemen and gentlemen wore the Highland garb, among whom were the Dukes of Hamilton and Argyll, the Earl of Breadalbane, and Lord Glenorchy. The Earl of Fife also wore a Highland dress, which was much admired. Lord Gwydir and Sir W. Curtis also appeared in this costume. His Majesty, in coming out of his dressing-room at Dalkeith, arrayed in the Highland garb, was observed to look down to his kilt, and heard to say, "I cannot help smiling at myself."

After the Levee, his Majesty held a Privy Council, at which the Right Honourable Charles Hope, Lord President of the Court of Session, was sworn in a member. At four o'clock, the King departed in a carriage and four for Dalkeith.

18.—This day (Sunday) his Majesty passed in privacy; while several of his suite employed themselves in visiting Roslin Chapel, and the surrounding scenery. The Earl of Fife and Lord Gwydir had the honour of dining with the King.

19.—At half-past two o'clock this day his Majesty arrived at Holyrood, where he held a court and closet-audience. He received addresses, on the throne, from the Commission of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and from the Universities of Scotland, to which he was pleased to return gracious answers. He then retired to his closet, where he received addresses from the Highland Society of Scotland, and from several Counties and Burghs. He entertained a select party at Dalkeith to dinner; among whom were the Duke of Argyll and the Earl of Fife.

20.—*The Drawing-Room.*—This day his Majesty held a Drawing-Room at the Palace, which was attended by about 500 ladies of the most distinguished rank, fashion, and beauty in Scotland. Most of the Nobility and Gentry who were present at the Levee also attended; and the whole number could not be less than 2,600. At two o'clock his Majesty arrived at the Palace, from Dalkeith House, and immediately gave audience to Lord Melville. The presentations at the Drawing-Room next commenced; and a finer array of lovelier women no coun-

try could produce. The Drawing-Room closed at twenty minutes to four o'clock, having lasted upwards of an hour and a half. The dresses of the ladies were of the most beautiful description—tasteful in the highest degree, and many were gorgeous. A few ladies were attired in tartan. The King appeared to be most highly delighted. His Majesty afterwards gave audience to the Duke of Argyll, Lord Elgin, and the Lord Chief Commissioner, and then departed for Dalkeith House, a few minutes before four. His Majesty was dressed in a Field-Marshal's uniform, and looked uncommonly well. He was loudly cheered by a great crowd, assembled in St Ann's Yards, notwithstanding the drizzling rain which fell during the day.

21.—At a general meeting of the Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Scotland, which was attended by a number of noblemen and gentlemen, it was resolved to commence a subscription, for the purpose of erecting an equestrian statue of his Majesty in Edinburgh; the subscriptions to be limited to three guineas from gentlemen, and one guinea from ladies.

His Majesty this day entertained a select company to dinner at Dalkeith House; among whom were the following Noblemen and Gentlemen: The Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Dorset, Marquis of Conyngham, Earl of Morton, Earl of Lauderdale, Earl of Fife, Viscount Melville, Lord Montagu, Lord Glenlyon, the Lord Chief Commissioner, Sir Walter Scott, Sir Edmund Napier, and Sir George Naylor. Gow's celebrated band attended, and delighted his Majesty by their masterly performance of a number of favourite Scottish airs. The young Duke of Buccleuch was seated on the right of his Majesty, who paid him the most marked attention; and, with the benevolent view of disengaging him from the more arduous duties of the table, frequently dispatched him to Gow, with orders to have some particular airs performed or repeated. "Come, Buccleuch," said his Majesty, slapping him on the shoulder, "you are the youngest man in the company, and must make yourself useful." A glass of *liqueur* having been offered to the young Duke immediately after dinner, the King observed it, and said, with a gracious smile, "No! no! it is too strong for his Grace to drink."

After dinner, his Majesty rose from his seat, and, advancing close to the band, graciously condescended to address Mr Gow for the space of several minutes. Among other flattering remarks, he ob-

served, "From my earliest years, I have always been fond of Scottish music, and have often listened to it with pleasure, but have never had so great a treat as this evening. I am happy to see the representative of Neil Gow in this place; and long may he live to delight his friends!" Gow was quite confounded with such a marked proof of the Royal regard,—his heart swelled, and his lips faltered; but, sensible that some acknowledgment was due, which, if not courteous, ought at least to be emphatic, he made an effort to ejaculate the words, "God Almighty bless your Majesty!" which fell upon the Royal ear in indistinct murmurs. When the King had withdrawn, Gow in some degree recovered his composure, and was heard to utter, "I'm perfectly contented to die now!"

22.—*Procession to the Castle.*—This day the King gratified the inhabitants of Edinburgh, and others of his Scottish subjects assembled in that capital, by a grand procession from the Palace of Holyrood-house, up the Canongate and High Street, to the Castle; and thence along the Mound, Princes Street, Waterloo Place, and the New London Road, on his return to the Palace. Notwithstanding the weather was unfavourable, being foggy and damp throughout the morning, and the rain becoming heavy during the cavalcade, the procession formed one of the most imposing spectacles ever exhibited before a British public. From the great height of the houses, in one of the most spacious streets in Europe, at least one mile in length, (through which the procession passed), the assemblage of the most elegantly attired, presented a scene of the most animating description; and the concourse of persons, of all degrees, brought together on this occasion, could not be calculated at less than 300,000. Galleries were erected at various points for the accommodation of public functionaries, females of distinction, &c.; and the salutation which passed between the King and the occupants of these galleries, was not the least interesting part of the ceremonial. The incorporated, and other public bodies of Edinburgh and Leith, dressed generally in the uniform recommended by the Magistrates, namely, blue coat, white vest and trousers, and wearing a St Andrew's cross on the left breast, lined each side of the street, from the Palace to the Castlehill, in the following order:

NORTH SIDE.

- i. *From the Abbey Precincts to the Canongate Church.*

The Magistrates of Canongate, and the

Trades and other Public Bodies of Canongate, Calton, and North Leith.

- ii. *Canongate Church to Leith Wynd.*

The Magistrates of Leith, the Merchant Company of Leith, the Trades, Sailors, &c.

- iii. *Leith Wynd to Chalmers' Close.*

The Caledonian Gardeners' Society.

- iv. *Chalmers' Close to the Head of the North Bridge.*

1. Incorporation of Candlemakers.
2. Incorporation of Barbers.
3. Society of St Crispin.
4. Society of Journeymen Printers.
- v. *From the Head of the North Bridge to the Flesh-Market Close.*

The Society of Bookbinders.

- vi. *From the Flesh-Market Close to Writers' Court.*

1. The Booksellers of Edinburgh, consisting of about 100, preceded by their Preses, Alexander Mackay, Esq.
2. And the Merchant Company of Edinburgh, their Clerks, &c.

- vii. *Ladies' Gallery above the Royal Exchange.*

- viii. *From Writers' Court to the Head of Bank Street.*

1. A space of 150 feet in length was occupied by Clergymen of the Established Church, and other Clergymen not otherwise accommodated.
2. Royal Medical Society.
3. The Students of the University.
4. Royal Physical Society.

- ix. *From Bank Street to Milne's Court.*

1. Church-Music Society.
2. Society of Chairmasters.
3. Society of Porters.
4. Society of Carters.

SOUTH SIDE.

- i. *From the Abbey Precincts to opposite the Canongate Church.*

The Magistrates of Easter and Wester Portsburgh, and the Trades and other Public Bodies of their districts.

- ii. *From opposite the Canongate Church to Leith Wynd.*

The Magistrates of Leith, the Merchant Company of Leith, the Trades, Sailors, &c.

- iii. *St Mary's Wynd to Gray's Close.*
Society of Journeymen Bakers.

- iv. *From Gray's Close, the whole of the South Side of the High Street, to the Platform on which the Magistrates stood at the Cross, was lined by*

The Trades of Edinburgh, their Journey-men and Apprentices.

v. *From the Cross to the Entry to the Parliament Close.*

The Magistrates of Edinburgh, and of other Royal Burghs, the Commissioners of Customs and Excise, &c. on a platform.

vi. *Ladies' Gallery, divided as under :*

1. Gallery for Peersesses.
2. Gallery for Merchant Company.

vii. *Gallery for Commissioners of Police.*

viii. *Gallery for*

1. Clergy of Edinburgh.
2. Senatus Academicus of the University.
3. Royal College of Physicians.
4. Royal Society.

ix. *Gallery for College of Justice.*

x. *Gallery for the County of Edinburgh.*

xi. *Gallery at the Head of West Bow for*

1. High School Boys, and their Masters.
2. Heriot's Hospital Boys, and their Master.
3. Watson's Hospital Boys, and their Masters.
4. The Parochial Teachers.
5. The Private Teachers.

Inside of the public bodies were dragons, in very extended order; and on the outside dense multitudes of spectators, of all ranks; while the galleries, balconies, windows, and house-tops were also crowded. The procession moved off from the Palace about a quarter past two o'clock. Its general features were the same as that adopted on the King's landing. The dresses were at once fanciful and costly. His Majesty, dressed in a Field-Marshal's uniform, and accompanied by the Duke of Dorset and Lord Glenlyon, rode in a close carriage and six, with the windows down. The Crown was carried by the Duke of Hamilton, in right of his ancient Earldom of Angus. His Grace was dressed in a black satin dress, of the age of Charles the First, slashed with white, and a rich lace vandyked collar over his shoulders. A groom attended on each side to hold his horse. He bore the Crown on the crimson velvet cushion which was found when the Regalia were discovered. When the Duke appeared in sight, with the emblems of Scottish independence, he was loudly cheered. The sceptre was borne by the Honourable John M. Stuart, second son of the Earl of Moray, (Lord F. L. Gower, who had carried it in the former procession, being suddenly called away), and the Sword of State was borne by the Earl of Morton. The Knight Marshal was

mounted on a black Arabian horse, richly caparisoned. His dress was a white satin cloak, over a richly-embroidered doublet of white and gold, with a white plume in his hat. On each side of him walked a Henchman, habited in rose-coloured satin, slashed with white; their underclothes white, with white silk stockings, and white roses in their shoes. The Lord Lyon was superbly mounted on an Arabian horse. He wore a long and splendid mantle of crimson velvet, lined throughout with white silk; a green velvet surcoat, edged with a broad band of gold; white pantaloons, with a gold stripe; on his head a crown of gold, with a cap of crimson velvet, and a border of ermine; and in his hand he held his baton of office, of green enamel, flowered with golden thistles; he wore also his collar and badge. His splendid appearance attracted general attention. He was attended by two grooms, one on each side, who wore white surtouts, with red collar and cuffs, and red caps.

The Yeomen of the Guard immediately preceded his Majesty's carriage; the Royal Company of Archers flanked the Royal carriage; on the right hand of the King's carriage rode the Lord High Constable, attended by Sir Thomas Bradford, the Commander of the Forces. The Lord High Constable wore his Peer's robes, over a purple velvet dress with white slashing; he wore his Earl's coronet. The Earl of Hopetoun, as Captain-General of the Archers, was on one side of the Royal equipage, dressed in the uniform of the Company, wearing the decorations of the Grand Cross of the Bath; and the Earl of Elgin, in the same dress, was on the other side, and wore his orders.

As his Majesty drove across the courtyard of the Palace, he was loudly cheered by the crowds in attendance, and graciously acknowledged these marks of popular favour, by repeatedly bowing to the people. As the procession moved along, the same acclamations were every where repeated, accompanied by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, to which his Majesty replied, by graciously bowing from his carriage. On arriving at the Castle-gate, his Majesty alighted on a platform, covered with crimson cloth, and walked into the Castle, where he got into another carriage, which had been sent forward, to prevent the passing over the draw-bridge. At the Castle-gate, his Majesty was received by the Lord High Constable and Earl Cathcart, and Sir Alexander Hope, Lieutenant-Governor of the Castle, with many other Officers, came forward to receive his Majesty. After passing the inner barrier on foot, his Majesty drove up

to the half-moon battery, where a spacious platform had been erected, covered with scarlet cloth, on which his Majesty alighted. His arrival on the platform was notified by the thunder of artillery, which roared from the battlements, the sound of which was reverberated, with tremendous echoes, from the Calton-hill, Salisbury Crags, Leith Fort, and the ships in the Roads.

The King remained on this elevated situation a considerable time, cheered by the great multitude who occupied the Castlehill. One of his attendants expressed an apprehension that the King would get wet. "Oh, never mind," replied his Majesty, with great animation, "I must cheer the people;" and taking off his hat, he waved it repeatedly, and gave three cheers, which was heard at some distance. The people, whose enthusiasm was now wound up to the highest pitch, again made the air resound with their loudest acclamations. The thick fog that brooded over the landscape deprived his Majesty of the full enjoyment of a prospect unequalled, perhaps, in variety and magnificence. But the same circumstance cast an air of sublimity over the wide expanse; and the broken outlines of crags, and cliffs, and stupendous buildings, peered out from amidst the incumbent gloom, with a wild and most romantic effect. The King surveyed this singular prospect with the most marked interest; and, turning to his attendants, exclaimed, "This is wonderful! what a sight!" He again turned round, and continued attentively to survey the surrounding scenery.

His Majesty then visited the Governor's house, where he drank a glass of wine; and having regained his carriage at the barrier, the procession returned to the Palace through Princes Street, New Town, and thence along the new road over the Calton-hill—thus gratifying thousands, who must otherwise have been excluded entirely from the interesting scene.

After resting about half an hour at the Palace, the King proceeded in his travelling carriage and four to Dalkeith House, where the Dukes of Hamilton, Buccleuch, and Argyle, and the Earl of Rawdon, had the honour of dining with his Majesty.

23.—Grand Cavalry Review, and Peers' Ball.—This day his Majesty reviewed, on Portobello Sands, the Scots Greys, the 3d Dragoon Guards, and ten Yeomanry Corps, besides the different Highland bodies assembled in Edinburgh. About one o'clock, the King arrived on the sands, in his travelling carriage and four, from which he alighted, and was received by a

numerous suite of officers. A Royal salute was immediately fired by the battery, which was answered by the cheers of the multitude. His Majesty, during the review, rode a beautiful grey charger, purchased, for the occasion, from the riding-master of the Scots Greys. The scene exhibited at this review was highly picturesque and splendid, and such, we believe, as was never before witnessed in Scotland. On this spot were assembled about 4000 troops and Highlanders, all attired in their proper costumes; upwards of 50,000 well-dressed spectators, consisting of persons of distinction and various ranks; nearly 1000 carriages, many of which were splendidly decorated; and, in short, such an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, riders and pedestrians, cavalry and infantry, as rendered the *totale ensemble* truly magnificent.

The ball given by the Scottish Peers, in honour of his Majesty's visit, took place in the evening, in the Assembly Rooms, and was attended by all the rank, beauty, and fashion, at present in the city. His Majesty arrived a few minutes before ten, and was attended by the Duke of Dorset, and several other noblemen and gentlemen of his suite. He was dressed in a Field-Marshal's uniform, and appeared in excellent spirits. The dancing of reels appeared to give him most delight, as he stood nearly half an hour witnessing the agile and spirited movements of the different dances. His Majesty remained till a few minutes past eleven, when he retired, and, entering his carriage, set off for Dalkeith. A crowd was collected in front of the Assembly Rooms, who cheered his Majesty as he entered and retired from the rooms; and, in all the streets through which the Royal carriage passed, it was loudly cheered by the people.

24.—Between twelve and one o'clock, the Regalia, consisting of the Crown, Sceptre, and Sword, of the ancient and independent kingdom of Scotland, were carried up in procession from the Palace of Holyrood-house, and lodged in the Crown-room in the Castle. The guard consisted of a party of the Scots Greys, and a large party of the clans, under the command of Sir Evan Murray Macgregor, Baronet.

Grand Civic Banquet.—In the evening, the Lord Provost and Magistrates entertained his Majesty, and nearly three hundred of the principal nobility and gentry, with a sumptuous dinner in the Parliament-house. About half-past six, his Majesty, in a Field-Marshal's dress, entered the hall, the band playing "God save the King." He took his seat un-

der a splendid canopy, at a semi-circular table placed at the head of the room, and the company were ranged at three tables running longitudinally along the room. At his Majesty's table, on each side, were placed ten seats. The Lord Provost sat on his right hand, and next to him the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Tweeddale; the Right Honourable William Dundas, Lord Clerk Register; Sir William Rae, Lord Advocate; the Duke of Dorset, Lord F. Conyngham, the Marquis of Winchester, and Lord Glenlyon: on the left of his Majesty were seated the Earl of Errol, the Duke of Atholl, the Marquis of Queensberry, the Earl of Morton, Viscount Melville; the Right Honourable Charles Hope, Lord President of the Court of Session; the Right Honourable David Boyle, Lord Justice-Clerk; Sir J. P. Beresford, Sir Thomas Bradford, Marquis of Graham, and Earl Cathcart.

Grace was said by the very Reverend Principal Baird; and, during dinner, his Majesty conversed freely with the Lord Provost and the Earl of Errol. As soon as the King had dined, a silver basin, containing rose-water, was brought to his Majesty by William Howison Craufurd, younger of Braehead and Craufurdland, who, in right of his mother, as proprietrix of Braehead in the county of Mid-Lothian, claims this privilege,—the service performed being the ancient tenure by which the estate of Braehead is held. He was attended by Masters Charles and Walter Scott, the one a son, the other a nephew of Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, as pages, attired in splendid dresses of scarlet and white satin; the former holding a silver ewer, the other a salver, with a damask napkin of Scottish manufacture, and of the finest texture. In offering the basin, Mr Howison Craufurd knelt down to his Majesty, who, after he had dipped his fingers in the water, and wiped them with the napkin, acknowledged the service with affability and grace.

After dinner, *Non nobis Domine* was sung by the vocal band. The Lord Provost then rose, and said, "I have the honour of proposing the health of his Majesty, who has this day honoured us with his presence, thereby conferring a signal mark of favour upon his good town of Edinburgh, which will never, never be obliterated from the memory of the present generation." The hall immediately resounded with acclamations, and, a signal being given by a flight of two rockets from the Parliament Square, the toast was instantly proclaimed to the whole city and its dependencies, by salvos of artillery from the Castle, the Calton-hill,

Salisbury Crags, and the ships in Leith Roads. When "God save the King" had been sung, and the tumult of applause had subsided, his Majesty then said, "In rising to return thanks for the expressions of attachment now made to me, after what I experienced on my arrival, what I have since seen, and what I now see before me, words would fail me were I to attempt to describe to you my feelings. In this situation I must appeal to your own. I assure you, I consider this one of the proudest days of my life; and you may judge with what truth, with what sincerity, and with what delight, I drink all your good healths."

In delivering this address, the voice of his Majesty was evidently affected by his feelings. There was a blandness in it—a pathos, which, more than even the words, spoke to the heart of every one present. Throughout, his Majesty's utterance was most distinct; but, as he proceeded, there was an increase of energy; and, in concluding, he placed his hand upon his heart, and expressed himself with powerful emphasis.

After several toasts had been drunk, his Majesty said to the Lord Provost, "My Lord, you may have heard, that it is my intention to make you a Baronet." His Lordship replied, he had heard that such was his Majesty's gracious intention. "Have you any objection to it?" the King inquired. His Lordship observed, he could not fail to consider it a very high honour. "Then," said his Majesty, "call a bumper."

A toast by the King was now announced, when his Majesty rose and said, "Gentlemen, I am sure you will cordially agree with me in drinking the health of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh: Sir William Arbuthnot, Baronet, and the Corporation of the city of Edinburgh."

Though not unprepared for the new honour announced by the toast of the King, the manner of conferring it, so gracious and so gratifying, was altogether unexpected by his Lordship. He dropped on his knee, and kissed the hand of his Majesty, who raised him up in the most affable manner.

His Majesty again rose and said, "Gentlemen, I trust you will all do justice to a toast, in which I feel a very great interest. I shall simply give you, All the chieftains and all the clans of Scotland, and may God bless the Land of Cakes!"

This toast, which was given by his Majesty with great animation and fervour, was drank with three times three, which were timed by his Majesty himself, and followed up by the most enthusiastic plaudits.

The King retired about nine o'clock, amidst enthusiastic cheering, and the company separated between eleven and twelve.

25.—This day (Sunday) his Majesty attended divine service in the High Church, to which he was accompanied by several individuals of his suite, escorted by the yeomen of the guard, and part of the Scots Greys. His Majesty and suite arrived in two carriages and six about eleven o'clock, and returned a little before one. The windows of his Majesty's carriage were up, and he leant back on the seat, seemingly courting privacy. There were numbers of well-dressed people on the pavements, most of whom lifted their hats as the Royal carriage passed; but no cheering, or the slightest indecorum of any sort took place. The streets from Holyrood Palace were lined by the 3d dragoon guards. On entering the church, his Majesty put into the hands of Principal Baird a sealed packet, which was marked, "a donation of one hundred pounds from his Majesty," desiring that it might be added to the ordinary collection. The Lord Provost and Magistrates, and the Judges of the Courts of Session and Exchequer, had previously taken their places, and the congregation had assembled at an early hour. The Reverend Dr Lamont, Moderator of last General Assembly, preached an eloquent and animated discourse, from Colossians, chapter iii., verses 3d and 4th. After divine service was concluded, his Majesty bowed to the preacher, and retired. In the evening, the Earls of Kinnoul, Wemyss and March, Breadalbane, Aberdeen, Rosebery, and Mansfield, and the Hon. Mr Maule of Panmure, had the honour of dining with his Majesty at Dalkeith-House.

26.—His Majesty this day paid a private visit to the Palace of Holyrood, and inspected its apartments. He was dressed in a blue surtout and blue trowsers, boots, black neckcloth, and round hat. All his attendants were also in undress. When the King was shewn the bed and blanket in which his progenitor, the ill-fated Mary, slept, he caught hold of the blanket, and expressed his wonder that it had been kept so long in a state of preservation. His Majesty continued his inspection for about 50 minutes, with which he expressed much gratification.

Caledonian Hunt Ball.—In the evening of this day, his Majesty honoured with his presence a ball given by the noblemen and gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, in the Assembly Rooms. The preparation made for it, and the appearance of the company, were nearly similar to those at the Peers' ball on Friday

evening. His Majesty came in from Dalkeith in his travelling-carriage, escorted by a guard of cavalry, and entered the ball-room at half-past nine o'clock, preceded by the Committee of the Hunt, and the great officers of his Household. As he passed through the long line of distinguished personages that had formed to the right and left of the door, he bowed repeatedly, and addressed a few words to particular individuals whom he recognised. His Majesty was dressed in a Field-Marshal's uniform, wearing the stars of his various orders, and the cross of St Andrew in his hat.—Reels immediately commenced. His Majesty appeared highly delighted with the second set, and frequently clapped his hands in token of his approbation. In the next dance, his Majesty gave one of the gentlemen a smart slap on the shoulder, to "put life and mettle in his heels," which had the intended effect. Dancing was kept up with some partial intermissions, during the hour and a half that his Majesty remained. His Majesty retired about eleven o'clock; and as the Royal carriage drove off, loud cheers were heard along the streets.

27.—*National Monument.*—The grand ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the National Monument took place at two o'clock. The site fixed upon was to the north-east of Nelson's Monument, and to the south of the Astronomical Observatory on the Calton Hill. The procession moved from Parliament Square, where the various Lodges had been marshalled, down the High Street, across the North Bridge, and towards the Hill by the Regent's Bridge. The numerous Lodges, under the guidance of their Masters, Wardens, &c. were joined at the Waterloo Hotel by the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh, in their robes of office; the Noble Commissioners appointed by his Majesty to officiate as his Proxy, consisting of the Duke of Athole, Lords Rosebery, Lynedoch, and Elgin, (the Duke of Montrose and Earl of Hope- ton were necessarily absent,) and his Grace the Duke of Hamilton as Grand Master, with several other noblemen and gentlemen connected with Masonic Lodges. The procession having arrived at the site, the Grand Master, Chaplain, and the several Masters, took their stations on a platform, opposite to whom were the Commissioners, the Lord Provost and Magistrates, &c. A prayer having been offered up by Dr Lee, Grand Chaplain, to the Great Architect of Nature, the usual solemnities took place of inserting two glass bottles, containing the current coin, &c. in the cavities of the stone.—

The cornucopia, wine, oil, &c. &c. were then placed on the top stone, which had been previously proved by the plummet, square, &c. The Duke of Hamilton then delivered an animated and impressive address on the propriety of the undertaking, in which he alluded to his Majesty's visit as most auspicious, in countenancing the foundation of a monument, which would tell, to the brave sons of Caledonia, that their valour was remembered by a grateful country. The ceremony closed by a suitable address from the Duke of Athole, in the name of the Commissioners.

The following is a copy of the inscription on the principal plate (of gold) deposited in the foundation stone. The other two plates bore the names of the Magistrates of the city, and the office-bearers of the Grand Lodge:—

TO
THE GLORY OF GOD,
IN
HONOUR OF THE KING,
FOR
THE GOOD OF THE PEOPLE,
THIS MONUMENT,
THE
TRIBUTE OF A GRATEFUL COUNTRY
TO
HER GALLANT AND ILLUSTRIOUS SONS,
AS
A MEMORIAL OF THE PAST,
AND
AN INCENTIVE TO THE FUTURE HEROISM
OF
THE MEN OF SCOTLAND,

was founded on the 27th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1822, and in the third year of the glorious reign of George IV., under his immediate auspices, and in commemoration of his Most Gracious and Welcome Visit to his ancient Capital, and the Palace of his Royal Ancestors, John Duke of Atholl, James Duke of Montrose, Archibald John Earl of Rosebery, John Earl of Hopetoun, Robert Viscount Melville, and Thomas Lord Lynedoch, (Thomas Earl of Elgin and Kincardine was added by his Majesty to the Commission after the plate was engraved,) officiating as Commissioners in name and behalf, and by special appointment of his August Majesty, the Patron of the undertaking. The celebrated Parthenon of Athens being the model of the edifice.

The Theatre.—His Majesty, this day, paid a visit to Lord Viscount Melville, at Melville Castle. He was received at the gate by the Noble Lord, in his dress as Colonel of the Mid-Lothian Yeomanry; the coats being drawn up on the lawn, close to the Castle. His Majesty remained about an hour and a half. He after-

wards dined alone, and in the evening, honoured the Theatre with his presence, to witness the historical play of Rob Roy. At an early hour, the entrances to the pit and boxes were completely besieged, and a little after six, the doors were opened, when the house immediately filled to an overflow, though it had been announced that the play would not commence before eight o'clock. Exactly at that hour, his Majesty entered the theatre, accompanied by the Dukes of Argyle, Dorset, and Montrose, &c. &c.; at the same moment, the curtain drew up, and displayed the whole of the performers ranged in front of the stage, who sang "God save the King," with two additional verses. They play then commenced, in which all the actors exerted themselves to the utmost, and the King seemed much diverted by the incidents of the play. Between the acts, his Majesty conversed very freely with his attendants, and particularly with the Duke of Argyll. At the conclusion, "God save the King" was again sung by the performers, joined by the audience, the King standing up. On his Majesty retiring, the acclamations were redoubled. In passing through the rooms, the King was pleased to compliment Mr Murray, the manager, for the manner in which he had been entertained; and expressed his pleasure at again seeing Mr Henry Siddons, who had performed the part of Diana Vernon.

28.—His Majesty visited Newbattle Abbey, the seat of the Marquis of Lothian, in going to which, he passed through the town of Dalkeith, the streets of which were lined by the trades and other inhabitants, but, to their inexpressible disappointment, the Royal carriage drove rapidly through, with closed windows.

29.—*The King's departure.*—This day his Majesty took his departure from Scotland. Before embarking, he was graciously pleased to visit the Earl of Hopetoun, at his splendid mansion near Queensferry. During his stay at Hopetoun, he conferred the honour of knighthood on Captain Adam Ferguson, Deputy-Keeper of the Scottish Regalia, and on Henry Raeburn, Esq. the celebrated portrait-painter, who was further commanded to attend his Majesty in London, for the purpose of taking his portrait. His Majesty was attended at Hopetoun, and to the place of embarkation, Port Edgar, near Queensferry, by his body guard, the Royal Archers, who had sailed up the Firth in the morning, in steam vessels, for that purpose. The King left Hopetoun House at a quarter to three, and exactly at three, his carriage stopped at Port Edgar. On alighting, his Majesty was greeted with

loud cheers by a vast concourse of people assembled on the pier-head, and he bowed frequently in return, while he walked down on a strip of green baize, which extended from the place where his carriage drew up, down to the platform from which he was to embark. His Majesty shook Lord Hopetoun very cordially by the hand, and taking off his travelling cap, bowed to his affectionate subjects in acknowledgment of their continued acclamations. The Earl of Fife attended his Majesty to the yacht, and had the honour of a seat immediately near him in the barge. His Majesty passed North Berwick about half-past seven o'clock, which was announced by the guns on the Bass.

SEPTEMBER.

I.—*The King's Arrival in London.*—His Majesty, after a pleasant voyage from the Frith of Forth, during which his yacht was occasionally towed by the James Watt and Comet steam-vessels, arrived at Greenwich this day, (Sunday) about four o'clock, P. M. He immediately landed, amidst the acclamations of his English subjects, and, stepping into his carriage, drove off privately to Carlton Palace, at which he alighted at a quarter past five o'clock. The bells of the metropolis were rung at intervals during the evening.

During his Majesty's residence in Scotland, he was graciously pleased to make the following donations to the charitable institutions of Edinburgh:

- To the Royal Infirmary, two hundred guineas.
- To the Lunatic Asylum, one hundred guineas.
- To the Society for the Relief of the Industrious Blind, one hundred guineas.
- To the Deaf and Dumb Institution, one hundred guineas.
- To the Society for the Support of Gaelic Schools, one hundred guineas.
- To the Lying-in-Hospital, fifty guineas.
- To the Royal Public Dispensary, fifty guineas.
- To the New Town Dispensary, fifty guineas.
- To the Magdalen Asylum, fifty guineas.

To the Destitute Sick Society, fifty guineas.

The King's Letter.—Before leaving Scotland, the following letter was, by command of his Majesty, addressed, by Mr Secretary Peel, to the Great Officers of State:

Edinburgh, August 29, 1822.

MY LORDS,

I have had the honour of receiving the King's commands to signify to your Lordships his Majesty's unqualified approbation of all the arrangements which have been made preparatory to his Majesty's reception, and during his stay in Scotland.

His Majesty is desirous of returning his particular acknowledgments to the several departments of the State, to the local authorities, and to those societies and institutions which have so zealously co-operated with them in paying every mark of respect and attention to his Majesty, and in promoting that perfect order, regularity, and success, with which every ceremony has been conducted.

His Majesty commands me to add, that his residence in Scotland has proved to him a source of unalloyed satisfaction. It has confirmed every favourable impression which he previously entertained of the character and habits of the people, and it has afforded to him that which must ever constitute his chief gratification, the opportunity of witnessing the happiness of his subjects, and of receiving the most convincing proofs of their faithful attachment and loyalty.

He takes leave of Scotland with the most cordial feelings of affection towards his people, and with the deepest anxiety to promote their welfare.

I have the honour to be, with great truth and regard,

MY LORDS,

Your Lordships' most obedient,

And faithful servant,

(Signed) ROBERT PEEL.

The Officers of State,

§ c. § c. § c.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Aug. 29.—The honour of knighthood conferred on Adam Ferguson, Esq. Deputy-Keeper of the Regalia of Scotland, and on Henry Raeburn, Esq. of Stockbridge, Edinburgh.

Sept. 12.—Sir William Knighton, Bart. to be keeper of his Majesty's Privy Purse.

Major-General Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, to be Ambassador at Stockholm.

16.—The Right Hon. George Cathing, to be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Sept. 12.—The Rev. Dr William Muir, from Glasgow, ordained Minister of the New Greyfriars' Church, Edinburgh.

19.—The Rev. George Gray ordained Minister of the parish of Eckford.

III. MILITARY.

- Brevet Major Maclean, 77 F. to be Lieut. Col. in the Army 45 Aug. 1822.
- Raney, h. p. 55 F. to be Lieut. Col. in the Army do.
- Hay, Commander of E. I. C. Depot at Chatham, Temporary Rank of Lieut. Col. while employed at Depot do.
- Capt. Walcott, Royal Art Major in the Army 15 Aug.
- Mackenzie, 77 F. Major in the Army do.
- Burd, 77 F. Major in the Army do.
- Harrison, 20 F. Major in the Army do.
- Mills, 2 Dr. Major in the Army do.
- 1 Life G. Bt. Major Oakes, Major by purch. vice Lieut. Col. J. Canac, ret. 2 do.
- Lieut. Hall, Capt. by purch. do.
- Cornet & Sub-Lieut. Moseley, Lieut. by purch. do.
- R. Parker, Cornet & Sub-Lieut. by purch. do.
- 17 Dr. M. Gen. Lord R. E. H. Somerset, K.C.B. Col. vice Gen. Delancey, dead 9 Sept.
- Green Gds. Ens. Crauford, late of 2 F. Ens. & Lieut. by purch. vice Barnard, 56 F. 29 Aug.
- Ser. Ferris, Quart. Mast. vice Darby, ret. on full-pay do.
- 4 F. Lieut. Dutton, Capt. by purch. vice Frye, ret. 15 do.
- Ens. Chetwode, Lieut. by purch. do.
- T. Williams, Ens. by purch. 12 Sept.
- 11 Gent. Cadet R. Daly, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 8 Aug.
- 21 Gent. Cadet T. Burke, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
- Ens. Congreve, Lieut. by purch. vice Wallace, ret. 5 Sept.
- 2d Lieut. Deane, 1st Lieut. vice Montgomerie, dead 8 July.
- R. Austruther, 2d Lieut. 12 Sept.
- 30 Ens. Gregg Lieut. vice J. Roe, dead 31 Dec. 1821.
- Gent. Cadet N. Armstrong, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 8 Aug. 1822.
- 71 Lieut. Plumbe, from 45 F. vice Hamilton, 77 F. 15 do.
- 52 Lieut. Wingfield, Capt. by purch. vice Major Lewin, ret. 12 Sept.
- Ens. Campbell, Lieut. by purch. do.
- 75 Lieut. Grogne, from 89 F. Lieut. vice Halford, F. p. 60 F. 8 Aug.
- Ens. Galloway, from h. p. 15 F. Ens. vice Cameron, dead 15 do.
- 36 Lieut. M'Pherson, Adj. vice Coleroff, res. Adj. only 5 Sept.
- 38 Major Firth, from 72 F. Major vice Sir C. Cuyler 69 F. 29 Aug.
- Gent. Cadet W. J. Owen, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 8 do.
- Fns. Moore, Lieut. vice Kerr, sen. dead 12 Sept.
- 40 F. Ens. Thornhill, Lieut. vice E. Butler, dead 15 Aug.
- Cornet Williams, from h. p. 11 Dr. Ens. vice Thornhill do.
- 41 Gent. Cadet M'K. Champain, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 5 Sept.
- 45 Major Haverfield, Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Col. Patriksson, ret. 29 Aug.
- Capt. Booth, Major by purch. do.
- Lieut. James Considine Capt. by purch. do.
- Ens. Keppel, Lieut. by purch. do.
- Lord S. A. Chichester, Ens. by purch. do.
- 41 Gent. Cadet G. J. Smart, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 5 Sept.
- 46 Gent. Cadet J. M. Cuning, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
- 47 Ens. Ridge, Lieut. vice C. J. Cochran, dead 28 Dec. 1821.
- Gent. Cadet J. Lardner, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 2 Sept. 1822.
- 48 Ens. White, Lieut. by purch. vice Robinson, prom. do.
- B. W. Tucker, Ens. by purch. do.
- 52 Lieut. Gen. Sir G. T. Walker, G. C. B. from 84 F. Col. vice Lieut. Gen. Sir H. Oakes, Bt. G. C. B. dead 9 do.
- 55 Major Brock, from h. p. 45 F. Maj. vice Holt, 72 F. 25 Aug.
- 56 Lieut. Barnard, from Gen. Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Gualy, ret. 15 do.
- 63 Ens. Wood, Lieut. vice Jos. Mulhern, dead 26 Dec. 1821.
- Ens. Bowen, Lieut. vice Blacker, dead 27 do.
- H. R. Addison, Ens. 27 do.
- D. O'Brien, Ens. 12 Sept. 1822.
- Assist. Surg. Bohan, from 15 Dr. Surg. vice Mackesy, dead 8 Aug.
- 69 Major Sir C. Cuyler, Bt. from 58 F. Maj. vice Barrow, h. p. 45 F. 29 do.
- 72 Bt. Lieut. Col. Holt, from 55 F. Maj. vice Enth, 58 F. do.
- 77 Lieut. Hamilton, from 51 F. Lieut. vice Rogers, h. p. 45 F. 15 do.
- 78 Maj. Gen. Sir E. Barnes, K. C. B. from Rifle Brig. Col. vice Lieut. Gen. Sir S. Auchmuty, G. C. B. dead 25 do.
- 85 Lieut. Mee, Capt. vice Hext, dead 8 Aug.
- Lieut. Holmes, Capt. vice Phillips, dead 29 do.
- Ens. Driberg, Lieut. 8 do.
- Lieut. Irwin, from h. p. 75 F. Lieut. do.
- Ens. Richardson, from 45 F. Lieut. vice Abell, dead 12 Sept.
- 81 Maj. Gen. Sir D. Paek, K. C. B. Col. vice Sir G. T. Walker, 52 F. 9 do.
- 87 Lieut. Clifford, Capt. vice Fitzgerald, dead 11 Dec. 1821.
- Fns. Bluff, Lieut. do.
- W. Smyth, Ens. 12 Sept. 1822.
- 89 F. Lieut. Steel, Capt. vice Savage, dead 11 Oct. 1821.
- Cannon, Capt. vice Hasden, prom. 12 Sept. 1822.
- Sargent, from h. p. 60 F. Lieut. vice Greene, 33 F. 8 Aug.
- Ens. Tottenham, Lieut. 12 Sept.
- H. S. La Roche, Ens. 2 Dec. 1821.
- 90 Lieut. Esbank, Capt. by purch. vice Gamble, ret. 5 Sept. 1822.
- Ens. Taylor, Lieut. by purch. do.
- F. P. D. Radcliffe, Ens. by purch. do.
- Rifle Brig. Maj. Gen. Sir A. F. Barnard, K. C. B. Col. Comm. vice Barnes, 78 F. 25 Aug.
- 2 W. I. R. Lieut. Nosworthy, Capt. vice Chisholm, R. Afric. Col. Corps 5 Sept.
- Ens. Moriarty, Lieut. do.
- J. W. Wetherell, Ens. do.
- Lieut. Miller, from h. p. 4 W. I. R. Adj. & Lieut. vice Laing, R. Afric. Col. Corps 7 do.

R. Vet. Dr. Payne, Edmonds, from h. p. late G. Vet. Bn. Paym. 15 Aug. 1822.
R. Art. Col. C. Brig. Gen. Sir C. Mac Carthy, from h. p. R. Afr. Corps, Col. Comm. 2 April.

Capt. — on 2 W. I. R. Major do.

W. H. Blenkane, from Afr. Comp. Service, Capt. with Temporary Rank do.

Lieut. Laing, from 2 W. I. R. Capt. 5 do.

Capt. Donald, from h. p. R. W. I. Rang. Capt. 29 Aug.

J. Swanzy, from Afr. Comp. Service, Lieut. Temporary Rank 25 April.

J. Jackson, from Afr. Comp. Service, Lieut. Temporary Rank do.

J. Mullian, from Afr. Comp. Service, Lieut. Temporary Rank do.

H. Mendis, from Afr. Comp. Service, Lieut. Temporary Rank do.

Lieut. Blake, from h. p. 25 F. Lieut. 29 Aug.

J. Peters, late Lieut. 85 F. Lieut. do.

E. Edwards, from Afr. Comp. Service, En. 2 April.

R. Ekstone, from Afr. Comp. Service, En. do.

J. H. Gredham, from Afr. Comp. Service, En. do.

Serg. Maj. Burns, from 2 W. I. R. Adj. & En. do.

Royal Artillery.

1st Lieut. Richards, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Kerstman, h. p. 2 Sept. 1822.

1st Lieut. Chamberlain, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Milnes, h. p. 5 do.

J. L. Lieut. Thorndike, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Parrell, h. p. 12 do.

R. Glamorgan M. L. G. F. Steel, Quai. Mast. vice H. Steel, res. 7 July.

Ad. Lower Hann, M. L. Adj. Wilkins, Brevet Rank of Capt. 6 Aug.

Hospital Staff.

Asst. Staff. Surg. Ramsay, Surg. to the Forces, vice Tromble, dead 12 Sept. 1822.

Asst. Surg. Lauchlaw, from h. p. 66 F. Asst. Surg. to the Forces do.

Asst. Surg. Stobo, from h. p. 55 F. Asst. Surg. to the Forces do.

Asst. Surg. S. L. M. F. M. H. p. 21 Dr. Asst. Surg. to the Forces do.

Hosp. Asst. J. Hall, Asst. Surg. to the Forces do.

Exchanges.

Pt. Major Morrison, from 7 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. between Full Pay Troop and Full Pay Comp. with Capt. Roster, h. p. 25 Dr.

Capt. Stuart, from 57 F. with BL Major FitzGerald, h. p. 12 F.

— Vincer, from Gren. Gds. with Capt. Barnard, h. p. 36 F.

— Morgan, from 71 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Farquharson, h. p. 75 F.

— Phelan, from 58 F. with Capt. Rowley, 92 F. Lieut. Kingscote, from 2 Life Gds. with Lieut. Broadhurst, h. p. 12 Dr.

— Barnett, from 25 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Cotton, h. p. 61 F.

— Williams, 2 W. I. R. with Lieut. Macpherson, h. p. 3 W. I. R.

— Travers, from h. p. R. Afr. Col. Corps, with Lieut. Burton, h. p. 60 F.

Ensign Powell, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Cornet Shewell, h. p. 18 Dr.

— Fane, from 65 F. with 2d Lieut. Buller, h. p. 23 F.

— Neill, from 8 F. with Ensign, Ramsford, 72 F.

— Owen, from 58 F. with Ensign Johnston, 50 F.

Ensign Deuren, from 57 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Powell, h. p. Bradshaw's Levy.
Surg. Heriot, from 45 F. with Surg. Smyth, h. p. 6 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonel Patrickson, 43 F.

Lieut. Col. J. Canac, 1 Life Gds.

Major Fyfe, 4 F.

— Lewin, 52 F.

— Gualley, 56 F.

Capt. Gamble, 90 F.

Lieut. Wallace, 20 F.

Quart. Mast. H. Steel, R. Glamorgan M. L.

Appointments Cancelled.

The Exchange between Capt. Nichols, from h. p. 25 Dr. and Capt. Jones, 89 F.

The Exchange between Lieut. Confield, h. p. 22 F. and Lieut. O'Kelly, 11 F.

Replaced on Retired List.

Bt. Maj. McIntyre, 1 Royal Vet. Bn.

Lieut. Carrington, 1 Royal Vet. Bn.

Ensign Mackenzie, 1 Royal Vet. Bn.

— Durnford, 1 Royal Vet. Bn.

Bt. Maj. Alexander, 5 Royal Vet. Bn.

Lieut. Collingwood, 5 Royal Vet. Bn.

— Wainwright, 5 Royal Vet. Bn.

Ensign Fyffe, 5 Royal Vet. Bn.

Deaths.

General De Laney, 17 Dr. Beechwood, near Edinburgh 5 Sept. 1822.

Lieut. Gen. Sir H. Oakes, R. G. C. B. 36 F. Lieut. Gen. of the Ordnance, London 9 Sept.

— Haynes, East India Company Service, Cheltenham 26 Aug.

Colonel Evans, h. p. Royal African Corps, Knightsbridge 14 June.

Lieut. Col. Hooper 5 Vet. Bn. Dublin 29 July.

Capt. McNamara, 1 Vet. Bn. Little Baddon, Essex 15 May.

— Robert Cameron, h. p. 55 F. Callort, near Fort William, North Britain 15 June.

— Home, h. p. 2 Light Inf. K. G. J. Hanover 12 Oct. 1821.

Lieut. Thomas Kerr, sen. 58 F. Raphoe, Donegal, Ireland 6 Aug. 1822.

— Lyne Butler, 10 F. Cashell, 31 July.

— C. I. Cochane, 47 F. Bombay 27 Dec. 1821.

— Charleton, Royal Art. Newfoundland, 31 May.

— Normington, late 1 Vet. Bn. Doncaster 13 Sept.

— Staunton, late 10 Vet. Bn. Ireland 27 Aug.

— Mullenger, h. p. Gen. Gds. Brixton, Isle of Wight 50 July.

— Scholey, h. p. 9 F. Gainsborough 10 do.

— Seaver, h. p. 60 F. Heath Hall, Armagh 6 Aug.

— Crofton, h. p. 81 F. Burlington House, near Bristol 28 May.

Ensign Bonham, 9 F. Grenada 21 July.

— Bowen, late 5 Vet. Bn. 20 Aug.

— Graham, late 8 Vet. Bn. Glasgow 18 Aug.

— Byrne, h. p. 60 F.

— Irwin, h. p. 65 F. St. Servan, France 21 Jan.

— Browne, h. p. 6 W. I. R. Dublin 10 July.

Adjutant Myers, Ens. h. p. 60 F.

— Morris, h. p. McDowd's Rec. Corps, London 31 July.

Quart. Mast. Hartley, North Lincoln Militia, Lancaster 10 Sept.

— King, h. p. Royal Waggon Train, Woodford 7 Jan.

Medical Department.

Dep. Insp. Macaulay, h. p. Canada

Dep. Purveyor Saunders, h. p. Valenciennes

Asst. Surg. W. McDonnell, 19 F. 1 Sept. 1822.

Asst. Surg. Williams, h. p. 1 E. L. Inf. Flou. 5 April.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Registered Thermometer.

	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	
sept. 1	M. 46 A. 56	29.768	M. 60 A. 60	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.	Sept. 16	M. 44 A. 52	29.851	M. 54 A. 58	Cble.
2	M. 44 A. 59	29.771	M. 62 A. 59	W.	Dull, with h. sh. rain.	17	M. 45 A. 55	29.870	M. 56 A. 55	Cble.
3	M. 45 A. 54	29.771	M. 60 A. 54	NW.	Dull, with hail & rain.	18	M. 45 A. 52	29.889	M. 55 A. 55	NW.
4	M. 44 A. 51	29.771	M. 54 A. 60	SW.	Dull, with sh. rain.	19	M. 47 A. 54	30.101	M. 56 A. 54	NE.
5	M. 44 A. 55	29.771	M. 60 A. 57	W.	Morn. rain, dull day.	20	M. 47 A. 51	29.990	M. 55 A. 54	Cble.
6	M. 45 A. 55	29.771	M. 59 A. 56	W.	Dull, with sh. rain.	21	M. 45 A. 50	29.872	M. 55 A. 54	E.
7	M. 42 A. 52	29.771	M. 55 A. 53	W.	Dull & cold, sh. rain.	22	M. 44 A. 53	29.940	M. 55 A. 52	E.
8	M. 45 A. 52	29.771	M. 56 A. 56	W.	Dull, with h. sh. rain.	23	M. 45 A. 53	29.880	M. 54 A. 53	SW.
9	M. 44 A. 52	29.771	M. 57 A. 52	W.	Dull, h. sh. at noon.		M. 56 A. 53	29.920	M. 55 A. 54	NE.
10	M. 48 A. 50	29.771	M. 55 A. 55	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	25	M. 59 A. 44	29.812	M. 54 A. 48	NE.
11	M. 49 A. 50	29.771	M. 57 A. 57	SW.	Rain morn. dull day.	26	M. 56 A. 41	29.801	M. 50 A. 49	NE.
12	M. 49 A. 50	29.771	M. 54 A. 56	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	27	M. 54 A. 41	29.892	M. 47 A. 49	Cble.
13	M. 55 A. 47	29.771	M. 51 A. 51	NW.	Frost, morn. fair sun. day.	28	M. 40 A. 48	29.904	M. 50 A. 50	SW.
14	M. 54 A. 48	29.771	M. 55 A. 51	Cble.	Ditto.	29	M. 42 A. 48	29.880	M. 50 A. 51	SW.
15	M. 50 A. 49	29.771	M. 52 A. 55	SW.	Clear & fair, with sunsh.	30	M. 42 A. 50	29.850	M. 55 A. 50	Cble.

Average of Rain, 1.119 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE mean temperature, by observations taken at ten o'clock morning and evening for the last two weeks in September, was 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ °, and no rain fell during that period. The mean for the last thirteen days was 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ °, and the rain that fell since the commencement of this month at Annat Garden, where the observations were taken, amounts to 1 inch and 87 decimal parts. Strong westerly winds have been frequent, particularly on the 7th, 8th, and 9th. Towards the end of September, the soil was, in general, rather dry for sowing the wheat seed; but the abundant supply of rain, since that period, has now rendered the soil sufficiently moist, and a considerable breadth has been sown. Wheat sown about the middle of September gives a regular braird, and turnips have improved considerably since our last; still, however, they will be deficient in weight.

Some potatoes have been taken up, but the greater part is yet in the ground. The return, where already ascertained, is abundant; but oats that have been thrashed out, do not turn out so well, either at the barn or mill, as was expected; compared with the oats of last year's crop, they will, in general, be one peck deficient in meal per boll, and the quantity will be considerably below a common average crop; barley is also much below an average, and unequal in quality. Wheat is a full crop, and beans and pease middling. A considerable breadth of winter furrow has already been turned over, and the weather has been so favourable since our last, that the after-math of clover still constitutes the food of draught-horses.

The prices of cattle continue low, occasioned, partly, by the apparent scarcity of winter fodder in this country, partly by the great numbers lately reared, but chiefly by the limited demand from the South. Wheat now sells at 20s. per boll in the Northern corn-markets, and it is only fine samples that can find purchasers at that rate. Oats continue to sell at from 15s. to 16s. per boll, but are in request. Barley of last year sells for more than wheat; but new barley is much inferior in quality and price. Draught-horses sell at low prices, and sheep meet with dull sales, at prices ruinous to the sheep farmer.

Perthshire, October

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

	1872.	Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.	Barley.				Oats.				Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p. peck.	1872.	Oatmeal.		B. & P. Meal.	
					s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.				Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
Sept. 18	526	17 0	28 0	21 11	17 0	23 0	13 0	16 6	15 0	16 1	16 1	16 1	7 1	11	Sept. 17	392	1 1	56	0 10
20	553	15 0	26 6	19 4	18 0	22 0	13 0	17 0	15 0	16 0	16 0	16 0	7 1	6	24	320	1 1	46	0 10
Oct. 2	552	15 0	28 0	21 6	15 0	22 6	14 0	17 6	15 0	16 0	16 0	16 0	7 1	6	Oct. 1	500	1 1	65	0 10
9	530	17 0	27 0	22 7	18 0	21 0	14 6	18 0	15 0	16 6	16 6	16 6	7 1	6	8	350	1 1	57	0 10

Glasgow.

	1872.	Wheat, 240 lbs.				Oats, 264 lbs.				Barley, 520 lbs.		Bns. & Pse.		Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
		Am. & For.	Irish.	Danish.	Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.	Stirl. Meas.	140 lbs.	280 lbs.	140 lbs.	280 lbs.		
Sept. 10	10	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
20	20	—	18 21 0	12 17 0	17 0	19 0	19	21	22 0	23 0	15 0	16 0	14 0	17 0	83 40
Oct. 3	3	—	18 25 6	15 17 0	17 0	19 6	—	—	22 0	26 0	15 0	16 6	11 0	17 0	83 19
		—	18 21 0	12 16 0	17 0	19 0	19	21	25 0	25 0	15 6	17 0	4 0	16 6	85 40
		—	17 25 0	12 15 0	17 0	18 6	19	22	25 0	25 0	15 0	17 0	4 0	16 6	83 40

Haddington.

1872.		Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1872.	Oatmeal.	
		Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Per Peck.
pt. 20	20	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	Sept. 16	s. d.	s. d.
25	25	—	17 0	29 0	20 5	18 2 6	15 16 6	12 15 0	12 15 0	11 0	15 5
Oct. 2	2	—	16 0	25 6	21 5	17 2 0	15 16 6	11 11 0	11 15 0	25	15 6
11	11	—	16 6	26 0	21 11	18 2 0	12 17 0	11 11 0	11 15 0	50	14 0
		—	17 0	25 0	21 6	19 2 0	11 18 0	11 11 0	11 15 0	7	14 0

Dalkith.

London.

1872.	Wheat, per qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.	
				F&A Pol.	Pot. r.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Bodling.	Cov.	Fine.	20.		
pt. 20	20	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.	
25	25	12 48	18 11	18 51	14 19	19 25	24 28	19 25	50 52	5 30	12 45	32 40	— 8
Oct. 2	2	17	18 20	18 52	16 25	20 27	21 29	19 24	50 55	5 50	12 45	32 40	— 8
11	11	22 5	18 21	17 1	17 21	21 21	21 29	19 21	52 55	5 51	50 50	55	— 8
Oct. 1	1	22 16	18 21	17 31	17 21	21 21	21 50	19 25	55 58	5 50	50 56	55	— 8

Liverpool.

1872.	Wheat, 60 lb.	Oats, 60 lb.	Barley, 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Eng. 10 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Oatmeal, 240 lbs.	
										Fug.	Scots.
17	17	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
21	21	7 0	2 1	2 6	2 10 5 5	20 22	21 50	22 56	32 51	20 52	20 21
24	24	1 2	6 2	2 10 5 5	20 22	21 50	22 56	32 51	20 52	20 21	20 21
27	27	6 7	0 2	2 10 5 5	20 22	21 50	22 56	32 51	20 52	20 21	20 21
30	30	6 6	0 2	2 1 2	2 8 5 5	20 22	21 50	22 56	30 52	20 52	20 21

England & Wales.

1872.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatmeal.
pt. 20	20	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
25	25	7 58	8 19	8 21	2 17 8	25 2	24 5
Oct. 1	1	14 79	1 18	1 20	11 18 0	23 2	25 7
8	8	21 40	6 18	4 21	11 17 7	25 6	25 8
15	15	28 40	5 19	4 26	10 18 8	21 4	26 10

Course of Exchange, London, Oct. 8.—Amsterdam, 12 : 7. Ditto at sight, 12 : 4. Rotterdam, 12 : 8. Antwerp, 12 : 6. Hamburg, 38 : 0. Altona, 38 : 1. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 60. Bourdeaux, 25 : 90. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 158. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 17. Genoa, 43½. Lisbon, 52. Oporto, 51½. Rio Janeiro, 46. Dublin, 9¼ p cent. Cork, 9¼ p cent.

Prices of Bullion, ½ oz.—Foreign gold in bars, £3 n 17 6d. New Doubloons £3 n 13 6. New Dollars, 4s. 9d. Silver in bars, standard, 4s. 11½d.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 12s. a 15s.—Cork or Dublin, 12s. a 15s.—Belfast, 12s. a 15s.—Hambro', 10s. a 15s.—Madeira, 20s a 30s.—Jamaica, 25s.—Greenland, out and home, 5 gs. to 8 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from 18th Sept. to 9th Oct. 1822.

	Sept. 18.	Sept. 25.	Oct. 2.	Oct. 9.
Bank Stock	—	—	—	254½
3 p cent. reduced	—	—	81½	81½
3 p cent. consols	81	81½	81½	82½
3½ p cent. do.	—	—	—	—
4 p cent. do.	100	100½	100½	102
India Stock	253	—	—	—
— Bonds	46 pr.	48 pr.	50 pr.	51 pr.
Exchequer bills, (£. 1000)	2 3 pr.	3 1 pr.	3 1 pr.	5 6 pr.
Consols for account	81½	81½	81½	82½
French 5 p cents.	92½	92½	92½	94

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th August and the 20th September 1822; extracted from the London Gazette.

Allen, S. and T. C. Noble, Bristol, hosiers.
 Barrat, T. Darent Mills, Kent, paper-maker.
 Batenman, A. Bristol, victualler.
 Bevil, C. P. Ipswich, jeweller.
 Brand, Rev. T. Much Wenlock, earthenware-manufacturer.
 Browne, T. sen. East Malling, Kent, farmer.
 Cardier, J. Jewery-street, Aldgate, flour factor.
 Carter, H. Ratcliff-highway, linen-draper.
 Crisp, J. Wisbeach, Cambridgeshire, draper.
 Dalton, J. Tottenham court-road, merchant.
 Day, J. and R. Camberwell-green, stone-masons.
 Davis, T. Minories, Stationer.
 Dent, J. Stone, Staffordshire, cheescromonger.
 Dipper, F. Worcester, silk-mercer.
 Edwards, T. Liverpool, merchant.
 Edwards, T. Tarevin, Cheshire, corn-dealer.
 Elmore, R. Edgbaston-road, Birmingham, flour-dealer.
 Emery, J. Rosamond-street, Clerkenwell, victualler.
 Felton, R. High-street, Southwark, hop-merchant.
 Firmin, J. Bulmer, Essex, farmer.
 Flack, F. D. Manchester.
 Fletcher, P. C. and T. Queenhithe, coal-merchants.
 Golling, T. and S. Ditton, Kent, paper-manufacturers.
 Gregg, T. R. and W. Phene, jun. Watling-street, confectioners.
 Griffin, W. Old Swinford, Worcestershire, victualler.
 Gubbell, N. and M. Heilyer, East Sonchouse, Devonshire, builders.
 Hawkins, J. and J. Nottingham, timber-merchants.
 Harris, J. Birmingham, nail factor.
 Harris, T. jun. Baginbale, Monmouthshire, cord-walker.
 Hayton, W. and M. Douglas, Sunderland, coal-factors.
 Hedge, J. Little Compton street, builder.
 Heseltine, R. Thirk, mink-pr.
 Hewson, L. and W. Robinson, Croydon, dealers.
 Hill, T. Thornbury, Gloucestershire, linen draper.
 Bigger, R. Liverpool, mariner.
 Humphries, C. Bishopsgate-street, linen draper.
 Jackson, G. Manchester, dry-saler.
 Jones, R. Newport, Monmouthshire, wine and spirit-merchant.
 King, W. Cavendish, Suffolk, grocer.
 Leah, S. H. Old-street, wat-hinker.
 Leah, S. H. jun. Old-street, spirit-merchant.
 Low, H. A. Sunderland, merchant.
 Lucas, W. Burnham, Sussex, farmer.
 Mortimer, J. sen. Cleckheaton, Yorkshire, mch.
 Mitchell, T. Box, Lincoln-pr.
 Norris, T. Bishopsgate, Wilt., shoe maker.
 Orlando, J. Newport, Monmouthshire, coal mch.
 Papps, G. North-street, Lambeth, horse dealer.
 Parker, C. Colchester, merchant.
 Pasely, J. Bristol, minister-mariner.
 Peyton, J. Christchurch, Hampshire, merchant.
 Percival, R. Eye, Herefordshire, wheel wright.
 Poole, T. Hinton, Middlesex, dealer.
 Porter, J. Swinford, Leicestershire, butcher.
 Richards, T. W. South-bank Cottage, Regent's-park, dealer.
 Rose, T. Regent-street, Pall Mall, wine and brandy merchant.
 Sharpe, T. Cheapside, pastry-cook.
 Shillito, T. York, ironmonger.
 Smith, J. E. Regent-street, linen-draper.
 Smith, W. H. Faversham, linen-draper.
 Stride, T. Quayley, Hampshire.
 Taylor, A. M. Southampton, victualler.
 Tonkin, H. Bromyard, Herefordshire, innholder.
 Tomlinson, W. Chiswick, wine merchant.
 Townsend, W. B. Little Chelms, brewer.
 Turney, J. Sedgeclough, Lincolnshire, and W. Bates, Halifax, merchants.
 Thurstell, J. Bradwell, Suffolk, merchant.
 Tweedie, W. Stanwix, Cumberland, carrier.
 Wall, J. Birmingham, dealer.
 Wilkinson, R. London, merchant.
 Westerdale, J. Hull, grocer and sea-surgeon.
 Yeats, W. Bristol, baker.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES AND DIVIDENDS, announced
September 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Bowie, John, merchant in Crail.
Campbell, Duncan, grazer, cattle-dealer, and fish-
curer in Graenysay, island of Islay.
Craig, John, fish-curer in Pulteney Town.
Finlayson, Thomas, jeweller in Glasgow.
Hart, T. W. merchant in Greenock.
Lindsay, David & Co. general-merchants in Edin-
burgh.
Love, John, haberdasher in Glasgow.
Love, Alexander, haberdasher in Glasgow.
MacLachlan, Peter, merchant in Glasgow.
MacLaws, R. A. spirit-dealer in Glasgow.
Monzie, William, distiller in Gorbals, Glasgow.
Searrott, James, haberdasher in Edinburgh.
Shaw, John, flesher and cattle-dealer in Greenock.

Smith, James, flax-spinner at Rose-mill, of Strath-
martin.
Taylor, John, & Sons, soap-manufacturers, Queens-
ferry.

Taylor, John, merchant in Borrowstownness.
Walker, Robert, inn-keeper in Old Kilpatrick.

DIVIDENDS.

Gordon, Patrick, stationer in Glasgow; by Mr
Gorden, merchant there.
Macalpine & Fisher, brick-makers in Glasgow;
by D. Guthbertson, accountant there.
Martin, John, manufacturer in Glasgow; by the
trustee there.
Wood, William, senior, ship-owner and merchant
in Lincolns; by Robert Mailher, merchant
there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Aug. 18. At the Hollies, Staffordshire, the Lady
of H. Montgomery Campbell, Esq. a son and heir.
26. At the Earl of Cavan's seat, at Eaglehurst,
the Countess of Cavan, a son.
— In Montague Place, Russell Square, London,
the Lady of Captain William Forrest, a son.
27. At Burgarg, the Lady of William F. Hunter,
Esq. a daughter. The child only survived a few
hours.
30. In Biker Street, Portman Square, London,
the Lady of the Hon. Donald Ogilvy, a son and
heir.
Sept. 1. At Dornperston, Mrs Russell, a son.
— At Cagenholm, Mrs Ross, a daughter.
2. In Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, the
Countess of Kintore, a son.
— At Dumfries, Mrs Carruthers, Mouswald
Mans, a daughter.
3. At the Rectory, Warkton, Northamptonshire,
Mrs. Wanehope, a daughter.
4. At Whiteley, Mrs E. Walkinshaw, a son.
6. At his residence, Belle Vue, St Leonard, in
Colchester, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel the
Hon. W. H. Gardiner, a son.
— At Laverock Bank, the Lady of John Street,
Esq. of the royal artillery, a son.
7. At Boyle Farm, Lady Caroline Macdonald of
Clamondal, a daughter.
8. At Stirling, Mrs Captain Brown of Park, a
son.
9. At Islahunk, the Lady of Peter Wedderburn,
Esq. a daughter.
— At Deal, the Lady of Captain Alex. Kennedy
Clark of Knockgray, a daughter.
10. In Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, the Lady
of Warren Hastings Anderson, Esq. a daughter.
11. In Portman Square, London, the Countess
Maivers, a daughter.
12. At Queen Street, Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs
Douglas of Strathendry, a son.
13. At No. 31, Queen Street, Edinburgh, Mrs
Gregg of Hallgreig, a son.
14. At Glasgow, Mrs Carrick, St George's Place,
a daughter.
15. At George's Square, Edinburgh, Lady Anne
Wardlaw, a son.
— In Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, the Right
Honourable Lady Milbank, a son.
— At Irvine, the Lady of Colonel Fullarton of
Fullarton, a daughter.
16. At Dr Monro's, Bushy, Herts, the Lady of
Alexander Monro, Esq. a son.
22. At Woodside, Mrs Richardson, a son.
24. At Port George, the Lady of Major A. Fra-
ser of Flemington, a son.
25. At Conway, North Wales, the Lady of Sir
David F. Skene, Bart. a daughter.
26. At Castleknock, the Lady of the Honourable
Captain W. J. Napier, R. N. a daughter.
28. At Milton House, Edinburgh, Mrs Lee, a
daughter.
29. At No. 12, Dundas Street, Edinburgh, Mrs
Sprot of Garmick, a son.

MARRIAGES.

July 17. At Genoa, Edward Le Mesurier, Esq.
of Genoa, to Amelia Augusta, youngest daughter
of the late Stephen Wright, Esq. of Hammisouth
and Spring Gardens, London.

Aug. 26. At Melville House, Elfe, Abel Smith,
Esq. M. P. of Woodhall, Herts, to Lady Mariano
Leslie Melville, youngest sister of the Earl of
Leven and Melville.

29. At London, Lord Viscount Chetwynd, to
Mary, only surviving daughter of the late Robert
Moss, Esq.

31. At Lancaster, David Hannay, Esq. of Loch-
bank, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, to Eliza-
beth, eldest daughter of William Affleck, Esq. of
Lancaster.

— At Wotton, in Surrey, Charles, eldest son of
Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Rowley, K.C.B. and
K.M.T. to Frances, only daughter of John Evelyn,
Esq. of Wotton.

Sept. 2. At Kirkcudbright, David Blair, (tertius,)
Esq. surgeon, to Miss Mary, eldest daughter of
Robert Gordon, Esq. of Largslangie.

4. At Old Aberdeen, Capt. John Gordon, R. A.
son of Lieut. Colonel Gordon, Coyneachie, to Jenn,
youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr S. Ogilvy, Old
Aberdeen.

8. In St James's Church, Island of Guernsey,
William Young, Esq. the younger of Harburn, to
Amelia, youngest daughter of Sir Jas. Saumarez,
Bart. G.C.B. Vice Admiral of the Fleet of Great
Britain.

9. At Drummond Place, Edinburgh, Alexander
Scott Broomfield, Esq. 4th dragoon guards, to
Sarah, eldest daughter of the late Alex. Campbell,
Esq. of Hallyards.

— At Dumbarton Castle, T. V. Lester, Esq.
7th royal fusiliers, to Mary, youngest daughter of
Major-General Hay Ferrier.

10. J. L. Adolphus, Esq. Barrister-at-Law, to
Clara, daughter of the late R. Richardson, Esq.
of Streatham.

12. At the Manse of Kirkhill, John Fraser, Esq.
banker, Inverness, to Lilias, eldest daughter of
the Rev. D. Fraser, minister of Kirkhill.

14. At St George's Chapel, Edinburgh, Hugh
Douglas Grass, third son of the late Dr Charles
Grace, Cupar, Fifo, to Henrietta, daughter of the
late Lieut. Col. William Geddes, 83d regiment.

16. At Wallace-hill, James Sym, Esq. surgeon,
to Lewis, second daughter of James Gregg, Esq.
writer, Kilmarnock.

— At No. 14, Hill Street, Edinburgh, John
Johnson, Esq. of the royal artillery, to Emily,
daughter of the late Alexander Anderson, Esq. of
Ulloil, Ross-shire.

— At Douglas, Isle of Man, Mr John Memmons,
proprietor of the Greenock Advertiser, to Cath-
erine Anna, eldest daughter of Mark Anthony Mills,
Esq. and grand-niece to the late Earl of Arran.

17. At Stirling, the Rev. Thomas Gordon, of
Falkirk, to Janet, only child of the late Rev. Pat-
rick Connal of Bathgate.

— At Redhall, Benjamin Digby, of Mountjoy
Square, Dublin, Esq. to Sophia, second daughter

of the late Vice-Admiral John Inghis of Auchindunny.

Sept. 17. At Huntly, the Rev. Mr Spence, to Mary, daughter of the late Mr C. Macdonald, banker there.

18. At Hermitage Place, Leith, Wm. Cunningham, Esq. of Drumart, Ireland, to Helen, eldest daughter of the late Daniel Shicks, Esq. R. N.

— At Whitehall, Captain James Donald, late of the 9th regiment, to Anne, eldest daughter of Robert Grahame, Esq. of Whitehill.

25. At Ayr, Alex. McDowall, Esq. of Twomilewood, St Catherine's, Jamaica, to Bonella Mary, eldest daughter of Alex. Gardner, Esq. Ayr.

— At Musselburgh, the Rev. Thos. Langhorne, to Elizabeth Rowand, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Smith, Musselburgh.

21. At Melville Place, Stirling, Lieut. Jacob Glyn Rogers, late of the 7th regiment, to Jessy, youngest daughter of the late Dugald Forbes, Esq.

— At Hampton Court Palace, London, the Earl of Liverpool to Miss Mary Chester.

27. At Dunbar, Archibald Geddes, Esq. Venerable, Glasgow, to Isabella Jane, second daughter of Alex. Johnston, Esq. surgeon there.

Lastly, At Paris, William John Dalzell, Esq. of the Royal artillery, second son of the late Professor Dalzell, of Edinburgh, to Eliza Margaretta, only daughter of Samuel Blyth, Esq. of London.

DEPARTS.

Jan. 4. At Benecoolen, Marsden, only remaining son of Sir F. S. Raffles, Lieutenant-Governor of that settlement, and, on the 11th January, Charlotte, his eldest daughter.

Feb. 28. At Bombay, Lieut. William Campbell, 1. of the Hon. East India Company's service, eldest son of the late Matthew Campbell, Esq. Wigtown.

March 21. At Melros, William Melros, Esq. Lieutenant in his Majesty's 9th regiment of foot, second son of the late James Melros, Esq. of Newhall, Kincaidineshire.

25. At sea, on his passage to India, Mr Alexander Stewart, youngest son of General Stewart of Lesmurdie.

June 10. At his brother's house, Falmouth, Jamaica, Mr Hugh Gardwood, son of Mr J. Gardwood, Kirkbrachhead House, Edinburgh.

11. At Lucca, Jamaica, George, fourth son of John Campbell, Esq. Prospect, Argyleshire.

25. At Kingston, Jamaica, Mr James Peebles, of the Rev. Dr Peebles, Newton upon Ayr.

27. At Goshen, parish of St Ann, Jamaica, Mr George Shirley McAndrew, late of the royal navy, and son of James McAndrew, Esq. of Elgin.

30. At Gerbie, Peter Fairbairn, Esq.

July 8. At William Henry, Canada, aged 29 years, Lieut. Henry Hall, on the half-pay of the late 90th regiment.

18. At sea, on his passage from Jamaica, J. C. Grant, Esq. in the 6th year of his age, son of the late John Grant of Gallio, Esq.

25. At sea, Captain Alexander Lindsay, Commander of the Hon. East India Company's ship Kellie Castle.

Aug. At his brother's house in Leghorn, Mr Peter Croker.

1. In the parish of New Spynie, Elgin, Mr Alex. Clark, at the advanced age of 101 years.

10. At her house, Ladyfield Place, Mrs Tweedie, in her 90th year.

11. At Edinburgh, Mr J. Taylor, Mound Place.

12. At his house, Belmont, Bath, Rear Admiral Alexander Christie, of Balcerton.

— At Kirkcaldy, Mr George Heron, formerly of the Hon. East India Company's service, aged 60.

— At Leith, Mrs James B. Scott.

15. At Windyburn, East Lothian, Mr Archibald Park, farmer there.

— At his lodging in Breechin, David Allardice, senior, F. G. of Dunfries.

15. James Wilkie, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

— At his house in Albany Street, Edinburgh, the Hon. William Eskine of Kinnerdore, one of the Senators of the College of Justice. His Lordship had been for sometime past in a feeble state of health, and there is reason to believe that his late reports which had lately been circulated by the effects produced on his mind by prejudice. As soon as those reports

reached his ear, some weeks ago, his Lordship requested of some of his friends to investigate the

rumours, or otherwise, as they might judge proper. The gentlemen thus appointed, consisting of several individuals of the highest respectability, and professional eminence, accordingly set on foot an inquiry, in which they were aided by the friends of the husband of the lady whose name had been likewise aspersed, and the result was a unanimous opinion, that the whole of these reports were utterly devoid of truth. A certificate to this effect was signed by the friends of both parties, and Lord Kinnerdore's counsel and advisers added an opinion in the following terms:—"In these circumstances, we consider any legal proceedings as unnecessary for the vindication of the parties, and also inexpedient, not only on account of the protracted and painful discussions which they would necessarily occasion, but likewise, because such measures might appear to attach an importance to these calumnies of which they are unworthy." To the majority of persons, these idle rumours would have given little distress; but to Lord Kinnerdore's sensitive and delicate mind, they were a source of great anguish; and acting on a frame previously debilitated by sickness, they produced a nervous fever, which cut off this amiable and accomplished man in the prime of his life. His Lordship was attended, during his illness, by Messrs James Russell, and Joseph Bell, surgeons, who did not apprehend any serious danger for his life, and indeed so little was the event expected, that, when he expired, the medical gentleman who was present believed it for some time only to be a faint, and measures were taken for restoring animation, though, alas! without effect.

Aug. 15. In Castle Street, Edinburgh, Patrick Philip, Esq. S. S. C.

— At Edinburgh, Menzies, fourth daughter of the late Dugald Forbes, Esq. Melville Place, Stirling.

10. At Edinburgh, Mrs Dick, widow of the late Rev. Dr Dick, one of the ministers of this city.

— At Arbroath, Mrs Scott, widow of the late Mr Scott, Broomhill.

17. At Edinburgh, in the 80th year of his age, John Buchan, Esq. W. S. and Solicitor for Kincchequer in Scotland. His professional talents were of the highest order, blended with a philanthropy of disposition and excellence of heart, rarely equalled; and the sincere grief of his numerous friends, to whom he was not justly endeared by his engaging qualities, forms a part only of the real tribute due to the memory of Mr Buchan, who was the father (oldest) freeholder in the county of East Lothian.

— At the Manse of North Berwick, the Rev. George Murray, minister of that parish.

— Hannah Peat, daughter of Thomas Peat, Esq. W. S.

— At Peebles, Lieut. David Black, H. P. 26th foot.

— At Patrick Bank, Mr William Bannerman, senior, late manufacturer, Glasgow, aged 61.

18. At his house, Grove Street, London, Mr John Inghis, clerk in the India-house.

19. At Grove Park, Warwickshire, the Right Hon. Lady Dornier, eldest sister to the Marquis of Lothian.

— At Dunse, Mr David White, Rector of the Grammar School there.

20. At Dunbreck, near Glasgow, Wm. Wodrop, Esq. aged 77 years.

— At St Andrew's, Mr Alex. Normand, gardener there, at the advanced age of ninety years.

22. At Edinburgh, Mr John Bell, grocer, Nicolson street.

25. At his father's house, Irvine, aged 25, Mr William Dunlop, of the Commercial Bank, Edinburgh.

— Aged 67, Dr Robert Wright, Physician of Greenwich Hospital, late of Haslar.

21. At Eastbourne, Miss Frederica Louisa Maitland, third daughter of Lieut-General F. Maitland, in the 18th year of her age.

— At Rothsay, Dav Urquhart, Esq. ship owner there.

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

NOVEMBER 1822.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

<i>Days.</i>			<i>Days.</i>		
<i>Morn.</i>			<i>Morn.</i>		
<i>Dec. 1822.</i>	<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>	<i>Dec. 1822.</i>	<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>
Su. 1	3	55	Tu. 17	4	12
M. 2	4	44	W. 18	4	49
Tu. 3	5	34	Th. 19	5	28
W. 4	6	22	Fr. 20	6	13
Th. 5	7	13	Sa. 21	7	0
Fr. 6	8	10	Su. 22	8	1
Sa. 7	9	13	M. 23	9	9
Su. 8	10	17	Tu. 24	10	26
M. 9	11	19	W. 25	11	38
Tu. 10	—	—	Th. 26	0	11
W. 11	0	32	Fr. 27	1	12
Th. 12	1	15	Sa. 28	2	10
Fr. 13	1	52	Su. 29	3	0
Sa. 14	2	28	M. 30	3	46
Su. 15	3	2	Tu. 31	4	29
M. 16	3	37			

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

	<i>M.</i>	<i>H.</i>
Last Quart., Thur. 5.	20 past	0 noon.
New Moon, Fri. 13.	11 —	1 after.
First Quart., Sa. 21.	1 —	2 after.
Full Moon, Sa. 28.	53 —	5 morn.

TERMS, &c.

December.

10.	Salmon Fishing in Forth and Tay be- gins.
22.	Shortest day.
25.	Christmas day.

* * The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.

To Correspondents.

WE have received several letters, complaining of our delay in publishing certain articles volunteered for the embellishment, no doubt, of our Miscellany, and accusing us of caprice in making the selection of the articles inserted. To the complaint of delay we answer, that it has been, in every instance, unavoidable; to the charge of caprice, that it is groundless. We cannot oblige every body *at once*, and vanity is naturally impatient till it be gratified. Our *regular* and *known* contributors never complain of any hardship in taking their turn with their fellow-labourers; and we see no reason why anonymous, or occasional volunteers, should fare better than the troops of the line.

"*Hans Heeling's Rocks*," is unavoidably postponed till December.

The Communications of V. D. are not lost sight of, as he seems to imagine.

We acknowledge the receipt of "*Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register, No. VI.*" which will complete the series.

We beg leave to assure our gallant friend, the author of "*The Inquisition*," &c. &c. that his beautiful little poetical pieces will appear as soon as we can possibly make room for them. His last packet, containing "*Hints to Sorners*," "*On the Setting Sun*," and "*Lines on Italy*," was duly received.

The notice of "*Encheiridion Geographicum*" we like very much, and shall certainly insert it as soon as we conveniently can. "*Ilora Scotica*" we have not yet found leisure to peruse. The author is in a mistake as to the pieces formerly sent us. Most of them have been inserted; and such as have not, will, if he repeats his request, be promptly returned.

We have yet seen no reason to alter the opinion we formerly expressed of "*The Portrait*." It is painful to be importuned to do that which our judgment cannot approve; nor is it right in a writer to conclude, that, because we have inserted one, we must therefore insert every communication which he chuses to send us, and thinks proper to pronounce excellent.

The Review of the "*Rhythmical Grammar*" is not suited to our Journal. "*The Plagiarisms of Dr Franklin*" will probably appear in our next; but we do not pledge ourselves.

A great number of communications have been received, which circumstances prevent us from noticing this month; but we can assure our numerous and kind friends that their favours will by no means be lost sight of.

Our columns for the present month were completed before the letter of "*Philologus*" came to hand; but as it alludes to the animadversions which we took the liberty of making on a former communication from the same gentleman, in our Notices for last month, we shall insert it here; only remarking, that if the author thinks his opinions on the disputed passages in Tacitus in any degree unfairly or imperfectly stated, we shall be happy to insert his communication entire; leaving scholars, competent to the task, to decide between the merits of the opposite versions submitted to our readers.

To Correspondents.

EMENDATION OF A PASSAGE IN PLUTARCH.

MR EDITOR,

THE age of verbal criticism is pretty nearly at an end, and I certainly do not wish it to be revived in its pristine vigour. It is a much nobler thing, to be imbued with the beauties, and to meditate on the fine sense of ancient writers, than to endeavour to throw light on all their obscurities; yet there is a use in attempts of the latter kind too, when they are kept in strict subservience to the former. A puzzle in an old writer sometimes fixes more strongly in our minds all the surrounding brilliant passages; and I think you do well to keep a corner (I would have it a small one) in your Magazine for elucidations of this nature, especially as they may lead back the minds of our countrymen to classical studies, from which they are rather too much estranged. I thank you for the great labour you have bestowed on my criticisms on two passages in Tacitus. I will not say that you have convinced me in either, and I think I could make a very good defence for myself; but it may be as well to let them drop for the present. You have given my emendation of the first, and if there is any thing in it, it may perhaps work its own way, even without my reasons in support of it. For a little variety to your readers, I will present them with a slight emendation of a passage in Plutarch's Life of Numa; and if they are led to look into the original of that excellent performance, and especially to read the eloquent and glowing picture of the great legislator's solitary retirements and divine conferences, while he was yet in a private station, I shall have done them a good service, whatever may be the fate of the emendation which follows. In describing the interregnum of the Patricians before the election of Numa, the biographer says—(I use the common English translation)—“The Senators made an order, that the hundred and fifty members who composed their body, should each, in their turn, be attired in the robes of state, *in the room of Quirinus*; offer the stated sacrifices to the gods, and dispatch the whole public business, six hours in the day, and six hours at night.” The word in the original which is translated *in the room of Quirinus* is simply *Κυρίῳ*; and if its position in the sentence is examined, it will by no means bear the sense here put upon it, or indeed will scarcely make sense at all. The commentators have attempted various changes. A very slight and easy one has occurred to me—*Κυρίῳ ἑα*—and the passage will then bear, that each interrex, in his turn, offered the stated sacrifices to the gods, and dispatched the public business, *Κυρίῳ ἑα*—according to his own views, or without any restriction over him. You will ask me, indeed, where I find the first *α*? but, like Sir John Falstaff, I will not answer either that or your former question about the *ε* in *præliaturi*, on compulsion.

PHILOLOGUS

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

NOVEMBER 1822.

THE PIRATES OF ITHACA.

Ὁ ποῦ εἰς τὰς Θερμοπύλας
πύλεμον αὐτός κροτῆ,
καὶ τοὺς Πέρσας ἀφανίζει
καὶ αὐτῶν κατὰ κρατῆ.

Μέγαρακοςίους ἀνδρῶς
εἰς τὴ κέντρον πύχχωρει,
καὶ ὡς λίον θυμωμένος
εἰς τὸ αἶμα τῶν βουτῶν.

Τὰ ὅπλα ἄς λάβωμεν
παῖδες Ἑλλήνων ἀγῶμεν
ποταμιῶν ἐρῶν τὸ αἶμα
ἄς τρίξῃ νηὶ ποδῶν.

Modern Greek War Song.

Trust not for freedom to the Frank—
They have a king who buys and sells ;
In native words, in native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells.

—He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.
Vates irritabilis !

MY DEAR VLANTI !

PANHELLENIUS is no more ! and Greece mourns the loss of one of the best and bravest of her patriotic sons. The worshippers of the Prophet have indeed shed his blood, but the unquenchable spirit of liberty which he contributed so essentially to diffuse, will survive him ; his brilliant example will fire, with irrepressible energy, the minds of the Greeks ; his spirit will yet live to guide the councils and animate the exertions of his countrymen in their pious struggle to shake off the iron yoke of an intolerable bondage ; and death, which has

put a period to his splendid and auspicious career on earth, will encircle his memory with a bright halo of posthumous renown, and enregister his name in the roll of heroes, patriots, and sages, by whom the name of Greece has been made immortal. But he died, as brave men love to die—in battle ; while his last moments, like those of Epaminondas, were sweetened and consoled by the assurance, that the arms of his countrymen were triumphant, and the victory, to which his courage and conduct had so mainly contributed, secure beyond the caprice of chance or fortune. And then, that nothing might be wanting to render death “ sweet and glorious,” consider the scene where he so nobly bled in the sacred cause of Freedom and of Greece. Thermopylæ !—There is a magic, a charm in the very name, more than sufficient to deprive death of its bitterness, and to give to the patriot expiring in his mossy bed, a foretaste of that immortality with which it is so indissolubly associated. Φίλαθ' Ἑλληνί, ὅν τί ποῦ τέθνηκας. No ; while Greece endures, his fame will never die ; nor will a grateful posterity ever cease to honour the memory of the great and the good, who drew their swords, and sacrificed their lives, in “ the sacred cause of freedom and of man.” On this subject I speak warmly, because I feel deeply : my country has lost a hero, and a patriot—I, my best, my only friend ; nor will the Genius of Greece grudge a human tear shed to the memory of one whom all hearts loved,—who, gentle as he was bold and fear-

less, was terrible only to the enemies of his country. Such a tribute from me, you may indeed consider as a little out of character, and as not much in keeping with that cool remorselessness and ferocity which men have chosen, I know not for what reason, to ascribe to me; but, notwithstanding the crimes I have committed, the sufferings I have undergone, the calamities which have pursued me, the dangers I have encountered, and the blood I have shed, the voice of nature is not yet utterly quenched within me, nor is my heart so scared by misfortune as to withhold its affection and admiration for heroic virtue. Besides, I love my country, and I loved my friend; the former demanded my sword in her service, nor did she ask in vain, the latter stood by my side in battle; we swore eternal friendship over the bodies of our dead and dying countrymen; and—and I received his last sigh on that glorious day, which saw the Star of Greece once more arise in its pristine splendour, and the Crescent fallen, and trampled into dust under our feet! Who can describe at once the agony and exaltation of such an hour! What heart, not compacted of iron or adamant, could resist the thrilling, the unconquerable recollections of such a scene! I could dwell on it for ever, with insatiate and agonized rapture.

But, at present, to my own history. The recital may beguile a tedious hour to you, and awaken some useful reflections; while, as far as concerns myself, it may chase away dark thoughts, supply their place with better, and prevent a mind, but too prone to indulge its gloomy moods, from eating into itself, like the rust into the brand that is no longer fit to be employed in the work of destruction.

You are already aware of the circumstance that drove me from Athens; for what Greek has not heard of the fate of the accursed Disdar? The Turks could have well forgiven the murder of a detested wretch, whom even *they* considered as a tyrant and an oppressor; and on that score merely I had little to fear. But I had profaned the sacredness of the Bath; I had seen their women in that state which no eye can be-

hold them, and expect to live; I had enlisted Jealousy on the side of Vengeance,—and *there* was my crime and my danger. Ægina, to which I had fled with Haroun, was, therefore, no place of safety for a man who had assassinated a Turkish officer of rank, and inflamed to fury a jealous vengeance that never spares. Fully sensible of my danger, I resolved to lose no time in withdrawing myself beyond its reach. Accordingly, after a short repose, I engaged a vessel to conduct me from Ægina to Port Pidanro, in the Morea, (*Peloponnesus*,) from which I proceeded to Napoli di Romania, (*Nauplia*,) and after a short stay crossed the country to Patras, at the entrance of the Gulf of Lepanto. Here I found a vessel just in the act of getting under weigh, and without stopping to inquire whither she was bound, stepped on board. The master or pilot proved to be a Greek, and the crew natives of Santa Maura, (*Leucadia*,) whither the vessel was now returning, having taken in a cargo of the productions of the Morea, in exchange for articles of English manufacture, chiefly cottons and hardware, with which she had been freighted out by the owners. After a short and pleasant voyage, we reached our destination; and I, considering myself comparatively safe in one of the dependencies of the Septinsular Republic, notwithstanding its proximity to the main land of Acarnania, began to consider in what way I could employ myself so as to give rise to no suspicions, for though I had money and jewels enough to subsist on for a great while to come, I was aware that living in idleness, without any ostensible source of emolument or income, would speedily occasion such conjectures as might lead to inquiry, and compromise my safety. I had also learned, to my dismay, that the British Government in the Ionian Islands were in the constant habit of surrendering, to the Turkish Authorities, such criminals as fled to the Islands from the Main Land of Greece, upon a mutual understanding, that the Moslems were to act on the same principle, should any of the Islanders seek an asylum from justice, either in Greece Proper, or the Morea. To a person in my situation this could not be considered

the most agreeable piece of information in the world ; but no opportunity offering to make my escape from this inhospitable island, (for, notwithstanding its being separated from Acarnania by a narrow channel, or salt marsh, I durst not venture thither,) I perceived that I must accommodate myself to circumstances, and await with patience what Destiny had decreed. In the meanwhile, I assumed the name of Vetrano, and represented myself as the son of a Greek merchant established at Scio, who found it necessary to travel for the benefit of my health. This lie, or, as the Europeans more gently phrase it, this *incognito*, served my turn by the confirmation which it received from my emaciated person, and cadaverous look ; for I had never thoroughly recovered from the wounds I had received in my miraculous escape from death in the Acropolis ; and the fatigue I had been necessarily compelled to undergo, since the adventure of the *Bagnio*, had consumed the very flesh from my bones, and left me only the ghost of what I once was. Of these favourable circumstances I did not fail to take advantage, and though I felt that the stamina of life within were still vigorous and unexhausted, I assumed all the airs of a confirmed invalid, whom Destiny and the Doctor had equally designed for a speedy morsel to the worms, and who, like greater men, had bid adieu to my native country, that I might leave my bones to rot on a foreign shore. Haroun seemed at once to comprehend my object ; for few hints how he was to act his part were necessary to one who had been trained to deceit—by woman.

Of all the human beings I have conversed with, or known, this poor fellow was at once the most faithless and the most faithful. Thrown by unavoidable circumstances upon my protection, his safety was identified with mine. He had been the main instrument in enabling me to destroy the Disdar, and we were therefore bound to each other by the tie of a common and successful crime. Hence, while the love of life remained, I was secure against treachery on his part ; for, assuredly, whatever punishment might have been inflicted

on me, had I been discovered, he would have been still more dreadful. He had committed a crime which an Osmanlee would not have pardoned, for the certain reversion of the Prophet's Paradise, with all the black-eyed Houris destined to fill the arms of the Faithful ;—and what was, if possible, worse, he had betrayed his trust, to facilitate the vengeance of a Giaour. Strong holds these on his fidelity !—but I had still a stronger—the poor creature loved me : so true is it, that genuine kindness will thaw down the most frozen natures into the firmest attachment, and the most sincere gratitude. Of this I had abundant proof in the sequel.

By the help of the disguise I had assumed, and the most watchful circumspection on the part both of my attendant and myself, we contrived to pass eighteen months in Santa Maura, without our tranquillity being once disturbed by any intimation that our retreat had been discovered, or that we were objects of suspicion to any one. During this period, which seemed to me more than fifty ages, the only amusement I had was endeavouring to solace my cheerless exile, by reading the works of the Poets, Orators, and Philosophers of my native country, in the meridian of its renown, and by contrasting what that country now *was* with what it *had* formerly *been*. The lowest and most profligate Greek loves the land of his immortal ancestors, not with the coldness of principle, but with the fervid enthusiasm of an all-engrossing passion ; and though he cannot perhaps decypher the legends with which the monuments of ancient glory are inscribed, he, nevertheless, views them as the remembrancers of greatness gone by, and kindles into ecstasy at the thought, which he fondly cherishes, that, after the long repose of ages, the Genius of Greece will yet revive, and a period come when Vengeance and Regeneration, going hand in hand, will purify the ancient seat of Science and of Art, from the presence of Saracen and Barbarian Spoilers. This deep and long-cherished enthusiasm is a part—and the better part—of his religion ; and mingling in minds of the finest mould—for such are the minds of the modern Greeks,

degenerate as they are called—with the reverence which antiquity naturally receives, and with that dim but hallowing conviction, that the blood of Pericles, Aristides, Demosthenes, Plato, and Socrates, still flows in the veins of those who inherit nothing but the fragments of the monuments they reared, or the shadow of that renown which will outlast the ruins of these monuments,—enthusiasm becomes passion, and passion incites to action. A Greek in birth, in feeling, and in creed, I experienced the full force of that *maladie du pays* of which a Swiss or a Greek only can die: And often, in the loneliness of my exile, did I exclaim, in the language of the tenderest of our Tragic Poets,

Ὁ καταίξ, ὃ δῶμά τ' ἱμόν,
Μη δῆτ' ἀπολίσ γυνώμεαν,
Τὸν ἀμικχανίας ἔχουσα
Δυσπρεπτοῦ αἰῶ-
ν' ἰντροπῶτος ἀρχῶν
Θανάτω, θανάτω παρὸς αἰεῖν
Λυγρὸν τανὺ ἐξαινεῖται μόχθῳ
Δ' οὐ αλλος ὑπερβῇ,
Ἢ γὰρ πατρίας σπείσεται.

About this period I had one day sauntered abroad, wrapped up, as was my custom, in my capote, and having no definite object in view, betook myself to the sea-shore, to indulge that deep melancholy which had now begun to prey both upon my health and my spirits. There was something in the monotonous murmur of each approaching wave, as it broke on the beach, and receded only to return and break again, in changeless succession, that soothed and tranquillized my feverish blood. Man cannot always live in the tempest and the tornado of excitement and passion, "o'erlaboured with his being's strife;" he must sometimes enjoy tranquillity and repose: but to a mind formed like mine, which values rest only as a restorative interval of action, Old Ocean, in his calmer moods, possesses indescribable charms, and awakens powerful sympathies. He is then the type of slumbering Power, and seems to body forth to the fancy the Providence of that Omnipotent Being, which unseen, or at least unnoticed by man, in the common course of events, awakes him with a voice of

thunder, in those grander and mightier interpositions by which tyrants are hurled, as it were, at a single blow, or by a single shock, from the pinnacle of their power, and empires levelled in the dust,—by which a long-oppressed people, roused by a simultaneous but inscrutable impulse, assert the rights and prerogatives of humanity, and build up a glorious edifice of freedom and happiness on the very ruins of the despotism by which they were for ages degraded and enthralled. Delivering myself up to such musings,—in which the present was forgotten in the recollections of the past, or the hopes of the future,—I did not for a great while observe that I was watched by some individual, prompted either by curiosity, or perhaps a base motive; nor should I have observed it at all, had he not made some noise in shifting his position, in order to screen himself from my eye, while I should continue exposed more fully to his own. I looked cautiously in the direction from which the noise proceeded, and without accelerating or retarding my pace, endeavoured to catch a glimpse of the wretch who had dared thus surreptitiously to intrude upon my solitude. Drawing my capote closer around me, and with my hand on one of the pistols in my belt, I approached the spot where I expected to have my suspicions either removed or confirmed. Scarcely had I done so, ere I discovered a tall dark figure cowering among the shrubs and underwood on the cliff, with his eye intently rivetted on my motions. No longer doubtful of his purpose, and surprised that, were he really employed by my enemies, he did not avail himself of so favourable an opportunity to do his work, I drew my pistol, and instantly fired—but to no purpose, for a moment after, I saw him bounding up the cliff like a gazelle; and before I could pull another pistol, he had, happily for himself, got to a safe distance.

This incident greatly alarmed me. I returned home by an unfrequented path, and, to my utter amazement, found Haroun had gone abroad without my orders—an event which had never happened before. I paced my apartment in a state of mind not to

be envied or described. "My enemies," said I, "have at last found out my retreat, and have employed assassins to destroy me. And that villain of a cunuch has betrayed me! But no, surely—that cannot be. How can he sacrifice me, and save himself?" At this moment Haroun stood before me. His countenance was pale as death, his nether lip quivered with excessive emotion, and I observed some spots of blood on his hands and on his breast: he remained silent. "Haroun!" said I, "speak; what has occurred so to disturb you?" He still remained silent—"This is too much," cried I, in a voice of suppressed, but terrible energy: "Speak, or I shall be tempted to slay you on the spot." "Effendi!" muttered the slave, who was ashamed of the emotion he had betrayed, and was only struggling with rebellious nature within him; "Effendi, we are undone!" "Is that all you have to tell me?" responded I, in that mood of mind which sports with misery. "Is it not enough?" replied he coolly. "It is," rejoined I; "but tell me how you have come to this conclusion. You must have some reason for pronouncing these dreadful words: you are not wont to speak rashly." "Nor do I now; but first let me ask how *you* could be so *rash*, as fire your pistol at the man among the cliffs; he had surely as good a right to be there as yourself?" "He had unquestionably: but you know our situation, and I thought the villain had come there for the purpose of watching me—or perhaps for a darker end. I am only sorry I missed him; but, from long disuse, my aim, I find, is no longer deadly." "Be easy on that score: your enemy will never go on a similar errand again. I have sent him to hell, to seek his old master the Disdar. But listen to what I have to say; every thing depends on instant decision; our fate is vibrating in the balance, and the most trivial accident may turn the scale, and make our destiny kick the beam.

Alarmed by the unusual length of your absence, I girt on my yataghan, plared my pistols in my belt, and wrapping myself up in my capote, sallied forth in quest of you. Chance directed my steps to the sea-shore,

where, from the top of a beetling rock, I discovered you alone, apparently absorbed in profound contemplation. Scarce had I obtained a view of your person, ere I perceived a man wrapped in a dark capote, steal behind a projecting point of the rock; and you may guess my surprise and terror, when, without being observed by him, I discovered the features of Gregorio, an Albanian, who had been in the service of that cruel and lecherous ruffian, the Disdar. My first impulse was to rush on him, and plunge my yataghan in his heart; my next to wait with patience, and trust to chance. Besides, he was a powerful man, and who knows what might have been the result? But God ordains all things for the best. I saw him put his hand on his pistol just as you came full in view. "Gregorio!" muttered I, in a deep and hollow voice;—he started,—you fired at the instant;—the pathway he followed along the brow of the precipice, led him close by the place where I stood concealed, by the thick underwood, from his view;—the moment was propitious, and I smote him to the heart, ere he had recovered from his surprise, at finding himself, as he thought, no doubt, betrayed,—and hurled his body down the precipice. He is not here alone, and before an hour perhaps elapses, the murder may be discovered. You were seen returning from the place,—will be suspected,—seized,—examined,—and—undone! One chance only remains—and that, I confess, is a faint one. A vessel sails in the evening for Ithaca. I am known to the master, and he has agreed to convey us thither: but how shall we escape our enemies till *then*? It is a mere impossibility that the murder should not be discovered before evening, and when that takes place, an embargo will be the consequence." "What cursed fatality," exclaimed I, "has kept me loitering in this infernal island, till our enemies wove the net in which we are now entangled! But the boar sometimes breaks through the toils, and so perhaps will I. Haroun! get my jewels and money immediately stowed into a bag—take it under your cloak—and be prepared to follow me, and, if need be, to die like a man, and to

sweeten death by revenge!" The poor fellow was ready in a moment to obey me. Having seen that all our little valuables were in the bag, we sallied forth, and made for the harbour. No one seemed to notice us. Not a moment was to be lost,—we procured a boat for conveying us to the ship, which was riding at anchor in the roadstead,—reached the vessel in safety,—and by the logic of gold, which I verily believe would unbar the gates of hell itself, persuaded the master instantly to weigh anchor.

Sec, us, then, bounding over the blue wave, and scudding before as fine a breeze as ever bore away a felon from justice. The night, which had now spread her sombre curtain over the heavens, though moonless, was one of the finest I ever remember to have witnessed. The clear and cloudless expanse of the heaven sparkled with myriads of those twinkling starry gems which our poets have feigned as the *ἀστὲρ Μακάρων*; the gale, as it fanned us, shook balmy health from its odoriferous wings; and the wild scream of the sea-fowl and the night-birds, as they flitted by, instead of exciting evil omens, served only to add to the romance and poetry of the scene. I trode the deck of the vessel with a vigorous and elastic step, and blessed the Panagia that I could again breathe the air of freedom. At that moment of intense delight, the spring-tide of life seemed at the full flow, and never did I feel so powerfully the consciousness of being, as at the time of which I am speaking. In the tumult and *mêlée* of battle, it is true, there are moments of ineffable rapture, which more than overpay the labours, fatigues, and chances of the fight: but they are hurried, wild, and disordered,—like sick men's dreams, or the visions of a troubled spirit,—and are quickly followed by lassitude, depression, and melancholy. On the contrary, the delight I now experienced was at once pure, calm, and invigorating, as if the fountains of life had been opened afresh, and had poured forth a fuller tide of vitality, to be transfused into every member, and into every limb. Besides, I was flying from danger and death,—from the dagger of the hired assassin, or

the lingering agonies of the stake,—and I must have been compacted of stuff harder than the marble of Paros, or Pentelicus, had I not felt inspired by the benign and propitious aspect of nature, and the certainty it afforded of ultimate escape and safety.

While I was indulging in these reveries, Haroun, who had hitherto kept at a distance, and apparently absorbed, like me, in his own thoughts, approached me unobserved, and whispered in my ear—"Efendi! the breeze has freshened to a gale; in less than an hour we shall double the western extremity of the bay of Aitos; and the rocks of Ithaca are already dimly visible between us and the horizon. We cannot land on that island: our flight must by this time be discovered: we shall be pursued: what have you resolved?" This awoke me from my musing—"like a rattling peal of thunder." Ithaca, or Theaki, as it is now called, is only thirty miles distant from Santa Maura; and as the destination of the vessel in which we sailed was known at the latter island, pursuit was certain, and capture inevitable, should we land on the "*Lairtha Regna*." And how could we avoid it? At this moment the master of the shallop espied a light flickering over the surface of the water, and only visible at intervals. This seemed to throw him into great alarm, and he muttered the word "*Jano!*" Haroun eagerly caught the sound, and asked me what it meant? "*Jano!*" said I: "if it be he, we are yet safe: would to Heaven it were but *Jano!*" Our conversation was interrupted by the pilot, who asked me if I had seen the light? I answered in the affirmative. "It is *Jano*, by the Panagia!" said he, with great emotion; "and as I broke faith with him once, we can expect no mercy if we are overpowered. But he shall not find us an easy prey. My crew are brave, and he will only carry the shallop over our dead bodies. May we reckon on your assistance?" "Be calm, my friend," said I; "you have done me a service at my need, and I can now repay it with interest. You have fingered my gold, it is true; and another man might consider that that cancelled the obligation. But you have saved my

life, and that cannot be paid for in sequins or piastres! One word from me will save you from THE PIRATES OF ITHACA!" The man gazed at me with an incredulous stare. "Fear not," rejoined I, "but be calm, and offer no resistance, or I cannot save you. You are not betrayed. I am not of Jano's gang, as by your looks you seem to think. Be persuaded to obey me, and you shall not suffer the loss of a para. The laws of hospitality and gratitude are sacred with the Pirates, and above all, with their brave Leader." The man stood for a few moments in mute astonishment, and had just assented to my proposal, when we were hailed with a loud voice by a person in a cutter-fashioned boat, now almost alongside of the shallop, and ordered to lay to. The master instantly obeyed, and in a trice eighteen or twenty fierce-looking fellows sprung on board, and demanded our money and jewels on pain of immediate death, and having our ship scuttled and sent to the bottom. Recognising Jano among the foremost by his commanding stature and Herculean form, I stepped coolly up to him;—he sprung back, pulled out a pistol, and would have instantly fired, had I not arrested his hand by exclaiming—"Is this the way in which Jano repays the rites of hospitality?" He hesitated a moment. "By the Panagia! it is surely—but no, it cannot be—Sir, your name, if you please?" "Jano! will not the sound of a voice which you *once* knew reveal that secret? And must I discover what I have so many reasons to conceal, in order to remind you of who I am? Have you forgotten Sunium?" The last words had scarcely passed my lips, ere he grasped me in his arms—

Ah! my dear friend, do I meet you thus? Welcome—a thousand times welcome to the rocks of Ithaca. You saved me from a shameful death, and shall find I can remember, and repay the obligation. But whom have we here? As I live by bread, that villain Foresti, who had well nigh betrayed me to the English Government. Caitiff, shrive thy black and guilty soul! thou hast not long to live!" "Jano!" exclaimed I eagerly; "this must not be. I have sworn that I will protect him. He

has saved me from the rage of my enemies. Spare him, and you repay any obligation you owe to me." He muttered some curses between his teeth, and strode along the deck apparently in great agitation; while poor Foresti stood trembling by my side, like a criminal before a judge, when he has donned the awful cap of Justice to award the last sentence of the law. After a few turns, he came up to the place where we stood—"The villain is safe for *this* time!" said the outlaw; "but, by the blessed Panagia, if I catch him again, I will send him and his ruffians on a voyage to the other world without the ceremony of shrift;" then turning to his gang, who stood, each with his drawn brand, in silent astonishment at a scene they had so little anticipated, he ordered them to get the boat ready, and to assist Haroun and myself to get on board. This was soon accomplished, and in less than half an hour we were landed in safety at the mouth of a cave, one of the retreats of the Pirates, into which we entered preceded by the Chief holding a torch which he had lit at the entrance.

This man's early history is singular and romantic. A native of the mountains of Metzovo, in Albania, he was of course a robber from his youth. But finding little room for the exercise of his genius in that wild and desert region, he descended to the Plains of Larissa, and associating with a gang of desperadoes like himself, laid the whole country under contribution. Emboldened by frequent success, he was, in an evil hour, persuaded to make an attack on a party of English travellers escorted by a number of Janissaries and Albanian servants, near the town of Vola, where, after a desperate conflict, his band was overpowered, and himself with three others made prisoners. With persons of his character and profession the Turkish Authorities generally make short work. He was sentenced by the Voivode of Vola to be impaled alive, and his three companions to be shot; a sentence which would have been carried into immediate execution, but for the vain and hypocritical anxiety of the Voivode to make a display of his vigilance in repressing the banditti—

to which, in point of fact, he had so little contributed, that he generally received a share of their plunder,—and to strike terror, by a formal execution of an arch-bandit and three of his followers. The agreeable ceremony was, therefore, postponed till the following day. In this predicament, Jano saw no harm in availing himself of the interval to disappoint the populace of one of their favourite amusements—an execution. By some means not known, he contrived to disengage himself from his fetters, and, in the middle of the night, set fire to the house in which he was confined. By his exertions, aided by his comrades, whose irons he had also knocked off, the fire spread with great rapidity, and threatened to involve the whole town in destruction. An alarm was soon given; the people assembled in the utmost confusion and dismay; and Jano, and his three surviving followers, availing themselves of the riot and hubbub that prevailed, quietly slipped off, without the ceremony of taking leave,—fervently grateful for the “law’s delay,” and the official self-importance and vanity of the Voivode of Vola.

After this narrow escape, he betook himself to Athens, where he hired himself out as a servant to several foreigners resident in that ruined capital, and acquired their esteem and regard, both by his fidelity and attachment,—qualities not incompatible with his former profession of a robber, of which, indeed, he made no secret, although I have never heard that he made any boast of his escape from the clutches of the Voivode of Vola. But he soon turned weary of this comparatively inactive life, and, having been discharged from the service of an English nobleman, to whom he was much attached, and who was about to return to his own country, he suddenly disappeared, and joined a number of outlaws who usually rendezvoused amidst the ruins of the Temple of Minerva Sunias, at Cape Colonna, to lay in wait for travellers, who resort in great numbers to visit that wonderful relic of antiquity. I had known him at Athens, in the service of the English Milordos, and had done him some good offices with his master, with whom I had the honour of be-

ing intimately acquainted; but after his discharge, I lost sight of him, till visiting Sunium, about a year after, I found that he had again fallen into the hands of his enemies, and was destined for almost immediate death. The Aga of the Janissaries, by whom he had been seized, was a renegade Greek, who had embraced the garb, and submitted to the rites of Islamism, without concerning himself much either about the creed he had abjured, or that he had ostensibly adopted. To him I addressed myself, and found that I was not mistaken in his character. A purse of gold sequins once more procured Jano his liberty; the Aga judging wisely, that it was better to pardon a culprit for a handsome consideration in hand, than to cut the poor devil’s throat for *nothing at all!*

He had no sooner gained his liberty, than he set out for the Morea; and having proceeded as far as Misthra, (*Lacedæmon*), learned that a part of the British Expedition destined for Egypt was then lying at anchor in the Bay of Coron. Thither he immediately bent his course,—offered his services as a volunteer, which were readily accepted,—and soon after sailed for Aboukir. As no man ever surpassed him in cool and intrepid daring, or in personal valour; so, from his dexterity in assuming all manner of disguises, and personating all characters, he often succeeded in gaining important intelligence, and sometimes in bringing in the enemy’s officers on piquet, who, with all their acuteness and knowledge, were frequently deceived and duped by the address and cunning of this unlettered barbarian. In the battle of the 21st of March, he stood and fought by the side of the Highlanders, for whom he had conceived a great regard, no doubt, from a certain congeniality of habit and feeling common to mountaineers in all parts of the world. On this occasion his bravery was distinguished even among the brave. When the Invincibles, as they were called, had passed the Highlanders, and were rushing towards the Ruins, he was among the foremost of the rear-rank, who had faced about and charged the enemy’s brigade in rear, and in closing with these celebrated and formidable

troops. The contest, however, was but brief; for the heroes of Tagliamento and Lodi, finding themselves assailed on every side by enemies who know how to die, but not to yield, laid down their arms and demanded quarter. This part of the affair Jano could not exactly comprehend; and he had cut down one of the French officers before the Highlanders could restrain his fury, and make him understand, that men who had grounded their arms were, by the usages of civilized warfare, *hors de combat*. During the remainder of the campaign he did little else than loiter about head-quarters, where he was treated by every body with unvarying kindness and attention.

The conquest of Egypt having been completed by the surrender of Alexandria, nothing more remained to be done; and, refusing the rank of a non-commissioned officer in the British service, as well as the proffered recommendation of the Commander-in-Chief, to the Capudan Pacha, he soon after left Egypt, in a vessel bound for Cyprus. Here he remained for some time in idleness and obscurity; but growing at length weary of inaction, he assembled a few followers, and setting out for Ithaca, commenced Pirate, to the terror of the neighbouring islands, as well as of all vessels navigating the Ionian Sea. Taught circumspection and prudence by his early misfortunes, he was successful in defeating or eluding every scheme laid for seizing him; and, till the period when I fell into his hands, on the night after I left Santa Maura, had pursued his hazardous trade with an impunity and security, wonderful only to those who were unacquainted with the man, and knew not how well he could combine the most perfect conduct and address with the most consummate daring and enterprise.

Such was Eugenio Jano, the Chief of the Pirates of Ithaca, who now conducted me into one of the numerous retreats which he possessed on this island, and from which it had hitherto been found impossible to dislodge him. On entering the cave, we discovered about twenty more of his gang, lolling at their ease upon beds of turf, covered with boat-cloaks and

blankets. These, hearing the approach of their leader, sprung to their legs, and respectfully saluted him, bending, at the same time, on me the most searching and inquisitive scrutiny. What was my astonishment, on finding one of them spring past me like lightning, and embrace Haroun in the most affectionate manner, calling him by every possible term of endearment! Even Jano himself was surprised. The poor fellow, however, soon cleared up the mystery, by assuring us, that when a youth at Athens, his mother's family had been saved from perishing of hunger, by the humane and prompt benevolence of the generous eunuch.

Refreshments, consisting of bread, wine, figs, and meat, were soon placed before us, to which, from the bracing effects of the voyage, and the night-air, we did all manner of justice; and, when the repast was finished, I complied with the request of Jano, and gave him a detailed history of my adventures, since I had saved his life at Cape Colonna, not forgetting, you may be sure, the affair of the Bath. Even Jano and his Pirates were astonished when they learned the particulars of that achievement, and declared they would have dared any thing but *that*. In return, the Pirate favoured me with a detail of his exploits since we had formerly met—a rapid sketch of which, till his return from Egypt, I have already given—and concluded in the following manner: “Phanarioti! I am tired of the life of an outlaw. I have been fortunate, it is true, and, thanks to the Panagia! I have shed no blood, except in combat; but there are moments when my mind misgives me, and when I feel deeply my exclusion from the converse of my fellow beings. For nearly twenty years have I herded only with men of desperate characters, and broken fortunes, like myself. Now I grow old, and would either end my days in peace, or atone for the crimes I have committed, by rendering some service to my country in the hour of its need. In one respect, at least, a man who has abandoned society to turn Pirate, is like a woman who has lost her virtue,—precluded from all return to the paths of peace and innocence. Happily at this moment

the case is different. The torch of Liberty has been again lighted up in Greece, I trust never to be extinguished. our countrymen have drawn the sword, and, I need hardly add, thrown away the scabbard. We have made up our minds to go and join in the glorious struggle; and I shall consider the adventure of this night the most fortunate in my life, if I can persuade you—who have private wrongs to avenge, independently of higher motives—to connect your fate with mine.” “Say no more,” cried I; “I am ready at a moment’s warning.” This was followed by a loud shout of approbation on the part of the whole band, and it was instantly resolved, that, after an hour’s repose, we should cross over to Patras, and from thence proceed to Tripolizza, which the Patriots were then besieging.

Every thing being arranged, and such property as the Pirates thought proper to carry along with them embarked on board a fast-sailing cutter, which was riding at anchor under a stupendous cliff, we began to bend our sails just as the *φωσδρα-τελος* Hæ was reddening in the East, and ushering in the bright God of Day. There is something inexpressibly charming in beholding, as it were, the birth of another day:

“For as the morning steals upon the night,

Melting the darkness, so our rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that
muffle

Our clearer reason.”

Man and Nature look equally refreshed and renovated, and life, and bustle, and animation, again pervade all. If we naturally ascribe a portion of the feelings of which we are conscious within us to inanimate nature without, I must have viewed this heavenly morning with sentiments of rapturous exultation. Escaped from danger and death almost by miracle, and about to engage in a cause which mankind, from the very birth of time, have considered as the noblest in which human beings can act or suffer, it is not to be wondered that I should deliver myself up to the most seducing visions of freedom and renown, and that every object around me should seem to speak a

language in unison with the warm feelings of my heart.

I need not detain you with the particulars of our voyage and subsequent journey. It is enough to say, that we reached the Grecian camp without accident or adventure, and were received with fraternal felicitations by the brave men who had devoted themselves to the cause of their country. After a short time, however, we found matters not going on so well as we could have wished. Difference of opinion prevailed among the Chiefs, and the siege had made so little progress, that some foreigners, whose knowledge and experience were of the last importance to the success of the enterprise, threatened to abandon the army, and return to their own country. At length, however, a Council of War was called, at which we assisted, and, after a great deal of discussion, it was agreed to attempt the place by storm that very night. Provisions had begun to be scarce, and the foreigners, to a man, declared the breach that had been made, practicable. In this opinion both Jano and myself coincided. We had both narrowly surveyed the ground, and examined the breach, as well as the defences; and we were convinced that nothing was wanting to insure success, but that steady courage which we much feared the Greeks, then inexperienced and undisciplined, might fail to exhibit on such a trying occasion. Fortunately our fears were vain: the irresistible enthusiasm of liberty, and the sacred cause of Grecian emancipation from the Ottoman yoke, were found to supply the place of the technicalities of discipline, and to bear down, as with an overwhelming torrent, all opposition.

Just as the Council was about to break up, Jano came forward, and offered, with my aid, and at the head of his own followers, to lead the storming-party to the breach, and there plant the flag of Independence, or perish in the attempt. His offer was at once received; and so favourable an impression did this generous conduct create throughout the army, and so high was the opinion entertained of his prudence and sagacity, that the practicability of the attempt was no longer doubted, and volun-

teers eagerly offered themselves from every division of the army. Of these we selected about two hundred; and, just at the moment when every thing was in readiness for the onset—and we waited only till the moon, which was just setting, should disappear, and leave us the benefit of darkness—Jano came in front of the “forlorn hope,” and addressed them in the following words: “SOLDIERS OF GREECE!!! THE MOMENT HAS NOW ARRIVED FOR YOU TO PROVE YOURSELVES WORTHY OF THE ANCESTORS FROM WHOM YOU ARE DESCENDED. FOLLOW ME WHILE I LIVE, AND IF I DIE, LET MY DEATH BE REVENGED! ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΑ!!! ON!!!” The signal was instantly given, and in a few moments we were at the breach, where the shouts of Ελευθερία! Ελευθερία! were quickly answered and drowned by the roar of artillery and musketry, which simultaneously opened on our devoted band.

As might be expected, the contest in the breach was long and desperate. We were assailed by every species of weapon and missile, but still pressed forward, responding, with a loud shout, to every discharge of the enemy's guns. Animated by the example of their heroic Leader, the Pirates bore down every thing before them—passed the breach—and planted the flag of Independence on the ramparts.

At this moment I was wounded and fell, but some friendly arm bore me from the gorge of the breach, and laid me gently down on the platform of the rampart, where, from loss of blood, I soon fainted away; nor did I recover till towards morning, when I learned that the place had been carried at every point, and the greater part of the garrison, who refused to surrender, put to the sword. This was indeed glorious intelligence; but the joy I felt was soon clouded, when one of the Pirates, covered with dust and blood, came to me, with deep melancholy impressed on his sun-burnt features, which but too plainly told the sad tale, that JANOS WAS NO MORE!!! He was killed by a random shot, after the victory, to which he had so greatly contributed, was no longer doubtful!

Thus fell one of the bravest and most singular of men, expiating a

life of crime by a glorious and honourable death!

Τεδνάρμιναι γὰρ καλὸν ἐνι πρημά, οἱ.
πρόντα
Ἄνδρ' ἀγαθὸν, περὶ ᾧ πατριδὶ μαρτυροῖται.

MY DEAR VLANTI,

προσκόνω ὑμᾶς κατὰ χρεῖος.

Σ. ΦΑΝΑΡΙΩΤΗΣ, Ἀθηναίος.

LETTERS AND MAXIMS OF MADAME NECKER.

Madame Necker to M. Thomas *.

Marolles, 1795.

SIR,

You allude to times past, and I should wish to gratify you. It is difficult for me to describe the impression that Paris first made upon me. There was in it illusion, an imaginary world, as it were, peopled to me fantastically. It is now twenty years, if you remember, since I found myself there, for the first time, in the midst of men, the most illustrious in Europe for genius and acquirements; and, with surprise, heard them treat as chimeras all the ideas on which I had rested my happiness: and I may add, the commonly-allowed phenomena of the universe were treated in the same manner. But I have to say, that I sacredly preserved my opinions in the midst of this powerful torrent of incredulity, free-thinking, and unbelief. I left Paris for a time, but, on my return, and rejoining this same society, I found, in one sense, that I was the unbeliever. The Marquis * * *, who, in disputing with me, denied the omnipresence of the Deity, was not far from crying out that I should be burnt alive, because I refused to believe that a certain wretched peasant could read my thoughts, and follow with certainty my internal impressions. Others told me, with great calmness, that, along with Cagliostro, they had supped with the dead—with characters, formerly on this earth, of the highest consideration. The Martinists had communications with Vol-

* The celebrated author of the History of Eloges, &c., and a man of high worth.

taire and the Sylphs. And those who professed to be wisest, had a warmth and enthusiasm about strange, though trifling things, that amounted almost to seeing visions. We are told that, of old, unbelievers were struck with blindness: I might ask, had the time come, when, in like manner, this punishment had descended from heaven?

I was greatly indisposed for some days after my arrival here, and had left to my daughter the happiness of writing you. She, I see, has received from you too charming a letter: for I do not intend that she shall be my heir before I am gone. One may make small presents during life, but we give away all our goods only at death.

If you were here, and my sickness kept away, I think I would be happy. The place in which I am excites no reflections, for here there is nothing uncommon going on. But as all around me is still, my mind is also calm; and there is nothing to hinder it from transporting itself into those situations where it may receive the pure and sensible image of the objects whose absence it regrets. Thus, in thought, I indifferently imagine myself at Oulins, in the mines of Germany, or surveying the tombs of Westminster, and in all places where my better genius might appear to me. I survey with him what is wonderful in the universe, and what is mysterious in thought. While he speaks, I am proud of having the same nature, and possessing an interest in what he says: when he is silent, nothing remains for me but admiration, and a feeling of my weakness and incapacity: and, after all, there is sufficient to make me proud. I may say, like the fragrant and sweet-scented earth in Saadi, "I am not the rose, but I have lived near it." Would that I could live there still, and that stern and inexorable Time would bend in this to my wishes! But at least let me have the assurance of your triumphant success, and your kind remembrances. It is thus, in truth, that you divide life. Mine is different: it is now shared between severe distress and feelings, balanced, seemingly with exactness, the one against the other.

Farewell, my dear Sir: I am not able to write long at a time; but my affectionate regards turn towards you, as to a verdant and cherished ~~bank~~, which one leaves with regret, altogether uncertain when the tumultuous and ever-shifting waves of life shall permit us to revisit it.

Yours, &c.

Madame Necker to M. Thomas.

Beaulieu, near Lausanne, June 1784.

SIR,

You assuredly commit injury by not believing in friendship,—a crime. I would think, near as great as not believing in the existence of virtue. It belongs to me to correct you, and my heart shall make the law, and pronounce the decision. You austere minds pore invariably over one rule, and will not notice the exceptions which we can present to you. Even Montaigne has not gone your length: but let me do you, however, essential justice. Montaigne did not know you, and so much the worse for him, and for us; for then his book, which in so many instances exposes and disfigures human nature, would have honoured and embellished it.

On arriving here, I found myself so enfeebled, that I was sunk merely into an animal life, and for which I found I had far less inclination than fitness. But the face of this country is happily well fitted to fill up the void, and reanimate the languishing powers of the soul. Nature here rich and fruitful; mountains clad in green, and fully peopled, the summits of which reach to the heavens; a lake, an immense reservoir of waters, formed to delight the eye, and satisfy the imagination: these are objects among which the thoughts may wander with pleasure, and kindle into useful reflections. It would seem that the Deity is here specially occupied for the instruction of his creatures, and obliges them without ceasing, by what is sublime in nature, to elevate their thoughts to him. In great cities, we see throughout the labours of social life, and the works of men. But in the country, nothing seems to prosper but by the immediate aid of the Deity; and all the bustle and intrigues of men can-

not bring down a single shower. The nearer I am to these mighty scenes, the more do I love those who admire nature, and celebrate its beauties. It is in Switzerland that I understood the description of England, and read, with enthusiasm, eulogiums on liberty.

But let me remember, my friend, you have traced the course of other men inversely. The careful occupation of your time, and even your bad health, have raised you, as it were, above yourself. As for me, I labour to support my weakness by the remembrance of your strength and energy: for I am under the necessity of seeking, in my thoughts, the means of supporting a resolution and mind ever ready to fail me. As to my health, neither my native air, that air so elastic and so pure, and which one breathes as a new element, nor the delicious milk of the mountains, nor calmness and repose, seem to do me any good. Nothing revives me, and the act of living is to me a continual effort. Yet let me not abandon hope. Yours, &c.

Madame Necker to Lord Stormont.

MY LORD,

TWENTY times have I desired to write you, and twenty times the thought of the extravagance of such a design, considering what I wished to say, made me lay down the pen.

I detest war, and tremble at the thoughts of its horrors. I lament that hated empire of opinion which constrains men heartlessly to butcher one another, to continue without scruple the atrocity, and covers with blood the images of what is noble, and useful, and great. I despise, and turn away from that new philosophy, so full of contradictions, and which preaches up, at the same time, humanity and bloodshed, that it may at all rates obtain a commodious and extended reputation. I may say, that the present business hurts and distresses me; for it is good for nothing, since peace is destroyed. Surely, in this instance, political schemes resemble those insignificant materials which we throw from us, when they are no longer needed, to prevent precious vessels from being broken the one against the other. The present

storm has fallen on us, to increase the gloom of our reflections, and to show us how weak and little we are even in doing evil. Even the man who does good may be said but to lay a grain of sand to raise the edifice, which the hand of God himself is to finish. Madame du Deffand speaks justly, where she says:—That men have no other tie with each other but indifference, and only perceive their real connection to hate it, and to desire to be disunited.

I may say, my Lord, that this illustrious woman has left this world just as she lived in it. She saw nothing in society to engage her but the company it afforded; and her dying bed was besieged by pretended friends, where no affectionate tear was dropped. Little accustomed to reflect, she was incapable of extending her regards to the important depths of the world to come. Death itself, that weighty event, was to her nothing but a sad and superficial thought. And from her it is clearly seen, that in a careless and insensible mind, the shade of difference is very slight between the accustomed occupations of life, and its final termination. My Lord, with great regard, yours, &c.

THOUGHTS, MAXIMS, AND ANECDOTES.

It is, doubtless, most difficult to renounce the tastes and habits which we have indulged in through life: and thus it is, that, passing from this to the other world, in changing our abode, we must change so far our organs.

A man at his death seems often to be regretted by the whole world, whilst there is only one that weeps for him.

Fontenelle seeing himself growing old, was most attentive to preserve all his senses, and not employ them uselessly. He avoided sitting near the fire: he sat on a plain chair without arms, that he might be compelled to sit upright: calling on his friends, he walked while he was able, and at last used a carriage. One day, ascending the steps of his carriage, he saw Mr Rullieres passing by on foot, and made his carriage give way, and at the same time cried out, "My

dear Sir, I do not see well enough to recollect you, but I see that you have the dignity not to be carried."

Dubucq wished that this inscription should be put on the books of the economists: "The sick man is dead, but it was with us a beautiful operation."

Turgot the economist, while minister, having permitted the exportation of corn, was much surprised at the mobbing of the people on that occasion; but this, said he, is because we have not yet given them enough of liberty. This makes me recollect, says Dubucq the physician, that seeing his patient dying after having been bled twenty times, cried out, "I see well that I have not bled him enough."

I grant that there is more virtue in Switzerland than in Paris: but, on the contrary, it is in Paris that men speak well on virtue, and describe it beautifully. This bears a resemblance to Apollo of Delphos, who dictated his oracles in a gloomy cave, into which his bright rays never penetrated.

In literary men, self-love is an unhappy malady, that forms a counterpoise to all the advantages they possess above other men. The agitation and uneasiness which they feel when their works appear, make them resemble the Phoenix, which cannot reproduce itself, but in a torrent of flame, in which it is consumed.

We sometimes forget situation. A French comedian being at Turin, addressed the audience, "Illustrious strangers!"

It is no wonder that Rousseau was in love with Madame Egnont, for her beauty was a paradox.

Madame * * *, said Madame Geoffrin, has knocked at the door of all the Virtues, but in no instance has she entered: and this is the reason that she speaks of them to a wonder.

Old men are like wine: age either spoils them, or highly improves them.

A truth does not belong to him who discovers it, so much as to him who gives it direction, and a name.

Madame Chatelet said, that she refused to revise her principles. "She had reason," said Madame de Staël;

"for many of them have disappeared, and seem to be altogether lost."

When Louis the XV. sent away his Parliament, to make way for the Parliament of Maupeou, he pronounced the words, "I shall never change," with a most firm and energetic voice. Madame du Barry was before the throne, behind a screen. She repeated afterwards these words of the King to M. de Nivernois. "Madame (said he smiling, and with the artfulness of a courtier), it was *you*, that, at this time, he was looking at."

M. de Legu says, "Voltaire and Montesquieu are to me always new: because the one, so minute, leaves me nothing to recollect, and the other, so profound, gives me always something to treasure up."

A certain courtier acknowledged to Louis the XV. that he had never opened a book. The King repeated this to M. de Thiars. "Sire," replied he, "this I think is not true, yet it is very probable."

Men of genius in company are like roses: two or three give us pleasure, but a number oppresses us.

The Marshall Villeroi lost a battle. One said to his lady, "You have this great consolation under your misfortune, that your husband and your son are alive, and well:" says she, "That is enough for me, but it is not enough for them."

Voltaire had written a very indifferent play, called the Queen of Navarre. The Duchess of Maine took a wager, that she would make him say it was the best of his works, and she succeeded.

Mahomet du Barry said, "Those that I have seen at court make me to esteem myself."

It is pleasing to M. Necker to have many virtuous minds as witnesses of his opinions and his arguments. A few virtuous men, who would swear in your behalf, are more estimable than an assembled nation. I know not but that one should desire libels, when we have such noble and trusty defenders: the shield that is opposed to them, like the powerful bucklers of ancient heroes, bend the darts thrown at them, and make them fall harmless to the ground.

Diderot preferred Homer and

Moses to all other writers ; at least he assures us of this. With regard to Tacitus, says he, " his writings are a pleasant romance for his own times, and a beautiful morsel of history for ours : for it was impossible that he could be sure of the truth of his details. He is an author that makes you melancholy. How can he be pardoned, when he says of the wife of Seneca, that when they opened his veins to bleed him to death, she saw it done not unwillingly ? "

A youth being present at a play, cried out to his governor, " Governor, am I pleased ? "

When the statue of Louis the XV. was placed in the cranes that were to raise it to his pedestal, a democratic wit cried out, " Observe the King in the midst of his council ! "

Voltaire said of a man that spoke mighty easily, " That man speaks like an ill-written book. "

Abbé Galliani thus characterises a very lofty mountain,— " That mountain on which the sun above walks. "

Gibbon's History is a faithful copy of the powerful genius of its author ; a genius that found, continually, in his brilliant imagination, the means of painting facts with interest ; and, in his erudition, a fruitful source of knowledge and sentiment. If that beautiful history of so many ages had not unhappily been dishonoured by the arid and ignoble opinions of the philosophers of our day, we might well have placed it in the same dignified rank with Sallust and Livy. But men of great talents have often,

as it were, " the heel of Achilles : " and the perversity and weakness of their judgment, discovered in some essential parts of their writings, unhappily succeed in robbing them of immortality.

There are most beautiful writers who complain of the poverty of language ; and there are immensely rich men, who seek after the philosopher's stone.

In this world, the purest virtue is sometimes the victim ; just as animals altogether without blemish are preferred for sacrifices on the altar.

One act of virtue presented to the view of society is too little : it is like a stone thrown into a deep gulf, which echoes loud for a time, but speedily descends, and is lost for ever.

To appear generous and noble, it is often sufficient to add a very trifle to our expence. It is said of the King of Prussia, Frederick the Great, that a trifling guinea was always wanting for his fêtes and entertainments.

A credulous enthusiast assured Madame du Deffand, that St. Dennis had carried his head in his hand for many leagues. " In this case, " said she, " the first step was the most difficult. "

To be beloved, that is the highest of eulogiums.

Said one to a lady, " The ancients lived in the same state of disorder as we. " " What ! " said she ; " at their age ? "

It is the privilege of talents that they can even embellish virtue

THE AERONAUT.

HE who hath sail'd upon the pathless seas,
As fleet and free as sweeps the wandering breeze,
Knows how the soul expands as we survey
The shoreless waste—the dread unmeasur'd way ;
But who shall paint th' exulting thoughts and high,
Of him who soars into the vaulted sky—
Who to the thunder's secret place doth sail,
Rides on the cloud, and travels on the gale—
And holds through homeless wilds of space his way,
Free as a spirit loosen'd from its clay ?

'Twas so from earth I bounded, midst the roar
Of crowds who cheer'd my launching from the shore
Of this fair world,—but as they wav'd farewell,
The last faint sounds came o'er me like a knell ;

As slow they died upon the distant ear,
 Dim wax'd the world—the darksome cloud was near ;
 Still shooting upwards to a fearful height,
 Far, far beneath I mark'd the eagle's flight ;
 But higher rising on the freshening breeze,
 The clouds beneath me roll'd like sombre seas.
 On, on I sped upon my course sublime,
 Nor for a moment thought of Earth or Time ;
 Till Night's dull curtain o'er the heavens was hung,
 And through the skies the hollow tempest sung.
 Then down the black profound I speeded fast,
 To gain the earth—but, ah ! the hour was past !
 Low as I sank, I heard the billows roll,
 The roar of waters smote my shuddering soul :
 All faint with terror, I began to feel
 My heart grow sick—my troubled brain to reel ;
 Yet in that hour the sense was left me still
 To hurl each weight from out my vehicle,
 Which vaulted upwards from th' abyss once more,
 Though not so high but I could hear its roar,—
 Wild as the hungry howl, the cry for blood
 That wakes each night the desert solitude.

Carreering still upon the tempest dire,
 I flew through darkness, thunder-cloud, and fire ;
 The lightnings blaz'd around my lonely head,
 While startled Night in sullen darkness fled ;
 And to myself I seem'd like phantom thing,
 Sweeping away upon the whirlwind's wing ;
 Like spirit of the gloom, whose flying form
 Adds tenfold terror to the ruthless storm.

At last upon the ocean, faint and far,
 A lone light glimmer'd like a setting star.—
 Oh ! how I gaz'd upon the distant bark,
 Whose ray had made my night so doubly dark ;
 Which show'd a place of safety on the main,
 But also show'd—for me 'twas there in vain !
 On, on I flew before the sweeping blast,
 And soon the solitary light I past ;
 Far to the windward set the ocean beam,
 But straight before another shed its gleam !
 Right on I sped, and as I near'd the light,
 Down to the yawning floods I urged my flight,
 And slowly fell beneath the vessel's lee,
 Where round her bulwarks rav'd the frenzied sea.
 The piercing shriek of agony I gave
 Was heard above the roar of wind and wave !
 A rope was cast—I seiz'd it as it fell,—
 And thus was sav'd the wondrous tale to tell !

OEHLenschlaeger's "CORREGGIO,"
AND "ROBINSON CRUSOE IN ENGLAND."

DANISH poetry and Danish dramas were things scarcely thought of out of Denmark, a short time back; but the works of OEHLenschlaeger, BAGGESEN, INGEMANN, and some others, have, within these few years, so inspired their countrymen at home, and raised the character of their literature abroad, that perhaps that of few other countries deserves more attention at the present moment, or will better reward the trouble of investigation.

Of all those who have of late years endeavoured to unite the characters of a poet and a dramatist, perhaps Oehlenschlaeger has been one of the most successful, at least on the stage. With a very true feeling of his own talents, and the taste of his countrymen, he has worked up various portions of Scandinavian History into poetic dramas, such as "Axel and Walburg," "Hakon," "Jarl," &c.; and though his poetry, in some pieces, is in rather too familiar a style, yet, in general, his muse has ennobled his theme. Of all his pieces, however, that which has met with the greatest success, both in and out of Denmark, is his tragedy of *Correggio*, in which the familiar style which, with a few exceptions, prevails throughout, rather increases than diminishes its fitness for the stage.

The taste now reigning on the continent, and particularly in Germany, for introducing great painters and poets as the heroes of theatrical pieces, has, with some degree of justice, been censured in England as seldom tending to increase the favourable idea already entertained of their characters; yet perhaps few of those who thus denounce these pieces, could see them represented in their pristine language, and on their native stage, without having their judgement overpowered by the interest they excite; nor indeed can their merits be fully appreciated without their undergoing this ordeal.

Of the pieces of this class, brought out within these last five or six years in Germany, "*Van Dyke's Country Life*," "*Miguel de Cervantes*," and "*Correggio*," have been the princi-

pal; and the last, though the production of a foreigner, has perhaps been the greatest favourite of the three. A short analysis of the piece will best show to what it is indebted for this preference.

In some of Oehlenschlaeger's pieces, the hardy Norseman is easily discernible; but in *Correggio*, the genial warmth of an Italian sun, and the cerulean softness of an Italian sky, seem to have influenced the author's mind; since this piece breathes throughout such a warm glow of enthusiastic feeling, as could hardly be excelled by the painter's own countrymen. *Correggio's* character, uniting the utmost simplicity of unlettered goodness, with an intense feeling of the beauties of his art, and a modest consciousness of his own powers, is drawn with a masterly hand, and his first appearance already excites in the spectator that warm sympathy in his fate, with which he afterwards accompanies the hero through the piece. The opening scene discovers Antonio Allegri, the artist, (pale and sickly, from the effects of braking a blood-vessel a short time previous,) sitting before his cottage door, in the village of *Correggio*, and finishing a *Madonna*, for which his wife and son have been sitting to him as originals. *Silvestro*, a recluse, comes from the neighbouring wood, to inquire after his health, and brings him some strengthening herbs: Antonio presents the *Hermit* with a small *Magdalene* which he has painted for him; but when the latter is going off with it, he calls him back, to take a parting look of it: his unwillingness to part with it, and his assisting his son, immediately afterwards, to draw with chalk on his neighbour's wall, though he had begun by scolding him for so doing, is simply natural, and strongly characteristic.

Antonio. But stay, *Silvestro*! stay a moment longer,
And let me once again behold the painting;

I thought some stain had full'n and blomish'd it—

[*He takes the picture and looks at it affectionately.*]

But no, 'tis free from spot,—so there! farewell!

[*Gives back the painting.*]

Silvestro. Farewell! once more I thank you heartily. [Exit.

[*Little Giovanni, having fetched a bit of chalk, is now busy drawing men with it on the inn-keeper's wall.*]

Antonio. Alas! it grieves me sorely thus to part

With all my paintings. Long ere they are finish'd,

I feel inclin'd to love the object like

My child, or as a portion of my soul.

Poets can keep the offspring of their brain Still near them; but not so the needy painter;

He, like an indigent father, soon is forced To send his children out into the world, And let them seek their fortunes where they can.

But what's the boy about there?—sure he's painting

Al fresco on our neighbour's wall!—Cease, child;

You know how often this has been forbidden.

You stupid boy! who taught you to make legs

Like these?

[*Takes the chalk and alters them.*]

Ah, now indeed they're something like.

[*Looking complacently at it.*]

Faith, 'tis a comical fellow: now we'll give him

A military cap upon his head.

Giovanni. And a long sabre, father! Shall we not?

Antonio. Why, yes.

Giovanni. That I will make myself.

Antonio. Ay, do so,

But long, and curv'd.

His endeavours to pacify the inn-keeper, who comes out and catches them at this work, and who is also his creditor, form rather too strong a contrast with the subsequent provocation he gives him, by the mortifying manner in which he undervalues his son's talents as a painter, and triumphs in the confirmation of his opinion; all which unnecessarily embitters the innkeeper against him. In the next scene, Ottavio, a nobleman of Parma, in love with Allegri's wife, and who buys his Madonna, and invites him, with his wife and child, to his palace, in order to execute some works for him there, excites our fears for the artist's peace, but without giving us the least clue to the turn the piece will ultimately take; indeed, one of its greatest merits is the absolute uncertainty we remain in, with regard to the denoue-

ment, till the commencement of the Fifth Act.

The introduction of Michel Angelo and Giulio Romano, which follows, is well managed; and the traits of character which the poet has given them correspond with the idea we form to ourselves of those wonderful men, from the contemplation of their immortal works. The scene between Allegri and Angelo is in a spirited style. The former, deceived by the malicious misrepresentations of the innkeeper, receives the latter's advances in a very cavalier manner, and plays upon his words, till he so irritates Michel, that he changes his intended praise into critical censure of the drawing, and even calls him a bungler. The effect produced on our artist by this opinion, uttered, as he then discovers, by Michel Angelo Buonarotti, the object of his adoration in his art, is, when well acted, extremely touching on the stage. His soliloquy on the occasion, though not of the highest order of poetry, shall speak for itself, as displaying, as far as a hasty translation can give it, both the simplicity and sensibility of his character:

Allegri. [*Looking fixedly at his picture, quite stunned with what he has heard.*]
Surely I dream! Has Michel Angelo, That first of artists, utter'd these harsh words?

It cannot be. 'Tis a phantom of my brain

[*Sits down, and covers his face with his hands; after a pause, he rises again.*]

My senses reel indeed, but yet they dream not;

Most dreadful sounds have rang'd them from their sleep. [*A pause.*]

Am I a bungler, then? And nothing more?

No, truly; had not Angelo's self pronounced it,

I ne'er had thought so meanly of my skill. [*He seems lost in thought.*]

Before me hover'd clouds of varied hue, Which I too fondly took for worldly forms; I seiz'd my pencil, tried to embody them; And what I made prov'd but another cloud,

A party-coloured plaything, void of force, Of mental greatness, feeling, or proportion! [*Sorrowfully.*]

No; that I ne'er had thought. I always went

To work with such a pure and ardent feeling,

When at my easel, I could abnegate fancy

Myself before God's altar, where his glory,
In radiant beams, reveal'd before me lay.
Alas ! how grossly I deceiv'd myself !—

[*A pause.*]

When but a stripling boy, I once to Florence

Accompanied my father, and while he
Was making bargains on the market-
place,

I ran to view Lorenzo's holy temple ;
There I beheld the graves of Giulio
And of Lorenzo ; saw the eternal forms
Of night, day, dusky eve, Aurora's dawn,
Carv'd by this Angelo in purest marble.
Too short, alas ! the glimpse allow'd me ;
yet

That scene remain'd engraven on my
mind

Indelible ; being all of highest art
I e'er had seen. It struck into my soul
An awful sense o' the great and beautiful ;
And yet, so dead and dismal was the spot,
That I rejoiced when once again I stood,
With th' azure heavens above, and flowers
around me.

But now again these joyful transient forms
Have fled, and left me in the vaulted
tomb !

I stand, annihilated, on the verge
Of night, and shudder at the approach of
darkness.

[*Much affected, and after a pause.*]

Well, well, then ! be it so : I'll paint no
more.

God knows, it was not vanity induced me,
But the same impulse drove me to the
pencil,

That teaches bees to build their honied
cells,

Or birds their nests. Was this a vain
conceit ?—

Once more I'll question him, once more
he must

Repeat, not passionately or angrily,
But, like his day on fam'd Lorenzo's tomb,
With calmness, energy, and dignity,
The fatal word ;—and then—I'll bid fare-
well

To my lov'd art, and be again what first
I was, a poor and inobtrusive man.—

I neither will despond nor mourn, while
bless'd

With a clear and quiet conscience. Though
perhaps

No artist, yet base-minded sure I am not.
No ! though the greatest Angelo on earth
Should tell me so ; an inward voice assures
me

I am not so ; and this voice comes from
God !

In the Third Act, Romano first
softens down the effect of his friend's
minute censure, by the unqualified
praise he bestows upon Allegri's

work as a whole, and then con-
vinces Angelo of the injustice he has
been guilty of, who, in a very inter-
esting manner, recalls his words in a
dialogue with Allegri's wife, and
sends her husband a ring by her, as
a token of the high opinion he enter-
tains of him as an artist ; all which
raises poor Allegri to the pinnacle of
joy. The whole of this act is wrought
up with great dramatic power.

The Fourth Act passes in Ottavio's
picture-gallery at Parma, and though
containing rather too many long so-
liloquies, and but little action, is still
rendered interesting by the painter's
enthusiasm, which breaks out in al-
most extatic joy, on his unexpected-
ly finding himself in a gallery filled
with the master-pieces of his art. It
may well be doubted, whether the
rather childish surprise he expresses
on seeing some of the pictures, par-
ticularly those of the Flemish school,
and his ignorantly wondering where
and how far from Milan Flanders
was situated, does not place his ge-
neral knowledge in too inferior a
light ; since we no where find any
authentic grounds to conclude that
Correggio was an ignorant man,
though perhaps no man of letters.
After surveying a great number of
pictures, he perceives one at the
further end of the gallery, guarded
by a silk covering ; and on drawing
back the curtain, discovers Raphael's
St Cecilia, which redoubles his en-
thusiasm, and serves to introduce his
famous exclamation of "*Io anch'è son
pittore,*" in the following manner :

Ha ! that is surely Saint Cecilia !
With the organ in her hand, she musing
stands,

In absence lost, while round her, rent in
pieces,

Lie earthly instruments ; and e'en the
organ

Seems mute and falling, while, with ardent
rapture,

She lifts her eye, and breathless listens to
The angel chorus pealing from above.

Whose work is this ? 'tis far above mere
painting ;

This is creative art, not imitation,
And proves the author great as man and
artist.

'Tis lofty, holy poetry, express'd
In colours. This, the highest end of paint-
ing,

Is what I strive for in my happiest hours.

[*Ottavio enters haughtily.*]

Antonio. [*Intent on the picture, and without saluting him.*] By whom was this performed?

Ottavio. By Raphael.

Antonio. [*With joyful enthusiasm.*—] I AM A PAINTER ALSO!

Ottavio. Friend! I knew That weeks ago, and you have doubtless known it These many years.

Antonio. I thought so, but not till This moment did I know and feel myself such.

Ottavio. [*Aside.*] Battista's right,— He's vain and self-conceited— So much the better. [*Aloud.*]

Good Antonio, Your confidence and spirit much rejoice me:

You feel so unlike many other artists. Who stand annihilated 'fore this picture, With conscious sense of their inferior skill.

Antonio. [*Still considering the picture.*] That I can well conceive: if poverty Feel not its impotence before this rich Display of genius, then 'twill never feel it.

Ottavio. [*Aside.*] Who would have thought it! How this man is changed! [*Aloud.*]

You, on the contrary, seem well impress'd With your own riches in this high profession.

Antonio. You're right, So; here I feel what I was born for;

Feel that I am an artist. Here I see Thoughts and sensations of my immortal soul

Express'd, as in my warmest youth I felt them.

Though I but seldom could so well describe them.

I feel my mind inspir'd like Raphael's.

'Tis not, indeed, so powerful and lofty; His soul's more vigorous and comprehensive;

But then my hand's more flexible and practis'd.

I smile, and he is serious; I am always ravish'd myself, but Raphael ravishes.

Heav'n! what a work! In this I see myself;

The measure of my being; its mere presence

Elevates my soul, and makes me feel Myself akin to Heaven, in that proportion In which mankind their likeness feel to angels;

And while my breast with holy inspiration

And high delight expands, I humbly bow With awe, before a greatness never equal'd.

Ottavio then proceeds to open to him his views upon his wife, from which, however, he desists, on finding that he is not likely to succeed, haughtily stating, that what he cannot buy, he will not steal. The agitation his feelings have undergone, combined with his long walk, throws him into a profound sleep, during which, a laurel chaplet is placed on his head by Celestina, a young lady, brought to Ottavio's house by her father, with a view of marrying her to him,—who discovers Correggio sleeping in the hall, and recognizes him by the ring on his finger, for the painter described to her by Michel Angelo. At the close of this act, Battista, the innkeeper, brings Allegri his money for the picture, but all in copper, in order to make it the heavier for him to carry. It is not exactly seen in what capacity Battista thus acts for Ottavio, nor are any sufficient grounds given why he should feel such an insatiable desire of revenge, as to excite a thief and assassin to rob and murder Correggio; this part of the plot is therefore considered by many as rather defective. The defect, however, if such it be, contributes to keep the spectator still longer in the dark, and renders the catastrophe in the Fifth Act still more effective. He anticipates murder and robbery, but is most agreeably surprised to find Correggio die in a calm and peaceful manner, of mere exhaustion, caused by the agitation of mind and fatigue of body he has suffered; the latter having been increased beyond his power to bear, by the weight of the money he had to carry home. This last act is very affecting, and the closing impression, though melancholy, is far from being disagreeable. It may safely be asserted, that no one ever sees this piece well performed, without being irresistibly carried away by the interest it excites; and subsequent criticism is consequently deprived of half its power.

The greater part of Oehlenschlaeger's pieces are doubtless well known to the English literati, but they are perhaps unacquainted with a circumstance very rare in the literary world, one, perhaps, not to be found in any existing writer, and which alone would suffice to stamp celebrity on

his name—namely, that of his being an equally able and admired poet in two different languages, Danish and German; the former his native tongue, the latter perhaps the most difficult of modern European languages. It is well known how inferior translations generally are to their originals. Oehlenschlaeger's pieces, however, cannot be considered as mere translations when they appear in German, since, while the ideas with which he pens the originals are still warm, he generally proceeds to embody them in German also. In doing this he adheres, it is true, to the plot, but allows himself a much greater latitude in the diction and poetical images of the piece than any mere translator would probably feel himself authorised to do, or perhaps be capable of performing, without deviating too far from his original. In fact, these dramas in German, may be considered as a second creation of the author's imagination, in which, if some passages do not quite equal his first production, others, on the contrary, appear with increased brilliancy and effect. The works of this author are not more favourably received, read with more avidity, or acted with greater applause, in his native land, than they are throughout all Germany, where even the reviewers and critics, who are generally fastidious enough, confer a high rank upon them, by treating them as original productions in their language, and bestowing upon them merited praise.

Oehlenschlaeger does not always confine himself to tragedy, but sometimes indulges in more lively effusions. His last production is a comedy, which, both an account of its title and subject, cannot fail to excite considerable interest in England; a short account of it will therefore, doubtless, prove acceptable. The piece is entitled, "*Robinson in England*," that is to say, *Robinson Crusoe* in England, and the plot turns principally on the circumstances under which the celebrated novel of *Robinson Crusoe* first made its appearance.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that the real adventures of a Scotchman, named Alexander Selkirk, gave rise to that amusing narration, and that the circumstance

of Defoe's having taken undue advantage of Selkirk's papers, and built his novel upon them, is generally received as a fact, though perhaps never satisfactorily proved. In the piece in question, Selkirk is represented as having returned to England, accompanied by Friday, the fictitious personage of the novel, under the name of Will, and in the character of his adopted son. They are in a state of extreme indigence, and Selkirk is unable to pay his rent to his landlord, Twastle, a grocer, in whose house they lodge. The distress these occasions them is increased by Selkirk's discontent at the bustle and indifference of the world, and Will's hopeless passion for their landlord's daughter Betty. The former sighs for the tranquillity he enjoyed in his desert island, the latter for the possession of one who really loves him, but all hopes of whom his needy circumstances compel him to abandon, her father having, in the true spirit of trade, contracted to marry her to the son of a neighbouring and rival grocer. Their landlord, Twastle, advises Selkirk to try and get into an almshouse, and Will to go out to service, which occasions the following dialogue between Selkirk and Will, after the landlord has left them:

Selkirk. [With a fixed and gloomy look.]
Yes, he is right! An invalid am I,
Destin'd to moulder in some hospital;
And you, my faithful Will, must sell
your freedom
E'en in Great Britain, Freedom's favour'd
land.
Could I have thought it? Oh! why staid
we not
In our still island? Wherefore came we
forth
From our retreat, on seeing human faces?
Was it from Paradise to be expell'd?
What sought I here? My much-lov'd
native land?
Wherein consists the charms of that strong
tie?
In parents, brothers, sisters, native cot—
The scenes of youth, and chosen band of
friends!
Exist such charms for me? Ah, no!
all, all
Are gone or changed! The moiety of a
century
Hath alter'd all things, e'en my mother-
tongue.
Far better known to me were th' aged
oaks

In my lone island, than those dismal faces,
That pass me on the streets like dainty
forms;

Their tops, at least, oft nodded friendly
to me;

I reign'd a monarch in my kingdom there,
Like Adam in his Paradise. 'Tis true,
I found no Eve; but neither did a Cain;
With harden'd cruelty, afflict my heart.
An Abel in a faithful son I found,
And what more could I wish?

[Embraces Will.]

Will. Oh, weep not, father!
Hope swells my breast, and I feel grateful
to you
For having brought me to my fellow-
creatures.

How beautiful soe'er pure Nature is,
Yet Man is God's first work and master-
piece:

O'er distant isle was desert, waste, and
dismal.

Selkirk. Not so, Will; 'twas a heav-
enly, calm retreat,
Well fitted for a temple of religion.

Will. Oh! I can easily conceive this
humble
fields you no pleasure.

Selkirk. Does it, then, to you?

Will. I must confess I cannot but feel
pleasure
From all around me; from the wood of
brasts,
That moves with Thames's tide; the
crowds that swarm
On London's Change, that mixture of all
nations;
From whence each foreign tongue salutes
the ear;
The spacious churches, with their pealing
organs;
The preacher's holy word; the Parlia-
ment,
Teeming with eloquence; the theatres,
With their brilliant lights, their scenes,
and comedies;
The coffee-houses, with their newspapers;
The busy race-course, and the rapid steed;
The country-houses, verdant bowling-
greens;
And, more than all—

Selkirk. Well; what's this more than
all?

Will. Why should I blush to own it?
—'tis your fair.

My brethren are, I know, wild savages,
Nay, ravenous tigers; yet you must allow
They have the same advantages the beast.
But, then, your women!

In being strong and vigorous. What is one
Of London's citizens, so rich and bulky,
A London beau, diminutive and smart,
Compar'd to a naked Indian, keen and
strong,

A tiger in the fight, in peace a lamb?

Selkirk. So! our women, then,
Do better please you?

Will. They are white as snow;
Their auburn locks shine brightly like the
moon-beams;

Their eyes a heaven, their cheeks a rosy
spring;

Their smile and glance afflict my heart
most strangely,

Inspiring it with such refin'd sensations
As I ne'er felt, while only conversant

With the sensual looks of our gigantic fe-
males,

With their coral necklaces of bloody dye
Hanging below their naked breasts.

Selkirk. It seems
Our landlord's pretty daughter must have
made

A deep impression on you.

Will. Oh! she is like
A blooming spring, and innocent violet;
Her voice is sweeter than the nightin-
gale's,

And on her delicate cheek the rose un-
folds

Its choicest hues; but oh! her virtuous
mind

Exceeds all personal accomplishments.

Some time previous, Selkirk had delivered over his diary to Defoe, with a view of ascertaining from the latter how far they could be brought in a fit state for publication, and thus be made available to him in his necessities. The novel that Defoe has built upon the same, had, unknown to Selkirk, just appeared at the time at which the action commences, and been received with general admiration. At the close of the above scene, he resolves to go to Defoe, and learn the result of the investigation of his papers, though with scarcely a desperate hope of receiving a favourable answer. At their interview, Defoe, misled by the vanity of authorship, rather than the desire of gain, conceals from him the entire use he has made of his journal; but acknowledges having introduced some of his adventures into a work of his own, and offers him a small house he possesses in the country, as a free residence, together with an annuity of fifty pounds for life, as a remuneration to him, on condition of his resigning all claim and right whatever to his papers, and observing a most profound secrecy with regard to the whole transaction. The needy seaman, surprised at an offer so much beyond his expectations, accepts it with ex-

pressions of the most lively gratitude, for what he considers such unbounded generosity, and the papers are committed to the flames in Selkirk's presence, though not without his feeling and expressing much regret at parting with them. Selkirk, on quitting Defoe, is fully impressed with the idea that all his papers are destroyed, and all matters settled between them; but his open-hearted gratitude awakens in Defoe his better genius, and, after a short struggle, a principle of honour conquers; he rescues the papers from the flames, of which but a trifling portion had been consumed, and resolves on acknowledging his plagiarism, and introducing the originals of his work to his patron, Sir Robert Edgarson, who had read the novel, and been profuse in his commendations of it. Sir Robert invites him to his country seat, in the grounds of which he had contrived to have a hermitage "*à la Robinson Crusoe*" laid out. Defoe accepts this invitation, on condition of being allowed to introduce the original *Robinson and Friday*, in *propriis personis*, to which Sir Robert consents, though without at all comprehending his drift. In the mean time, Selkirk, eager to read the account of his adventures, has bought the book, and Defoe, whose pride had been brought down by the ridicule with which his work had been treated at the literary tea-party at Crabbs, to which he had been introduced by Sir Robert, under a feigned name, having now taken the two most essential steps towards recovering his own good opinion, joins him, in order to read his work to him over a bowl of punch. The scene that follows, in which he is continually confounding the real Selkirk with the Robinson of his creation, takes place when they are returning home, and Defoe is in that exhilarated state familiarly termed "*half-sous over*."

Enter Selkirk and Defoe arm in arm.

Defoe. I must accompany thee, Robinson,
And see thee home. Thou honest good old man,
Dost think I could forsake thee, when thy need
Is greatest?—No! we've quaff'd the generous punch

Together honestly, and drain'd the bowl!
But, Robinson! thou drink'st like maiden coy.

Hast thou, with all the rum that 'scap'd the wreck,

And to thy island safely was convey'd,
No better learn'd to tope?

Selkirk. Good Sir! I ne'er

Convey'd there rum from any wreck.

Defoe. [*Slapping his forehead.*] True! true!

That was my own invention. My weak brain

Doth still confound together thee and Selkirk.—

But where the devil have we stray'd to-night?

Old London's streets seem also quite confus'd,

And I no longer know them. Stay, I've here

A map [*drawing out a map, and opening it*] whereon the streets and market places

Are all exhibited. With this we soon shall find our way. Pray, say where livest thou?

Selkirk. In Thames Street, Sir.

Defoe. [*Pointing to it in the map.*]—

Well, here is Thames Street, then.

Selkirk. Yes; where we are is Thames Street, sure enough.

Defoe. My finger's on it in the map, you mean.

Selkirk. No, Sir! but where our bodies stand is Thames Street;

We are already there.

Defoe. How know'st thou that?

Then it most strangely must have alter'd, since

I saw it last; I know the place no longer.

[*Sits himself on a stone bench.*]

Selkirk. Good Sir! pray let me now attend you home.

Defoe. Yes do, and then I will return with thee,

And thus we will continue through the night.

Selkirk. [*Aside.*] I dare not leave him while his brain's so heated.

Defoe. Hark! how these Cits do snore on downy pillows!

From all such stupid sleep, may Heav'n preserve me!

They gather fat, to rest with on the morrow.

Selkirk. Pray let us go.

Defoe. [*Pointing to the sky.*] Seest thou yon glittering Wain,
With golden wheels, where Saturn's self doth sit

A charioteer? How vile a carriage 'tis,
Not to advance more in such lengthen'd space.

Selkirk. [*Aside.*] His senses wander

Defoe. On thy desert island,
Thou didst not see this great and mighty

Bear,
That rules the wintry North; thou only
saw'st,
In the wide waste of heaven, the mon-
ster Hydra.

The golden ship shone in derision of thee,
Since thou hadst none to bring thee thence.

Selkirk. [*Persuasively.*] Dear Sir,
Direct your steps towards home; I beg
of you.

Defoe. Tow'rds home! Why, aye;
but where, then, strictly speaking,
Is our real home? Is't not where rest is
found?

Is't not the heart? And yet mistaken
man

Doth barricade its doors, and for his home
Cold-blooded Pride's lone anti-room doth
choose.

What weakness tempts him to such
wretched folly?

Say, my good Selkirk, hast thou'er beheld
The petriactions of the Mammoth?

Selkirk. Never.

Defoe. Concluding from its teeth, they
say it was .

The most ravenous beast of prey; but do
not think so!

Man is much worse, and eats not flesh
alone.

But e'en his brother's honour, fame, and
fortune.

How base! how infamous! and I my-
self

Have been this scoundrel once; though
now no more: o.

Selkirk. Pray sit no longer on this
cold stone-bench,

Your health will suffer.

Defoe. 'Gainst the wind and weather,
I perhaps am harden'd quite as much as
you;

'Tis not the first time I have suffer'd
shipwreck

In London's streets. [*Risings.*] You did
not use me well,

To let me drink the punch alone, when I
Read Robinson so long and loud to you.

Reading aloud makes people hot and
thirsty.

Selkirk. [*In a tone of intimacy.*] Let
me conduct you home.

Defoe. Well, be it so;

But recollect, my friend, that thou and
Will

Must go with me to-morrow to—must
go to—

Why, what the devil is the fellow's
name?

Selkirk. Sir Robert Edgarson's.

Defoe. Yes, remember that.

Selkirk. Most certainly; but shall we
not go together?

Defoe. Of course, all three together
in one carriage—

[*Looking at Selkirk with an expression
of friendship and good nature.*]

But, Selkirk, canst thou tell me why the
tears

Now glisten in my eyes? and dost thou
know

Why I am joyful now?

Selkirk. [*Pressing his hand.*] No; why?

Defoe. Because

I feel myself an honest man again.

Is that not cause enough?

Selkirk. Dear Sir, you jest.

Defoe. Now, that I've voluntarily re-
stor'd

The stolen property:—being solely urged
Thereto by my heart and conscience, I

feel happy;

Now, I can freely drink with you.

Selkirk. Pray come.

Defoe. Well, well! I will come; arm
in arm we'll wander,

My Robinson! Thus saunders forth the poet
At midnight with the hero of his tale!

There is no magic, sure, if this be none
'Tis more than far-fair'd Shakespeare

with his Hamlet,

Or Homer with Achilles, e'er could do.
[*Exeunt.*]

Sir Robert's hermitage is the scene
of the denouement. Defoe leaving
conveyed Selkirk and Will thither,
dressed as nearly as possible in the
costumes described in his novel, in-
troduces them to Sir Robert, as the
persons whose real adventures had
given rise to his work: he further
bestows upon Will £500, as his
share of the prophets thereof. Betty,
Will's beloved, had previously quit-
ted her father's house, to avoid mar-
rying the person he had selected for
her husband, and had taken refuge
with her godfather, Sir Robert, to
whom he himself now applies for as-
sistance also, being reduced to the
verge of bankruptcy, by the failure
of a house in whose concerns he was
deeply involved. Sir Robert promises
him his assistance, on condition of
his consenting to his daughter's uni-
on with Will, which he of course
agrees to, and thus the lovers are, as
usual, made happy; while Robinson,
who receives the hermitage as a pre-
sent from Sir Robert, is enabled to
enjoy solitude, in a *fine simile* of his
beloved island, for the rest of his life,
without, however, being absolutely
severed from the reach of human so-
ciety.

The other characters of the piece are, Mrs Quickly, sister to Sir Robert, with her son, her *protégé*, and their tutor; Mr Crabb, a grocer, who is at the same time keeper of what was formerly a mere public house, but is now transformed into a coffee-house; Mrs Crabb, his wife, (for-
 waiting gentlewoman to Mrs Quickly,) who has established literary tea-parties at her house; their son, Peter, the destined husband of Betty; various members of Mrs Crabb's literary society, &c. The principal characters speak in familiar blank verse, the inferior ones in prose. The best scenes of the piece are those in which Defoe plays the principal part; his character is well developed in them, and the moral improvement that takes place in him is rendered both interesting and natural. Some incongruities in the piece immediately strike an Englishman, which, however, presuming the author to be unacquainted with the exact topography of London, and the state of society among the literati and the great, in that overgrown metropolis, may very easily be excused in a foreigner. Of these, the quarters in which he has placed Crabb's coffee-house, (Wapping)—the uniting a coffee-house and a grocer's shop under one roof and one master,—the circumstance of a literary tea-party being established, and held by the landlord's wife—and, still more, that of a society, so established and held, numbering a rich baronet among its members, are the principal. But, though these things may appear strange to Londoners, yet the pictures are not at all inapplicable to many of the smaller capitals on the continent, and are probably not dissimilar to what prevails in that of the author's country. No inconsiderable comic effect is produced by Mrs Crabb's son, Peter, who, at the literary meeting, translates all the Latin sentences of his pedantic tutor, in a quaint, rude sort of manner, immediately as they are spoken. The last act unfortunately does not sustain the interest of the piece; and the union of the lovers, together with the meeting of all the parties at Sir Robert's, is brought about in rather a bungling manner. This circumstance, together with the want of comic scenes, the greater part of the

piece being more addressed to the feelings than the risible faculties, will probably prevent this play from producing any very brilliant effect on the stage; though, to readers who retain their pleasing recollections of Robison Crusoe, the perusal of it cannot fail to afford much pleasure.

On the whole, Oehlenschlaeger's comic efforts cannot be considered equal to his more serious ones; both together, are, however, of a nature to place him high in the ranks of literature, and to make that of his native country much more relished and sought after in other lands than has hitherto been the case.

THE LUCUBRATIONS OF GEOFFREY PLUMPTON, ESQ.; BEING AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

No. I.

MR EDITOR,

THE individual who now addresses you is not one of your regular scribblers, who have been dunged into clever fellows in the hot-bed of a university, and whose fingers have been trained to the trade of composition, in a way exactly similar to that which would have been employed, under different circumstances, to make them expert cobblers or tailors. I do not know, indeed, that I ever wrote so much as three sentences in continuation before I was thirty years of age; and even now, that I am above half-a-dozen twelve-months older, and am, besides, become studious to enthusiasm, I am much afraid my collection of manuscripts would make but a poor figure, as to bulk at least, beside those of many a mere boy, who has not yet so much as dreamed of existing without his tutor. The truth is, that the path by which I have been carried through the wilderness of this world has been rather a zig-zag one; and you will suffer me to set before you a brief sketch of its origin and progress, as a not unsuitable introduction to what I shall afterwards have to say. My father, then, you must know, was the descendant of a long line of big-bellied, unintellectual progenitors, who acted, one and all of them, as if they considered the

celebrity of the founder of the family, one of the Conqueror's fellow-plunderers, as sufficient warrant for them to live and die on while the earth should endure, almost as stupidly and unambitiously as the grass that carpets it. They grew, to be sure, "in sun and shade," to great size and vigour, and were most of them, I believe, capable of expressing their desires—thoughts they had none—after the ordinary human fashion, by speech, laughter, or stamping on the floor; but these results are produced in all of us, rather by the necessity of our natures, than by any labour of our own. In this world of *mesures d'expressions*, if a man has his tongue loose, words will drop from it as it wags, whether he will or not. Besides all this, many of them, I have heard, were first-rate toppers and fox-hunters; but then they swallowed their port just as the passive earth does the rain of heaven, and followed the chace in obedience to an instinct hardly differing from that of the wind that whistled beside them. The things they did were not distinguishable, by any criterion whatever, from the things they suffered; and you might write the history of the whole race of them, without once employing the active voice. It was from such a succession of *incumbents* that the family estate passed to my father. It was probably in conformity to something about the manners of the age, or at the bidding of some other accidental circumstance, equally irresistible by the feeble *vis inertiae* of the Plumpingtons, that the unfortunate young man had been sent, during the life of his predecessor, first to college, and afterwards to travel on the continent, and was thus doomed to acquire a set of feelings and capacities which necessarily rendered him a most degenerate inheritor of the name he bore. To the robust animal and vegetable propensities of his race, he added a strength of intellect and passion, with which they had never been united in any of his ancestors. They had been, all of them, so many mere lumps of matter, full of latent caloric, but firmly fortified against whatever might kindle it into action; he was the only combustible mass, ignited into consuming flame. The consequence was, that as soon

as he got possession of the estate, the old family habits took flight, like so many ghosts before an exorcist. The baronial mansion, which, although it had been propped and patched, by numberless applications, into something considerably different from its original shape and appearance, was yet substantially the same house which had accommodated the first possessor of the estate, was among the first victims of my father's reformation and was ploughed up from the foundation, at the same time with sundry other venerable tenants of the soil of almost equal antiquity. Rebuilding, manuring, enclosing, draining, and levelling, were soon in active and simultaneous operation over all the corners of the property,—dreadening the astonished air, and alarming, with their uproar, the sloth and slumber of centuries. If Nature had reigned every where undisturbed before, the hand of man was busy enough now. While the fields around were yet in the midst of their uproar, the new hall was reared and furnished almost with the same rapidity with which the old one had been demolished, and the activity of the labourer without was soon matched and surpassed by that of the revellers within. My poor father, indeed, seemed to have a predilection for a brief existence, provided it was but a merry one, which forced in him a master-passion, and gave to his whole conduct its tone and direction. He might have taken "*Brevis est laboro*" for his motto, for he absolutely toiled, year after year, in digging a grave for himself with the sweat of his brow; and at last, when he had dug it deep enough, he leaped into it as into a bridal-couch. It was I myself, I gasp for breath while I write it!—it was I myself, the child and the companion of his debauchery, the adopted son of his love, and the destined inheritor of his fortunes, who was summoned the first by this terrific report, to gaze myself mad over the mangled body of the miserable, self-murdered man! The hurricane he had sown had gathered around him! The black cloud was spread over the heaven, and he waited not to hear it roll its thunder! He knew that destruction was preparing to wrap him

like a garment, and he swore, in the madness and the misery of his soul, that he would get cheat the lighting of its victim! Oh! he never could have borne—the high-spirited, impetuous, pampered, passion-driven child of affluence!—he never could have borne to leave the domains, where he had reigned and revelled so long, to the sway of a stranger, and to see the bitter bread of beggary with the being whom, of all others, he had most deeply injured, and who was yet the only living thing that would not have deserted him! I speak it not with pride, for, alas! I have too many reasons why I should be any thing rather than proud of him; but, miserably as he lived, and still more miserably as he died, he was a man of altogether extraordinary endowments, and, under the dominion of a happier fate, might have distinguished himself among the most distinguished. The neighbourhood around the spot where he blazed to destruction like a volcano, yet rings with the tale of his mad excesses; and there was, in truth, an originality about his very debaucheries, which gave them something like a redeeming interest; while the narrative of his follies and his crimes is not unfrequently, even in its darkest chapters interspersed and relieved by episodes, indicating, that although he had made his heart a hell within him, the flame from heaven continued to burn in it dimly, but visibly, to the last. Even remorse, the last feeling that could have been traced by a stranger on his manly and unruffled brow, or in the glance of his unclouded eye, was not, it would seem, altogether a stranger to his bosom. In a small collection of his solitary musings, which is in my possession, written mostly after the ruin of his intellect, but still exhibiting a not uninteresting picture of his feelings, if not of his faculties, he has confessed the presence and the power of the avenger, in many a bitter sentence. But I leave his history for the present, and return to finish my own.

The death of my father—for my poor mother had hardly lived to look upon her babe—as it were, unlinked me from my species, and left me to struggle among the breakers of this

world, like one who had been shipwrecked by night. I may probably take another opportunity of setting before you the picture of my mind, as it lay frozen like a polar winter, during the first hours of my desolation; but, in the mean time, I merely state, that I regained my self-possession sooner almost than I desired, and that after a life, first of beggary, and afterwards of servitude, during which I had many a sore occasion to curse the day on which I was born, I broke from my degradation at last, in a fit of impatience, and, having a stout, although starving body to dispose of, soon found a ready purchaser in one of those recruiting sergeants, with whose visits, at the period of which I speak, every petty village in the kingdom was familiar. It is a common idea, that the life of a soldier is the most intolerable of all our varieties of bondage; I did not find it so. I had known already what it was to be teased day after day, with a succession of petty, dribbling, ever-varying, but never-relaxing annoyances; to fatten away from year to year, without being stirred into sensation by any thing louder or more enlivening than a master's fury, or a mistress's caprice; to hear without emotion, follow without danger, and accomplish without honour, orders, in obeying which, after all, a machine or a woman might excel you; to be scolded for faults of which you are proud to have been guilty, and praised for services of which you are ashamed; to be called every minute to act and exhibit yourself among those from whom you are separated, as if by a difference of nature; and yet, all the while, to have your condition pointed out and explained by every word and every tone that is addressed to you; all this I had endured, till it had excruciated me almost to distraction, and I felt even the firm, regular, rigorous despotism of the army, like a shield of shelter over me. Here I felt myself, although in an inferior station, a man among my fellow men; I was surrounded by those of my own degree, and we knew, that if we were the lowest in rank, we were by far the mightiest in number. True, our hardships and privations were many, our comforts often few, and our duty

generally difficult or hazardous ; but we were so many in company, that we could not do other than laugh at the very worst of our endurance; and the very rarity of our comforts made them sweeter when they came; and as for our duty, we had no time to think of its difficulty, and its dangers were made dear to us by the glory that followed them. And then—for it was in Spain that we served—then there were all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war—the shrill trumpet—the spirit-stirring drum—the ear-piercing fife—and the mortal engines, whose rude throats the immortal love's dread clamours counterfeited, to keep our imaginations in a dizzy but delightful drunkenness all the while; and plentiful store of most disastrous chances, and moving accidents, and hair-breadth escapes, in the imminent deadly breach, to make our life merry with variety, and to give to an actual every-day existence an interest the same in kind, but far deeper in degree, with that which sustains the mind in a state of breathless excitement over the pages of a romance. The ambition, besides, which had been naturally produced in me by my earliest habits, and which had never forsaken me, even when my fortunes were most hopeless, was of essential service to me now. By exciting me to an active seizure of every favourable opportunity that presented itself, and making me feel that not even the minutest advantage was unimportant enough to be slighted with impunity, it soon lifted me from the ranks, and made me a sergent long before the termination of the war. It was this ambition, too, that made economy one of my virtues while in the army; so that, when after marching through a succession of victories to the gates of Paris, we were at last brought back and discharged, and many of my comrades were flung, without a friend or a home, upon the arms of those fellow-countrymen who had sat at ease, while they were spending their best strength, and many of them shedding their best blood in their defence—I, who, as to friends, at least, was as poorly provided as the most destitute of them all, since there was probably not an individual in the island who could have recognised

me, had we met, and certainly not one who would have felt glad at my return, found myself nevertheless—what with my savings, and my poor pittance of prize-money together—in possession of a much larger sum of ready cash than had belonged to me for many a year. I had acted the miser's part while making it, but it was in spite of my nature; and I determined, that, in the spending of it, at least, my heart should have her own way. So I took it up in handfuls, and threw the whole of it, like a net, into the *mare magnum* of the Lottery. This was a method of wading Fortune to which I had ever a strong propensity, and accordingly I had frequently practised it on a small scale before I entered the army. I had, however, been uniformly unsuccessful; my sixteenths always turned out blanks, and my any castles, one after the other, came tumbling down about my ears. Like other ill-starred lovers and discomfited projectors, however, I was any thing rather than cured by my failures; the oftener I had been floored, the more sanguine were my expectations of winning the next round; I looked upon my goddess as a sad coquette, to be sure, but as still having a lurking partiality for me; and I flattered myself, that she frowned upon me so perseveringly, in the mean time, only that she might have the better excuse for covering me with kindness at last. Accordingly, now when I threw my all upon the waters once more, my confidence of a golden return was ten times keener than ever. And good reason was there why it should; my luck was, I believe, almost unprecedented, for my only whole ticket brought me one of the largest prizes in the wheel, and two shares which I had also purchased, were, “in the chance,” equally successful. The Grand National Lottery, like many more of the best things we know in this world, may not be without its defects; but it is an admirable contrivance for all that, and its good qualities far outnumber and outshine its bad ones. It is one of the few substitutes we have among us, for the departed blessings of those glorious old times, when a high-spirited man might spring, as if by the aid of wing, into the arms of Fortune, and leave the dirty and conta-

minating path of what is called " honest industry," to those who were too timid to throw themselves upon the rigid air above it. The world, in its old age, is become like a stagnant pool, and the green impurity that floats upon its surface is in far too little danger of being displaced or disturbed by the still and stinking waters that rot in unanned obscurity beneath ; and it is well that one air-hole should be kept open to admit at least a little of the breath of heaven, and ever and anon to bring up at least a few of the tenants of darkness, to the place of warmth and light. The cuffed, the enterprising, and the fearless, who were wont to have the broad earth for their domain, and all its sceptres, and its diadems, to fight or gamble for, are now imprisoned in the meshes of what is called " civil society," and brought down to herd and mow with the multitude, as if their locks of strength were shorn, and their burning spirits quenched ; and we ask for them but a miserable mite of the ancient inheritance, when we would have but this one short and steep avenue to fortune to remain undemolished, for those only to climb by, who have the courage to leave for it the gentle but circuitous and tardy pathway, by which the great mass of mankind worm themselves up the hill. I consider the *Lottery* to be one of the possessions of the poor ; and therefore I would not have it abolished. It is one of the few gaps in the floor, by which a portion of accumulated treasures of the richer, and more elevated inhabitants of this world, is occasionally hurled down upon their less fortunate fellow-tenants below. I consider it to constitute almost the only remaining hope on this dull, prosaic earth, for all those generous imaginative spirits, who, merely from their honourable disdain of the drudgery requisite to acquire it, are too often condemned to live unblessed by that wealth, of which, from their warmth and openness of heart, they would form by far the fittest depositories. Political economists may despise all such considerations, and the admirers of that dubious virtue, Prudence, may stigmatise the utterance of them, as little less than sinful ; but they have truth and weight

in them, for all that, and at any rate, since there is so much, both of prudence and political economy, in almost all our other customs and institutions, surely the friends of the *Lottery* may hope that their one favourite anomaly may be tolerated in so well-regulated a world, without very much danger, after all, to the sounder and more rational parts of the system.

Be this as it may, nothing, I assure you, could exceed my gratitude, both to Fortune and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when I first found myself in possession of forty thousand pounds. The first six months of my prosperity were spent in reckless and almost delirious dissipation. Both in London and Paris, my splendid equipage soon gathered around me a host of acquaintance, who never would have thought of enquiring into my previous history, so long as they saw me flush of gold, and spending it like a prince. Indeed, my recovery of the affluence in which I had spent my earliest years had a most miraculous effect in restoring to me my early appearance and habits. The yoke, to be sure, had been on my neck, but my soul had never bent to it ; and now, that I had flung it from me, I did not feel or look like one who had been a slave. It was not, therefore, any thing of incongeniality in the atmosphere, in which I was now moving, that induced me to forsake it. On the contrary, I breathed in it as my native air ; but I soon found that my Fortune, large as it seemed to me at first, was not quite large enough for the rate at which I was squandering it. This, to be sure, was a consideration which many a young man in my situation would have regarded as but of trivial importance ; but I had already tasted the bitterness of poverty, and I could not contemplate its return even for a moment, without feeling my heart sink and sicken within me. I was thus, as it were, compelled to act the philosopher for once ; and so, breaking up my establishment, I courageously bid adieu to my metropolitan associates, and retired to the remote part of the country from which I now write you, where I had previously purchased a little box, with a few acres around it. I do not

even now, however, regret the few thousands which my brief time of revelry cost me. I have still enough remaining for the comforts, and even many of the less extravagant luxuries of life; and I am indebted to my last six months familiarity with dissipation for a knowledge of several interesting varieties of human character, to which I should have been otherwise a stranger. One of my principal amusements during my rustication, has consisted in recollecting and recording the feelings and incidents furnished by my previous somewhat singular history. I have returned, with the appetite of one who has long been starving, to those studies in which I had been, in some measure, initiated when a boy, in spite of the worse than profitless idleness in which too much, alas! of my time was wasted; and I am now striving, with all my might, to read so hard as, in some degree, if possible, to compensate for the lateness of the hour at which I commenced. My intercourse with the little world around me—and, little as it is, it contains a few curiosities—yields me a good deal both of occupation and entertainment, and I am in the practice of making a short tour occasionally, to refresh my memory with the spectacle of our common humanity, as it is to be observed among the multitudes of the metropolis, in its grander and more eccentric manifestations. I had laid aside my paternal name many years ago, and none of my neighbours seem to know any thing of what I really am; although I am aware, that one or two busy-bodies among them have long speculated upon the subject, in a manner sufficiently inquisitive, and would fain persuade themselves, as well as others, that their conjectures are not quite without foundation. I hope the occupation is amusing to themselves; to me it gives no annoyance.

I have thus laid before you what I am afraid you will account a somewhat tiresome sketch of the

*Quæque ipse misserima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui,*

as well as of the lucky and unlooked-for termination by which my miseries have, in some degree, been recompensed. I have only to add, that if you will accept of a column or two occasionally, from the *Lucubrations* which the recollection of past, or the impulse of passing emotions has induced me, of late years, to commit to writing, my Sybilline leaves are heartily at your service. From the history which I have detailed to you, you will not be prepared to expect in them any thing very accurate in point of taste, or very gratifying to your readers of fine nerves and classical education. As to taste, indeed, as the word is used by the critics, I do not profess to know very perfectly what it means. It appears to signify an undefinable something about the mind of the individual possessing it, with which he can be inoculated only when in a state of childhood. My sensations, on the contrary, have all originated since I became a man holding intercourse with men. When I feel strongly, I write fearlessly, and know not what it is to be kept in bondage by either schoolboy or nursery recollections. You shall have my pictures of what I have seen, and what I have meditated, as like their originals as I can make them; and if there be any softening shades, with which it is the practice of more skilful limners to veil the harsher and more repulsive features of their subject, I confess to you frankly, that my untutored pencil knows not where to find them, and cannot supply them. But I must have done with this preliminary propping; and, indeed, I find I have already detained you so long with it, that I must now forego my intention of submitting any specimen of my note-book till a future occasion, and hasten to subscribe myself, in the mean time,

• Mr Editor,
Your's most respectfully,
GEOFFREY PLUMINGTON.

CHARACTERS OMITTED IN CRABBE'S PARISH REGISTER

No. V.

As he who saunters o'er a rural scene,
Will find a spot array'd in richest green,
Health on each breeze, and joy in every sound,
While Beauty blooms, and Plenty smiles around;
But passing forward, finds a sterile soil,
Ungrateful to the weary labourer's toil;
Where parch'd by drought, or chill'd by soaking,
All seems unlovely on the arid plain;
A scanty crop repays the farmer's cares,
The shrivell'd grain commix'd with noisome tares;
Or, haply, he may see, in vernal morn,
Rich swelling buds the rose-tree's breast adorn.
When he returns, in summer's fervid hour,
To gaze, delighted, on the fragrant flower,
Rank weeds have chok'd, a worm has seal'd its form,
And never shall the promis'd floweret bloom.

'Tis thus we meet in life's uncertain way,
The clouds and sunshine of an April day!
A soil where thorns and noxious weeds abound,
Where fairest flowers and richest fruits are found,
And such the record that invites my pen
To sketch the varied scenes of life again.

I ne'er without a sigh beheld the tear
On Beauty's cheek, to Love and Pity dear;
Nor has the muse e'er fram'd a fabled lay,
To show the world how woman goes astray;
I would not give a guiltless bosom pain,
Nor on unspotted honour cast a stain.
Though Time has strew'd his wrinkles on my brow,
And chill'd the young heart's fond, enraptur'd glow,
I once could love—still highly prize the fair;
A friendly monitor, I cry, "Beware!"
For them I write, for them record my tale,
As angels lovely, but as mortals frail!

Register of Baptisms.—Kitty Clarke.

WHEN Kitty Clarke was newly turn'd sixteen,
The village swains pronounced her Beauty's Queen;
Her air was graceful, and she dress'd with care;
Her voice was music, and her face was fair;
With glowing cheek, and brightly sparkling eye,
Arch'd like the bow that spans the azure sky.
Such rural sweetness many a bosom fir'd,
Youth gaz'd and lov'd, while age her charms admir'd,
But some who mark'd her at the village dance,
Said there was something in her wanton glance,
A dimpling witchery in her amorous smile,
Which might her bosom of its peace beguile:
For at the wake she talk'd, and danced, and sung,
With giddy head, light heart, and heedless tongue;
Her laugh the loudest, longest on the green;
No look so loving, and no glance so keen;
Where young men met, the maiden lov'd to be,
Her bosom heaving still with lightsome glee;
For thoughtless Kitty saw no danger there,
And fate, not prudence, sav'd the reckless fair.

Each coming year some rising grace display'd,
 In brighter beauty shone the rural maid :
 When twenty years had roll'd around her head,
 She bloom'd like rose-bud to the morning spread ;
 Not like the blossom in the noon-tide hour,
 When sultry sun-beams scorch the languid flower ;
 Her's was the blush that meets the rising day,
 When pearly dew-drops linger on the spray.
 Four light-wing'd years had seen her in the crowd,
 That fawn'd, and flatter'd, smil'd, and sigh'd, and bow'd—
 So long the idol of the amorous train,
 We wonder'd not that Kitty's heart was vain ;
 The marvel rather was, that gossip Fame
 Had never dar'd to stain the maiden's name ;
 That she had shun'd each gay Lothario's net ;
 For Kitty was no scheming, cold coquette ;—
 Her blush, her smile, that brighten'd every charm.
 Her melting eye, declar'd her heart was warm.
 We saw the giddy fair, day after day,
 In danger's path unapprehensive stray !
 Some said she ow'd her safety to her pride,
 But let us think that Virtue was her guide ;
 Yet she would dress and frolic, flirt and sing,
 Blithe as the bird that flits on wanton wing ;
 No face so fair, no heart so gay was seen,
 Amidst the throng that gambol'd on the green ;
 Yet could not all her charms, among the swains,
 Lure one to sue for wedlock's sacred chains ;
 They lov'd with her to trifle, talk, and toy,
 And pass their twilight hours in giddy joy.
 Her charms, though pleasing in the morn of life,
 Were not the graces that adorn a wife.

Another year had scarcely glided by,
 When Love, soft lurking in her brilliant eye,
 His lightnings shot, as Kitty cross'd the plain,
 And pierced the heart of John, a wealthy swain.
 'Tis Nature's law, that hate engenders hate,
 And love, by sympathy, will love create ;
 Thus she who long had sigh'd to be lov'd,
 Felt all his passion, and his suit approv'd ;
 With maiden modesty, and due delay,
 She blush'd consent, and heard him name the day
 Which should their steps to Hymen's temple guide,
 And knit their hands—their hearts already tied.

Though John sat sovereign on her bosom's throne,
 Although her fond heart lov'd but him alone,
 That giddy heart, of admiration vain,
 Its wonted weakness could not now restrain ;
 But when the swains at evening heav'd their sighs,
 Express'd her pleasure with her tell-tale eyes,
 And though at heart she scorn'd the rustic throng,
 Would still with them the mirthful hours prolong.

Thus frolick'd gay the giddy, thoughtless lass,
 Until a "little month" had but to pass,
 When she, in beauty's bloom and virgin charms,
 Would hide her blushes in a bridegroom's arms.
 The bride-clothes bought, the wedding-shoes bespoke,
 Both parties seem'd impatient for the yoke,

When, fatal day ! came round the annual fair,
 And old, and young, and all the world were there ;
 And Kitty, mingling in the mirthful throng,
 Was on the tide of Folly borne along.
 She look'd for John amidst the rural train,
 But look'd and search'd, and wish'd and hoped in vain
 Yet he had promis'd there to meet the maid,
 And her departure lingering Hope delay'd
 Till golden twilight glisten'd in the west.
 And evening came, in dusky mantle drest.
 The moon shines bright—the dance is now begun—
 Temptation strong—too much for Kate to shun.
 But light of heart, nor dreading danger nigh,
 Again for John she look'd with anxious eye,
 When, spent in vain the keenly-searching glance,
 She careless mingled in the mazy dance,
 And soon she found such pleasure on the spot,
 That John and every care were all forgot,
 Her glowing cheek suffus'd a richer dye,
 And brighter fires were sparkling in her eye
 For Kate had went to sport, smile, kiss, and toy
 With all her soul alive to mirth and joy
 Her wonted spirit why should she restrain ?
 An hour like this would ne'er return again ;
 In four short weeks, she must prepare through life
 To sit at home—a dull, domestic wife.
 That thought, perhaps, had pleasure to impart,
 Flum'd her eye, play'd lightly round her heart.
 Whatever the cause, amidst the joyous fair
 None danced so lightly, smiled so sweetly there.

Kate never wish'd to blossom in the shade,
 And pining Envy long pursued the maid,
 And now rejoiced, on Rumour's baleful wings,
 In John's fond heart to fix her demon stings,
 And whisper'd in his ear a venom'd tale,
 Which thrill'd his heart, and made his cheek grow pale
 For Kitty, careless of her virgin fame,
 Was falsely shown—a wanton, lost to shame !
 The dotting lover doubted, disbeliev'd ;
 Was she traduced ?—or had she him deceiv'd ?—
 " Shall I," he cried, " seduced by syren charms,
 Unthinking take a wanton to my arms ?
 Disguis'd I'll meet her at the village fair,
 Judge for myself, and mark her conduct there."

'Twas done—and John, in female garb array'd,
 With jealous eye watch'd o'er the giddy maid ;
 Saw her glide lightly in the sportive dance,
 With youthful swains exchange the wanton glance
 Blush, whisper, yield her willing hand, and smile,
 Her glowing cheek soft dimpling all the while ;
 Beheld her dewy lip by others press'd ;
 Rage, shame, and sorrow, ranking in his breast
 He left the sportive scene in wrathful mood,
 At home on disappointed love to brood.
 " False-hearted wanton !" he indignant cried,
 " In all but form, my lov'd, affianced bride !
 Perhaps my heart may yet the loss deplore ;
 But Honour, Prudence, says—We meet no more !"

She look'd for John with each departing day,
 Till, sad and slow, a week had past away,

And still he came not—yet at home, and well !
 Strange bodings rose—she must her doubts dispel !
 Each Friday, business took the youth to town,
 And Kate, in fine laced-cap and muslin gown,
 Went there in haste, her recreant swain to meet
 And saw him soon, at distance, on the street.
 Quick heav'd her heart, while in her bosom strove
 Contending passions—anger, pride, and love :
 But she must chide, and her resentment show,—
 She bit her lips, to give them richer glow,
 Call'd up Love's lightnings in her sparkling eye ;—
 They met—he lowly bow'd, and pass'd in silence by .

Insulted, scorn'd, the maiden home return'd.
 Alternately her bosom chill'd and burn'd ;
 Mused on the cause could o'er his love prevail—
 Some jealous whim, some idle, envious tale !
 And lingering Hope still said, her youthful charm
 Would lure the lover to her longing arms.
 As twines the slender plant around the pole,
 Still clinging closer as the loud winds toll,
 But sickens daily in autumnal frost,
 Till winter comes, and all its hold is lost ,
 So Catharine's heart to Hope still fondly clung,
 Decaying daily, but, still fluttering, hung ;
 Till John another to Love's altar led !
 Then Hope's last glimmering light in midnight darkness fled .

Thus hapless Catharine, with a guileless mind
 But thoughtless heart, to levity resign'd,
 Victim of Folly, not the slave of Vice,
 Of Guilt incurr'd the shame, and paid the price .

Despis'd and scorn'd, no more the maid was seen .
 Light-hearted, sporting on the hamlet green .
 No more she mingled in the rural dance ;
 Her eye no more display'd the wanton glance .
 No more she snail'd, the youthful swain to lure,
 Her dress was modest, and her face demure :
 Though Time was passing o'er the slighted maid
 Yet still she blossom'd in the secret shade ;
 As violets the noontide splendour shun,
 And swains named Catharine now, the beauteous Nun
 All ages marked the transformation strange ;
 And I beheld, and wonder'd at the change !
 At twenty, she was laughter, love, and glee ;
 At thirty, a morose, sour devotee :
 With texts of scripture ever on her tongue,
 She teas'd the old, and sadly vex'd the young ;
 Her former levities with grief deplor'd,
 But now, the world's light vanities abhorr'd :
 With long-drawn sighs, would mourn what she had been
 And clos'd by thanking Heav'n she had her errors seen
 Remark'd the pride of dress, with bitter scorn,
 Which forced her o'er a sinful land to mourn ;
 Of woman's frailty anxious still to hear,
 To that she listen'd with attentive ear :
 Whatever scandal, runour, spread about,
 She never rested till she search'd it out ;
 Then from her tongue the tale of slander flow'd
 From morn to night-fall it was blaz'd abroad .

"Think not," said she, "in ill that I rejoice ;
 "But duty bids me lift my warning voice ;
 "For women now, alas ! are lost to shame !
 "And men regardless of a virtuous fame !"
 Thus Kitty would a carnal world lament,
 On female frailty still most eloquent ;
 Her pious zeal by some most highly priz'd—
 By others fear'd—by not a few despis'd.

The bloom of youth, though ling'ring late, had fled.
 And forty years had roll'd o'er Catharine's head,
 When sudden pain, one morn, her frame assail'd,
 She writh'd in agony, and loudly wail'd !
 No doctor near, to minister relief,
 To mitigate her pain, and soothe her grief ;
 Each heart was mov'd, tears stood in every eye—
 When from the couch was heard an infant's cry !
 The matrons started—star'd—and look'd aghast,
 As if a spectre had before them pass'd !
 Soon from their loosen'd tongues light gossip fell,
 And talk unseemly for the muse to tell ;
 But Catharine, who, oppress'd by sickness, lay,
 In anguish call'd, to take the wretch away—
 'Twas death to look—its cries she could not bear—
 The Enemy—the Evil One had placed it there !
 To cast a stigma on her spotless fame,
 And load a hapless maid with obloquy and shame.

Firm in hypocrisy and frenzied pride,
 She Nature's common instinct now defied ;
 She spurn'd the infant from her iron breast,
 Her chilling arms were ne'er around it press'd !
 She was no mother, she in wrath declar'd,
 Who was its father, she nor knew nor car'd !

At last, a beardless boy to me there came,
 With downcast look, and cheek suffus'd with shame .
 The lad confess'd his guilt—the matrons smil'd,
 And said, that he had been seduced, beguil'd.

But she who thus had cast a stumbling block
 Before the weak—given scoffers cause to mock,
 Was now an object shunn'd, despis'd, and scorn'd.
 Her life unhonour'd, and her death not mourn'd

Register of Marriages.—Samuel Rowe.

WITHIN my parish, twenty years ago,
 No smarter youth was seen than Samuel Rowe ;
 The acting partner in a thriving trade,
 His watchful eye each process still survey'd ;
 At morn, saw every workman at his post,
 In summer's sultry heat, and winter's nipping frost
 And through the day, with unremitting care,
 Whoever call'd, the master still was there ;
 At night, saw all in order due dispos'd—
 The journal posted, and the ledger clos'd :
 The ponderous gate harsh on its hinges turn'd,
 He took the key, and to his home sojoin'd,
 Where o'er his book, contemplative, he sat ;
 Or, with a friend, indulg'd in social chat ;
 Of trade to talk, if markets rose or fell,
 And news that noisy Fanie had got to tell ;

Perhaps, descant on consuls, emperors, kings.
Trace public actions to their secret springs ;
And then, to make the hour more lightly pass,
Eat bread and cheese, and sip a cheerful glass :
Thus, through the year his time to pass was seen.
In regular, though far from dull routine.

Anne Howard her descent could clearly trace,
The hapless offspring of an ancient race ;
But chill Misfortune o'er her parents' head
Her bitter cup in large profusion shed,
And Anne, in flush of youth, and beauty's bloom,
Was forced to fill an upper servant's room.
The rose of health glow'd richly on her cheek,
Her mien was modest, and her temper meek :
Within her sphere so prudently she mov'd,
Her master priz'd her, and her mistress lov'd.
In graceful dress, yet modest, neat, and clean,
Twice every Sunday she at church was seen ;
And I remark'd her in the house of pray'r,
That each affection of the heart was there ;
All earthly cares expell'd, the world cast out
'Twas her's to worship with a heart devout.
Her song of praise—in pray'r, the secret tear
All spoke the contrite heart, the soul sincere :
For piety was not her Sunday's dress,
And laid aside at night, in weariness ;
Deep on her mind the strong impression dwelt
And more than Anne had e'er profess'd, she felt

This gentle fair by Samuel oft was seen ;
Her chaste demeanour, and her graceful mien
To beauty join'd—the youth's attention drew
Till from esteem a softer passion grew :
The tender tale was whisper'd in her ear,
And Anne, perhaps, was not displeas'd to hear
For when she thought on woman's helpless state,
Poor—old—alone—it seem'd a piteous fate !
To wedlock, therefore, the " demurring maid"
Was half inclin'd—and yet, to change, afraid :
For she no passion felt her heart impel,
No ardent flame, which reason could not quell
So thought the maid ; but she had thought so long
The fire grew fiercer, and the flame more strong :
She sought her mistress—begg'd her to advise—
The lady read her wishes in her eyes ;
And said, if happiness e'er dwelt below,
That Anna's chance was fair with Samuel Rowe.

Such thoughts were mine when I the pair had tied,
And join'd the hands Death only could divide :
I deem'd I knew the prudent pair so well,
That happiness with them would deign to dwell
Tis thus presumptuous, rash, short-sighted man,
Would, from the present hour, the future scan ;
But often finds the heart a mere machine,
Where passions lurk, like secret springs unseen

Led home, the bride beheld a mansion fair
For comfort form'd, her self sole mistress there
Their honey-moon shed soft and gentle beams,
For they indulg'd in no romantic dreams

How long Love's planet all unclouded shone,
May be conjectur'd—but was never known ;
And friends, who first beheld it in the wane,
Decin'd it a mystery they could not explain.

In early life, oppress'd with pinching care,
From stern necessity, Anne learn'd to spare ;
What prudence urged, soon into habit grew,
And nameless were the saving schemes she knew
With honest heart, but narrow, selfish mind,
She wish'd her husband to her side confin'd ;
Thought he for her should every pleasure slight,
And nought but her afford an hour's delight ;
The charms of Nature, and the garden's pride,
Unseen should smile when she was by his side ;
Nor books, nor friends, his leisure hours should cheer.
No voice but her's be grateful to his ear ;
In art, or nature, nought but love have charms,
Each hour an age, when absent from her arms.

Now Samuel had a keen, inquiring soul,
A mind that rovd from Indus to the pole ,
And lov'd on history's varied page to pore,
On tales of other times, and songs of modern lore .
In vain he read of kingdoms lost and won,
Of polar frosts, or regions of the sun ;
For Anne would fold her hands and heave a sigh
Perhaps a tear-drop trembling in her eye,
Then say, " Oh ! what, my dear, are these to me
" I care for nothing—but my child and thee !"
" Well, bring my fiddle, and I'll play a tune.
" Or sing a song, blithe as a bird in June !"
" Oh no, my dear—your fiddle is profane !
" Your songs, I grieve to say, are idle—vain !
" If you will read, these histories forsake ;
" Unprofitable tales !—your Bible take—
" The Song of Solomon—the book of Ruth—
" Or where you will ; for every page is truth !
" Turn to the Psalms, when you're inclin'd to sing ,
" But touch no more that vain and sounding string "

In condemnation all his books compris'd ;
His song prohibited—loath'd and despis'd ;
His favourite fiddle, too, forbid to touch—
Sam thought his Anne was " righteous over much.

If he at night perchance brought up a friend,
In social talk, a passing hour to spend,
She ne'er with smiles could such intruders meet.
Reflecting still that they must drink and eat ;
Besides, it gall'd her narrow, selfish heart,
That ought but her a pleasure could impart.

At last, she boldly cried, " I beg, my dear,
" You will not bring your gay companions here !
" Why should our substance on the winds be sown
" We can be happy by ourselves alone."
Sam had an open heart, a social soul,
A spirit, too, that rose above controul :
His friends were brought—but Anne had learn'd a trick.
And always when they came, was absent—sick !
Her chair stood empty at the supper board,
While indignation fir'd her angry lord,
And fairly snapt Love's finely mystic cord. }

His parlour now had no domestic charms ;
 Anne grew less lovely to her husband's arms ;
 With friends he wish'd to meet, Sam learn'd to roam,
 Went often out, and came much later home,
 When curtain lectures, of no gentle kind,
 Inflam'd the wounds Anne wanted skill to bind ;
 'Till sullen looks, reproach, and cold disdain,
 Next evening drove him, reckless, out again ;
 And thinking oft of frowns, and glances sour,
 Procrastinated still the parting hour ;
 Laugh'd, sung, then stagger'd home—went drunk to bed .
 Next morn rose late—went out, with aching head,
 In eager haste, to seek the drunkard's cure,
 And morning drams made degradation sure !
 Business neglected—matters soon went wrong ;
 His partner reason'd, counsel'd, threaten'd long ;
 At last, for safety, though it gave him pain,
 Dissolv'd the contract, when all hope was vain.

An idler, reckless now, and lost to shame,
 Sam seem'd in haste to blast his blighted fame ;
 With low-bred tipplers sat from morn till night,
 And sometimes till the sun's returning light.
 Love long had fled—but what he deem'd much worse
 Soon came the lightness of an empty purse ;
 Their costly furniture all seiz'd and sold,
 Involv'd in want, and miseries manifold !
 Deep plunged in vice—the lowest of the low,
 Along the street stalks drunken Samuel Rowe ,
 He swings a cudgel, bawls with frantic noise—
 Of men the scorn—the sport of idle boys ;
 The wretched father of an infant race,
 Rags on their back, and hunger in their face !
 His cheerless home a mud-wall'd hut obscure,
 And there Anne Howard toils, forlorn and poor .
 No smile of love diffuses gladness there—
 Sam swears, or sleeps—Anne sits absorb'd in care
 I never doubted of her heart sincere ;
 And yet, to me, this truth has long been clear—
 If she had knowledge with her zeal combin'd
 As wife, and woman, complaisant and kind,
 Her husband had not sunk in vice so low,
 Nor she been plung'd in want, in wretchedness, and woe .

Register of Burials.—Edmund Gray.

LEAVE these vain monuments of vulgar pride,
 And read that rudely sculptur'd stone beside ;
 In simple rhymes, you'll find the humble name
 Of one whose memory lives in village fame ;
 And I, with pleasure, frame my rustic lay,
 A tribute justly due to Edmund Gray.

Seven years of infancy had circled by,
 Health tinged his cheek, and joy illumed his eye,
 When fell Disease her baneful influence shed,
 And light from Edmund's eyes for ever fled ;
 For *Variola* * triumph'd on her throne,
 Jenner and Vaccination both unknown.

* If it did not look a little " crabbed," we would hint to our excellent friend, that he is forgetting his quantity. The *v* in *Variola* is short.—*Ed.*

Sometime in sad despondency he wept,
Then round the walls with timid caution crept ;
Next, bolder, ventur'd to the village green,
And cheerful, mingled in the mirthful scene ;
Heard all the gossip of Dame Nixon's school,
Talk'd of the trouts that wanton'd in the pool,
Inquir'd about the magpie's annual nest,
And vernal flowers, that erst his eyesight bless'd.

Young cousin Mary had his playmate been.
Now, on her arm the boy would fondly lean,
With her, delighted, to the meadow stray,
And o'er the daisied turf light bounding play ;
Would of its buds the fragrant green birch strip,
And press the primrose to his raptur'd lip ;
Bask in the vernal sun's enlivening beam,
And fondly listen to the purling stream ;
List to the warblings of the woodland throng,
Or, sweeter still, the sky-lark's cheerful song ;
Then he would smile, and strain his little throat,
To imitate the cuckoo's changeless note.

Strange though it seem, his time flew quickly past.
The present hour still happier than the last ;
For Providence was in its chastenings kind,
And gave the cheerful heart the fruitful mind ;
One sense withdrawn, the rest more perfect grew.
And he from each, rich varying pleasure drew :
His sense of touch so delicately fine,
No lady's fingers half so feminine ;
When sportive playmates studied to beguile,
With careful groping and good-natur'd smile,
He then would say, " You have forgot, my friend
" I have an eye at every finger end !"
Smit with the harmony of soothing sound,
He sat, his soul absorb'd in bliss profound ;
Whene'er he softly touch'd his violin,
It prov'd an antidote to care and spleen ;
There seem'd a spirit in the trembling strings,
That reach'd the heart, and touch'd its secret springs,
Not old Timotheus, with his magic hand,
E'er held the passions more at his command !
The violin gave pleasure to his ear ;
But there was music to his heart more dear ;
The gentle tones of Mary's melting voice
Thrill'd through his heart, and made his soul rejoice
Yet her's was not the polish'd grace of art ;
Her notes were Nature, and they reach'd the heart '
And she would oft her cousin's footsteps guide,
Where summer scatter'd sweets on every side ;
Lead him along the heath, or down the vale,
When health and fragrance breath'd in every gale ;
With tender talk his darkling hours beguile,
Her kindness felt, and own'd with artless smile.

But years on years had lightly pass'd away,
And manhood mark'd the form of Edmund Gray .
While bashful Mary, in her virgin pride,
Blush'd to be seen by cousin Edmund's side ;
No longer he must on the maiden lean,
And she no more must guide him o'er the green ;

And now he feels, though by his mother led,
 The sweetest bliss his bosom knew had fled ;
 But oft, alone, he sought the shady thorn,
 Where he with Mary hail'd the breeze of morn ,
 Soft from his flute, breath'd o'er the airs she sung,
 Till rocks and woodland echoes round him rung ;
 And then, to soothe his lonely, aching breast,
 In plaintive tone his sorrows thus express'd :

“ Why, lovely Mary, from me fly ?

Thou light of life, to me so dear !

Why leave me thus alone to sigh,

Where all around is darkness drear ?

“ Although my mother's heart is warm

Her hand in kindness clasping mine,

It cannot give that nameless charm

My bosom felt when press'd by thine .

“ I cannot see thy beauties glow,

Nor mark the lustre of thine eye ;

But I have felt sweet fragrance flow,

When thou hast heav'd the tender sigh

“ Thy breath could richer balm impart

Than sweetest flowers, in glen or grove .

Thy sigh shot rapture through my heart ,

Methought it was the sigh of love !

“ I know thy gentle heart is kind,

And Fancy tells me thou art fair ;

Thy faultless form fills all my mind,

Thy image dwells for ever there !

“ By day, it gives my soul delight,

And comes at night, in dreams to cheer .

With Mary, all were sunshine bright.

Without her, all is darkness drear !”

Such was the love-sick Edmund's simple strain
 Though pour'd alone, it was not breath'd in vain
 For Mary hearing, listen'd, pitied, sigh'd,
 And struggling long with love and virgin pride,
 Though keen the conflict, pleasing was the strife ;
 And Edmund Gray, though blind, was blest for life .

With clean, well-furnish'd shop, and constant trade
 With ready hand, he reckon'd, measur'd, weigh'd ;
 No darkness dimm'd his calm domestic sky,
 For love still glisten'd in his Mary's eye ;
 To church, each Sunday, Edmund kindly led,
 The Psalms and Service all from memory read ,
 In Prayers, Responses, still he bore his part,
 With Christian piety and humble heart.

With Fortune smiling, and a loving wife,
 Blind Edmund liv'd a cheerful, happy life ;
 For what was lost he ne'er complain'd of Heav'n ,
 But, ever grateful for the mercies given,
 With faith and hope, look'd to a scene more bright,
 Where all is perfect in celestial light.
 His call was sudden—unperceiv'd the blow,
 That wing'd his spirit from this world below.
 Beside that stone, amidst his kindred clay,
 There sleeps the mortal part of Edmund Gray

OLDMIXON'S ACCOUNT OF "THE LIBERAL." LONDON: JOHN HUNT.

"One sees more devils than vast hell can hold."

Tell me thy mind, for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.
Shakespeare.

So, Mr Editor, the mighty "*Liberal*" has at last made its appearance; and a precious specimen of *liberality* it is! And this is *all* the Pisan Confederacy has been able to produce,—to cut up religion, morals, and every thing that is legitimate!" Truly they are "a sorrowful company." Seldom, indeed, has it fallen to our lot to peruse such a miserable jumble of ruffian blasphemy, drivelling infidelity, and mawkish, idealess bombast and flummery. In abjuring, not merely all regard to what a great majority of mankind revere, but even the very shadow and semblance of respect for the sanctities and charities of the heart, Byron seems, at the same time, to have taken leave of his genius. The deadly nightshade of infidelity has destroyed it. Associating with Atheists and Anarchists, he has, by a natural process, become assimilated to the plebeian spirits of his *diabes confrères*; the curse of infidelity, like drunkenness or the plague, levelling all distinctions. Scarcely a solitary glimpse of

light breaks through the Boeotian fog in which he is enveloped: and, what is truly pitiable, he himself seems to be conscious of the state of helpless impotence, and immature imbecility, into which he has at length fallen. Hence he raves, like a Polar bear, chained in a crib at Exeter 'Change, and scowls, and threatens dreadful things,—but is nevertheless perfectly innocuous. He tries to laugh at religion; but his is not the grin of the cold-blooded and hardened scoffer, but the wolfish howl of the demoniac in Scripture, who wandered among the tombs, possessed by a legion of devils: Never did we meet with mirth so truly diabolical. It resembles what we may conceive of the damned, attempting to drown, for a moment, the dreadful consciousness of their misery, in a wild fit of desperate and delirious laughter. In such a state of frenzy, for it is no better, it is to be expected that he should blaspheme against Heaven, and deride all that is high and hallowed among men; that he should insult the living, and attempt to desecrate the very ashes of the dead. But if his efforts indicate fury, they lack the sublime and the terrible energy of despair. His outrageous impieties are ever and anon descending into the most commonplace drivelling and impotency; and when he thinks he is distilling the most pungent and deadly venom, it turns out to be only the deglutition of a little rabid slaver, calculated rather to defile than to injure. "How art thou fallen, Lucifer, son of the morning!"

From insulting religion, and blaspheming his Maker, the transition is easy to defaming the memory of an aged and virtuous king. There seems to be some fatal and "necessary connection" between reviling the Majesty of Heaven and speaking evil of earthly dignities. For who but a devil incarnate would gloat over, and try to turn into mockery, an awful dispensation of Heaven, which, in its inscrutable wisdom, chose to afflict, with twofold darkness, the closing scene of the life of our late venerable monarch, who descended into the grave without leaving a single blot on the scutcheon of his moral glory? Who but a fiend, or worse, if worse can be, would indulge an

* We can perfectly conceive, that the *real* proprietor of a work, and the *ostensible* publisher whose name figures in the imprint, may be two persons as different in their identity as Mr John Murray, Albemarle Street, and the present Editor and Proprietor of the *Examiner*; but we do not *say*—whatever we may *conjecture*—that such an orthodox bibliopoliſt as Mr Murray can have any pecuniary interest in the sale of the infamous "*Liberal*," notwithstanding he *was* the publisher of the hardly less infamous "*Don Juan*." Only it happens to be *notorious* here, that Mr John Murray's Edinburgh Agents, *Messrs Oliver & Boyd*, were the persons who subscribed "*The Liberal*," to the trade of this city; and we have never heard that these individuals, in any former instance, acted as agents for Mr John Hunt. This fact, for the correctness of which we pledge ourselves, is proper to be known, and we therefore leave it to make what impression it may on our readers in the South. *Editor.*

unfeeling scoff at a prince, who, if scathed, was also consecrated by Heaven's lightning? Who but the founder of "the Satanic School," the panegyrist of foreign profligacy, and the hater of the country to the honest suffrages of which he is indebted for his best fame, would aim a mortal stab at the memory of a man whose heart was the home and dwelling-place of the noblest virtues,—whose life was the bright example of what princes often find it more convenient to praise than to imitate,—and whose final exit from this sublunary scene was in some measure rendered sacred from vulgar scrutiny, by the dark cloud in which it was enveloped? Men conscious of possessing no virtue themselves, are naturally enough sceptical as to its existence in others, and think, or pretend to think, that hypocrisy makes the only difference between the *ostensibly* good and the *openly* and *notoriously* profligate. If he chuses, we will allow Lord Byron the benefit of this plea: but still, though he doubts the reality of virtue, how dares he to insult and scoff at misfortune? Is *blindness* a crime in his eyes? Is *mental estrangement* naturally a subject for patrician mirth and derision? Would Lord Byron seek for subjects of derision in the Bethlem, or would his risible propensities be tickled by observing a blind man walking over a precipice? The extinction or suspension of reason, even in a beggar, is viewed by good men with commiseration, and a feeling approaching to awe: is a venerable and virtuous monarch, then, who, while reason and sight remained to him, was, in the best and noblest sense of the term, the Father of his people, entitled to no portion of human sympathy, or reverence, or even forbearance? The man who described the scene on the raft, and the horrid banquet—more revolting, if possible, than that of Ugolino himself—on the flesh of Pedrillo, would assuredly answer in the negative. But we do not put these queries for the purpose of expostulating with Lord Byron himself. The moral distemper with which he is afflicted is, we fear, long past all chance or hope of cure. He has shown himself callous to every feeling except selfish irritability at the exposure of his own

heartless and cold-blooded atrocities. He has degraded himself, by taking into his confidence and society persons who boast in their open contempt for all religious principle and moral feeling—persons who would exult in the ruin of that great and powerful country which gave them birth—persons who have tried by every means to sap the foundations of Religion and of the Constitutions—persons as grovelling in their nature as their abilities are contemptible, and their purposes diabolical. In such company, and with such a stimulus and co-operation, what might we not expect? Yet we honestly confess, that our worst anticipations have been surpassed by the reality. We did not believe that Infidelity would absolutely throw off the mask she has hitherto, from a species of courtesy, worn. We expected the sneer, the innuendo, the grin, the laugh, the insinuated inference, the perverted sophistry, peculiar to the race of infidels in times past: but the naked blasphemy, the moral baseness, the brutal hard-heartedness, and the determined profligacy of purpose which insults the canonized bones of the illustrious dead, in order more effectually to wound the feelings of the living, we confess have as completely baffled our calculations, as they have called forth our unqualified detestation and horror. But wherefore is all the horrible machinery in this new "Vision of Judgment" compacted, organised, and set in motion? Why, to gratify some of the meanest and most contemptible of human passions,—to revenge, upon Mr Southey, a conceived personal affront,—to retaliate, upon a much-provoked and calumniated writer, for his fixing upon the Pisan Fraternity the sobriquet of "the Satanic School," a designation, by the way, too happily descriptive ever to be obliterated. Worthy and honourable motive! But could not this object, mean as it is, have been attained, without hurling defiance in the face of Heaven, and attempting to assassinate the memory of a good man, merely because he had the misfortune to be a sovereign? Who could *a priori* believe, that the unequalled atrocities to which we have alluded have been committed solely for the

pleasure of dealing out, *en passant*, a blow to Mr Southey!—A blow, however, which does not tell; and though it was no doubt intended to smite him to the dust, serves only to prove how powerless the hand which dealt it has become. His Lordship is manifestly writhing in agony; he is apparently the most irritable of men or of poets, and having lost the government of himself in his passion, his fury only exposes him to a deep and deadly retaliation,—if, indeed, the state into which he has fallen be not its own proper punishment, and do not therefore arrest, in pity, the hand that might otherwise be justly raised against him. It is not wonderful that he should feel deeply the diabolical, or rather Satanic pre-eminence, to which Mr Southey has raised him; but it is dreadful that he should attempt to revenge an act of literary retribution by impiety, blasphemy, and moral treason.

Besides, can his Lordship have forgotten that he has all along been the aggressor—that he has uniformly assailed Mr Southey with the most unprovoked personalities, and consequently given him an undoubted right, nay, in some instances, made it his duty to defend himself? What provocation had Lord Byron received before he foisted the Laureate's name into his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and traduced him in the abominable "Don Juan"? But this irritable being verifies the words of Tacitus—*Proprium Byroni ingenii est, odisse quem læserit*. To have supposed that he should have proved insensible to Mr Southey's Letter, in refutation of the pretended calumnies against himself and Atheist Shelly, which his Lordship accused Mr S. of importing into this country from Italy, would have amounted to a belief that his own feelings were as blunt as he was reckless of those of other men. The event has proved, that Lord Byron, like all those who pursue the trade of vilifying and ridiculing others, possesses a distempered sensibility to every thing in the shape of retaliation, and seizes no opportunity of denouncing that warfare—when he himself is the object of attack—which he gloried in waging against others. Of this fact in the moral history of such writers, we could give

some remarkable examples without going so far as to Pisa to seek them: but for the present we desist.

Of the other members of this hateful confederacy, we shall say but little. Hunt cannot fall, either in our estimation or in that of any other person; and as to Atheist Shelley, he has gone, with all his imperfections on his head, to his account. The former only labours in his natural element, when vilifying the religious and political institutions of that country which; having too long endured him, is now happily rid of his personal presence: the latter has written himself an Atheist with his own hand; and, dead though he be, we must take the liberty to treat him as such. His share in the present abortion, however, is but small, and the little we have is as silly a piece of mystification as it was possible for a mere translation to be rendered; if indeed a translation it may be called, which translation is none. It is with the account given of him in the preface that we shall at present concern ourselves; and there he is described, by that congenial spirit, Hunt, we presume, as "one of the noblest of human beings, who had more religion in his very differences with religion, than thousands of your church-and-state-men!" Now, we will do Lord Byron the justice to say, that we believe him incapable of inditing such a piece of detestable jesuitical nonsense as this. To place it in its true light, however, it may be necessary to advert to a single passage in the infamous and justly-prohibited *Queen Mab*. In p. 61 of that production, the poetry of which Lord Byron so much admires, the Fairy asserts, "THERE IS NO GOD;" on which we are favoured with a long note, where the non-existence of a Supreme Being is attempted to be demonstrated on what are called, or rather misnamed, *Metaphysical Principles!!!*" This, we should imagine, would be decisive of the religious sentiments of Shelley. But we know, moreover, that this unhappy wretch gloried in the epithet of *Atheist*, and actually wrote the word *Atheos* after his name in the Album of an inn at Mont-Auyert; the mentioning of which circumstance in company after his return from Switzerland, led

Lord Byron, in a note to one of his lumbering tragedies, or preachments on the Unities, to accuse Mr Southey of "scattering abroad calumnies, knowing them to be such, against himself and others *." His "differences with religion," then, amounted to this, that he *denied*—for we do not think he could possibly *disbelieve*—the existence of a Supreme Being, the Creator and Governor of all things, and consequently the proper and only object of human worship and adoration. To prevent all possibility of doubt, however, let us quote at length the passage from *Queen Mab* above alluded to :

There is no God !

Nature confirms the faith his death-groan
scald ;

Let heaven and earth, let man's revolving
race,

His ceaseless generations, tell their tale ;

Let every part, depending on the chain

That links it to the whole, point to the
hand

That *grasps its term* ! let every seed that
falls,

In silent eloquence unfold the store

Of argument : infinity within,

Infinity without, belie creation ;

The exterminable spirit it contains

Is nature's only God ; but human pride

Is skilful to invent most serious names,

To hide its ignorance."

Here, then, is Atheism—rank Atheism—boldly and explicitly avowed, and, what is more, an attempt—a miserable enough one, to be sure—made to defend it by *argument*, or something like it. Such persons as

possess the book *—and we trust they are few in number—will find that the *reason* of this wretch is as feeble and contemptible as his *professions* are audacious and unreserved. This we say with reference both to the above passage and to the metaphysics of the note. Both are filled, either with nonsense, raving, or mystification, which last is, with the Satanic School generally, held as an irrefragable proof of original genius, and of great depth and intensity of mind. Were the subject less awful or important, however, the most superficial reader might safely indulge in a smile of complacent, good-humoured contempt, for the man who could, in sober earnestness, talk of a link "pointing to a hand that grasps a *term*," of a seed "unfolding a store of argument in silent eloquence," and of the "exterminable spirit of creation being nature's only God !" while, in the same breath, he had declared that "infinity belied creation ;" and a little before that, nothing could possibly be "exterminable," or perish. Mr Shelley's "differences with religion," therefore, were of the most *radical* description ; and we may be allowed to ask, *How much* religion can that man have, who positively assures us that he has *none* at all ?—who denies the being of a God, and, by consequence, the necessity, utility, or reasonableness of worshipping him ? We cannot take upon ourselves to estimate mathematically the *quantity* of religion of "church-and-state-men," but we presume they, at least, believe in a God, and acknowledge their obligation to worship him, how much soever their practice may differ from their profession. Now, if Mr Shelley had *more* religion than this, it would have been but fair to have told us in what his religion consisted—by what denomination it was known—and how its quantity, as contrasted

* To this accusation Mr Southey replied by "*a direct and positive denial*." "With regard to the 'others' (says Mr S.) whom his Lordship accuses me of calumniating, I suppose he alludes to a party of his *friends*, whose names I found written in the Album at Mont-Auvert, *with an avowal of ATHEISM annexed*, in Greek, and an indignant comment in the same language, underneath it. Those names, with that avowal and the comment, I transcribed in my note-book, and spoke of the circumstance on my return. If I had published it, the gentleman in question would not have thought himself slandered, by having that recorded of him which he has so often recorded of himself !"

Southey's Reply to Lord Byron.

January 5, 1822.

* If our possessing and quoting from such a book as this, even while we deprecate its perusal by others, be objected to, we answer, That it is sometimes necessary to study the nature of poisons, that we may be the better able to correct their fatal operation, when they have been either intentionally or accidentally administered.

with that of "church-and-state-men," was to be measured. But by what rule is it proved, or rather assumed, that "church-and-state-men," or, in other words, all those who are attached to our present form of government, are either Atheists—which they must be, if they have less religion than Shelley—or, at the best, rank hypocrites, who pretend to reverence what they do not believe, in order to promote base and selfish ends? We know something about Shelley's religion, from the best possible authority—himself; but what did this glib-tongued Prefacer *know* about the religion of those whom he dishonours by a comparison with an avowed Atheist? We admit that it is difficult for a rake or a harlot to believe in the existence of continence or chastity; and perhaps upon this principle the writer before us proceeds. If he does, the reader will judge for himself of the value of his dogmas, without any suggestion of ours. But Shelley, forsooth, was "one of the noblest of human beings!" We admit that he has proved one of the most unfortunate, as we have reason to think he was one of the most unhappy. But on what grounds was this "nobleness" of character ascribed to him? Was it because he denied the God that made him, and ridiculed the institution of marriage, with every restraint that opposed the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes? Was it because—but we will not drag forward the life of a man, who has gone to that place where his doubts are already solved, and his state eternally and irrevocably fixed!

We have already intimated our belief that this Preface is from the classic pen of Mr Hunt; so, we think, is the letter from Pisa, of which more anon. Let us, for a moment, turn our attention to the literary professions contained in the former:

"Whatever," says the Ex-editor of the Examiner, "may be our luck to turn out, we at least have the privilege of having the way for us by our own mouth—by words with *long tails*, and antitheses two and two;" and then the sly rogue, as if to steal a march upon his readers, commences "mouth-piece" without more ado, and blows

away at a furious rate, the interludes being very properly filled up by flinging a little dirt in the face of sundry eminent and distinguished individuals—"church-and-state-men"—with less "religion," of course, than that "noblest of human beings," the late Percy Bysshe Shelley! *Ex auri-bus, vel potius ex rudendo, asinum.* In the very commencement of the second paragraph, the animal betrays itself: "We are forced to be prefatory whether we would or no." Who "forced" you, Mr Hunt?—pray tell us that: and how comes it that you are such a blockhead, as not to know the effect of the tenses of a common English verb? A young Hunt of nine years' growth would deserve to be breeched for writing "would" where you have set it down, and where any man but yourself would have written "will." We are next informed, that "religion, (the Christian, of course,) even when it is in earnest, (which is very seldom,) means—the most ridiculous and untenable notions of the DIVINE BEING," or, in most cases, "nothing but the Bench of Bishops;" that "nine-tenths of all the intelligent men in the world," including, of course, Mr Ex-editor Hunt, are alive to the absurdities of the present systems of religion and morals, and as firmly resolved to oppose them as the Pisan Duumvirate; and that you are willing, on certain conditions, "to accept the title of enemies to religion, morals, and legitimacy, and to do your duty with all becoming profaneness accordingly." This almost looks like candour on your part—a virtue for which we certainly gave you little credit; and we shall shew, by and by, that you have not forfeited, or been unmindful of your pledge. To clench the thing, however, you conclude with the following very sensible imprecations: "God defend us from the piety of thinking him (what him?) a monster! God defend us from the morality of slaves and turn-coats, and from the legitimacy of half-a-dozen lawless old gentlemen, to whom, it seems, human nature is an estate in fee!" We may remark here, as a very slight oversight, that it is not very consistent on your part to call on God to defend you, seeing you deny

his existence; and to defend you from what?—why, "from the *picty* of thinking him a monster!" As to the "morality of slaves and turn-coats," again, we humbly think that it can hardly be rated lower than "the morality" of a knot of atheistical coxcombs, who have declared war on all the bulwarks and pillars of social order, and who are only saved from sinking into utter insignificance and contempt, by having attracted to their side and their fellowship a genius of the first rank, whom they are labouring hardly, and, as it would seem, successfully, to brutalize and degrade to their own level.

You then proceed to assure the public, that your work is "not political;" and this you prove after the following fashion, by the Rule of False:

"Ay, ay," interrupts some old club-house Gentleman, in a buff waistcoat and red face,—"Now you talk sense. Extremes meet. *Verbum Sat.* I am a Liberal myself, if you come to that, and devilish liberal I am. I gave, for instance, five guineas out of the receipts of my sinecure to the Irish sufferers; but that is between ourselves. You mean, that there are good hearty fellows in all parties, and that the great business is to balance them properly;—to let the people talk, provided they do no harm, and to let Governments go on as they do, have done, and will do for ever. Good,—good. I'll take in your journal myself;—here's to the success of it;—only don't make it too violent, you rogues;—don't spoil the balance. (God! I've spilt my bumper!) Cut up SOUTHEY as much as you please. We all think him as great a coxcomb as you do, and he bores us to death; but spare the King and the Ministers, and all that, particularly Lord CASTLEREAGH and the Duke of WELLINGTON. D—d gentlemanly fellow, CASTLEREAGH, as you know; and besides he's dead. Shocking thing—shocking. It was all nonsense about his being so cold-hearted, and doing Ireland so much harm. He was the most gentlemanly of men. Wars must be carried on; Malthus has proved that millions must be slaughtered from time to time. The nonsense about that is as stupid as the cry about the game-laws and those infernal villains the poachers, who ought all to be strung up like hares; and as to Ireland, it is flying in the face of Providence to think that such horrible things

could happen there, and to be prevented by *earthly* means,—*earthly* means, Sir. Lord CASTLEREAGH himself referred us to Providence in all these unavoidable matters, and he was right;—but to think of his cutting his own throat—God God! so very gentlemanly a man, and in the height of his power! It is truly shocking! As to WELLINGTON, he's not so gentlemanly a man, certainly; but, then, neither is CANNING, if you come to that. He cannot make speeches, I own; but no more can the King, or my Lord MARYBOROUGH, or a hundred other eminent characters; and he does not make such cursed awkward blunders as poor CASTLEREAGH used to do. He has not got a very wise look, they say; but—I don't know,—it's soldier-like, I think; and if you come to that, what a strange fellow old BUTCHER looked, and SUWARROW, and all those; and between ourselves, the reigning Monarchs are a set of as common-looking gentry as you'd wish to see in a summer's day; so I don't know what people would have. No, no—you really mustn't speak against WELLINGTON. Besides, he prosecutes."

Bating the common swearing here introduced, and which was no doubt intended to supply the place of less ready and available embellishments, we take this to be one of the grossest and most vulgar pieces of bedlam scurrility which we ever had the misfortune to read; and withal so perfectly silly, that it excites commiseration for the poor, morbid, grovelling wretch, who, in the same breath in which he assures us that his work is "not political," interlards it with a piece of insane vituperation against some of the most distinguished names of which the country can boast; not forgetting to gloat over the melancholy catastrophe which deprived the country of the services, such as they were, of Lord Londonderry, and society of one of the most amiable and kind-hearted of men. But mark the consistency of this hell-fire crew! Little do they think how their triumph may be marred, by turning their own weapons against themselves. Did not Whitbread die by his own hand, as well as Lord Londonderry? Did not the lamented Sir Samuel Romilly terminate his existence in the same manner? And who knows how Mr Leigh Hunt himself may yet take it into his head to cut all con-

nection with this sublunary world? We do not mention the fates of these two illustrious men with any irreverent or sarcastic feeling—quite the reverse. Our purpose is to show the supreme folly and wickedness of drawing any inference from the melancholy result of a diseased temperament: for, if an act prompted by insanity, is to prove that Lord Castlereagh was one of the worst of men, pray, what must it prove in the case of Whitbread and Romilly? It is but a poor justification of such conduct to allege, as is here done, that the *Courier* said, when the unhappy Shelley was lost on the coast of Italy—"Mr Percy Shelley, a writer of infidel poetry, was drowned." One act of brutal hard-heartedness is no justification for retaliating by another, any more than the commission of theft by one man justifies the plundered person in stealing by way of indemnification. Besides, it is strictly true that Mr Shelley was "a writer of infidel," or rather atheistical, "poetry;" and it could surely be no outrage to his memory to describe him, when dead, by those epithets which, when alive, and *ἐν τῷ ζῶντι καὶ ἐν τῇ χθονὶ δεικνόμενον*, he laboured so hard to earn, and was so ambitious to appropriate. As to the brutal, black-guard epigrams at the end of this ill-starred jumble of "Verse and Prose from the South," on the melancholy death of the British Minister, we consign them to the loathing and abhorrence of generous and well-principled men of all parties, who, we are assured, will treat them with a just measure of the contempt which their author, or authors, have so liberally earned. But we have dwelt too long on this prefatory garbage: let us dispose of it at once, by inserting the following sample of the mock-heroic:

Be present, then, and put life into our work, ye Spirits, not of the GAYESTONES and the DEFENSERS, but of the JOHN O'GAUNTS, the WICKLIFFES, and the CHAUCERS;—be present, not the slaves and sycophants of King HENRY the Eighth (whose names we have forgotten) but the HENRY HOWARDS, the SURREYS, and the WYATTS;—be present, not ye other rascallions and "boeing" slaves of the court of King JAMES, but ye BUCHANANS and ye WALTER RA-

LEIGHS;—be present, not ye bed-chamber lords, flogging-boys, and mere soldiers, whosoever ye are, from my Lord THINGUMEE in King CHARLES's time, down to the immortal Duke of WHAT'S-HIS-NAME now flourishing; but the HERBERTS, the HUTCHINSONS, the LOCKES, the POPES, and the PETERBOROUGHs;—be present, not ye miserable tyrants, slaves, bigots, or turncoats of any party, not ye LAUDS or ye LAUDERDALES, ye Legitimate Pretenders, (for so ye must now be called), ye TITUS OATESSES, BEDLows, GARDINERS, SACHEVERELLS, and SOUTHEYS; but ye MILTONS and ye MARVELLS, ye HODDLEYS, ADDISONs, and STEELES, ye SOMERSES, DORSETS, and PRIORS, and all who have thrown light and life upon man, instead of darkness and death; who have made him a thing of hope and freedom, instead of despair and slavery; a being progressive, instead of a creeping creature retrograde:—if we have no pretensions to your genius, we at least claim the merit of loving and admiring it, and of longing to further its example.

As to "The Vision of Judgment" by "Quevedo Redivivus, *alias* Lord Byron," we have some doubts whether we can be justified in polluting our pages by such impious and detestable trash. The reader need not be told that the object is to ridicule the ill-starred but well-intentioned performance of a similar title, from the pen of the Laureate; nor will he be surprised to learn that the blasphemy and impurity with which it is so pregnant, are all made subservient to the master purpose—the demolition of the obnoxious Southey, whom Lord Byron appears to dread and detest nearly in equal degrees. It is in the stanza of Beppo and Don Juan; but vastly inferior to either, in every quality, save profligacy. Here there are no redeeming bursts of reluctant eloquence—no splendid, over-mastering, and subduing descriptions—no glimpses of transcendent genius or irrepressible feeling—no struggles of insulted Nature to vindicate her prerogatives, and prove that the heart of the writer is still, in some things, human. Even the hard-heartedness and villainy of Don Juan was sometimes forgotten, if not atoned for, in the splendid corruscations of a lofty and commanding intellect; and we believe there are few readers whose hearts have not acknowledged

the almost superhuman power displayed in the description of the shipwreck, and of the death of the Austrian officer who had fallen under the stiletto of a midnight assassin. Here, however, there are no such atoning attributes or accompaniments. "The Vision of Judgment" is one blank, frozen, unvaried, and unvarnished piece of heartless atrocity and cold-blooded ruffianism, in which every generous and honourable feeling of the heart is outraged,—human nature scoffed at,—the memory of an aged Monarch insulted,—the faith of Christians derided,—and the foulest, and, let us add, the lowest abuse flung at the head of a man of amiable manners, great learning, and irreproachable life. Let us begin at the beginning, and take the first five stanzas as a sample of the manner in which this patrician poet labours to turn sacred things into ridicule.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
So little trouble had been given of late ;
Not that the place by any means was full,
But since the Gallic era "eighty-eight,"
The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
And "a pull altogether," as they say
At sea—which drew most souls another way.

The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
Or curb a runaway young star or two,
Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon
Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,
Splitting some planet with its playful tail,
As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

The guardian seraphs had retir'd on high,
Finding their charges past all cure below ;
Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky
Save the recording angel's black bureau ;
Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply
With such rapidity of vice and woe,
That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills,
And yet was in arrear of human ills.

His business so augmented of late years,
That he was forced, against his will, no doubt,

(Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers,)
For some resource to turn himself about,
And claim the help of his celestial peers,
To aid him ere he should be quite worn out
By the increas'd demand for his remarks ;
Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks.

This was a handsome board—at least for heaven ;
And yet they had even then enough to do,
So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,
So many kingdoms fitted up anew ;
Each day, too, slew its thousands six or seven,
Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,
They threw their pens down in divine disgust—
The page was so besmear'd with blood and dust.

So much for the Atheistical blasphemer : let us now show how naturally and happily the Jacobin is blended with the Infidel.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,
And nodded o'er his keys ; when lo !
there came
A wond'rous noise he had not heard of late—
A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and flame ;
In short, a roar of things extremely great,
Which would have made aught save a saint exclaim ;
But he, with first a start, and then a wink,
Said, "There's another star gone out, I think !"

But ere he could return to his repose,
A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his eyes—
At which Saint Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd his nose :
"Saint porter," said the Angel, "prith thee rise !"
Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as glows
An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly dyes ;
To which the Saint replied, "Well, what's the matter ?
"Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter ?"

"No," quoth the Cherub ; "George the Third is dead."
"And who is George the Third ?" replied the Apostle ;
"What George ? what Third ?" "The King of England," said
The Angel. "Well ! he went find kings to jostle

"Him on his way, but does he wear his head?"

"Because the last we saw here had a tussle,

"And ne'er would have got into heaven's good graces,

"Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

"He was, if I remember, king of France;

"That head of his, which could not keep a crown

"On earth, yet ventur'd in my face to advance

"A claim to those of martyrs—like my own;

"If I had had my sword, as I had once

"When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;

"But having but my keys, and not my brand,

"I only knock'd his head from out his hand.

"And then he set up such a headless howl,

"That all the unts came out, and took him in;

"And there he sits by St Paul, cheek by jowl;

"That follow Paul—the parvenu! The skin

"Of Saint Bartholomew, which makes his cowl

"In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd his sin

"So as to make a martyr, never sped

"Better than did this weak and wooden head.

"But had it come up here upon its shoulders,

"There would have been a different tale to tell;

"The follow feeling in the saints' beholders

"Seems to have acted on them like a spell,

"And so this very foolish head heaven's soldiers

"Back on its trunk: it may be very well,

"And seems the custom here to overthrow

"Whatever has been wisely done below."

The Angel answer'd, "Peter I do not doubt;

"The king who comes has head and all attire,

"And never knew what it was about—

"He did as doth the puppet—by its wire,

"And will be judged like all the rest no doubt."

"My business and your own is not to inquire

"My business and your own is not to inquire

"My business and your own is not to inquire

"My business and your own is not to inquire

"My business and your own is not to inquire

"Into such matters, but to mind our cue—

"Which is to act as we are bid to do."

"We shall next show our readers

after what fashion the political and

private life of our late venerable Sovereign

are described, by this expatriated scion of the Aristocracy.

"He came to his sceptre, young; he leaves it, old.

"Look to the state in which he found his realm,

"And left it; and his annals too behold,

"How to a minion first he gave the helm;

"How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,

"The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm

"The meanest hearts; and for the rest, but glance

"Thine eye along America and France!

"Tis true, he was a tool from first to last;

"(I have the workmen safe); but as a tool

"So let him be consumed! From out the past

"Of ages, since mankind have known the rule

"Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amassed

"Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsar's school,

"Take the worst pupil; and produce a reign

"More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd with the slain!

"He ever war'd with freedom and the free;

"Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,

"So that they utter'd the word 'Liberty!'

"Found George the Third their first opponent. Whose

"History was ever stain'd, as his will be,

"With national and individual woes;

"I grant his household abstinence; I grant

"His neutral virtues, which most monarchs want;

"I know he was a constant consort; own

"He was a despot sire, and muddling lord.

"All this is such and most upon a throne;

"As temperance, if at Apicius' board,

"Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.

"I grant him all the kindest can accord;

"I grant him all the kindest can accord;

"And this was well for him, but not for those
 "Millions who found him what oppression chose.

"The new world shook him off; the old yet groans

"Beneath what he and his prepared, if

Completed; he leaves heirs on
 thrones

"To all his vices, without what begot

"Compassion for him—his tame virtues;
 drones

"Who sleep, or despoits who have now forgot

"A lesson which shall be re-taught them,
 wako

"Upon the throne of Earth; but let them quake!

"Five millions of the primitive, who hold
 "The faith which makes ye great on earth, implored

"A part of that vast all they held of old,—
 "Freedom to worship—not alone your Lord,

"Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter!
 Cold

"Must be your souls, if you have not
 abhorr'd

"The foe to Catholic participation,

"In all the licence of a Christian nation.

"True! he allow'd them to pray God;
 but as

"A consequence of prayer, refused the
 law

"Which would have placed them upon
 the same base

"With those who did not hold the
 saints in awe."

But here Saint Peter started from his place,
 And cried, "You may the prisoner

withdraw;

"Ere Heaven shall open her portals to this
 Gueft,

"While I am guard, may I be damn'd
 myself!

The Accusers are, of course, called forward in imitation of the prototype; and Jack Wilkes is first summoned: he, however, declines the odious task assigned him; and the next in order evoked is Junius. The description of the phantom, for such he is, of "Old Stat Nominis Umbra," is the best and only endurable portion of the poem.

"Call Junius!" From the crowd a Shadow stalk'd,

And at the name there was a general
 squeeze.

So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd
 In comfort, at their own aerial ease,
 But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but
 to be baulk'd,

As we shall see) and jostled hands and
 knees,

Like wind compress'd and pent within a
 bladder,

Or like a human cholic, which is sadder.

The Shadow came! a tall, thin, gray-
 hair'd figure,

That look'd as it had been a shade on
 earth;

Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour,
 But nought to mark its breeding or its
 birth:

Now it wax'd little, then again grew big-
 ger,

With now an air of gloom, or savage
 mirth;

But as you gazed upon its features, they
 Changed every instant—to what, none
 could say.

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the
 less

Could they distinguish whose the fea-
 tures were;

The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even
 to guess:

They varied like a dream—now here,
 now there;

And several people swore from out the
 press,

They knew him perfectly; and one
 could swear

He was his father; upon which another
 Was sure he was his mother's cousin's
 brother:

Another, that he was a duke, or knight,
 An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,

A nabob, a man-midwife; but the wight
 Mysterious changed his countenance at
 least

As oft as they their minds: though in
 full sight

He stood, the puzzle only was increas'd;
 The man was a phantasmagoria tri-
 Himself—he was so volatile and thin!

The moment that you had pronounced
 him one,

Presto! his face changed, and he was
 another;

And when that change was hardly well
 put on,

It varied, till I don't think his own
 father

(If that he had a mother) would her son
 Have known; he shifted so from one
 to t'other,

Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,
 At this epistolary iron mask."

For sometimes he like Cerberus would
seem—

"Three gentlemen at once," (as sagely
says

Good Mrs Malaprop;) then you might
deem

That he was not even *one*; now many
rays

Were flashing round him; and now a
thick steam

Hid him from sight—like fog on Lon-
don days.

Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to peo-
ple's fancies,

And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

We shall not add to the circula-
tion of the blackguard ribaldry a-
gainst Mr Southey, by extracting it:
as to the good king, he, it seems,
"slipped into heaven" in the confu-
sion, and his Lordship tells us he left
him—where we much fear he will
never see him more—"practising
the hundredth psalm!" Such is this
long-talked of effort of patrician ven-
geance—furious, fatuous, impious,
abortive, and breathing through-
out the spirit of that being from
whose name Lord Byron's school
has been so aptly designed. To Mr
Southey it is a decided triumph;
but a triumph he will not enjoy;
for he is too good, and too religious
a man, not to deplore that his enemy
should have indicated the force of
the reproof administered to him by
such a retaliation—by such an insult,
equally to Heaven and man. It
is not by attacks like this that his
literary fame will ever be damaged.
As to that which we are confident he
values more dearly—his moral char-
acter—this wretched parody is the
only compliment it could have receiv-
ed from the noble head and founder
of "The Satanic School." We are
not the paucyrist of Mr Southey;
but in stating that we esteem his ta-
lents and learning, and reverence his
unblemished character, we discharge
a duty which we owe to truth and to
sincerity. No man has ever been so
systematically and perseveringly ab-
used, & who deserved it so little, or who
has resented it less; and it is dis-
graceful to the age in which we live,
that the shafts of slander and oblo-
quy should be so incessantly levelled
against a man of unobtrusive man-
ners, and quiet domestic virtues.
As to his literary reputation, had he

never written any thing but his
"Life of Nelson," he would have
been entitled to a proud position
among living authors.

The next production is a Letter to
the Editor of the British Review, in-
tended, of course, to be pithy, biting,
and sarcastic, but in reality, perplex-
ed, prosy, indefinite, and vague to
an uncommon degree. It is quite
worthy of the Confederacy, and of
Wortly Clutterbuck, *alias* Lord By-
ron. "The Florentine Lovers" is
below the level of any of the more re-
spectable Magazines of the day, and
had it been offered to any of their
Editors for insertion, must, we are
sure, have been rejected. "Rhyme
and Reason" is more endurable, but,
as a *jeu d'esprit*, not very original
or very witty. By the way, how it
should have been christened "Rhyme
and Reason," puzzles us not a little.
There may be some humour in con-
jecturing the meaning of a poem or
set of rhymes, by merely attending
to the terminal words; but what
"reason" has to do with the matter
we do not well perceive. The wit of
the thing, if wit there be in it, is of
the small kind; and as to the *reason*,
perhaps that may be obvious to those
who have the happy faculty of de-
tecting the wit. The "Letter from
Pisa" is more tolerable; and though
the style be in the highest degree con-
ceited and affected, and occasionally
very inaccurate, the description is,
upon the whole, good; and there is
something upon which the mind can
take hold. The predominating spi-
rit of "The Liberal" is, however,
visible enough, and the petulance
with which Mr Forsyth, one of the
closest thinkers who ever visited Italy,
is mentioned, reflects nothing but
disgrace on the shallow coxcomb who
talks so cavalierly of an able and
acute writer, the sterling bullion of
whose work forms so strong a con-
trast to the frippery and tinsel of the
"Verse and Prose from the South."
To preserve the character of the book
for consistency, however, Mr F. is
first described as "extremely unfit
for a critic in any," and a little af-
ter, quoted as an indisputable autho-
rity!

The objection made to this inge-
nious traveller is certainly a curious
one—"an affectation of ultra good

sense!" This, we take it, is a species of "affectation" as rare as it is pardonable, but fortunately has no existence, in the present instance, except in the brain of Mr Leigh Hunt, who shows, to our complete satisfaction, that he, at least, cannot be accused of the fault here indicated. In point of fact, no man was ever freer from "affectation" of any sort than Mr Forsyth. But even if the charge were well-founded, which it is not, it would be less culpable than "an affectation of ultra nonsense" of which Mr Hunt is so frequently guilty, and which he mistakes for smartness and fine writing. It may be proper to produce one or two examples. "The secret principles common to all the arts and sciences, affect the mind (he assures us) like a sort of inaudible music." What sort of music is that? A man possessed of a very small portion of "ultra good sense," would be inclined to believe that the very being and essence of music consisted in its being audible, and that, had mankind been created without the organ of hearing, there could have been no "concord of sweet sounds." A blind man, we are told, is no judge of colours; but it seems a deaf man may be a very competent judge of music—at least "inaudible music." What should we think, had we been told, as we might have been, that the secret principles common to all the arts and sciences "affect the mind like a sort of invisible colour?" And yet this is not a whit more absurd or nonsensical than the notable allegation above quoted. Moreover, what have "the secret principles" of the sciences—geometry, for example—to do with music, whether audible or inaudible?

As we are talking of nonsense, we may as well present our readers with another piquant specimen, seasoned though it be with a very liberal allowance of the usual ingredient—blasphemy:—"It ('a religious sentiment') forms a beauty of itself, and gives even mediocrity a sort of abundance of intention, that looks like the wealth of genius. The materials take leave of materiality, and crowd together into a worship of their own. It is no longer, 'let every thing' only, 'that has breath, praise the Lord,' but let every thing else

praise him, and take a meaning and life accordingly. Let column obscure column, as in a multitude of men; let arch strain upon arch, as if to ascend to heaven; let there be infinite details, conglomerations, mysteries, lights, darknesses; and LET THE BIRTH OF A NEW SOUL BE WELL AND WORTHILY CELEBRATED, IN THE MIDST OF ALL!" This defies all comment, and, we should think, runs little risk of being translated: but we are soon favoured with a more intelligible piece of information: "The materials of heaven and hell are the same. Yes; and a very fine piece of moral theology might be made out of their sameness, always omitting the brute injustice of eternal punishment!" "Aye, there's the rub;" "the brute injustice of eternal punishment" we grant would make but a sorry addition to the joys of heaven; and we are here assured, that "the materials of heaven and hell are the same;" an allegation, however, which we cannot bring ourselves to believe, till we are once assured, by some means or other, of the ultimate salvation of the Pisan Confederacy: in that case the doctrine would certainly be credible. To argue with this atheistical rhapsodist, would be to humour his madness, and countenance his profanity: but a rational creature would see no more "brute injustice" in the Deity punishing the crimes of the wicked hereafter, than in Conscience punishing them in the present state; and with him, the question would turn, not on the right to punish, which is proved by the fact, but on the limit of the punishment; and we might then fairly call upon the opponents of this doctrine, so explicitly laid down in the Scriptures, and whether they be Universalists or Unitarians, to prove what quantity or duration of punishment is requisite, in order that the "crimes done in our days of nature, may be burnt and purged away;" and in the next place, to tell us what sum-total of punishment is necessary to place the criminal in the same situation in which he stood with regard to conscience, to say nothing of his Maker, before he committed the crime: for till that is done, it is clear that punishment, if awarded at all, can never cease.

We crave to be indulged only with

another extract; because it is a curious one, and exhibits a *new* method of proving a panegyric. The Italian character seems to be a great favourite with Mr Hunt. We have heard that the Pisan ladies are exceedingly obliging, and the husbands any thing but jealous. The passage in question is as follows:— "An Italian annoys you neither with his pride, like an Englishman, nor his vanity, like a Frenchman. He is quiet and natural, self-possessed, without wrapping himself up in a sulky corner, (of himself?) and ready for cheerfulness without grimace. His frankness sometimes takes the air of a simplicity, at once singularly *misplaced* and *touching*." And this flattering character is illustrated by the following amusing and appropriate anecdote: "A young man, who exhibited a *taste for all good and generous sentiments*, did not scruple to tell me one day, *as a matter of course*; that he made a point of getting acquainted with the rich families, *merely to be invited to their houses, and partake of their good things!*!" The "simplicity" evinced in this declaration was certainly a little "*misplaced*," and must have been "*singularly touching*" to a subsidised Newspaper Editor, living abroad on the bounty of an infatuated nobleman, to whose vanity he was of course panderer *ex officio*. With regard to the mean-spirited dog in question, we can inform Mr Hunt, that the Greeks called such fellows *parasites*, the English name them toad-eaters, or lick-spittles, and all persons of any pretensions to breeding or independence, repulse and abhor them as the meanest and most despicable of bipeds. But let us hear Mr Forsyth on the subject of the Italian character, and, first, of the Plebeians: "The Italian shopkeeper only calculates downwards. *His sole object is to cheat his customers!*" The same laudable quality he found equally common among the other subdivisions of what Buonaparte called the *popolazzo*. Next of the Pisan Patricians: "I would impute the low propensities of (Pisan, as well as Italian) noblemen (in general) to the *gallantry of their mothers*. Commodus convinced the world that he was the son of a gladiator, and Italy is still full of *Faustina*!"

But we must have done with "Verse and Prose from the South." Lord Byron has now commenced Periodicalist; and really, to tell the plain downright truth, he looks any thing but formidable. He swaggers a bit, to be sure; and blasphemous out of all measure; but that's nearly all. He achieves little more. He has neither the sword nor the arm of Scanderbeg. Personality appears to be his *forte*. We wonder, therefore, that he did not think of trying his hand in some congenial vehicle already established, rather than set up business for himself. There he would have found coadjutors experienced in the trade—adepts in slander, and unrivalled in the knowledge of the arts by which it skulks from merited exposure and punishment. But then he could not perhaps have carried his beloved Cockneys into the concern; and he would never have done without them. This explains the *seeming* mystery. In fine, we could not have imagined that The Confederacy could have produced any thing indicating so little wit, talent, or genius;—so few of the resources necessary to keep up a periodical to the level of the intelligence and taste of the day;—and so total an abandonment; not merely of principle—for we never accused them of any—but of that prudent and beneficial hypocrisy, which masks from the common eye opinions and doctrines subversive alike of the great laws of social communion and fellowship here; and of those hopes of a more benign and perfect state of being, by which good men have, in every age, been sustained and elevated under affliction, and bad men checked and restrained in their career of profligacy and crime.

JONATHAN OLDMIXON.

P.S.—Some apology may be necessary for the use I have made of the authoritative critical *We*. I protest, Mr Editor, I slid into it by chance, not intention, and had not the most distant thought of invading your prescriptive rights. At best, it is but a *façon de parler*, and, in my opinion, is less offensive to the ear than the eternal recurrence of that sickening *Ego*, which I can hardly endure, even in the classical compositions of Dugald Stewart.

ST SEBASTIAN.

SEBASTIAN! when I saw thee last,
It was in Desolation's day!
As through thy voiceless streets I past,
Thy piles in hoaps of rubbish lay;
The rootless fragments of each wall
Bore many a dint of shell and ball;
With blood were all thy gate-ways red,
And thou—a city of the dead!
With fire and sword thy walks were swept;
Exploded mines thy streets had heap'd
In hills of rubbish; they had been
Travers'd by gabion and fascine,
With cannon low'ring in the rear
In dark array—a deadly tier—
Whose thunder clouds, with fiery breath,
Sent far around their iron death!
The bursting shell, in fragments flung,
Athwart the skies at midnight sung,
Or, on its airy pathway rent,
Its meteors swept the firmament!
Thy castle, towering o'er the shore,
Reel'd on its rock, amidst the roar
Of thousand thunders—for it stood
In circle of a fiery-flood;
And crumbling masses, fiercely rent
From its high, frowning battlement,
Smote by the shot and whistling shell,
With groan and crash, in ruin fell!

Through desert streets the mourner past,
Midst walls that spectral shadows cast,
Like some fair spirit weeping o'er
The faded scenes it lov'd of yore.
No human voice was heard to bless
That place of waste and loneliness,
Save the loud sob that oft would start,
Convulsive, from her quivering heart,
Whose waters, rushing from their fount,
Swift to her throbbing eyes did mount,
Whence fell those dews of Sorrow's night,
The roses of her cheek to blight.

I saw at eve the night-bird fly,
And vulture dimly flitting by,
To revel o'er each morsel stol'n
From the cold corse—all black and swol'n,
That on the streets and ramparts lay—
Of him who perish'd yesterday,
Of him whose pestilential steam
Rose reeking on the morning beam—
Whose fearful fragments, nearly gone,
Were blackening from the bleaching bone!

The house-dog bounded o'er each scene,
Where cisterns had so lately been;
Away in frantic haste he sprung,
And sought to cool his burning tongue
In vain—for the fountains, refreshing and
pure,

With the life they cherish'd, had ceas'd
to endure!

He howl'd—and to his famish'd cry
The dreary echoes gave reply,
And owl's dirge, through shadows dim,
Roll'd back in sad response to him!

THE REMAINS OF GABRIEL KILLIGREW.

It's I, Janie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,
And a herried man I trow I be,
There's naething left i' the fair Dodhead,
But a greeting wife and bairnies three.
Border Ballad.

MR EDITOR,

LITTLE did I suspect, when cheerily trudging along to the General Post-Office with my last packet, that evils of a deeper dye than Rob Gordon's sins awaited my return. Oh, Sir, I have sustained a loss that posterity will bewail, and the readers of your Miscellany grieve to hear. May the strength of my right hand abide, and the obsequious quill faithfully do its duty, whilst my poor heart endeavours to deliver itself! Between the hours of twelve and one P. M. I carefully deposited my literary treasure in the letter-box, an act of menialism that a modern gentleman never stoops to, and therefore dispatches his flunky; but the monosyllables *can do* are such favourites of mine, that I really cannot brook the idea of employing substitutes, when capable of bestirring myself, particularly in cases of importance. On returning from Lombard Street, I made a dead stand, in order to commune with my heart on the propriety of treating myself to a rural excursion, not having beheld green grass for three long months. Dulwich, Chelsea, Chalk-farm, and various other haunts of the free-born citizen, presented themselves in succession to my ruminating fancy, but without making any particular impression. At length Hornsey Wood appeared in all the captivating allurements of native simplicity, and thitherward my steps were incontinently directed; but just as I wheeled round Sampson Pinafote's bow-window, admiring, *en passant*, the elegance of his caps, frills, tuckers, and other fashionable kickmalleeries, out bolted Sawney Dunbar from a neighbouring coffee-house, seized me by the buttons, and assailed mine ear with a volley of queries.—“How's a' wi' ye, Sam?—What news?—Ha'e ye seen Davie Peebles since he fought the Lamp-lighter?—I nae that Bonassus a grand beast?—When d'ye think Matthews will be at hame again?—Aye, aye,

London's the place for ground and lofty tumbling; but, O man, the dancing pig bangs a'. Weel, what did ye think o' the *Launch*?" "Launch!" quoth I; "I never heard tell o't." "God's mercy!" exclaimed Sawney Dunbar, "was ye no at the Launch? Weel, I never heard tell o' sic a fallow, burying yoursel' amang bricks and mortar, like a city grub, when every young chield that had legs to rin on took the gate. There was me, and Sam Tweddale, and Ben Dawson, and a dizen or sae o' Dumfries lads, got down to the water-side just as she gaed aff the stocks. O, man, it was a grand sight! I never beheld the like o't. Plump she went, and awa' gaed we, heels ower head amang the glaur, for the rush to see her i' the water cou'dna be withstood, and I really thought the half o' us wou'd hae been drown'd. Ye never saw sic draggled dearies in a' your born days, nor better sport since the Rev. Mr Donaldson kirsend ye. But I may just as weel speak to a hag clog. Deil a doit care ye for a splöre. Come along, Sam, and I'll lead ye a *rigg*." So saying, he clutched my arm, and away we brush'd in quest of adventures.

Sandy and I were brought up at the foot of Dominic McCaul, who taught us to read the alphabet thus, *a, ib, ick, id*, and so on, being the antient names of A, B, C, D, &c.; and having repeatedly skirl'd under the taws of a certain teacher, who subsequently declared war against the Dominic's obsolete lingo, every drubbing we endured, on account of our grotesque pronunciation, tended to knit our young hearts more and more, until we became sworn brothers. Dunbar is really a good-hearted lad, and if he could only contrive to get rid of the chaff that abounds in his corn, I dare venture to say, that a more companionable fellow would not be found at large within the Bills of Mortality; but the teasing bother of his gew-gaw discourse would vex a canonized saint, and the delight he takes in patronizing, by his real presence, all manner of drolls, unco sights, and raree-shows, might entitle him to a nook in the Wonderful Magazine, directly opposite that of Martin Van Butchell. Such is his propensity for childish pastime, that

he is usually called "the bairn wi' the beard." In the course of our idle ramble, Sandy beat up the quarters of every north-country acquaintance who happened to reside on our line of march, and such was their dread of his merciless palaver, that they denied themselves to a man.

On rapping at young Bailie Wauchop's door, I distinctly heard one of the house-maids call out, "That's Sawney Dunbar's knock. Rin up, Hannah, and tell him our master's no at hame." The wench delivered her message very correctly, and added, by way of luckpenny, that she believed Mr Wauchop was gone to Brighton, though I descried his worship eyeing us through the parlour blinds, with a smile of thanksgiving on his face. He beseeched me, with a wink, to be *mum*, and I returned an answer from my eye, "that made the *lad* right weel content." Most willingly would I present you, my valued friend, with a full, true, and particular account, of our afternoon's excursion, and gladly embellish the work with striking likenesses of every deserving item; but really my poor feelings are so very feverish, that I dare not venture on comic ground, and you will, therefore, have the goodness to be satisfied with a very brief sketch. Sawney Dunbar and I visited every curiosity of this vasty metropolis, natural, unnatural, and artificial, from the rampant lion of the desert, down to the cowering field-mouse, and from the Savoyard's humable show-box, up to the magnificent panorama*, before we sat down to dinner at the *Wig and Waterspaniel*, a house frequented by Sandy, more on account of its queer sign, than its good cheer; though I must needs declare, in justice to a civil, discreet man, that the latter was most excellent. My meaning is simply this: had our landlord's sign-board been decorated with the Royal Oak, Thistle and Rose, Horse

* Mr Killigrew is either shooting with the long-bow, or speaking hyperbolically—we know not which. It is utterly impossible for any human being, however long of the leg, to visit *all* the lions, scenic exhibitions, and dancing dolls of London, in the course of an afternoon.

and Groom, or any other common-place device, his door would never have been darkened by Sawney Dunbar; but the allurements of a Wig in distress, and an adventurous Spaniel hastening to its relief, was altogether irresistible.

After tightening our belts with boiled mutton, caper sauce, mash'd turnips, fried soles, eel dumplings, bread, vegetables, and a mug of Barclay's genuine, we retired to the great room where Mr Dunbar was destined to preside as chairman of a "*Free and Easy*"; but lest I should happen to forget, it may be as well to observe, whilst the characteristic trait is warm in my recollection, that we Londoners always make a point of introducing by name, into our casual discourse, the good things of this life that may have happened to come in contact with our teeth during the day,—a duty, Mr Editor, in which I am truly sorry to hear that you Edinburghers are extremely remiss; but that's no business of mine. The term "*Free and Easy*" being new to me, I naturally enough imagined that it implied free discussion and easy access thereunto, because the door was left wide open, and all comers made welcome. To the best of my knowledge, never was a speculative suppositionist more lucky in his conjecture. As the room filled, I scrutinized every individual face, in order to ascertain how many gentlemen from Gotham attended; but not one could I detect whose cast of countenance corresponded with my private notions of sapience, until a sedate young man, who, I have since learnt, was Editor of Moore's Almanack, made his appearance, called for a rummer of punch, and sat him down. He seemed perfectly sensible of his importance, if I rightly construed the dignified glances of his rambling eye, and to all appearance would have kept his breath to cool his toddy for some time, had not a little cock-sparrow of a fellow chirruped across the table.—"Charming weather, Sir. Pleasant, inviting mornings, chearful noons, and the evenings as cool as cucumbers." To which the philosopher replied, that it was not at all to be marvelled at, seeing that he had never beheld his heavenly acquaintance in better hu-

mour. Old Jupiter and his scolding consort, he observed, were so perfectly well reconciled, that a peal of domestic thunder was rarely heard. Mars was so much imbued with the principles of Quakerism, that he had actually commanded the greater portion of his European retainers to beat their swords into ploughshares. Venus was just got up from her toilet, to ogle a spruce young godling, who had lately made his appearance at the tail of the great Bear; and Hermes, or Mercurius, as the Apostle calls him, was in a fair way of redeeming his character, having revealed the secret of preparing and igniting coal gas to the Westminster Light and Heat Company, through the medium of their very learned and ingenious schemer, F. A. Windsor, Esq., report adding, that the old lad held, in a feigned name, a few shares of that very lucrative concern. So that, upon the whole, we have a fair harvest before us, without either hurricane or whirlwind to shake it, besides the prospect of a speedy reduction in the price of our Newgate Calendar; the aforesaid method of procreating a brilliant substitute for oil and tallow having been disclosed to Mr Windsor in a dream, for the express purpose of curtailing the list of street-robberies, and other deeds of darkness."

Our philosopher then proceeded, chalk in hand, to box the planetary compass, and clearly made it appear, that the earth and her celestial cousins actually possess the power of pleasing and vexing each other by means of their respective phases; and this he demonstrated to the satisfaction of his audience, by delineating a couple of village urchins, standing on their own door-steps, and making wry faces at each other. But before the learned gentleman had time to say Amen, one of the music millers of our established church smote the table with his fist, and swore by the gospel, that Cripplegate horgan was

* We beg leave to observe, that Doctor Moore's Astrologer is in error. Coal Gas was used as a substitute for oil and tallow, by our modest countryman, William Murdoch of Birmingham, long before F. A. Windsor, Esq. illuminated Cockspur Street. Editor.

not to be matched by ever a *horgan* in England, either for light or heavy service. This declaration naturally enough called upon his professional antagonist to join issue, the two worthies having been engaged in an undertone dispute for some time, and accordingly it was done in the most smooth and velvet-paw'd strain of elocution I ever listened to. "There's never a man in town," quoth the grinder of grave sounds, "can lay his hand on his bosom, and affirm, with the approbation of a sound conscience, that Cripplegate organ is a shabby concern, because it really stands unrivalled in the annals of light worship; but as for devout, soul-saving tunes, commend me to St Bride's—that's all." "Hark ye, Sir," said a young fellow opposite, tapping my shoulder with the ball of his pipe, "don't you think that there gemman in the corner very much resembles the Ladies' Idol in Hyde Park?" I cast mine eyes cornerward, and certainly beheld a bust that might have vied with the Saracen's Head at Aldgate, in point of formidable appearance; but just as I was about to pass a practical joke thereon, my right hand neighbour "fuff'd his pipe w'ie a hunt," that I involuntarily shook my lugs, and bolted to the door in a state of demi-suffocation. On recovering my wind, and a sufficient quantum of resolution, I ventured to peep in, and saw, to my great dismay, no less than eleven tobacco kilns at work, triple the number with lighted matches within an inch of their logies, and Sawney Dunbar minutely examining a whole trayful, for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not they were lip-worthy, such being a portion of the chairman's bounded duty, as I afterwards understood. Doctor Moore's representative having expended the handful of ammunition he brought from home for the evening's consumption, turned up his tumbler, and called for another. The two organists were not slow in following his example. The man with the Saracen's head kindled his pipe, and in the twinkling of an eye, I beheld him staring, like a grim ghost, through the curling mist, whilst the residue busied themselves to a man, in clearing their throats for the grand chorus

of good-fellowship, as it is called, which they certainly executed in a most masterly style. Having filled their pipes, and charged their glasses, pots, mugs, and what not, every member, on a signal being given from the chair, sang the song he liked best, to its own proper tune, loud or loun, according to the strength of his lungs, and thereby procured the most delightful din that ever astounded mortal ear. A few snatches of "The Vicar and Moses," "Begone, dull Care," and "Black-eyed Susan," were distinguishable amid the vocal chaos; but Sawney Dunbar's favourite song, "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut," soared on outstretched wing, above all opposition, whole and entire. Never did the lyric muse of Caledonia so effectually triumph over Southern ballad-singers. The victory was indeed complete.

Their chorus being chaunted, and the lining of every gentleman's throat crackling like scorched parchment, the whole roomful of convivals fell to like jolly good fellows, and lubricated their whistles with potent libations of Maw-wallop and Co.'s famous stingo, Seaudthraple's cordial gin, *alias* Cuckolds' comfort, Killo-granee's cogniac, and Skipjack's fine old Jamaica, diluted or otherwise, just as the constitutional maggot happened to bite, and then stuck to the ignition of Virginia with such assiduity, that I found myself, in half a twinkling, completely enveloped in clouds of suffocation. Dreading a return of my asthmatic complaint, and not over-fond of being bulleted in a watch-house, I deemed it most prudent to decamp, in full possession of my seven senses*, and accordingly left Sawney Dunbar to finish his *rigg* agreeable to use and wont.

Being a bit of a favourite at court, and having a pass-key in my pocket, I was under no apprehension of finding my landlady "nursing her wrath

* We embrace the earliest opportunity of informing our correspondent, that there are only five senses on record, so far as we know—*i. e.* hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting, and smelling—and will therefore feel obliged if Mr Killigrew would have the goodness to furnish us, by return of post, with Christian names for the other two.

to keep it warm," and therefore trudged along at my leisure, endeavouring to moralize on Sandy's Free and Easy; but before I had time to delineate an outline of the drunken drama, up came a fire-engine, full drive, with its complement of mob and flambeaux, like a demon of night in quest of mischief, and passed me before I had the presence of mind to inquire whereunto it was hastening. "Fire," saith the old proverb, "is an excellent servant, but a bad master." When consuming the humble cot, or the lordly hall, in broad daylight, the scene is awfully terrific; but much more so when men and women are asleep, and the watchman bawling "Hoaf-poast twelwe o'clock, and all well," being the very time of night that I was returning to my quarters. Sandy Dunbar's rig speedily gave place to a fancied picture of distress. I imagined unto myself an inhabited dwelling, with smoke and fire issuing from the windows. I saw the affrighted inmates leaping from their naked beds, fathers rushing through the flames, mothers with screaming infants in their arms, and children holding up their little hands; but the measure of my ideal distress was not complete, until I distinctly heard the suffering innocents calling for help: "Oh my God!" was the exclamation that I certainly would have uttered, had not another of these dreadful machines come up, at a rapid rate, to the very point where two streets intersect each other at right angles, or nearly so, and put an end to my reverie. "Which is the way to *Millennium Place*?" vociferated one of the fire-men. "Thickum woy, measter," replied a ragged Wiltshire fellow who headed the rabble, stretching out both his hands in the direction of *Paradise Row*.—and off went the whole posse full bang. The sound of the last trumpet, I had almost said, will not smite my heart with greater dismay, than assailed it when I was given to understand that *Millennium Place* was in flames. Every bewitching allurements, domestic convenience, and private comfort, of that delightful retreat, rushed on my recollection, and for a moment benumbed every faculty!

• Sir William Dorsal's hospitable

mansion made its appearance, and I bethought me of the valuable property therein contained, consisting of rich Turkey carpets, manufactured at Wilton, with hearth-rugs to correspond, beautifully decorated with lobsters, john-dorys, haddies, and periwinkles, all of the most charming needle-work. Lady Emma's elegant and finely-toned piano-forte, whereon she wont to play "Polly put the kettle on" to admiration, was not hindmost in presenting itself to my distracted fancy! By the bye, this diverting little tune was banished Scotland for some misdeed or other, where it had been known for ages by the name of "Jenny's bawbee." It is a great favourite at present amongst the Cockneys, who have naturalized many outlandish *springs*, merely by picking the marks out of their linen, and christening them afresh. But my alarm on Lady Emma's account was surpassed by what I felt for the safety of her papa's museum, well knowing that such an immense congregation of rarities could not be possibly gathered together in less than a life-time. The Dorsalan collection consisted of all manner of strange-looking shells, pebbles, sharks'-teeth, and other marine curiosities, picked up in his younger years by *long Bill*, now Sir William Dorsal, during the mackerel season, exclusive of what was left him by old Gaffor Dory of Longreach, the most celebrated conchologist of his day. Even the museum walls, architecturally speaking, were of themselves curiosities, being tastefully hung with festoons of eggshells, collected in Norwood by Lady Emma's fair hands, when visiting her maternal grandmother, the late Mrs Tabitha Spratling. Many a wren, and robin, and hapless yellow-yorling, had cause to rue her ladyship's visit. And then Widow Wauchle, late of the Jolly Sailor, Wapping Wall, and her five stock, passed in review. Poor woman! she had just buried her husband, a crabbed old rogue, who ought to have forsaken his shoes twenty years ago, when Mrs W.'s cheek was in better condition. But matters turned out pretty well, considering. The widow rummaged every box, and trunk, and drawer, she could lay her hands on, without meeting with a single silver.

Then she began at the roof, and carefully searched every creck and corner, down to the very cellar, with equal success; not so much as a Birmingham rapp was to be found, though every body knew that more of the ready was taken for grog sold and delivered at the Jolly Sailor in one week, than ever a Wapping landlady, herself excepted, pocketed in two. But Mr Wauchle was a ruin character; fond of his wench, fond of his money, and fonder of hoarding it, all which peculiarities being duly weighed and considered, the unhappy relict gave herself up for a lost woman, until Providence, I presume, put it in her head to rip open the blue bed-room mattress, and there she beheld, what I sorely long to grapple,—abundance of plums to make a pudding!

Mrs Wauchle disposed of her lease, good-will, and fixtures, for a pretty round sum, purchased a respectable competency in the three-per-cents., and wisely retired to Millennium Place. Neither chick nor child had she, but five grey parrots, one pair of parroquets, three squirrels, and a tortoise-shell gib-cat. Last of all, though not least in my estimation—silver and gold being dross and dung, when weighed in the balance against intellectual wealth—last of all, my dear Legacy-hamper stood before creative Fancy's eye, with its autographs, narratives, sketches, and Lord knows all what! Never was mother's son so effectually roused to exertion! I flew along Paradise Row with a velocity that would have amazed the Kentish pedestrian himself, and presently came up to a scene of clamour, confusion, and dismay, the like of which was never before witnessed above Bridge. "Catch! for Heaven's sake, catch!" vociferated Mother Jimpley, the Crambonella* milliner, from her drawing-room window. I obeyed the call with instinctive alacrity, and

threw my arms wide open to receive—perhaps one of her lovely daughters! but how great was my humiliation, when down came a whole trayfull of porcelain, and laid me low! Cups, saucers, tea-pots, sugar-basin, slop ditto—all went to smash—not a soul of them was saved! "Why the devil d'ye stand friggling with a screw-wrench?" exclaimed Barnaby Flingumson, Esq., a retired dancing-master: "we'll be all in flames before a bit of furniture is got out! Take the saw and whip it asunder instantly!" No sooner said than done. The stupefied dependant obeyed his superior—cross-cut an elegant four-post mahogany bedstead into convenient lengths, and threw it to the street. I got to my legs as well as I could, having been knocked down by Mrs Jimpley's tea-pot, and made the best of my way to Widow Vandervrow's, through showers of crockery, dressing-glasses, boots, shining tackle, and, in fine, every portable utensil that could be readily thrown from a window.

Never was there such a scene of anarchy and consternation since the gluttonous fire that began at Pudding Lane, and ended at Pyc Corner. Widows, wives, husbands, sons and daughters, wrapt in sheets, blankets, quilts, or whatever came to hand, were running about like distracted creatures, calling to their neighbours for help, and bewailing the misery that awaited them, whilst, ever and anon, the terrible cry of "fire, fire!" resounded from all quarters.

Every turn-cock being at his post, and no less than eleven extinguishing engines at work, Millennium Place had more the appearance of an inland sea, than the peaceful retreat of successful industry. Two of these machines were playing in at Widow Wauchle's parlour-window, though she swore by the book, over and over again, that all was well. Sir William Dorsal also protested against being played upon, and continued to ground his arguments on the self-same fiat, until the street-door was fairly wrenched from its hinges, and then, like an overwhelming torrent, in rushed the mobites, hose in hand! With much difficulty I battled my way through the rabble, and suc-

* The real name of this depot for elegant needle-work is Cranbourne Alley. How it became Crambonella I cannot, for the soul of me, conjecture, and, what is equally surprising, all my learned brethren are in the like predicament. Perhaps the same linguist who changed *Scaton*, that fine old Scotch surname, into *Shittle-ton*, may have had a finger in the pye.

ceeded in gaining Mrs Vandervrow's door; but the raggamuffins presented a wall of flesh against my entrance, and I was therefore under the necessity of clambering up a lamp-post, and leaping in at one of the drawing-room windows, that luckily happened to be open. The first face I knew was that of my worthy landlady, who appeared before me in a pair of her late husband's Dutch breeches, a black silk stocking on one leg, and a white cotton ditto on the other, whilst my tartan plaid preserved her body and shoulders from the chilly night-air.

Being fast asleep when her door was burst open, poor woman, she awoke with the noise, and huddled on such wearables as came in her way, the which, though motley enough, became her extremely well. "Oh, Killigrew, Killigrew!" exclaimed Mrs V., "these terrible men are harrying the house of all our valuables under the pretence of saving them from being burnt! They have seized my poor dear husband's manuscript, '*Analysis of the Funding System*,' that every broker on 'Change begged and prayed might be sent to the press. Mr Peccaterney the publisher offered no less than seven hundred golden sovereigns for the copy-right, and now they're breaking open the study-door!" I rushed from the drawing-room to save my all from utter destruction, and ran against one of the fire-men, who was just setting his hose aright to inundate the house. "Villain!" said I, shaking my fist in his face, "how dare you presume to break into a dwelling where the smallest glimmering of fire is not discernible?" The fellow gave his nose the most scientific twist I ever witnessed, and coolly replied, "I smelt it, Sir. The house is burning. At your peril presume to obstruct a servant of the Caloric Insurance Company in the discharge of his duty!" His impudence would not have protected him; but the noise up stairs demanded my immediate presence, and thither I went, just in time to behold the heels of my poor hamper going out of the window! Never was a man so enraged! I seized my desk-stool by the legs, and certainly would have done some mischief, had not the miscreants dashed a couple

of flambeaux in my face, fled to the door, and dexterously locked me in. I endeavoured to force it, but in vain, being of great strength; and my desperate resolve to leap from the study-window was abandoned, when I considered the great height thereof, and sounded the inclination of my shank-bones. To finish the picture, I looked down, and distinctly saw an organized gang of literary thieves—for such they were—making off with my property, without being able to throw the slightest impediment in their way! Sir William's collection shared the same fate. Not a single cockle was left in his museum, nor so much as a tom-tit's egg on the walls thereof, every valuable being swept away as clean as a smelt. When the banditti had made good their retreat, and our alarm a little subsided, Mrs Vandervrow groped her way up stairs, and released me from imprisonment, having been in durance herself, though not exactly under lock and key. Terror, the sternest of all jailors, held her in custody. We endeavoured to strike a light; but tinder and spunks, flint and steel, were drenched to the skin. Not one of them was worth a rignarole! In such a dilemma, what could we do better than sit down on the sofa, and comfort each other even until day-light? When grey cats became visible, I ventured out, and certainly fell in with the finest specimens of household goods that ever escaped from conflagration. Loo, par-broke, dining and other tables, elegant chairs, magnificent sofas, and, indeed, every suitable requisite for genteel, well-conditioned apartments, were laying about like stock-fish, battered and smashed in a most deplorable manner, whilst many a beautiful couch, feather-bed, nest of drawers, &c. that had not been fortunate enough to escape over the spiked rails in front, were impaled thereon; clearly demonstrating that sober judgment had been frightened into fits during the hubbub. But what was most extraordinary, notwithstanding the immensity of silver-plate, and other valuables, kicking about in all directions, not a single pick-tooth was missing, when ladies and gentlemen had time to claim their own; a circumstance that gave

birth to very many strange conjectures, and ten to one if we could ever have hit the right nail on the head, had not Goody M'Gill, an auld sagacious Scotch wife, pointed it out. Goody had held the situation of superintending nurse in St Luke's Hospital for thirty years and more, and the moon-struck ward, as it is called, fitted up for the reception of mad poets and daft authors, was, of course, within the pale of her jurisdiction. She perfectly well knew every gentleman-lunatic therein contained, had some knowledge of their family connections, and the face of every visiting acquaintance was familiar to Goody M'Gill; consequently she became intimate with delirium in all its branches, and could point out a literary candidate for the *cauld kail-blade* with tolerable accuracy. Goody was indeed a most valuable servant, and a great favourite of the Committee; but being advanced in years, and having accumulated a sufficiency to retire upon, she gave warning to the Board of Directors, obtained her dismissal, with many thanks for past services, and came to reside at Millennium Place last Michaelmas was a twelvemonth. With respect to character, Mrs M'Gill can stand in the market-place, and exclaim, "Who's ox or who's ass have I stolen?" without being under any unpleasant apprehensions in consequence of her proclamation. She is a pious Christian woman, an exceedingly good neighbour, and the best maker of sheep-head-kail I ever met with. But that's neither here nor there. "Aweel, Sirs," quo' Goody M'Gill, rubbing her hands, and smiling most facetiously; "aweel, Sirs, we've had a wheen bonnie customers yestreen. Laddy Emma's of opinion that the whole banditti o' them ha'e stood wi' het faces at the Auld Bailie before now, and effected their escape through some law-hole or ither; but she's just as far wrang as ever Maggie Lowe was. To my certain knowledge, the party consisted o' literary gentlemen, *alias* men o' letters, some two or three naturalists, and about half-a-dizzen bauble-fanciers. Lord love ye! I ken every clood o' them just as weel as the beggar kens his fish." Mrs M'Gill produced a list of fourscore and thirteen

poets, novellists, book-makers, and other notorious characters, whose names, for the sake of public justice, it would be very improper to publish, until the parties are in custody; and astonished her audience beyond measure, when she numbered the host of editors, daily-press scribes, and contributors to magazines, concerned in the late daring outrage. "Good Lord!" exclaimed Mrs Vandervow, "is it possible that a race of men, whom we have hitherto been accustomed to look upon as so many terrestrial deities, can stoop to pilfer?"

Goody assured her that our modern literati were little better than a parcel of jackdaws; gloried in *wing-ing* each other's good name, and roosted together in a kind of rookery, commonly called the Republic of Letters, much upon the same terms of good-fellowship as curs in a kennel, or bugs in a blanket. Mrs M'Gill's story being, in some measure, corroborated by my own observations—having remarked, for instance, a certain wildness in the looks of our "bonnie customers," that only emanates from the eyes of men possessed—I clearly comprehended the trick that had been so very successfully played off, and called to remembrance the well-known adage, "Six-pence *wet*, and sixpence *dry*, will bribe the most conscientious fire-man in town to swear on the book that old Thames is in a blaze!" But I am going too far. In the present stage of the business, least said is soonest mended.

With respect to external damage, Millennium Place has suffered very considerably. All the little garden plots that our housekeepers took such a pride in trimming, together with their smart gravel-walks, edged with box, daisies, and dandelion, are completely trodden under foot. The street-doors are also sadly mauled, and Widow Wauchle's parlour-blinds will require a cunning workman to put them in order. This misfortune, together with the loss of her feathered and four-footed companions, who were carried off by the spoiler, has soured Mrs W.'s temper so very effectually, that she talks of nothing else but sitting without delay. Her dwelling, of course, will

not remain long unoccupied, because every respectable tradesman, on the eve of retiring from business, makes a point of casting his eyes about Millennium Place for an untenanted dwelling; but whether or not we will ever meet with the match of Widow Wauchle, "let time and chance determine." The prevailing opinion seems to be, that, on second thoughts, she will change her mind, because, though there are abundance of "Pleasant Retreats," "Paradise Rows," and "Sharon Crescents," on the skirts of London, not one of them can compare with her present delightful residence, the situation being extremely healthy, and the community altogether unexceptionable. Never in the course of my travels did I fall in with more refined urbanity than is daily to be met with in Millennium Place, nor hear tell of a nook in his Majesty's dominions, where private property and individual right are more respected and better defined. To such a state of civilization are we arrived, that the most froward of us all never presume to pass the line of march, and help ourselves even to a lilac twig, or tempting rose-bud, without the proprietor's leave and license; and as for our house-maids, I really do not believe that the greatest slattern amongst them ever harboured an inclination to shake so much as a hearth-rug on her neighbour's side of the street. The only instance of misunderstanding appearing amongst us, and it is a solitary one, happened about four years ago, when Mr Flingumson, Professor of Dancing, came to reside at No. 33. His lady being a dashing, high-flown madam, purchased a most superb scraper, and caused it to be fixed no less than fifteen inches and a quarter from the door cheek, lest peradventure it should fall in love with her train. Sir William Dorsal upon sight, calmly expostulated with her ladyship, on the impropriety of attaching her utensil to his premises, being a whole half-brick beyond the centre line of party wall, but without effect. He then spoke pretty freely on the subject, and talked of having recourse to legal measures. This, as might have been expected, awakened Mrs Flingumson to a true sense of her

dignity. She arps from the sofa, eyed his person from top to toe with the most contemptuous leer imaginable, called him a shabby fellow, and finally commanded the good old man to *walk* out. Sir William being conscious of the honour conferred upon him, for procuring three fine sturgeons, on a certain emergency, when never a fishmonger in town, himself excepted, knew where to prick for one, walked his body off accordingly, and sent for his solicitor. The man of law commanded three eminent surveyors to make out a report without delay, which was no sooner done, than laid before His Majesty's Court of King's Bench; but when the cause came to be tried, it so happened, that the indictment was improperly worded in one of its most vital parts, inasmuch as it charged the Flingumsons with "hammering, knocking, and driving an iron instrument, commonly called a street-door scraper, into a mortar joint composed of sand and lime, situated between two bricks, the property of the said Sir William Dorsal." Whereas it turned out, in the course of pleading, that the scraper in question was driven into a mortar joint situated between two half-bricks.

Hereupon the defendant's counsel argued most manfully for a nonsuit; but the Jury, under his Lordship's direction, found a verdict for Sir William—damages forty pounds, costs forty shillings; the half-brick argument being reserved as a point of law for the opinion of the twelve judges. This important decision electrified our little community with gladness. Tea and gossiping parties assembled at every third house, true-blue favours were worn by ladies and gentlemen for eight successive days, and, in order to shew the present generation how utterly we abhorred an evil-disposed neighbour, the whole Flingumson family were put to the bann, and sent to Coventry, where they might have remained even unto this day, had not Madam lowered her pennon, and, through the medium of go-betweens, made her peace with Sir William. At the earnest request of that worthy man, she and her household were received into favour, and continue to deserve it.

Flingumson and I endeavoured to ascertain how and where the late fire broke out, but without success. Some were of opinion that they actually saw flames bursting forth; others, that the devouring element, as it is called, was extinguished by anticipation; whilst a few sceptics positively affirmed that the whole was a *hoax*. Be that as it may, fire or no fire, my loss is altogether irreparable. Not a morsel of literary property do I now possess, save and except a poor prose remnant, picked up by our milkman in an adjacent field, where I presume the spoil had been divided. It appears to have been of the moral essay breed; but whether long or short, fat or lean, I pretend not to say; and notwithstanding the present scarcity of original matter, I certainly would have rewarded the fellow's honesty with less than half-a-crown, had it not been in uncle Gabriel's own hand-writing.

The manuscript in question, whose pages I am just on the wing to transcribe, is a complete scrap in every sense of the word, being without either beginning or end, torn and trampled upon most scandalously in the general scramble that may be supposed to have ensued. Here goes for a verbatim copy.

* * * * *

"nor is it to be supposed that he can munch enjoyment with a good appetite, seeing that he toils not, neither doth he spin. I pity the poor man from my soul, who wants for nothing; and woe unto him who possesseth a superabundance of all that the eye can fancy and the heart desire, for his idle ambition will pursue vanities, and, sooner or later, cause him to curse his day. It runs strangely in my head, that the wise man who ameth at enjoying the roast-beef and plum-pudding of this life, in perfection, ought always to be in chase of one or more desirable objects to whet his appetite, because care and anxiety follow the mind, and expose the roots of ideal want to winter frosts and summer suns; and it also appeareth unto me, after carefully analyzing the two decoctions, that one cup of fancied misery containeth more pungent matter than a whole flaggon of real grief. This life hath been compared to a race, Canter-

bury tales, a game at whist, and so on, by philosophers and others; but, in my opinion, the sage who likened it to a bowl of punch was nearest the mark, inasmuch as both potions seem to consist of the like ingredients, that is to say, weak and strong, sour and sweet. He who hath too much saccharine in his chalice, will become cloyed; an extra squeeze of acid is apt to procreate spleen and jaundice; a superabundance of the spirit begets haughtiness, insolence, and so forth; and when the pure element predominates, much do I fear that discontent will be the consequence; but when a fair proportion of each hath fallen to the share of a spruce young fellow rising eighteen, with his Sunday coat on his every-day back, whip in hand, and a pair of full top-boots on, oh! how he marches to the cross on a Rood-fair morning—but to resume our subject. When I was a young man in the parish of Penpont, quoth James McCrabbin, merchant in Quarrelwood, it so happened, that the young gudewife of Auchinbauchle was in due time blessed with a son, and called his name Bartholomew.

"Mother and I being invited to the christening, husked us in our best, took the road heart in hand, and sat down on Auchinbauchle langsettle just as the haggies was taking its last tottle. Our dinner-party consisted of about half-a-score of moorland farmers and their wives, daughters, &c., a facetious old lady of the name of Waghorn, some ten or a dozen sheep-dogs, mother and self, all fresh and fasting from our native glen; and being neither "blate nor scaur," we did ample justice to the most substantial banquet that ever smoaked on a board.

"When the cloth was removed, and the het yill passing freely about, and joke and jest abounding, in came Mrs Arabella Meiklejohn, of Billisterbraes, laid aside her cloak and bonnet, and sat down without uttering a word. Madam Waghorn being a prudent, sensible woman, was the first who presumed to assail Mrs Arabella's taciturnity, and in these words did she accost her: 'Bless me, gudewife, ye look unco demure.' 'I'm no well ava, Waghorn,' was Mrs Arabella's reply. 'And what may ail you, if

it's a fair question?' resumed the old lady; 'd'ye sleep weel enough, and is there onie leavings i' the luggie at parritch time, mair than usual?' 'Great reason ha'e I to be thankfu', replied the ailing Arabella, 'that a wink o' sleep never forsakes my een, and meikle cause to rejoice that I can toom an ordinary-sized luggie in a reasonable time, but I'm just no weel ava, Mrs Waghorn,' quo' Arabella Meiklejohn o' Billisterbraes. 'Aweel, gudewife, thou's ane o' the quecest auld cats I ever forgathered wi', observed Madam Waghorn; 'and meikle do I dread that ye're smitten wi' Peg Sinclair's malady.' 'And what in a' the warld was Peg's complaint?' exclaimed Mrs Meiklejohn. Mother Waghorn drew in her chair with right good-will, laid her haffit on her hand, and told the following story:

'This Peggy Sinclair, ye maun ken, was a flaunty young lass, wha coudna sit down to her wheel without the ballad buik in her lap, and sic a throughither gilligaupie withal, that the right hand seldom kend what the left was about. Her mither being a frugal, industrious wife, and remarkably fond o' seeing placks become bawbees, was in great distress on Meg's account, and tried a' manner o' means, baith foul and fair, to spaen her from chacing nice, but to no purpose. The lassie became mair and mair hairbrain'd every day, until she fairly croon'd sangs o' her ain composing. Then it was that her Dumfries aunty, elated wi' the conceit o' ha'eing a Sappho i' the family, hired John Dixon's covered cart, and took Peg hame wi' her to the Kirkgate.

'The aunt, though advanced in years, had a soup young bairn in her noddle. She took great delight in reading sentimental buiks, and complimented her niece wi' The Sorrows o' Werter before she had weel bowed a hough i' the house. Under the tuition o' sic a preceptress, it may weel be supposed that Peggy Sinclair made great progress. In less than a fortnight she flew on ideal wings to every broomy knowe, and perched on a' the giddy cliffs that our sonnet-teers mak' sic a fuss about, soared occasionally to the upper regions o' fancy, and beheld visions in abun-

dance; but i' the verra midst o' her dreamy aberrations, it came to pass that a weaver lad frae Glasgow, Pate Smeddum by name, fell in wi' her, ae night at a dance; and being a lively, weel-faur'd lad, the twosome were buckled safe enough, before some o' our modern woosters cou'd persuade a young lass to come to the house-end. Peg Sinclair got haud o' the ae best wabster that ever ca'd a shuttle, and Pate Smeddum took hame the rarest budget o' sensibility that ever fell to the lot o' mortal man. Some twa or three days after the ceremony took place, Mrs Smeddum put her domestic affairs in order, and gaed down the house, to see how Patie was coming on.

'The gudeman had just gotten a web o' blue duffie i' the loom when Peggy made her appearance, and being weel aware that four bare legs required twa pair o' hose, he sent the shuttle frae hand to hand like a swallow, and gaur'd the merry treddles jig thegither like a wheen fiddlers' elbows. Peg sat down beside him, and followed the shuttle wi' her e'e through the claith, and through the claith, until the strangest batch o' ideas took possession o' her noddle that ever congregated i' the head o' woman. She became pensive and thoughtfu', like unto a studious person conceiving the outline o' some grand contrivance, and continued to meditate, until her countenance brightened up, and her een perfectly sparkled wi' delight, just as though she had beheld a heavenly vision.

'The gudeman having some knowledge o' her whimsies, very properly said not a word, and was just on the point o' supplying his shuttle wi' anither pirn, when all of a sudden Mrs Smeddum flang up her hands, uttered a piercing shriek, and swooned away on the bink where she sat!

'Patie, poor fallow, lap frae the loom like a puddock, and chafed her temples, and dabbled her hands in cauld water, until she began to come about; but it was in his faithfu' arms where she recovered the faculty o' speech, and sobbed mair audibly than cou'd ha' been expected.

'Oh, Pate Smeddum! that frightfu' shuttle will be my dead sooner or later! Never more may its name be mentioned in an honest woman's

hearing! I fancied to myself that we had a bonnie wee boy, and he was sitting just in there, pointing to a particular part o' the loom. 'I saund the joy o' a mother's heart fluttering about mine, and clothed him wi' a' the loveliness that woman cou'd devise—hair like threads o' gould, brows o' the purest alabaster, and cheeks that might ha'e vied wi' the choup-rose; but O, Patie, Patie! just when I had finished the delightfu' wee fallow to my liking, that dreadfu' shuttle flew frae thy unlucky fingers, and dang out ane o' his een.

Thus, Mr Editor, have I transmitted you the last plack of my literary wealth—and a sorry pittance it is; but well am I aware that the poor man's mite will not be despised. You have heard of me, Sir, in the hey-day of my prosperity, when basket and store teemed with abundance,

sauntering about St Paul's and Westminster Abbey, saueying unto myself the particular niche where posterity would place the "animated bust" of Samuel Killigrew, Esq. But, alas! the days of musing are no more, and I am now busied in dismissing all thoughts of shanking to immortality on literary legs, and looking out for a small shop in the vicinity of Millennium Place, whersin I may be enabled to make buckle and belt messes by retailing sugar-candy, sleeve-buttons, corking-pins, tapes, and such-like matters. The prospect is indeed most humiliating, but lack of capital will not admit of my dealing in more costly and profitable wares. With many thanks for all favours, past, present, and to come, I remain,

My dear Sir,

Yours for ever and ever,

SAM'L KILLIGREW.

London, 1822.

MUSINGS.

WHERE headlong from its rock, the torrent cast
Mingles its mountain music with the blast,
At Winter's eve, when through the skies expand
His cloudy banners o'er a faded land,
Who at such place hath stray'd, at such an hour,
And hath not felt dark Melancholy's power?
That spell which makes us feed upon distress,
And, like the bee, draw swarms from bitterness;
That spell which breathes from soft and from sublime,
From wilds of Nature, and the wrecks of Time;
From farewell blushes of departing light,
And low'ring cliff, slow blackening into night;
From rearing sea, and ruin dim and lone—
The proud, grey glory of long ages gone!

In Isles that bloom on Ocean's desert scene,
Where Nature smiles, though Man hath never been,
There, in the bosom of the bounding main,
Hath Melancholy held her lonely reign;
While ages, gliding down the evening sky,
And o'er the seas, have well departed;
Her harp the voiceless winds are sounding o'er,
Her evening song the ocean's hoarse and roar.

In such old Solkirk, from wild moor and hill,
Awake those echoes since creation fell;
Mute since the early hours, when first the dawn
The morning stars saw out their weary run,
And they were his companions—all that could
Give answer in that place of solitude.
There, to the small brook murmuring through the vale
O'er would he list as to a soothing tale.

And he had made him friends of trees and flowers,
 And converse held with Nature, at those hours
 When gently breath'd the night-winds through the grove,
 Which then seem'd peopled with the sighs of love.
 And though no church-spire glimmer'd through the trees,
 Nor sound of Sabbath-bell e'er swell'd the breeze,
 The still, small voice of Nature whisper'd there,
 At morn and eve, its holy call to pray'r.
 And he would gaze upon the waters wild,
 From the grim rocks in random ruin pil'd ;
 Both when they calmly heav'd, as evening's sigh
 Sung them to sleep, with gentle lullaby,—
 And when from slumber rous'd, by sweeping storms,
 The troubled waves, toss'd high their mountain forms,
 Till of their torment rose the smoke in air,
 From *fish* and foam—like madness in despair
 Through the long day, sad vigils would he keep,—
 For Hope's pale light still linger'd o'er the deep,—
 And gaze, till oft did Fancy start to hail,
 On the blue verge, some solitary sail.

Oh, Melancholy !—thine those regions dream
 Whose long, long night, is half the sullen year,
 Where wandering *Borealis* chequers o'er
 The cold, dead-sheeted wastes and mountain how
 Which lift far up into the vaulted sky
 Their mighty ice-crowns of eternity,
 And in the moonshine, gleaming high in air,
 Seem like tall spires and turrets blazing there !

But thy chief dwelling-place—those wilds so lone
 Where sleep the sands o'er buried Babylon !
 Regions of rubbish from the gazer hide
 That mightiest wreck of mortal power and pride
 There fits the cavern'd bat, of fearful size,
 Through the deep gloom of silent galleries,
 In low-brow'd vaults the tiger makes his lair,
 And in dim portals lordly lions glare.—
 Hark ! 'midst the halls of darkness, deep and dread
 That roar hath wak'd the dwellings of the dead ;
 As if beneath the haughty tower they built,
 Imprison'd spirits howl'd in pangs of guilt !—
 The slumbering desert startles at the sound,
 Which rolls far-circling on the stillness round.

TRAVELS IN GEORGIA, PERSIA, ARMENIA, ANCIENT BABYLONIA, &c. DURING THE YEARS 1817, 1818, 1819, AND 1820. BY SIR ROBERT KERR PORTER. WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS OF PORTRAITS, COSTUMES, ANTIQUITIES, &c. IN TWO VOLUMES. LONDON: LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN. 1821.

TRAVELLERS have long been allowed a sort of prescriptive exemption from those rules and restrictions to which other *book-makers*, or candidates for literary fame, find it necessary to submit. The curiosity with which we listen to accounts of countries and people new or little known to us, saves them from the necessity of taxing their ingenuity for our amusement ; and as long as we can

confide in the veracity of their narrative, and the fidelity of their descriptions, we are contented to hear them tell their tale, however unvarnished, in their own way, without much desiderating the graces of composition. It is owing to this facility on the part of the public, that the press labours under such a profusion of *Travels, Voyages, and Journals*. Every one whom chance or inclination

has led into a foreign land, thinks it incumbent on him to gratify his countrymen, on his return, with a full detail of all that he saw and heard, enjoyed and suffered, experienced and fancied, discovered and conjectured; and not a month passes over our heads, but we see some adventurous wanderer, bustling forward to the public eye, bedecked in the bays which he has culled in other climes, and panting for the honour which, it may be, he affects to decline, of figuring in a review. Now, all this is very natural, and would be very laudable, if these candidates for distinction were a little more considerate in their demands on our time and attention; if they would only reflect, that there are other competitors for fame as eager and impatient as themselves, whose claims we are equally obliged in justice to decide; and that, with whatever complacency their own eye may dwell on their portly tomes, they are in considerable danger of exciting the wrath which, in general, they so humbly deprecate, and of preventing the indulgence which they so earnestly solicit, by producing a ponderous quarto for our examination, when a moderate octavo, in a very respectable type, would have conveyed all the information by which our stock of knowledge was increased.

This growling prelude may be supposed, perhaps, to augur no very favourable reception to the production of our erratic knight. And it is perhaps as well to give vent to our indignation at once, for in truth he is no ordinary transgressor. Here has he doomed us to the task of toiling through two huge royal quartos, very magnificent, we confess, in their aspect as well as in their dimensions; but capable of being compressed, without any great diminution of their value, into half their present magnitude.

It is curious to trace the panoramic taste of Sir Robert Ker Porter developing itself as directly and as fully in letter-press as on canvas. Not contented with exhibiting the grand and striking features of Nature, displayed in the scenes through which he passed, he must have the eye of his reader to linger on the minutest objects in hill or dale, tree or stream, not satisfied with giving a general introduction to the

personages whom he himself had the good fortune to visit, he enters into a full detail of their most ordinary actions, and seems, indeed, to think it absolutely incumbent upon him to communicate every particular of what he saw and heard in the course of his pilgrimage. Now this method, possessing some advantages, is attended with many obvious evils. When every thing is described, the attention is necessarily fatigued by the multiplicity of objects presented to it: the reader, to be sure, is carried more completely along with the author, through every part of his journeyings, and participates more directly in all his feelings and observations; but his judgment is apt to be lulled by the continued necessity of attending to minute particulars; and while the most trivial circumstances are magnified into undue importance, the most striking and curious may be allowed to pass without attracting the regard to which they are entitled. Besides, a great book is produced, which, when a small one would have sufficed, is a very great evil. It is, to be sure, an evil which may be avoided; and would authors only consider how much even curiosity is startled at the appearance of an overgrown volume, and how many readers, deterred by the ideas of toil, and wearisomeness, and waste of time, (to say nothing of waste of money,) which the first sight of it conjures up, are contented to wait till some, who have more leisure and perseverance, have plodded through it, and to receive at second hand any information which it may contain—they would perceive how much both their interest and their fame would have been promoted, by greater moderation in their exactions on our purses and our patience.

Travellers, more than any other writers, should scrupulously avoid repeating what their predecessors have narrated or described, unless merely to mention circumstances not yet sufficiently authenticated, for the purpose of confirming or refuting them. In their descriptions, both of scenery and manners, particularly of the former, they should endeavour to seize on what is peculiar and characteristic; in short, they should bear constantly in mind, that the only

rational object in reading *Travels*, as well as in travelling, is to add something to our fund of information; and that we are always most gratified when this object can be attained with the least detention, trouble, and expense.

Let it not be supposed, from these observations, that we think lightly of the work before us. The countries through which Sir Robert passed are in many respects highly interesting, and some of them have been but little explored by modern travellers from Europe. We give him full credit for the qualities to which alone he modestly asserts his claim—"truth in what he relates, and fidelity in what he copies;" and though we do wish that he had sometimes *related* with less prolixity, we are certainly indebted to him for the minute accuracy with which he *copied*. It is much to be regretted, indeed, that his ignorance of the Oriental languages obliged him, in transcribing inscriptions, to depend entirely on the correctness of his eye; but his eye and his hand had been familiarized from childhood "to every detail of the pencil or the chisel;" and to such qualifications, perhaps, we may as safely trust, as to the ingenuity, which, depending on a knowledge of languages long disused, ventures to supply, on conjecture, the obliterations of time. In copying the monuments of ancient arts, those habits were of more direct and essential utility. The plan marked out to him by Olinow, the Russian Imperial Secretary of State, and President of the Fine Arts, was highly judicious. Adverting to the diversity in the representations which preceding travellers had given of the antiquities of Persepolis, Mourg-aub, Nakshi-Roustain, &c. "in this great perplexity to a lover of antiquity," he proceeds, in a letter to Sir Robert, "I place my confidence in your plain dealing; that you will decide the controversy by taking the trouble to make your drawings on the spot, and with scrupulous exactness, copying the object before you line by line. Indeed, I conjure you, in the name of the *Holy Antiquity*, to mark down nothing but what you actually see; nothing suppose, nothing repair." To these directions he faithfully adhered. Nor

was his diligence in exploring the remains of ancient art less remarkable than his fidelity in delineating what he saw. He was fortunate enough to discover some precious relics which had escaped the research of former travellers; and he has certainly thrown much light on the interesting remains of Persian antiquity. In the numerous drawings with which he has illustrated them we can place the utmost confidence, for, in this respect, he possessed a decided advantage over all his predecessors.

Though his curiosity was chiefly directed to Persia, his route to it lay through countries highly interesting in themselves, and some of which were, till lately, from local difficulties, as well as from the ferocity of the inhabitants, impenetrable to European adventure. Setting out from St Petersburg, in the month of August 1817, he proceeded to Odessa, intending to embark at that port for Constantinople, and proceed thence to Persia. On reaching Odessa, however, the alarming accounts which he received of the plague, then raging in the Turkish capital, determined him to change his route, and to travel over land, through the territories of Caucasus and Georgia. The description of Odessa affords a most interesting example of the success of commercial enterprise, under the auspices of a wise government, and in a situation of local advantage. To extend the commerce of the Russian empire, on the side of Asia, was one of the favourite projects of Peter the Great. Its importance was fully appreciated by Catherine II. whose conquest of the countries bordering on the Black Sea accelerated its accomplishment. The capture of the Turkish fort of Gadgibei, by Admiral Rebus, in 1792, immediately suggested the idea of building a seaport town on its site. A high cliff, overlooking the sea, and commanding a great part of the coast, rendered its situation peculiarly inviting. In the year 1796, the city of Odessa began to rise around the battered walls of the Mahometan fortress. Important privileges were offered by Government to certain classes of settlers; and these, combining with the natural advantages of the situation, attracted an immense influx

of strangers, and raised the new city, within a very few years, to an almost incredible degree of prosperity. In 1817 it was declared a free port, and contained 30,000 inhabitants; in 1820 the population had increased to 36,000. Grain is the staple article of trade; and when it was visited by our author, (in 1817,) six hundred ships had already arrived that season, and the quantity of corn exported was calculated at 100,000 bolls.

Nor is this a solitary instance of the happy effects produced in these recently barbarous regions, by the judicious policy and fostering care of the Russian government. At Nicolaïoff, founded by Prince Potemkin, Sir Robert found a considerable dock-yard, where one ship of 74 guns and a frigate were on the stocks; and, among other excellent establishments, was a museum, containing a good library, with a respectable collection of astronomical and other scientific instruments. Kherson is a town of still greater importance. It has for some time been a naval depot for the Russian fleet in that part of the empire; and its arsenal is now very complete, possessing stores of every kind requisite for the equipment of any naval armament.

An accident which happened to his carriage, in crossing, on a raft, the river Ingouletz, a few wersts from Kherson, gave Sir Robert an opportunity of seeing, in a very favourable light, the dispositions of the Russian peasantry. "Some who were on the raft, and totally independent of my company, with others from the land, immediately came forward to offer every assistance in their power; and, without reference to reward, or even thanks, worked hard till they had extricated my unfortunate vehicle." "In all places, and at all times," he adds, speaking of the Russian peasantry in general, "they are ready to start forward in aid of the distressed traveller; to assist him with their most active service; and, so far from asking remuneration, they do not seem even to think it due. To this amiable trait they add a quick comprehension, and an ingenuity, where expedients are necessary, absolutely surprising in men who owe so little to education."

In crossing the vast *Steppe*, through

which his route lay, two remarkable circumstances attracted his attention;—the grass-fire, a calamity almost peculiar to the farmers of the Ukraine; and the immense numbers of tumuli, or barrows, with which, in some places, the *Steppe* was covered. The existence of these tumuli, in such immense numbers, brought to light by the discoveries of recent travellers, is one, among many circumstances, which have, in modern times, restored the long-doubted authority of the great father of profane history. Herodotus informs us, that whenever the Scythians lost a king or a chief, they assembled in great multitudes to perform his obsequies; and, after making the tour of certain districts of the kingdom with the corpse, they stopped in the country of the Gerrui, a people who lived in the most distant parts of Scythia, and over whose lands the sepulchres were spread. A large quadrangular excavation was made in the earth, and within it was placed a sort of bier, bearing the body of the deceased prince. In another part of the tomb were deposited the remains of one of the late king's concubines, who had been previously strangled; his favourite servant, his baker, cook, groom, and even his horses; his most valuable property; and, above all, a sufficient number of golden goblets. The hollow was then filled up, and surmounted with earth, each person present being ambitious to do his part in raising the pile that was to honour his departed lord. Sir Robert found the different mounds, in these vast regions of the dead, vary greatly in size, one of unusual magnitude being generally surmounted by several of smaller dimensions. The larger tumuli are unquestionably those of heroes and princes, while the smaller cover the remains of the followers of their armies or of their court. "That so vast an expanse," says our author, "should be occupied by monuments of the dead, extended regularly to the very farthest stretch of sight, seemed almost beyond belief: yet there they were; and the contemplation was as awful as the view was amazing." On his way eastward, Sir Robert visited the venerable Count Platon, from whom he received the most hos-

pitable welcome, and who expressed himself, in terms of the warmest gratitude, for the attentions and kindness which he had experienced in England. He found the Count living in a style of princely magnificence, and engaged in undertakings of national utility, which seemed to justify the eulogium which our author bestows upon him as the Father of his country. New Tcherkask, the capital of the Donskoy territory, though founded only ten years before it was visited by our author, had advanced so rapidly, that it now covered nearly four miles of ground, and contained some very splendid edifices. The houses of the lower orders were constructed of timber, on stone foundations from three to four feet high, and were remarkable for their cleanliness, both within and without. The Count had instituted a school, in which every branch of useful knowledge was taught by well-qualified masters. But the Cossacks had not yet learned to appreciate the advantages of education, for not more than thirty-six students attended the seminary.

On the 23d September O. S., our traveller took leave of his venerable host, who provided him with an escort, to accompany him to Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, where the Russian influence terminated. He was now entering upon the most dangerous part of his journey between Tcherkask and the Persian capital, for he had to penetrate through many mountain passes infested with marauding tribes still unsubdued. At Nishnoy Egorlisky, he entered the government and line of Caucasus, and from this point he found the aspect and character of the natives savage and wild as the country which they inhabit. Even in the city of Stravopol, distant about 330 wersts, or 220 English miles, from New Tcherkask, though the houses had externally an air of consequence, there was such an utter want of comfort, that our traveller found it impossible to procure even the simple luxury of hot water, or to rest at night for the vermin that infested every quarter. To an admirer of the picturesque, however, as Sir Robert K. Porter, is even to enthusiasm, these inconveniences were,

in a great measure, compensated by the sublime and stupendous scenery through which he was now to pass. A few miles from the village of Se-vernaia, his road conducted him to the brow of a very steep hill, where the stupendous mountains of Caucasus first rose to his view. "No pen," says our author, "can express the emotion which the sudden burst of this sublime range excited in my mind. I had seen almost all the wildest and most gigantic chains in Portugal and Spain, but none gave me an idea of the vastness and grandeur of that (which) I now contemplated. This seemed Nature's bulwark between the nations of Europe and Asia. Elbonis, among whose rocks tradition reports Prometheus to have been chained, stood, clad in primeval snows, a world of mountains in itself, towering above all, its white and radiant summit mingling with the heavens; while the pale and countless heads of the subordinate range, high in themselves, but far beneath its altitude, stretched along the horizon, till lost to sight in the soft fleeces of the clouds. Several rough and huge masses of black rock rose from the intermediate plain: their size was mountainous, but, being viewed near the mighty Caucasus, they appeared little more than hills. Yet the contrast was fine, their dark brows giving greater effect to the dazzling summits which towered above them."

From the civil governor at Georgewesk Sir Robert received very alarming accounts of the predatory disposition of the Caucasian mountaineers. During the day, they are seen hanging from the precipices, looking out for prey, and frequently start out on the unwary traveller from the savage rocks by which he is surrounded; at night they lie more directly in his path, and, rushing from their ambush, overpower him before he has time to prepare for his defence. In the vicinity of Konstantinogorsk, about forty wersts from Georgewesk, there is a colony of Scottish missionaries; but the result of their efforts for the conversion of those Pagan mountaineers has hitherto been very discouraging. The few who embraced the Christian faith were generally murdered by their country-

men as soon as they fell into their hands; and it has been found necessary to have a certain number of Russian troops always stationed there, to save the colony itself from destruction.

A proper escort is absolutely necessary, in order to travel through these savage regions with any degree of safety; and, for the greater security of travellers, guards of Cossacks are stationed, at certain distances, on the extensive plain which stretches to the foot of Caucasus, and along its seemingly interminable chain. Each body consists of from four to six men, who watch alternately day and night. Near their hovels, constructed of reeds and branches of trees, is erected a kind of stage, about twelve feet high. Here a Cossack sentinel stands; day and night, on the look-out, and their horses, picketed beneath, are ready to be mounted on the least alarm.

At Mozdock, a flourishing little town, with a respectable garrison, on the banks of the Terek, Sir R. K. Porter joined the caravan, which, together with the post, departs from that place every Sunday for the east. The multiplying dangers of the road rendered it necessary to adopt every precaution; and accordingly, on reaching the spot where the convoy was to halt for the night, our traveller found every thing bearing the aspect of military vigilance. From the wild tribes of Circassian and of Tartar origin that extend along the foot of the mountains, Russia has formed a corps, known by the name of the *Cossacks of the Line of Caucasus*. Their principal duty is to escort travellers and caravans, and they are generally found equally faithful and brave. The force which was to guard, on this occasion, the convoy from Mozdock, consisted of a hundred chasseurs, forty Cossacks, and one six-pounder. The commanding officer had taken a good position, and distributed his arms and men for the protection of his charge. About two days journey from Mozdock is Wlady Caucasus, the key of the celebrated pass into Georgia, and one of the most important and strongest military posts that the Russians possess along the base of the Caucasus. A whole regiment is generally garrisoned in this place,

which is the principal depot for supplying the various minor forts of the neighbouring stations in the mountains. It stands on some high ground on the banks of the Terek, sufficiently elevated to command the approach to the pass, and not near enough to any other height to be subject to the fire of the natives. The increase of the population in the vicinity keeps pace with the enlargement of the town: for it is a very interesting fact, that wherever, along this frontier, the Russians erect a fort, hundreds of Tartars flock to the neighbourhood, and establish themselves in little villages. Thus brought into voluntary and unsuspecting contact with the Europeans, the Tartars in those villages have already made considerable progress in domestic habits, and in civilization; and it is to be hoped, that the influence of refined manners will gradually diffuse itself thence to more distant tribes.

From this point, our traveller's road lay directly through the heart of the mountains, up and down acclivities which would be termed precipices in the Alps or Appenines of Europe. It was therefore necessary to abandon their piece of artillery, as well as the heavy part of the convoy; and, lightened of these encumbrances, they set forth under an escort of forty soldiers, an officer, and a few Cossacks. The valley through which the Terek flows was, in ancient times, denominated *Porta Caucasica*, being the great gate of communication between the nations on each side of the mountains. Catherine the Second was the first European sovereign whose troops ever passed it from the north; and the successes of her arms in Georgia determined her to establish a high road direct from this pass to Tiflis; a project which it was reserved for the present Emperor to accomplish.

Of the general aspect of the country through which they were now travelling, and of the state of the road, Sir R. K. Porter gives a very striking description.

For the first eight or ten wersts of our march from Wlady Caucasus, the slopes of the mountains, on both sides the Terek, were clothed with trees, and thick underwood; but, as we penetrated deeper into the valley, they gradually lost their

ture, becoming stony and barren. On reaching Balty, a small but strong fort about twelve wersts forward, the hills assumed bolder forms, presenting huge protruding masses of rock, with very few spots of shrub or tree. The road here wears rather a face of danger, and must have been made, even thus passable, by the severest labour, aided by gun-powder. It runs beneath pendant archways of stone, which are merely high enough to allow the passage under them of a low carriage; but the path is so narrow as scarcely to admit two to move abreast, or pass each other, should they be so unlucky as to encounter; and on one side of the road is the edge of a precipice, which, in some places, is sixty feet deep; and in others, above one hundred. At the bottom of this abyss are the roaring waters of the Terek. In casting the eye upwards, still blacker and more terrible precipices are above us. We see large projections of rock, many thousand tons in weight, hanging from the beetling steep of the mountain, threatening destruction to all below: and it is not always a vain apprehension. Many of these huge masses have been launched downwards by the effect of a sudden thaw; and at various times, and various places, have so completely blocked up the regular road, as to compel the traveller to pass round them, often so near the brink of the precipice, as to be at the peril of his life.

At another military station, called Lars, where we were to change our escort, the scene becomes still wilder and more stupendous. The valley narrows to the appearance of a frightful chasm; so steep, so rugged, so walled in with rocks, as if cleft by the waters of the deluge. Its granite sides are almost perpendicular, and are many hundred feet in height. They are surmounted by summits lost in the clouds, which sweep along their ridges, or, rolling down the gloomy face of the abyss, form a sea of vapours, mingling with the rocks above our heads, as extraordinary as it is sublime. But, in short, that undescribable emotion of the soul, which instinctively acknowledges the presence of such amazing grandeur in Nature's works, is almost always our companion in these regions.

Most of the Russian posts in these mountain tracts are on stations formerly occupied by the ancients for the same purpose; and the remains of these old fortresses have frequently been discovered in digging foundations for the new. At Derial, the situation of which our author describes as equally commanding and

terrible, he found the vestiges of the ancient fortress particularly distinct. The pass is here only thirty yards wide, and is formed by enormous masses of rock, projecting over the river Terek. Here the chasm rises from the river's brink upwards of one thousand feet. Its sides are broken into cliffs of projections "so high, so close, and overhanging, that even at mid-day the whole is covered with a shadow bordering on twilight."

On approaching Kobi, the Terek changes its character, losing its rapidity and violence, and flowing gently through the vale, which its refreshing waters cover with the finest verdure. The bordering mountains, too, showed luxuriant green, clothing the numerous ravines which indented their sides, and gave shelter to clusters of picturesque huts, inhabited by Ossitinians, and usually drawn around the remains of some old stone tower, which, in ancient days, had commanded these minor passes, and protected them from the incursions of hostile tribes. Having reached, with incredible difficulty, the utmost height of their road, in the northern side of the mountains, a cheering view of green valleys, glistening streams, and waving forests, burst forth upon their sight, forming a most inviting contrast to the cold, barren, and frightful solitudes from which they had emerged; and Sir R. K. Porter was flattering himself that the toils and perils of his journey were at an end, when, after a difficult descent on the southern side, the precipitous side of Good Gara, which it was necessary to ascend, arose in appalling horrors before him.

Nothing can paint the terrific situation of the road which opened before us at Good Gara. It seemed little better than a scramble along the perpendicular face of a rock, whence a fall must be instant destruction. The path itself was not in fact more than from ten or twelve feet wide, and this wound round the mountain during the whole circuit, with a precipice at its side of many hundred fathoms deep. While pursuing this perilous way, we saw the heads of high hills, villages, and spreading woods, at a depth so far beneath, (that) the eye could not dwell on it for a moment without dizziness ensuing. At the bottom of the green abyss, the Aragus appeared like a fine silver

line. I dared not trust my eye to gaze long on a scene at once so sublime and so painfully terrible. But leading my horse as near as I could to that side of the road whence the Good Gari towered to the sky, and therefore opposite to that which edged the precipice, I looked with anxiety on my fellow-travellers, who were clinging to the stony projections, in their advance up this horrid escalade. What we dreaded most was, that the horses which drew the carriages might make a false step, or get frightened; in either case, nothing could save them from rolling down the precipice. But my admiration was great as my surprise, on witnessing the steadiness, and total absence of personal fear, with which the soldiers kept close to my caiche, at scarcely a foot distance from the brink of the abyss, supporting the wheels with their hands, lest the loose or large stones which cumbered the path might throw it off its balance. A length of full three English miles we dragged on in this way, ere we durst lay aside our apprehensions, or feel that free respiration which our giddy elevation had repressed. But, perilous as we found this desperate ascent, it was nothing to the dangers of those who dare it in the winter. At that season, the whole, buried in snow, appears almost perpendicular with the side of the mountain. It can never, then, be attempted but on foot; and, on the arrival of travellers, soldiers or natives, precede them, in order to find the road, and to form a path through the thick untrodden surface. They ascend in a string; the first advances with a rope round his waist, which is held, at different lengths, by his companions as they follow one after another. This is done to prevent the leader's destruction, should his foot slip in the uncertain track. But notwithstanding all this care, no winter passes without numbers of soldiers, Cossacks, and natives, besides travellers, falling over this dreadful steep.

His first reception, on entering Georgia, was calculated to give him a very unfavourable impression of the manners of the inhabitants. At Annanour, where travellers who enter Georgia by the Caucasus are obliged to perform a quarantine of four days before they are permitted to pursue their journey, they were lodged in a room, the floor of which was overgrown with beds of mushrooms, and other weeds,—the windows without glass or shutters,—and the nooks intended for fire-places in

so ruinous a state, that no hope could be entertained of applying them to their proper use. On remonstrating to the commanding officer and physician of the place, he was assured that this was the most comfortable apartment in the whole establishment. Annanour, a place of antiquity, and once considerable for its population and military strength, is now reduced to a few miserable huts. It contains, however, within the mouldering walls of an extensive castle, the remains of a noble church, the decorations of which indicate great skill in architecture. This was the place to which, in times of public alarm, the females of the reigning family, and the more valuable part of the sovereign's property, were sent for security. At Duschett, his next stage, our traveller found many of the natives engaged in ploughing: The plough was a very heavy machine, dragged by fourteen oxen yoked in pairs, having its share very sparingly clothed with iron, and making a furrow full two feet in width, and as deep as any hedge-ditch in England. In this part of Georgia vines are not in use, nor is there a single vine to be seen. Duschett is a pretty extensive town, with the remains of a fortress and a palace, which, in former times, were the summer-residence of the kings of Georgia. Mskett, the ancient capital of Georgia, is now a wretched village. Many traces of its former strength and spaciousness, however, may still be found along the angular piece of land on which it stood. Its situation, between the rivers Aragua and Kur, and at their point of junction, was peculiarly commanding. Cliffs and beetling rocks were its natural bulwarks, and art had added strong fortresses of stone, the ruins of which now cover the heights. The Cathedral, or Patriarchal Church, is a stately building, with a turreted spire, faced with smooth stones. Among other relics preserved in this church, are (*credat Judæus!*) the vest of our Saviour, and part of the mantle of Elias.

As our traveller followed the progress of the Kur, the mountains gradually lost their rock and forest scenery, presenting immense heights, covered with beautiful verdure. At-

ter passing through a level and luxuriant plain, refreshed by the water of the Kur, and a thousand sparkling rivulets from the hills, they again entered a narrow rocky valley, at the extremity of which the towers of Tiflis, the modern capital of Georgia, rise on the precipitous banks of the Kur, in frowning majesty. This city is distant about 1751 English miles from Petersburg, and is situate in $41^{\circ} 43'$ N. lat., and $44^{\circ} 10' 30''$ E. long. The circumjacent scenery is of the most gloomy description; "a vast prison of high and beetling rocks, broken into deep cliffs, black and bare, and projecting in a thousand rugged and savage forms! And on these bulwarks of nature we see every where the time-destroyed additions of man; towers and battlements lying in huge grey masses of ruin on every pointed steep, while old mouldering walls track the declivities, till their bases touch the town, or end in the bed of the Kur." The appearance of the town is extremely mean. Instead of gay minarets, painted domes, and gilded trellis-work, the usual decorations of Asiatic cities, the eye is here presented with low, flat-roofed dwellings, built of dun brick, mingled with stones and mud, — the doors and windows exceedingly small, the latter covered with paper. The streets are narrow, intolerably filthy in wet weather, and dusty in dry. When Sir R. K. Porter visited Tiflis, the Governor had commenced several important improvements, not the least necessary of which was the paving of the street. At one end of the bazar is a small bridge thrown over a deep ravine, at the bottom of which is a mountain stream, which is pure and cold at its source; but, mingling here with the hot springs from the adjacent heights, it becomes warm, and acquires those medicinal properties for which the baths of Tiflis have long been celebrated. The public baths are erected over this steaming flood. Besides being the resource both of the natives and of strangers in sickness, they are the daily resort of both sexes as places of luxury and amusement. The temperature of the water in the several basins is from 15° to 36° degrees of Reaumur's thermometer; at the source of the hot stream

it is 42° . On the one side of the bridge are the baths appropriated to the men; and on the other, immediately below the gloomy walls of the citadel, are those of the women. Sir R. K. Porter visited both; and if the gloom, disorder, and filth of the former was disgusting to the senses, the shameless indecency of the Georgian beauties in the latter was no less offensive to delicacy. Indeed, their intercourse with Europeans, within the last twenty years, has produced a very striking deterioration in the manners of the inhabitants of Tiflis.

Within these twenty years, the higher ranks of the inhabitants of Tiflis have gradually lost much of their Asiatic manners; and it was a change to be expected, from their constant intercourse with the civil and military officers of the European empire, to which they had become a people. Such changes are not always at their earliest stage properly understood by the persons who adopt them; hence, nations who have been long in a state of vassalage, when they first break from their chains, usually mistake licence for liberty; and in like manner, the fair inmates of an Eastern harem, when first allowed to show their faces to other men than their husbands, may, perhaps, be excused, if they think that the veil of modesty can no longer be of any use. Amongst the lower orders in Tiflis, the effect of European companionship has been yet decided. Owing to the numbers Russian soldiers, who, from time to time, have been quartered in their houses, the customary lines of separation in those houses could no longer be preserved; and their owners were obliged to submit to the necessity of their wives being seen by their stranger guests. The morals of a soldier, with regard to women, are seldom rigid; and these gentlemen, not making an exception to the rule, made the best of the opportunities afforded them by the occasional absence of the husbands, to eradicate all remains of female reserve, and its sacred domestic consequences, from the characters of their ignorant, but pretty wives.

The country around Tiflis is fertile in the extreme; the hills, and even the mountains, are clothed with the finest woods of oak, ash, chestnut, beech, and elm; while many favoured spots produce wild grapes of the most delicious flavour, and exquisite fruits: the valleys yield hemp, flax, barley, wheat, millet, and rice, in such abundance; and

with so little trouble to the cultivator, that they may almost be said to grow spontaneously; wild fowl in the greatest variety, pheasants, antelopes, deer, sheep, and all sorts of domestic cattle, enrich these luxuriant vales; the rivers add their tribute of plenty to these ample stores of nature; the climate is delightful; in fine, Heaven seems to have concentrated, in this happy spot, whatever is necessary to the wants or the enjoyments of man. "But, alas! the man who has been placed in this earthly paradise, to keep, to dress, and enjoy it, has neither the will to separate the weed from the good herb, nor the taste to feel that it is sweeter than his neighbour's. Sunk in apathy, he cares not whether rain or sunshine descend on the ground; abandoned to indolence, it is all one to him whether his food be the bramble or the grape; and, for personal comfort, the sty would afford as pleasant a pillow as a bed of flowers." This stubborn indolence, the natural result of the inactivity and despair which are habitual to the slaves of oppressive and rapacious tyrants, will in time give place to industry and emulation, under the protecting and fostering influence of the Russian government, which, with the most laudable policy, holds out every excitement to the civilization of the natives, and the improvement of their country.

On the 7th of November O. S. our traveller proceeded on his journey, through roads more rugged and dangerous than any which he had hitherto passed. It was necessary, therefore, to leave his carriage behind him, and to convey his baggage on the backs of horses. At Goumri, a strong Russian post on the Turkish frontier, he exchanged his Cossack escort for one consisting entirely of natives. From this place he made an excursion to visit Anni, the former capital of Armenia, the ruins of which he found alike interesting, from their extent, their freshness, and their elegance. A few miles to the eastward of this, he crossed the Akhoor, and entered the Persian lines. For a space of forty wersts from this point, his route lay over a dreary waste, covered with trackless snows, without the appearance of any

living thing, out of their own little band. Yet the ruins scattered over this death-like solitude spoke of a population which the Tartars, in their exterminating incursions, had swept away as with the besom of destruction. The plain of Ararat presented a more cheering appearance; and of the mountain itself, Sir R. K. Porter has favoured us with a more accurate description than has ever been given by any former traveller. Its two summits, distinguished by the names of the Greater and Lower Ararat, are about twelve thousand yards distant from each other, and, towering far above the line of congelation, are covered with perpetual snows. Sir R. K. Porter agrees with Dr Reniggs in describing the volcanic remains discernible on this mountain; but of any actual eruption, he could find neither record nor tradition; and on discoursing on the subject with the monks of Bitchmai-adzen, who kept a register of the general appearance of the mountain, as their predecessors had done for upwards of eight hundred years, he was assured that nothing like an eruption had occurred during that long period. When he spoke of the explosion which Reniggs declares that he saw in 1783, he was assured by several of the brethren, who had resided in the monastery for upwards of forty years, that, during the whole of that period, not even a puff of smoke had been seen to issue from the mountain.

After enjoying for three days the hospitality of the Patriarch of Bitchmai-adzen, Sir R. K. Porter proceeded towards Erivan. Here, as in every place which he had visited on his way from Wlady Caucasus, he found ruins mingled in every quarter with the habitable parts of the town. During the desolating wars of last century, this place suffered so much, that our author estimates its present population at not more than 15,000 persons. As Erivan was the first place of authority which Sir R. K. Porter had visited since passing the Persian frontiers, he applied to the Sardar, or governor of the province, for the necessary facilities in prosecuting his journey. He was received with the most gratifying kindness; a mehmandar, or purveyor,

was appointed to attend him; and orders were given to furnish him with every assistance in pursuing the object of his travels. In his journey to Tabreez, he visited Ardashir, which once claimed the honour of being capital of this country. Desolation wore in this place its most dismal aspect. "It is not in language to describe the effect produced on the mind in visiting one of these places. The space over which the eye wanders, all marked with memorials of the past; but where no pillar, nor dome, nor household-wall, of any kind, however fallen, yet remain, to give a feeling of some present existence of the place, even by a progress in decay: all here is finished; buried under heaps of earth; the graves, not of the people, but of their houses, temples, palaces, all lying in death-like entombment."

A few days journey brought our traveller to Tabreez, or Tauris, the capital of Azerbijan, situate in lat. $38^{\circ} 4'$, and in long. $46^{\circ} 25'$. The convulsions of nature have combined with the destructive hand of war in reducing the magnificence of this city, which once vied with Ecbatana in splendour. Twice in the course of last century it was visited by earthquakes, which rendered it a heap of ruins, and destroyed upwards of 100,000 of the inhabitants. Yet, on the ruins that still remain as memorials of these terrible calamities, a new city has arisen, which, under the auspices of Abbas Mirza, governor of the province, and heir-apparent to the Persian throne, is rapidly rising into importance. The aim of this prince is to strengthen rather than to embellish the town. Even the palace which is now rising for his accommodation, has no architectural beauty to boast; and, indeed, the general style of modern buildings in Persia presents a striking contrast to the ancient magnificence of Eastern edifices. On either side of the long narrow street, the houses present the appearance of long mud-walls of different heights, but in general very low, perforated here and there with small mean-looking doors. It is only by ampler accommodation within, and the superior richness of their furniture, that the houses of the great, and even the palace of the

prince, are distinguished from those of the ordinary inhabitants.

When our author arrived at Tabreez, Abbas Mirza, the governor and prince-royal of Persia, was on a visit to Koily, another town in his province. Soon after his return, he sent for Sir R. K. Porter, who found all the favourable accounts he had received of the prince more than realised by his personal and mental endowments. He politely invited our author to accompany him to Teheran, the present residence of the Persian sovereign; an invitation which was of course very gratefully accepted. They set out accordingly on the 3d of March; and our author gives the following description of the cavalcade:

A party of horsemen, to the number of about one hundred and fifty, marched first, as an advanced guard. Then followed the Prince; and immediately behind him rode his eldest son Mahomed Mirza, a boy about twelve years of age, with his cousin, the son of Ali Shah, Governor of Teheran; and Malek Khassum Mirza, the youngest son of the King. We Europeans followed next; consequently I was seldom far from the person of the Prince. Then succeeded the khans, and ministers of state, with the whole mass of necessary officers besides, mingled indiscriminately amongst five or six hundred *goolams*, a kind of horsemen in the service of Persian royalty, used both on civil and military duties. These people are always better dressed, armed, and mounted, than the ordinary cavalry of the country; and, from the numerous advantages of abundant acquiescence, and being consequently under the royal eye where they are ready for any advancing appointment, the squadron is generally filled by the relations or friends of persons in the highest power throughout the country. Their arms usually consist of a long Persian gun, a sword, dagger, and pair of pistols, the latter stuck in their girdle or holsters. The trappings of their horses are very good, but without uniformity. Those who have gained any particular mark of distinction from the royal personage they attend, cover their bridles with silver ornaments, chains, and tassels; and their horses are otherwise gaily decorated. There is no order of march amongst this numerous band, who mingle themselves indiscriminately with the mixed multitude of Persian gentlemen, civil officers, servants, &c., which compose the entire

Amongst the latter class of people are the Peshkidmats, domestics who take charge of the smoking apparatus: and an excellent figure one of these pieces of equipage make, in the motley cavalcade; the man, his horse, and all the appendages of his office. A couple of cylindrical leather cases are fastened on each side of his saddle, at the places usually destined for the holsters; one contains the kaliam, with its pipes, &c., and the other the tobacco. On the left flank of the beast, and suspended by a chain, long enough to clear his belly, hangs an iron-pot, filled with live charcoal; and, as an opposite pendant, we see a large leathern bottle, holding water:—fire and water being essentials to the enjoyment of the kaliam. In addition to all this, the poor animal is loaded with a couple, or more, of huge bags, stuffed with all sorts of things: that it might be possible for the master to require during his long journey. Thus laden, man and horse are obliged to keep pace with the rest of the troop, and be ready, at an instant's call from the master, to serve the kaliam on the march. Some use the common wooden tube; but others, more luxurious, have one that is pliable, winding, like a snake of several feet in length. It is attached to the conducting tube, which being held by the servant, enables him to attend in his duty, and yet keep a respectful distance in his master's rear.

On their journey, Sir Robert was admitted to the most unreserved conversation with the prince, whose enlarged and liberal views of European, as well as Eastern politics, excited his high admiration. When they approached Bosmech, their first halting-place, a concourse of people appeared, leading forward a cow, which they brought near the prince, and instantly immolated at the feet of his horse. Another act of respect is performed on the approach of the sovereign, or heir-apparent, to any town or considerable village in his dominions; a vessel, containing sugar or honey, is broken in his way. Of the former custom, the only account which he could procure from his fellow-travellers was, that it was of great antiquity, and probably to be referred to the days of Paganism. The cold was yet intense, and the accommodation to be procured at their resting-places sometimes of the poorest description; but the spirits of the party were kept up by the frank and condescending demeanour of the prince, who cheer-

fully submitted, on several occasions, to the same hardships and privations as the meanest of his retinue. In some of the village houses visited by our author, he found a strange expedient for a fire-place, which he thus describes:—

A large jar, called a kourey, is sunk in the earth, generally in the middle of the room, with its mouth on a level with the floor. This the people fill with wood, dung, or any other combustible; and when it is sufficiently charred, the mouth of the vessel is shut in with a square wooden frame, shaped like a low table. The whole is then covered with a thick wadded quilt; under which the family, ranged round, place their knees, to allow the hot vapour to insinuate itself into every fold of their clothing. When very cold, they draw the borders of the quilt up as high as their chins, and form a group, something resembling our ideas of a wizard incantation. This mode of warming is very disagreeable, and often dangerous. In the first place, the immoveable position, necessary to receiving the full benefit of the glowing embers; secondly, the nauseous, and often deleterious effluvia from the smoke; and, thirdly, the head-aches which are almost always the consequence. Many of the natives put their heads and shoulders under the quilt at night; but if the fuel have not been previously charred to the proper height, suffocation is the usual effect, and the incautious sleepers are found dead in the morning. This singular kind of *chunpoir* answers a double purpose; that of preparing the frugal meal of the family, either as an oven, or to admit the pot on its embers, which boils the meat or pottage. Barbarous as the usage may seem, the Kourey is not confined to the wild inhabitants of the mountains; it is found in the noblest mansions of the cities, but burning more agreeable fuel; and then the ladies sit, from morning till night, under the rich draperies spread over the wooden cover; awakening their slumbering senses from the soporific influence of its vapours, by occasional cups of coffee, or the delightful fumes of their kaliam.

At Sultania, our author found some superb ruins of Asiatic architecture, among which the peasantry had reared a few miserable hovels. Fattah Ali Shah, the present monarch of Persia, is now restoring the city by building around, and amongst its ruins.

They reached Teheran in time to

witness the celebration of the Now-rouse, the most joyous festival of Persia. It continues six days, commencing on the 21st of March, when the solar year begins. On the first day of this fête, the king holds a grand assembly, to receive the congratulations of the most distinguished of his subjects. It was at this assembly that our author had first the honour of being introduced to his Majesty, with the dignity of whose deportment, and affable condescension to himself, he seems to have been very deeply impressed. After a minute description of the court arrangement, and the dazzling splendour of the royal attire, Sir R. K. Porter thus proceeds:—

While the Great King was approaching his throne, the whole assembly, with one accord, continued bowing their heads to the ground till he had taken his place. A dead silence then ensued; the whole presenting a most magnificent, and indeed awful appearance; the stillness being so profound, amongst so vast a concourse, that the slightest rustling of the trees was heard, and the softest trickling of the water from the fountains into the canals. As the motionless state of every thing lasted for more than a minute, it allowed me time to observe particularly the figure of the Shah. His face seemed exceedingly pale, of a polished marble hue; with the finest contour of features; and eyes dark, brilliant, and piercing; a beard black as jet, and of a length which fell below his chest, over a large portion of the effulgent belt which held his diamond-hilted dagger. This extraordinary amplitude of beard appears to have been a badge of Persian royalty from the earliest times; for we find it attached to the heads of the sovereigns in all the ancient sculptured remains throughout the empire.

In the midst of this solemn stillness, while all eyes were fixed on the bright object before them, which sat indeed as radiant and immovable as the image of Mithras itself, a sort of volley of words, bursting at one impulse from the mouths of the mollahs and astrologers, made me start, and interrupted my gaze. This strange outcry was a kind of heraldic enumeration of the Great King's titles, dominions, and glorious acts; with an appropriate panegyric on his courage, liberality, and extended power. When this was ended, with all heads bowing to the ground, and the air ceased to vibrate with the sounds, there was a pause for about half a minute, and then His Majesty

spoke. The effect was even more startling than the sudden bursting forth of the mollahs; for this was like a voice from the tombs, so deep, so hollow, and at the same time so penetratingly loud. Having thus addressed his people, he looked towards Captain Willock, the British Charge d' Affairs; with whom I stood; and then we moved forward to the front of the throne. The same awful voice, though in a lowered tone, spoke to him, and honoured me with a gracious welcome to his dominions. After His Majesty had put a few questions to me, and received my answers, we fell back into our places; and were instantly served with bowls of a most delicious sherbet, which very grateful refreshment was followed by an attendant presenting to us a large silver tray, on which lay a heap of small coin called a shiy, of the same metal, mixed with a few pieces of gold. I imitated my friend in all these ceremonies, and held out both my hands to be filled with this royal largess; which, with no little difficulty, we passed through our festal wrappings into our pockets.

The mornings of this festive period are devoted to the reception of presents to the King, from his sons the Prince-governors of the provinces, from his ministers, khans, &c. These presents generally consist of mule and camel loads of gold stuffs, shawls, or any rare and valuable commodity: the amount thus brought into the royal treasury is enormous, and is said to be annually increasing.

Sir Robert indulges little in the delineation of national character; yet there is one very pleasing trait in the character of the Persians, which we were not altogether prepared to expect. The looseness of the conjugal tie in this country, and the almost unlimited latitude which the men here enjoy in regard to the number of their wives and concubines, would certainly lead to no very favourable anticipations of the paternal and filial affections. Yet our author assures us, that, in no country is greater tenderness shewn to young children, or more regard paid by fathers to the welfare of sons approaching to manhood; while the filial reverence which sons, of all ages, here pay to their parents, might be a useful lesson to countries of much more civilized pretensions.

Though education is here very imperfectly conducted, it is by no means

neglected by any class of the people. The princes and young people of rank are instructed by mollahs and other preceptors, who attend their pupils in the houses of their parents.

The children of the lower orders are sent to the public schools, which are planted in every town. These schools are generally held by mollahs, who teach their pupils to read and write; to commit to memory passages from their favourite poets, and prayers from the Koran, in Arabic. In the of studies pursued by youth of the higher classes, are arithmetic, geometry, moral philosophy, astronomy, and astrology: to these are sometimes added a knowledge of the Arabic and Turkish languages, and particular attention is paid to the manly exercises.

The strictness with which the reigning monarch enforces the laws of the Prophet against wine has produced a striking reformation in public morals. It is but rarely that a Persian of any class is ever seen intoxicated with drink: though formerly, since the days of Shah Abbas, the court was filled with the most disgraceful revels, and the contagion of licentiousness spread through all the higher orders. Even they who clandestinely indulge in the genial beverage, prefer wine of Christian manufacture to that which has been manufactured by the faithless disciples of the Prophet. So great, indeed, is the horror of a Mahometan vintage, that when jars of the wine of Shiraz are discovered, the chief officers of the town are ordered to see them broken to pieces. All this strictness, however, relates to the natives alone. Foreigners are neither laid under any restriction, nor are they exposed to any disgrace, for indulging in practices which their own religion allows. Abbas Mirza, who has many Russians in his service, not only tolerates every man in the privileges of his religion, but has licensed a wine-shop in Tabreez for the use of that battalion. A still greater improvement in the political and moral state of his people may soon be expected, from the liberal views of Fattah Ali Shah, who sends into Europe many of the Persian youth, to study the arts and sciences most wanted in their own country.

During his stay at Teheran, our author made some excursions to the ruins of Rhey, once one of the most famous cities in the Persian empire. In the pompous language of the East, it was styled the "Spouse of the World," the "Market of the Universe," and is said to have contained 4600 colleges, 15,000 minarets, and 13,000 caravanseras. It now presents a scene of such desolation, "that the footsteps of man are hardly discernible, except where they have left traces of war, and mark his grave." The ruins lie about five miles south-east of Teheran, extending from the foot of the curving mountains, and running in that direction across the plain, in an oblique line south-west. The whole of this tract is marked by hollows, mounds, bouldering towers, tombs, and wells. From the traces of its fortifications that still remain, it appears to have been a place of great strength. Three square towers of great extent, which seem to have commanded the three gates of the city, are still visible in all their massive, though now mouldering grandeur. A lofty tower was observed within the city walls. It was built of brick, of admirable masonry. It was quite open at top, and our author supposed its height to be about 60 feet. Its shape was singular, being round, and divided into twenty-four parts, each part forming the two sides of a triangle; so that the whole surface presented a complete zig-zag. In the exterior of the city was another tower, of a similar shape, built of stone. Around the tops of both these towers were Cuphick inscriptions, executed in brick. Besides these, our author discovered the ruins of several mosques; but what chiefly attracted his attention, and excited his interest, was a colossal bas-relief, sculptured on the side of a rock. The sculpture was rude and incomplete, representing a horseman in the costume of the Sassanian monarchs, couching his spear, and in full charge. Opposite to this figure is the head of another horse, obviously intended to have borne the antagonist of the royal hero, but no further outline was visible.

Leaving Teheran on the 15th of May 1818, Sir R. K. Porter proceeded towards Ispahan. The weather was

will be fully solved, whenever the term "Education" has been so defined as to admit only of one opinion about its meaning. If education, therefore, be, as it confessedly is, a preparatory system, a course of discipline, adopted with a view to ulterior objects—if the leading view in education be "power," rather than acquisition, or acquisition only, or at least, principally, in reference to "power"—if it be admitted that no such power or aptitude can be acquired without deep, and permanent, and indelible impressions—and if time and matured reason be indispensable to the retaining and ready use of these impressions; then it follows, that whenever these indispensable are overlooked, or considered of but inferior moment in education, there is something radically wrong in the system. I can suppose, for example, that a boy of quick parts, and a happy memory,—and this, it must be observed, is the most favourable supposition possible,—has made the usual circuit of the classics in three or four years; has actually read all that others read, construed all that others construe, and committed to memory all that others commit to memory, in six or seven years, and this, too, at a very early period of his life; will any one aver or maintain, that although the actual acquisition of words, and even ideas, in both cases may be the same, the "impression" can be equally lasting, and the consequent "power" equally efficient in both? In the one case, the seal has been indeed applied to wax, but this has been done whilst that wax was in too soft and ductile a state to preserve a lasting impression. Time, besides, has not been given for stamping and settling the image. In the other case, the reverse of all this has taken place, and a suitable impression has been deeply and permanently effected. In education, therefore, "*time*," both in reference to season and duration, is of indispensable moment; and they who, by a kind of mental machinery, endeavour to accomplish that object in one year, which, let the means be what they may, can only be properly effected in two years, are deteriorating the character of the succeeding generation, and are playing off a

most dangerous hoax upon their supporters and votaries.

I have been led into this disquisition, somewhat, perhaps, protracted, from the retrospect which I am now, from my seventeenth year, enabled to take of my own school education. Had I commenced my Latin in my seventh, instead of my tenth, and finished my course in the eleventh instead of the seventeenth year of my life, I should have been good for nothing, or only fitted to commit murder upon all the nine parts of speech, and the still more numerous rules of calculation in some obscure village school, at the mercy of indulgent mothers and capricious aunts, and doomed, perhaps, at last, in my old age, into an ill-assorted and unhappy marriage with some flushed and fleshy sun-flower of vulgarity and intemperance. Nay, had I even left the academy at sixteen, the usual, instead of seventeen, the more protracted period, I had not, in all probability, retained that decided taste for classical and literary pursuits and acquisitions which, amidst all my wanderings and all my trials; has afforded me the most exquisite, and the most permanent enjoyment. I would not, at this hour, exchange the happiness which, of a summer eve, or of a spring morning, of a dull November day, or of a tempestuous January night, I can, either in consonance with the breath, or in spite of the turbulence of nature, command with my venerable and enchanting friends of the academy, or of the porch, of the enchanting and sunny land of ancient lore and deathless song; I would not exchange this luxury of the soul, and paradise of every loftier and more ennobling feeling, for all which wealth or station could confer. There is indeed a pleasure in classical pursuits and reveries, which none but the truly initiated can fully appreciate, and from the perception and participation of which the mere pedant and the verbal critic are, equally with the ignorant and uneducated, most decidedly excluded. This pleasure does not indeed consist in an intimate acquaintance with the drift and the meaning of authors, merely; it does not lurk in the crooked sinuosities and dark labyrinths of some crabbed, and twisted, and obstinate

passage; it does not even reside in a delicate apprehension of the distinctions of synonymes, or the various lights and shadows of winged words; it is to be experienced only by him whose heart has been steeped in Helicon, and all the enthusiasm and energy of whose moral nature has been awakened by the Æolian harp of Greece, and Tiburnian lyre of Rome, into an extacy of sustained and entranced blessedness.

Oh! to wander forth, amidst the encouragements and blandishments of the country and of the season, with a classical author in my hand, and in compassing the wildness, and the sublimity, and the ever-gratifying freshness of the mountains and valleys, of the woods and streams, with a rainbow-encircling of taste, and with a fairy investment of imagination; to feel, and to know, and to be assured, that I am a better, and a nobler, and a happier being than before: to follow out, and to exalt the benevolent and sublime expressions of Nature, by a corresponding spirit and tone, breathed from the hallowed depths of antiquity, and to individualize and embody every pursuit, and shadowy conception of the mind, in the grace and the drapery of another and a more tasteful age; to view the fields, and the cottages, and the trees, and the streams, as the poets of Sicily or of Mantua viewed them; to travel up the withdrawing vale of ancient history, with Livy or Herodotus, or to dive into the inmost recesses of the human soul, with Horace, with Juvenal, with Seneca, or Quintilian!—these are the ever-varying delights and gratifications of the man whose mind is alive to the perception of classical grace, enthusiasm, energy, and beauty.

Nor is this classical enthusiasm in any case a solitary predilection. A mathematician delights in angles, curves, and tangents; and there his gratification not unfrequently terminates. Give a conchologist his shell, and, like the oyster or the snail, he rolls himself up and is satisfied. The chemist needs only a few alkalis, acids, alembics, and retorts, to set up his soul in happiness. The mineralogist is possessed of a basket, a hammer, and a fine bed of hornblend or basalt, and with these he contrives to

elicit a vast profusion of delights. The antiquarian gathers elf-arrows, battle-axes, and urus-horns, and sleeps and dreams of his treasures. "Juvenis gaudet equis canibusque;" and looks no further for happiness. "Sunt quos meta fervidis evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis evchit ad deos," and they are in Elysium. "Est qui veteris pocula Massici nequaquam spernit;" and he sleeps on an arm-chair, and snores satisfaction. "Manet sub Jove frigido Venator," and by him, even the claims and allurements, "teneræ conjugis," are forgotten; and even the philosopher, the man of investigation, and science, and experiment, lurks within an appropriated circle of pursuit, beyond which his *feelers* do not communicate enjoyment or intelligence. But a "CLASSICAL ENTHUSIAST," one whom the "Gelidum nemus, nymphaeumque leves cum satyris chori secernunt populo," cannot possibly, even were he so inclined, restrict or limit his powers and susceptibilities. The same aptitude and energy of heart and of soul, which have made him familiar with the spirit and the power of ancient wisdom and song, will, and must, of necessity, carry him into various lateral, and allied, and derivative channels of pursuit and enjoyment. The boundless landscape of "general literature" lies before him. To his advance and progression there are, in fact, no bounds opposed, but such as the limited nature of man necessarily and universally imply!

It was about this period of my life, and stage of my taste, that accident brought me acquainted with the meditations of Hervey, with his starry heavens and flowery gardens, his children of a span long, and deeply-blushing auroras. I cannot well describe my feelings on this occasion;—it was as if one had beat a bass-drum, or fired a cannon within my hearing; my whole soul having suddenly passed into a state of fermentation, gradually heaved and expanded. From Hervey to Young was a natural and easy transition; and I shall never forget the misty evenings at the latter end of harvest, which I spent with the Night Thoughts on the mountain's brow, apostrophizing spirits, and almost fancying myself of their number and nature.

It is difficult, I believe, on any occasion, to admire long, without a wish to imitate; so on one sombre Sabbath afternoon, after having made many abortive attempts, I at last succeeded in penning the following maiden effort, under the most sentimental of all possible titles, and beneath the bare-tree hush in the corner of the kail-yard:—

THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

'Twas not the tear of conscious bliss,
The sudden burst of happiness;
'Twas not the tear of selfish pain
Humanity might not refrain;
'Twas not the chilly tear of art,
All stranger to the feeling heart;
It was a tear love shed for me—
A tear of kindest sympathy.

I've mark'd the light of heavenly peace
Brighten o'er the sweetest face,
With fondest wish I've watch'd the smile
A hermit heart that might beguile;
But what are smiles, and aspect meek,
The light artillery of a cheek?
Deception all!—reserve for me
The tear of genuine sympathy.—

'Twas Pity swell'd the bosom high,
And heav'd for me the generous sigh:—
'Twas heaven-born Pity shed the tear
Which found an easy entrance here,
Warm in this heart that tear shall glow,
Long as the purple tide shall flow;
I'll call it mine—'twas shed for me—
The glowing tear of sympathy.

The purple tide has ceas'd to flow,
The kindest bosom ceas'd to glow,
The heart that pitied ceas'd to prove
The sympathy of plighted Love.
The day has clos'd—a blissful day—
And all that cheer'd it pass'd away;
Then, stranger, heave one sigh for me
And shed one tear of sympathy.

It may not, cannot, will not be—
Thou can'st not, stranger, weep for me;
Far other cares thy thoughts engross—
And other far thy heart-felt loss.
The world and thou have converse high
Above the reach of sorrow's sigh;
Nor lives there one to weep for me,
Nor shed one tear of sympathy.

Ohon! ohon! this is indeed lugubrious! and I am quite aware, at the same time, that a mere taste for poetry, and a disposition occasionally to express one's musings, and feelings, in rhyme or verse, is deemed by the world, and by the wise and the prudent men thereof, but one degree re-

moved from downright insanity; or, at the very least, as an indication of a trifling and a kind of good-for-nothing character. There are always in life, and in the daily exhibition of limb, and muscle, and flesh, and speech, and motion, a large and a lumbering proportion of educated, and respectable, and every-day kind of people, who, as they have not the most distant notion of what the term poetry means, are "sure and certain" that it can mean nothing in the least valuable to the possessor, or interesting to others. And then the busy and the worldly-minded, with all the weight of business, and of plans, and plots upon their shoulders, know as much about verse, as they do about the Vatican, and are sure to cast every now and then, when occasion may serve, a random, and an "imbellum telum sine ictu" against it. The mob and the mass are, in general, far beneath, and the philosopher and the man of severe science equally elevated above such pursuits,—so the poor poetaster is left in all his Elysium of self-approbation and fancied happiness, to seek for consolation in the Muse, and in her alone.

And, verily, even under all these disadvantages, he has his reward. In order to enjoy, in the most exquisite manner, the reveries, and fancies, and beatitudes of the poet, it is not necessary to possess the powers and the expression of Scott, Byron, or Campbell. There is perhaps no one who partakes more largely of the heaven of blessedness which such a taste implies, than the person whose every effort is completely, or comparatively abortive, but who still experiences pleasure unutterable in the renewal and diversifying of these efforts. When a young man of seventeen or eighteen, for example, has caught the fire of inspiration—when the divine afflatus is yet recent, and strong upon the chords and fibres of his heart—when his pulse streams and exults in hitherto unexperienced ecstacy—when the imagination has been subjected to the desires of the heart, and the possessor, for the first time, feels, and estimates, and exults in the knowledge of a plastic power, of which he was hitherto comparatively ignorant;—when all this takes place, under the advantage

of education, and of a fostering landscape—oh, who shall measure out, in words and phrases, the precise quantity and degree of enjoyment of which such a despised, or at least disregarded individual, is susceptible!

Romance, and I say it boldly and fearlessly, in the face of the four Scotch Universities, with the six Principals at their head—Romance is one of the greatest blessings of life, and I care not though the nail of Jael penetrate my temples, and I be consigned to the prosaic realities of the narrow house, what time I cease to be influenced and actuated by such enchantments! It is under the influence of this "gratissimus error" that my little garden smiles, and yields to me, every morning and evening, the blessed fruits of innocence and peaceful reverie. What claims has that aged and fantastic thorn, which adorns the corner of Margaret's kail-yard, but for those characters of the imagination and of the heart, in which I am enabled, during all seasons, and under every aspect, to invest it? The lights and shadings of these trees, which are now leaning down on the hill-side into the absolute nakedness of winter, were only a variety of colouring, and a testimony of departed vigour and verdure, without the soul that associates. The little stream which pursues its way from the steep, and through many an intricacy of course and usefulness, at last mixes its insignificant flow with the more copious flood beneath, without the dress and the decoration of the fancy, were only a mill-dam, or a lead, or a watering pond, as occasion might serve. These twin Lomonts, which wave off in so graceful and imposing an outline towards the west, and which are so often relieved by the glowing evening sky, the towering summer cloud, or the dark blue depth of a night heaven, from behind—what were these, abstracted from me, and my perceptions, but a lumbering height of obstruction to

the view, or a subject of closer speculation in respect of the breed and the pasturage of sheep and cattle? Separated from the sublimity of apprehension in which the soul of the enthusiast behoves to regard it, what is the nightly glow and magnificence of an arched and a frosty heaven, but a countless profusion of luminous points, and a roofing in with deep and oppressive blue? It is this creative faculty, this imaginative propensity, which clothes even uniformity and barrenness in some outline or other, of expression or interest; which causes the wheat to spring up in place of the thistle, and which culls even from the most offensive objects, something of relation that is suitable, or of effect that is arresting. For the sake of society, therefore, and for our own sake in particular, "let us all be romantic together," for whenever our eyes have been fairly opened upon the nakedness and truth of our condition, though we may then be as gods in the view of the world, seeing good and evil, we shall probably discover that we have forfeited Paradise!

The little library in my mother's dwelling consisted of the Bible, John Knox's History, the Confession of Faith, the Cloud of Witnesses, Naphtali, the Hind let Loose, the Scotch Worthies, the Glimpse of Glory, the Fourfold State, Hervey's Meditations, Young's Night Thoughts, the Holy War, and the Pilgrim's Progress; with a stray volume of Cowley, containing the Davideis. Next to the poetical, the covenanting volumes early began to occupy my attention, and engage my feelings. These prepossessions and prejudices were strengthened and rooted by the conversation of my mother and aunts, to whose traditional anecdotes of atrocities committed by Bloody Dalziel, and infamous Lag, and merciless Clavers, I used to listen much more attentively than I ever did to Mr Andrew Yonston's excellent discourses upon Sabbath. Thus I became, ere I had left the school, a staunch Covenanter,—a circumstance which has had considerable influence upon the fortunes of my future life.

"Oh, my bairn!" said my aunt to me one evening, as I had just finished reading, in her hearing, the narrative

* "Leaving down"—dropping, gradually their leaves. To leaf, may mean either to put on or to put off leaves. Thus we say, to *skin* a wound, and to *skin* an eel; to let a person when admission is given, and when it is refused,

of the most atrocious murder of John Brown, the religious carrier, "oh, my bairn! these war' indeed fearfu' and judgment-like times! and mony a day ha'e I heard auld Uncle Andrew speaking for hail hours about them. There was a late and a canl' hairst in the bloody Eighty-five; and Uncle Andrew, wha had been, according to auld use and wont, at the Rood-fair at Dumfries, c'en buying the bairns shoon against the incoming winter,—he was returning, as I was telling ye, hame, late at night, through the dark and the eiry ford o' Balachun Linn—an' a fearfu' an' a uncannie bit it is, I wat weel,—a' o'er-hung wi' bushes, and enclosed wi' rocks and precipices, that are aye threatening to tumble down upon your head as ye pass below them;—an' just as auld Uncle Andrew had begun to descend the brae, and was wising cannily in by the steps o' the Clachry-ford, he was met by something like a black tyke, which lap up upon his breast, and made an awfu' ado an' wark about him. Andrew stood a wee aghast, and wi' the end o' his kent—for he keepit aye a gude steive rung in his hand—he tried to haud the fearsome creature at arms-length; but it wadna do, for the beast fastened to his coat-tails, and pu'd, and pu'd, till it drew him fairly aff the road, and in amang the bushes by the side o' the burn. Through the strength o' Guid, thinks Uncle Andrew, I'll see what thou wants; for thou seems flesh and bluid, be thou what else thou may, as weel as mysel'. Sac up the Linn, and in below the-brow o' the craig, my uncle followed his conductor, determined to see whare and what it would lead him to. The roaring o' the Linn and the rumbling pool was awfu', yet it could nae a' thegither drown the wae fu' sounds which were mixed with the noise o' the waters; an' aye as my uncle gaed on, following the dog—for a dog, to be sure, it was which led him forwards—he heard the moan, and the wail, and the lamentation of a puir suffering human creature, mair and mair distinctly! The dog began now to bark wi' perfect impudence, and at last brought Uncle Andrew to the very spot whare its suffering, and bleeding, and seemingly dying master lay. 'In the name o' Him!' said my uncle, breaking in upon the ceaseless and heart-piercing lament of the sufferer—'In the name o' Him wha suffered himself, and kens aye sinsyne how to succour them that are sore afflicted! what are ye? wha are ye? and wherefore are ye here in sic a plight, an' at sic an untimely season?' 'Oh, man! ye're a bauld man, an' a fearless Christian!' rejoined the well-known voice of Adam Harkness of Locherben, 'to venture in upon me at this time o' the night, in this place, and me in sic a condition.' 'And what,' continued my Uncle, after a moment's breath, endeavouring, at the same time, to raise Adam softly and securely upon the edge of a flat rock which jutted out beside him, 'what, in the name of God and the Covenant, has brought the gude-man of Locherben into his present condition?' 'Clavers,' was the answer, after having refreshed himself with a mouthful of water, supplied by my Uncle's hand from the torrent beneath, 'Clavers,' replied Adam, 'the bloody, the wanton, and the merciless Clavers. I had come out only this forenoon from my hiding-place in the Linn here, a little beneath whare I now lye, and had crawled up the crags, and alongst the cleugh, and in by the kail-yard, beneath the auld ash-tree, to your back barn-door at Auchincairn, just seeking for some little bodily nourishment, for I had tasted nae meat for four-and-twenty hours by-gane—no since the evening of the Lord's blessed Day, when I was hunted frae my ain fireside, and through Caple Yetts, by that limb o' Satan, and besoon o' God's wrath, cursing Tam Halliday. I had just swallowed the needfu', said my prayers, and laid me down on the far corner of the rye mow, to get an hour or twa's rest, when word was brought me that Clavers had crossed the ford at the Pot-house, and wad be up the brae in a jiffy. I ran without delay, and wi' a m' might and speed, for the cave an' the Linn; but just as I was on the point of swinging myself, as I used to do, frae a lang twig, into the Linn, and the cava beneath, I got ae glance o' Clavers' fearfu' countenance on the brae aboon me—saw him stop his

horse—present his carbine—heard him utter a dreadful oath—and, yelling, fire!—and then I felt a ball pass through my right arm *here*, a little way aboon the elbow. I immediately dropt down upon the hard rock, and have been severely bruised by the fall, as well as wounded by the bullet. Clavers came up, with a few of his troopers, to the very brow of the steep, and after causing several craigs to be hurled over the precipice, and after firing several shots into the deepest and darkest part of the Linn, he took his departure. Thus the Lord has been pleased to deliver his servant, though sorely wounded and bruised, out of the hand of the destroyer,—and hath sent, through the instrumentality of my faithful dog Trusty, who hath never left me, my friend, my neighbour, and my kinsman, to dress my wounds, and to relieve my necessities.’”

These wounds, it is true, were, on the present occasion, dressed and healed; and these necessities it was in the power of Andrew Gibson and his brother, the gudeman of Auchincarn, fully, though cautiously, to relieve; but they could not prevent that fatality and treachery, in consequence of which, this poor man became at last a sacrifice to the fury of an inveterate and merciless foe, suffering at last for the cause he had espoused at the Gallow-lee, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh! * * * * *

My Uncle here enters upon what he terms the second era of his life, his experience and history in the double capacity of student and tutor; during which period, he seems to have encountered a great variety of character and of treatment, and to have learned much from experience, which may probably be of service to others similarly circumstanced with himself. Over this second division of his life, I find the words “*EXPERTO CREDE*” written in large letters, double-stroked below, and evidently authenticating the various facts and narratives which immediately follow. The deevilry, therefore, and the trick, and the fun, of “*Ill Tam*” the school-boy, may henceforth be considered as exchanged for the impetuosity, and rashness, and inexperience of youth; and

they who have themselves made no false steps in life, or who have never suffered injury or injustice, will have little interest in the succeeding papers. But if there be a single wayward, fluctuating, well-meaning, but rash and inconsiderate wight, yecept “*A SCOTCH TUTOR*,” who still tosses about on the ocean of dependency and adventure, to him the following pages of “*Ill Tam*” may prove at once interesting and instructive. X.

ON SHOOTING WITH A LONG BOW.

Oh! wad some pow'r the gifle gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us,
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

Burns.

MR EDITOR,

“*SHOOTING with a long bow*” is a figurative expression for a very prevalent, but contemptible practice, which I should find it difficult to define in terms more significant or concise than those I have just used. Allow me, however, without a figure, and in plain parlance, to state more at length what is included in the phrase, “*Shooting with a long bow*.” The simple meaning then, is nothing more or less than telling what is not true, and, in consequence, the narrator is a LIAR! Truth is the mark at which he should aim; but the farther he shoots beyond it, or the wider the aim he takes, the longer is the bow which he draws. In the application of this phrase there is, however, one, and only one peculiarity, which, in some degree, may claim the privilege of a saving point, and which it is but fair to mention. The man to whom so odious a description is usually applied, is not a deliberate liar. He would scorn to frame, utter, and circulate, a falsehood which would either directly or indirectly injure the life, the property, or the good name of any individual. It is quite probable that the shooter with the long bow may be free of all malice, or of any tincture of envy, or the spirit of detraction. The sin which so easily besets him is not that of a wicked tongue, seeking to injure and degrade the character or talents of another person, but that of a vain tongue, seeking to exalt him-

self in his own, and in the opinion of others. At one time, he adds to the truth, at another, he takes from it; now, his statement is founded on fact—now, it is all fiction; but he is at all times, and upon all such occasions, simply burning incense at the shrine of his own vanity, and just mixing truth with falsehood, and facts with fancy, in such proportions as he thinks will best serve to make his acquaintances stare with admiration and astonishment, and think more highly of him than sober truth would warrant. But a question naturally suggests itself here, Does he succeed in this? He does not—and let him mark the consequence. After deceiving himself for a long time, (his friends being undeceived in a very short time,) he finds, to his mortification, that he has deceived nobody but himself, and that the higher he has endeavoured to exalt his character and talents above their *true* standard, the lower he has sunk them in the estimation of those who have discovered, at once his want of modesty and veracity. Making this unpleasant discovery, he begins, when perhaps it is too late, to endeavour to establish his character upon a better foundation, and to assert his right to what is really his due; but here again he labours under a great disadvantage, for “even if he speak the truth,” his statements are received with hesitation and distrust, and he feels to his cost, the bitter truth contained in the words of the ancient fabulist:—

Quicunque turpi fraude semel innôuit,
Etiam si vera dicit, amittit fidem.

It is probable enough, that associates, tired of him at last, and disgusted at his narrations, either become shy of his company, or shun him altogether, as they would shun the society of one addicted to habitual intoxication. In the one case, as in the other, Major Longbow has only the alternative of forming a new, but an inferior set of acquaintances. Here, however, old habits return with all the virulence of a relapse in a physical disease. The impoverished palate still recurs to the same over-seasoned dainties, for the support of its vanity, as a return to the stimulating liquor affords a

temporary freshness and vigour to the parched veins and shattered nerves of the drunkard.

One great misfortune under which the drawer of a long bow always labours, is, that amongst all his acquaintances, who are of course well aware of his foible, there is in general not one faithful friend to bring the system of self-delusion to an end, by an honest and candid exposure of the folly of feeding his vanity at the expence of sacrificing his character for truth. In such a case, advice would often, perhaps, be well received, if it were faithfully and kindly administered; but it is seldom offered at all, partly through fear of offending, and partly from the pleasure acquaintances feel in enjoying the joke which such a despicable foible affords them. Acquaintances look on, and relish it as a kind of amusement, just as the Philistines made sport of Sampson, or as little urchins amuse themselves with the tipsy citizen, who imagines that he is walking steadily, and straight forward to his home, when, in fact, he is mistaking the breadth of the street for the length of it, and reeling and swaggering at every step.

The test of ridicule I have known applied with effect to stop, at least for the time being, the long-bow-exercise of its pitiable hero, and compel him to shrink within himself, in all the bitter consciousness of detected falsehood; but the ministration of this test requires a degree of readiness, confidence, and power of imagination, possessed by few, and cannot, therefore, be recommended as a general remedy for this mental, or rather moral disease. The plan is, to give the bow a still stronger pull, or, in plain terms, to narrate a tale in the same strain, but abundantly more extravagant and ridiculous, which is perfectly equivalent to, although it saves one the pain of telling Major Longbow to his face, that he is a fabricator and a liar, and that others, were they so inclined, could fight him with his own weapons, and perhaps surpass him in this dishonourable warfare.

Such a deplorable instance of self-infatuation, as that of the long-bow, demands our sympathy, and calls for reproof. The fabricator of a

story whose origin is nowhere to be found except in his own imagination, becoming much in love with the ingenious fabrication, he, by some unaccountable process of mental infatuation, actually believes it true, and hence the most unwarrantable prepossessions or prejudices are founded and acted upon, by the victim of this disease, as if they were lightened up into actual existence by the sunbeams of truth.

Another unfortunate case in which the long-bow hero often betrays himself, is a want of consistency and keeping, in many of his fabrications, too precious in his sight to be withheld from his apparently gratified hearers; but it is frequently discovered that memory, not keeping pace with imagination, plays him now and then a slippery trick, and leads him, on one occasion, to relate what happened over three bottles of Madeira with Sir John, and which, at another time, was over five bottles of Claret with My Lord; and what is equally probable, since the former narration, his fertile powers have either supplied a preface, or subjoined an addendum, in which former editions were deficient; all giving ample proof of the force of Tillotson's remark, that "a liar has need of a good memory." Shakespeare has given a felicitous illustration of the case, in Falstaff's "men in buckram."

When a man has thus no friends to inform him of his failings, and is on the brink of ruin, from not knowing their effects on his character and condition, the public is in some measure bound to find friends for him, and to provide for the blindness of his vanity, just as the parish to which he belongs is in duty bound to provide for him in the case of his becoming a pauper, and being deprived of the means of taking care of, or providing for himself. It is to the discharge of such a duty, Mr Editor, that I solicit your assistance, by the insertion of this paper in your now widely-circulated Magazine. Who knows what poor infatuated self-approving wight may cast his eyes upon it, and save himself, in future, the degrading appellation of "shooting with a long bow;" amusing some, puffed and

despised by others, and degrading himself in the opinion of all,

"To make himself in well-bred tongue prevail,

Add little I the hero of each tale!"

As already hinted, I know nothing so effectual as ridicule for curing this moral malady. Remarks so general as the above may not have the desired effect. Should you be pleased, however, to insert these, such as they are, and as a mere opening of the case, I purpose, with your permission, in an early number of the Scots Magazine, to give some specimens of the folly to which I allude; specimens, some of them drawn, and some of them not drawn, from life, but all of them applicable to life, and such as may be useful, without being personally offensive to any one. In pursuance of this plan, I am to write of Fortune's favours showered down in abundance upon the mercantile long-bow drawer;—of ladies' favours bestowed upon the all-successful lover;—of the great qualities, riches, personal and political influence, of the friends of the honest plebeian bowman; which shall prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he is no plebeian at all;—of the marvellous adventures by flood and field, and strange crosses and accidents which have befallen the traveller in his journeys through regions unprofaned by the foot of adventure;—in the case of the warrior,

Of fair-breadth 'scapes, if the eminent
deadly breach,

Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery;

—of the singular discoveries of the author and critic, to whom the true honour belongs of having written some of the ablest papers in the Reviews and Magazines of the day, and some of the best anonymous effusions in our "floating literature;"—and of the extraordinary precocity of talent in the childhood of others, and their no less astonishing prowess after arriving at the years of discretion. Such, Mr Editor, are my honest intentions, and

"If I one soul improve, I have not wrote
in vain."

SIMON SHORT-BOW.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Dr Simon Shaw, master of the Grammar School at Hanley, in Staffordshire, will publish about Christmas a work in three volumes, rich in engravings, under the title of *Nature Displayed*.

Lord John Russell is about to enrol himself among our tragic poets, by publishing Don Carlos, a tragedy.

Three more Cantos of Don Juan, by Lord Byron, are in his publisher's hands. The Noble Lord has also in London, a poem called the Deluge; and another piece, called Heaven and Earth, is to appear in the same volume.

On the 1st of December will be published, the Loves of the Angels, a poem, by Thomas Moore.

Mr Allan Cunningham, author of "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," &c. is preparing for the press, the Adventures of Mark Macrahan, the Comedian, a work intended to exhibit a picture of the opinions, beliefs, superstitions, poetical enthusiasm, and devotional and national character, of the people of the Scottish Lowland.

Mr J. P. Neale is about to commence the publication of a work illustrative of the ecclesiastical architecture of this country, exhibiting every variety of style. The publication will be similar in form to his "Views of Seats," and each number will contain five engravings, executed in the fine manner by the best artists. It will be entitled Original Views of the most interesting Collegiate and Parochial Churches in England, with historical notes and architectural descriptions.

Some curious Memoirs of the French Court will shortly appear, from the pen of the late Madame de Campan, first Lady of the Bedchamber to the late Queen Marie Antoinette.

Mr T. Dale is preparing a translation of the Tragedies of Sophocles, in which the various metres of the original will be attempted as near as the English language will admit.

The work of general Cotemporary Biography, which has been several years in preparation, will appear in a few days, under the title of *Public Characters of all Nations*. It will contain nearly 3000 articles, and 150 engraved portraits, forming three volumes like Debrett's Peerage and Baronetage.

Bibliotheca Gloucesterensis, is preparing for publication by subscription, being a reprint of scarce and curious tracts relative to the county and city of Gloucester.

ter, illustrative of and published during the Civil War, with biographical and historical remarks.—The first part will contain Corbet's "Historical Relation of the Military Government of Gloucester, from the beginning of the Civil Warre betwene King and Parliament, to the Removall of Colonel Massie from that Government to the Command of the Westerne Forces." London, 1645.—Embellished with a fine portrait of Colonel Massie, and a plan of the city as it then stood, with the lines of the ancient fortifications.

Sketches of Field Sports, as followed by the natives of India, are preparing for publication, with observations on the animals. Also an account of many of the customs of the inhabitants and natural productions, with anecdotes; a description of snake-catchers, and their method of curing themselves when bitten; with remarks on hydrophobia and rabid animals; by Dr Johnson, surgeon to the Hon. East India Company, and many years resident at Chittra, in Bangalore.

Some Remarks on Southey's Life of Wesley will appear in the course of next month.

The literary world will be favoured, in the ensuing winter, with a volume of Letters from the pen of Mr Beckford, author of "Fatholc."

Palæontologia, or Historical and Philological Disquisitions, are preparing for publication.

A new edition, with several valuable appendages, of the Saxon Chroicles, by the Rev. J. Ingram, is printing.

Truth against Falsehood, or Facts opposed to Fiction, is preparing for publication, in a series of letters addressed to Douglas, the author of "No Fiction," by Lefevre.

In the press, and shortly will be published, Outlines of Character, in one volume octavo.

A reprint, in octavo, is preparing of Sir Robert Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia, or Observations on the Court of Queen Elizabeth, her Times and Favourites. It will be accompanied by a Life of Naunton, and a series of notes and historical illustrations; and will be embellished with numerous portraits, finely engraved, from original pictures.

A Complete Illustration of the Index Testacologicus, or Catalogue of Shells, British and Foreign, by W. Wood, F.R.S. and L.S. is announced by subscription. The object of this work is to incorporate figures of all the known shells, collected

from every authentic source, and reduced to a small size, but with a sufficient degree of accuracy to enable the Conchologist to fix at once upon any particular species he may wish to define.

An Essay on the Proof of the Inspiration of the Scriptures, deduced from the completion of its prophecies, by the Rev. T. Wilkinson, B.D. Rector of Bulvan, Essex.

Blossoms, by Robert Millhouse, with prefatory remarks on his genius and situation, by the Rev. Luke Booker, L.L.D. will speedily be published.

A work is in forwardness, in several languages, bearing the following title, "L'Histoire Générale des Superstitions et des Cultes, avec des Notes sur le Caractère des Prêtres de toutes les Religions; par une Société de Philosophes."

Popular Stories, translated from the "*Kinder und Haus-Märchen*," collected by Messrs Grimm, from oral tradition, in different parts of Germany, are printing in 12mo. with numerous original designs from the pencil of Mr George Cruikshanks.

Speedily will be published, a History and Description of Fonthill Abbey, illustrated by a series of engravings, comprehending views, plans, sections, and details, by John Rutter, of Shaftesbury.

A novel, entitled *Isabella*, will be published early in November, by the author of "*Rhoda*."

Early in November will be published, embellished with a beautiful engraving of Bonaparte passing the Alps, from the celebrated picture by David, No. I. of the Napoleon Anecdotes, illustrating the mental energies of the late Emperor of France, and the characters and actions of his contemporaries.

Early in November will be published, a new Map of the Ear, taken from anatomical preparations in the possession of Mr J. H. Curtis, and designed chiefly for the use of his pupils.

Mr Shaw has in the press a work on Diseases of the Spine. The first part will treat of the distortions to which young persons are subject in consequence of habitual bad postures, and the neglect of proper exercise. The second part will embrace scrofulous diseases of the spine. The whole will be illustrated by engravings.

Shortly will be published, in two volumes, octavo, Fifty Lithographic Prints, illustrative of a Tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy, during the years 1819, 20, and 21, from original drawings taken in Italy, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, by Marianne Colston.

A Series of Portraits of the Kings and

Queens of Great Britain, to be engraved in the chalk manner by Mr R. Cooper, from the most authentic originals, are preparing to be published in numbers, each containing four portraits. Part 'I.' will shortly appear.

A considerable portion of the *Treatise of Cicero de Republica*, discovered by Angelo Mai, keeper of the Vatican Library, in a Codex Rescriptus, will soon appear in octavo.

Mrs Davis, author of "*Helps to Devotion*," and of "*Fables and Moral Tales in Verse*," has in the press another work, entitled *Christian Duties*, or a Code of Piety and Morality, extracted from the New Testament.

EDINBURGH.

Preparing for publication, A Supplement to Mr Morrison's Dictionary of the Decisions of the Court of Session. By M. P. Brown, Esq. Advocate. In this will be included, in the form of a Dictionary, and arranged according to the order adopted by Lord Kaimes,

1st, All the Cases (amounting to upwards of 3,000) which are omitted in Mr Morrison's Dictionary, although published in the printed Collections of Durie, Stair, Fountainhall, Harecourse, and others.

2d, A Selection from the MSS. in the Advocates' Library, of such of the Old Cases as appear worthy of publication, but have also been omitted by Mr Morrison.

3d, A Large Collection of Cases of modern date, derived from authentic sources, and which are now published from the original Manuscripts, for the first time.

The Index to the Decisions, which, by pointing out the extent of the omissions in the Dictionary, suggested the above Supplement, will be published in a few days.

In the course of a few weeks will be published, by Subscription, in one volume duodecimo, 5s. boards, Louran Castle, or, The Wild Boar of Curridoo; A Legend of the Noble Family of Kenmore; Being the Origin of the ancient and illustrious surname of Gordon. With eight other Tales, illustrative of the Chivalry and Superstitions of Scotland. The Second Edition, revised, with several Additional Notes, by Robert Trotter, Student of Medicine, New Galloway.

Also by the same Author, will be published early in May 1823, by Subscription, in one volume folio, £.2s. boards, Heraldic Blazonry, or, A Complete History of all the Noble and Respectable Families in Galloway and Dumfriesshire;

containing their Origin, Genealogy, Armorial Bearings, and Gallant Deeds in Battle, from the earliest ages to the present time; with the Arms of each Family, and Surname, elegantly engraved. The whole comprising a complete System of Heraldry for the Counties of Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, and Wigton; and

exhibiting, in one neat and correct Volume, the whole Chivalry of those three extensive Counties, at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

A Translation of Dr Gregory's *Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticae*, is in the press, and will be ready for publication some time in December.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The London Catalogue of Books, with their Prices, Sizes, and Publishers: containing the Books published in London from 1800 to October 1822. 8vo. 9s.

Ogle, Duncan, and Co.'s Catalogue of rare Books on the History, Antiquities, and Literature of Scotland and Ireland. 8vo.

T. Thorpe's Catalogue of Books. Part 41. for 1822. 3s.

GEOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the late Mrs Catherine Cappe. By her self. 8vo. 12s.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

FRANCE.—The intelligence from this country, since our last publication, embrace few facts of importance, but the political rumours are abundant. Among others, it is reported that the Army of Observation on the Spanish frontier is about to make a hostile invasion of that country, in aid of the Royalists. This measure, however, it is not likely the French government will venture upon, without the sanction of the European sovereigns at present assembled at Verona, for the purpose of taking the state of Spain, among other subjects, under their consideration.

General Berton and his associates, Sauge and Jaglin, have suffered death, according to their sentence. Berton was executed on the morning of the 6th October. He exhibited the utmost calmness to the very last moment. The other prisoner, Du Caffé, killed himself some hours before the time fixed for the execution, by means of a sharp instrument which had been by some means conveyed to him; he had given himself a deep wound in the groin. The femoral artery was cut through. The doctor expired after a great effusion of blood, and thus escaped the scaffold. Caffé destroyed himself in the presence of two gendarmes, who had the care of him. Carron, as stated in our last Number, was executed at Strasburgh on the 1st of October. The fate of these conspirators does not seem,

however, to have extinguished the spirit by which they were animated. Republican catechisms are distributed amongst the troops, and political confessions of faith promulgated, by which to infuse and keep alive the insurrectionary spirit. A remarkable circumstance occurred in the case of Carron. His advocate, who had to appeal to the Court of Cassation, stated, that though he had proceeded to bring his case before the court with the utmost dispatch, he was shocked to find, by a telegraphic dispatch from Strasburgh, that he had been executed.

SPAIN.—Important events are looked for in this country, the two hostile parties having armies in the field, which are expected soon to come to blows.—The insurgent Royalists have set up a regency at Urgel, which affects to act as an executive government in name of the king. In the meantime, the extraordinary Cortes, which assembled on the 7th October, have adopted, and continue to adopt, the most vigorous measures for putting an end to the rebellious attempts of the anti-constitutionalists. They have empowered the government to raise additional troops, to the number of 30,000 infantry, and 8000 cavalry, and the money necessary for making these efficient. All the public functionaries in the different towns are warned, that, unless they act with decision against the Royalist bands; they will be punished with the loss of their salaries; and the inha-

bitants also, if they do not turn out in their own defence with alacrity, are to be charged with the support of whatever military force the Commandant of the district may think it expedient to send for their defence. It has also been determined to bring to immediate trial those of the nobles who are suspected of having favoured the insurrection of the guards on the 7th July; and several officers concerned in the same plot have been arrested. In this prescription list, General Morillo is included. He, in consequence, fled, but has been recaptured and conducted to Madrid, where it is said he will be confined in his own house.

In the sitting of the Cortes of the 28th October, some declarations of the Chief of the Staff who deserted from Urgel were read. They are said to implicate several members of the Royal Family. Orders had been issued for arresting all the late Ministers. The patriotic clubs have been re-established, and measures have been taken for the representation of patriotic productions at all the theatres.

At the opening of the Session of the Extraordinary Cortes, the King attended, and delivered his speech in person. Its principal feature is an appeal to the Cortes, urging it to adopt measures for putting down the existing insurrection. The King says:—

"The enemies of the constitution, employing every means which can be suggested by a passion as barbarous as infatuated, have succeeded in enticing into the career of crime a considerable number of Spaniards. The misfortunes which the disorders have produced in Catalonia, Aragon, and other provinces, weigh heavy on my heart and yours. It is for you to apply an efficacious remedy to such lamentable disasters. The country demands the assistance of numerous and vigorous arms to restrain at once the audacity of her rebel sons; and the brave and loyal soldiers who are serving her in the field of honour, call for vigorous and effectual measures to ensure the happy success of the enterprizes in which they are employed."

The President, in his reply, assures his Majesty of the determination of the Cortes "to provide for the urgencies of the state, to rid the nation of the bands of factions which infest the various points of her territory, to make arrangements with foreign powers, and to place the military laws and the criminal code in harmony with the existing institutions."

PORTUGAL.—On the 30th of September, the members and President of the Cortes took the oath to the constitution in the following words:—"I swear to pre-

serve the political Constitution of the Portuguese Monarchy, which has just been decreed by the constitutional Cortes of the same nation." On the following day, the King proceeded in state, also to take the oath, when he addressed a speech of congratulation to the Cortes, and when the book was presented to him to take the oath, the King immediately took it, saying, "I desire to pronounce it aloud, that all may hear me," and laying his hand on the Holy Gospels, he proceeded:—"I accept, and swear to observe, and cause to be observed, the Political Constitution of the Portuguese Monarchy, which has just been decreed by the Constituent Cortes of the same nation," and he then added, "and with the greatest pleasure, and with all my heart." The hall resounded with enthusiastic acclamations, and mingled cries of:—"The Constitution for ever!"—"Long live the best of Kings, the Father of the Country!" His Majesty then signed the oath, which was annexed to the two originals of the Constitution, in the following form:—"John VI. *Com. Guido.*"

The King has unequivocally expressed his disapprobation, real or assumed, of the conduct of his son. By a decree, dated Lisbon, October 9, he has forbidden the customary rejoicings on the birthday of the Prince Royal, until, "by his obedience to the laws and his (the King's) orders, he has rendered himself worthy of his royal and paternal kindness."

The Portuguese Government is wisely making common cause with the constitutional government of Spain, and has made an offer of 8000 troops to be stationed in the frontier province of Entre Duero y Minho, under the command of Field Marshal do Rego, to be ready to cross the Minho, in order to act against the Royalists on the first intimation from the Spanish authorities that their services will be required. The expense incurred by these necessary measures is to be defrayed by a loan amounting to about five millions sterling.

NAPLES.—The Neapolitan Gazette contains an account of the treatment of the partisans of the late constitution. Thirty persons, concerned in the revolution of 1820, have been condemned to death, and thirteen to twenty-five years imprisonment.—"When the sentence was read, the prisoners in custody were immediately stripped of their handkerchiefs, braces, and every thing that could have furnished them the means of destroying themselves: they were then fettered (they had not been before ironed) and carried down to the condemned cells." The sentence of twenty-four out of the thirty condemned,

was, however, commuted into imprisonment and hard labour for thirty years. Two were executed on the 11th September, Signiors Murelli and Selvati; the remaining four, including General Pepe, have escaped abroad.

GREECE AND TURKEY.—The most favourable of the accounts circulated relative to the success of the Greek cause, seem now to have received a full confirmation. The Turks, after being defeated in the plain of Argos by Coleotroni on the 23d July, and at the defile of Trete on the 24th and 25th, entrenched themselves at St George's, where they received reinforcements from Patras and Lepanto. The Greek army was, in the mean time, increased by volunteers from all quarters to 25,000 men; and they occupied all the passes leading towards the Isthmus. On the 6th and 7th of August the Turks sought to force a passage upon Corinth. In the engagement of the 6th, they were attacked upon all points, and repulsed with great loss; in the battle of the 7th, which was very bloody, 3000 Turks perished upon the field of battle; the General-in-Chief, Ali Pacha, formerly Grand Vizier, was among the number. Mahmud Dramali (native of Drama,) Pacha, of Thessaly, was made prisoner, with several Boys of the Province and of Macedonia. The rest of the Turkish army dispersed itself upon three different points. A corps of about 2500 men gained the high road to Corinth, where they were pursued. Another corps of 2000 men took flight towards Hagion-Oros, from whence they sought, by a desperate effort, to regain the road to Napoli di Romania; but surprised by Nicitas near Berbati, it was cut in pieces, a very small number throwing themselves into the mountains, whence they eventually reached Corinth. A third corps, the most considerable of all, and composed principally of Albanians, was unable, from its desperate situations, to take any other course than to precipitate itself on the rout leading to Tripolitza; overtaken in its flight between Agiadocampas and the lake of Lerne, it was attacked, and left on the place more than 1000 men: the rest surrendered at discretion.—By subsequent accounts we learn, that on the 24th September the castle of Corinth surrendered to the Christians, and by this achievement the Morea has again been liberated from the Musselmén. The Turkish garrison of Corinth, on the 16th of September, made a great effort to raise the siege; but they were opposed by the most determined gallantry, and driven into the town with very great loss. The obstinacy of the Turks could not yield to one defeat,

and another daring effort was made by them to open a passage through the Christian army, which was, however, repulsed, and the Greeks having, in consequence thereof, made themselves masters of the town and of the port, the castle surrendered at discretion on the 24th of September.

The Turks in Candia have also sustained several defeats, and have been compelled to shut themselves up in the fortresses.

These gratifying accounts, however, suffer a severe abatement, by intelligence contained in a letter from Trieste, wherein it is stated, on the authority of the English at Cyprus, that the Turks had renewed upon the defenceless inhabitants of that island, all the atrocities of which they were formerly guilty at Smyrna and Scio. 25,000 Cypriotes are said to have fallen under the ferocity of their brutal tyrants, without the slightest pretext from tumult or disaffection. Sixty-two villages are described as having been reduced to ashes, and a great part of their population massacred. Though this account is probably somewhat exaggerated, yet there can be no doubt of the monstrous outrages which have been committed on this unfortunate island, which had not provoked them by any attempt at insurrection. Only one district, occupied by the troops of the Pacha of Egypt, is said to have been maintained in a peaceful and protected state.

In the Austrian Observer of the 23d October, a paper which has always thrown doubt upon the successes of the Greeks, a detail of the state of affairs between them and the Turks is given, in which the main fact of the retreat of the Turks from the Morea upon Corinth is admitted, but it is attributed principally to the want of provisions, from the impoverished state of the country. It is further asserted, that the success of the Turks, in Albania and Epirus, is decisive of the fate of the peninsula and all Greece. That to conquer Ali Pacha, the Suliots, and inhabitants of those mountainous districts, was of the first importance, before which the Turks did not attempt any great measure against the Morca, and having conquered them, the Morea must ultimately submit to the Turkish power. It adds, that the Suliots have expressed a wish to emigrate, if the British Government would give them a settlement in one of the Ionian Islands. General Adam seer to have entered unwillingly into the negotiation, but at length has complied with their wishes, and granted them some districts in the Island of Cephallonia, sent several cargoes of corn thither, for the immediate

subsistence of the emigrants, and dispatched transports to Prevesa to fetch their families.

The following article in the Nuremberg Correspondent of the 31st October, is interesting, as regarding the naval affairs of Greece and Turkey, and also the operations of the Pacha of Egypt, who seems long since to have been aiming at the establishment of his authority independent of Turkey :

"Accounts given in several merchants' letters agree in stating that the Egyptian fleet under Ismail Gibraltar has separated from the Turks, and returned to Alexandria, to winter there. Ismail Gibraltar was ordered by his master, the Pacha of Egypt, not to be induced, on any pretext whatsoever, to enter the Dardanelles, if the Turkish fleet should return to Constantinople, he being convinced that in this case he would no longer have the free disposal of his ships, but that they would be considered as entirely Turkish. It is said, that before the separation took place, there was a violent altercation between the Turkish and Egyptian commanders. The Turkish fleet, in its hasty return to the Dardanelles, has lost two frigates, a corvette, and some brigs. One frigate was burnt by the Greeks, and one taken, as also two brigs; the corvette and the other brigs stranded and sunk. The fleet had no transports with it, having left all the troops at Patras: this enabled it to sail more rapidly. A part of the crews had died of the plague.

"We now positively know that there has been no actual naval engagement. The Turks would not fight a battle on account of the bad condition of their ships, and feared the Greek fire-ships. The Greeks, on their side, were not willing to come to an action, because their small well-armed vessels could not possibly engage in the open sea with the large Turkish men of war. Their views were directed to burning the Turkish fleet, which escaped destruction by its rapid return to the Dardanelles. The Greeks, however, have attained their object of being masters in the Archipelago. Another expedition of the Turkish fleet, after it has been refitted, cannot be thought of before next spring, and before that time, various measures may be taken to strengthen the Greek naval force. A part of it has returned to Hydra, a division cruises on the coast of Asia Minor, and another has returned to the coast of Morea and Epirus.

"Accounts have just been received, that the Pacha of Egypt recalls his troops from Candia to Alexandria.—Every thing seems to indicate, that this extraordinary

man has great undertakings in view, and is preparing every thing to put them in execution. He is again at variance with the Divan, because he has refused to send troops to Asia to support the Turks, and because he does not keep down the Weshabites, whose chiefs, in strict alliance with the Persians, are preparing to issue from Arabia. The latest accounts from Alexandria affirm, that Bagdad is closely besieged by the Persians, and cannot long hold out."

Intelligence from Constantinople to the 25th September informs us, that the Porte continues to receive the most disastrous accounts from the Eastern parts of its dominions. The Persians have, it is stated, actually entered Trebizond. All Mesopotamia, and the greater part of Armenia, are stated to be in their power: their army is advancing in Anatolia (this latter, we conceive, is mistaken for the province to the eastward;) and that all the towns in Armenia, along the Black Sea, have revolted. The coast of Syria had been desolated by a succession of earthquakes. At Aleppo, only one house remains habitable, and the cities of Antioch, Sidon, and Alexandretta, have also been nearly destroyed. The value of money in Turkey is, by a firman, quadrupled. The Turks crowd their mosques, and predict the dissolution of their empire.

An article from the *Frontiers of Moldavia* of October 3, states, that "the last letters from Odessa confirm the account that Selim Pacha, with 15,600 men, had gone over to the Persians; that several severe actions ensued, in which the Turks were totally defeated, and lost all their artillery."

ASIA.

NEW SOUTH WALES.—Hobart Town Gazette, to the latter end of May, state the arrival of several vessels with male and female convict, who all appeared in a remarkably healthy and orderly state. We find that an Agricultural Society has been formed at Van Diemen's Land, and that a variety of premiums have been offered for improvements in the breed of sheep, pigs, &c.; also for those who shall clear the greatest quantity of land, to the growers of the best corn, the greatest quantity of turnips, carrots, parsnips, &c.—to those who shall raise the greatest quantity of potatoes on the smallest piece of land; and for other Agricultural purposes. Premiums are also offered to the best shepherds, sheep-shearers, &c.—These rewards are doubtless useful in exciting emulation among the settlers: but what is certainly the most material, in a

moral point of view, is the following:—That a suit of clothes and one guinea be given to each of the ten male servants in husbandry, and to each of the ten female servants, prisoners of the Crown, being in the employ of members of the Society, who shall have lived for the longest period, beyond three years, in their respective services, and who shall have conducted themselves in the most exemplary manner.

Sidney, March 22.—On Wednesday last his Excellency the President, and Members of the Philosophical Society of Australasia, made an excursion to the south head of Botany Bay, for the purpose of affixing a brazen tablet, with the following inscription, against the rock on which Captain Cook and Sir J. Banks first landed:

A. D. MDCCCLXX.

Under the auspices of British Science,
These Shores were discovered

BY

James Cook and Joseph Banks,
The Columbus and Mæcenas of their time.

This spot once saw them ardent

In the pursuit of knowledge;

NOW,

To their Memoiry, this Tablet is inscribed,
In the first year

OF

The Philosophical Society of Australasia.

Sir T. Brisbane, K.C.B., F.R.S.L. & E.
(Corresponding Member of the Institute
of France,) President.

A. D. MDCCCXXII.

Upon this interesting occasion the Society had the good fortune to be assisted by Captain Cambier, and several of the Officers of his Majesty's ship *Dauntless*; and, after dining together in a natural harbour on the shore, they all repaired to the rock, against which they saw the tablet soldered, about 25 feet above the level of the sea; and they there drank to the immortal fame of these illustrious men, whose discoveries they were then met to commemorate.

AMERICA.

UNITED STATES.—From the New York papers of the 16th October, the yellow fever, which had prevailed in that city for several months, was considerably abated. A day of humiliation and prayer to Heaven, to arrest the progress of the malady, had been appointed. Accounts from Pensacola represent the fever to be at an alarming height in that place. New Orleans has also been visited with the infection. The legislature of Tennessee has made a marriage law, which enacts, that no marriage of a white man with a negro, mulatto, or mustee, or any person of mixed blood, bond or free, the

the third generation, shall be valid; and all concerned in celebrating such marriages are to be severely fined, and otherwise punished at the discretion of the court. There has been a dreadful and destructive hurricane at Charleston, which has produced very great loss of both lives and property; 200 persons perished in the North Inlet, and the crops were generally destroyed.

BRAZILS.—From Rio Janeiro two important documents have been received, which announce the final separation of the Brazils from their dependence on Portugal. In the first of these, the Prince Regent declares all Portuguese, who may land on the shores of Brazil, its enemies, and directs measures of hostility to be adopted against them. If they shall dare to land in Brazil, the Prince invites the people to oppose them *en masse*. If, notwithstanding such resistance, they shall succeed in setting foot on the shores of Brazil, the inhabitants of the place in which they may land are to retire into the interior, carrying with them all the moveables and provisions they can collect, and, by laying waste the country, deprive them of the means of subsistence. In the second state-paper, the Prince Regent enters into a long and able justification of the conduct he has pursued, proclaims the complete independence of Brazil, and throws off all allegiance to the mother country.—On the 3d of August the Minister of State at Rio de Janeiro convened a meeting of the principal merchants for the purpose of effecting a loan. The sum required was 400,000 milreas, which was soon subscribed. Some British merchants have taken shares in it, which is to pay 6 per cent. interest, and 10 per cent. of the capital is to be redeemed annually.

Columbian Republic.—The latest accounts from Caraccas state, that General Morales had landed near Maracaibo; but had been disappointed in getting the Indians to join him. It was supposed that he would be overpowered by the patriot forces; and letters from Curacao actually state, that he had been beaten by General Paez, with the loss of 300 killed on the field. By intelligence from Quilo, Bolivar is stated to be at Guayaquil. The whole of that province had joined the Columbian republic. Don Ximenes, Bishop of Popayan, the most faithful adherent of Spain, had sanctioned the independent cause, declaring that Heaven had determined in its favour. News from Lima state the royalists in the neighbourhood of Casco to be very strong, and was supposed they would very shortly attack General St Martin. General St Martin sent 3000 men to his assistance.

the poor man appears to have lost his own life in his paternal anxiety to save those of his children.

25.—During Burglary.—On Monday evening a very extensive robbery was committed in the shop of Mr Howden, pawn-broker, at the head of Dickson's Close, High Street. The thieves, watching the opportunity of the watchman on duty going to a different part of his rounds, climbed up, by the help of the lamp-iron, to a window fronting the street, and by breaking a pane, removed the sash screw, and the shutters not being fastened, entered the house without difficulty. One of the party remained without, and the rest, consisting of three, rummaged the premises for about an hour and a half, and in that time conveyed by a back window to their accomplice, a number of valuable articles, chiefly of jewellery, to the value of upwards of £500, among which were seven gold and fifty silver watches. On their retreat, however, they were observed by a watchman, and three of them secured with the booty. A fourth was taken next day, and after examination in the Police Office, the whole were given over to the Sheriff.

Desperate Affray at Chippingham.—On Saturday the 7th instant, between eleven and twelve o'clock, a party of young men, about thirty in number, from Langley Burrel and Kington Langley, near Chippingham, entered that town, and with bludgeons and stones assaulted and most dreadfully beat all the persons they met, without distinction of age or sex. Mr Joseph Hull, saddler, who was called out of his bed by cries of murder, was taken up and carried home dead. Mr Reynold, a brazier, was carried home bruised from head to foot. He was heard praying most piteously for his life. "Don't kill me! don't kill me, Mountjoy, and I'll give thee a guinea!" but no mercy was shewn him. He died on Tuesday evening. Mr Moore, the high constable, and landlord of the Duke of Cumberland, lies in a most deplorable state, and upwards of twenty other persons are suffering under severe contusions. Near twenty of the assailants, including the two ringleaders, who are respectable farmers, are in custody. This shameful outrage is stated to have arisen at the last Kington Langley revel, where some offence was taken at the conduct of some young men of Chippingham, and a determination was formed to have revenge.—A verdict of Wilful Murder and Riot has been brought in by the Coroner's Inquest, which sat on the bodies of the unfortunate men who lost their lives on this occasion, against Henry Knight and John Matthew (two farmers),

John Thomas, George Thomas, Thomas Pearce, Benjamin Salter, William Tanner, John Woodman, James Isaacs, and William Bryant, (all of whom, except Tanner, are in custody,) and against other persons unknown. Three other persons are also in custody, charged with being implicated in this riot.

CIRCUIT INTELLIGENCE.—*Stirling, Sept. 12.*—The only indictment at this Court was that of Peter Moffat, jun. charged with the murder of his father at Kilsyth. He was not in custody, and was declared an outlaw for not appearing.

Glasgow.—The court sat here from the 16th to the 19th.—James Campbell was charged with entering the house of a gardener at Lodge-my-loons, where he had formerly been a servant, by means of false keys, and stealing £85 in bank notes. He was found Guilty, and sentenced to be executed on the 23d of October. After receiving sentence, Campbell, in a firm tone, addressed the Bench as follows.—"My Lord, as this is the last time that you and I will meet together on this earth, I have two requests to make, which I hope your Lordship will grant me. The first is, that my name shall not be cried through the public streets in those puny papers, as is usually done with persons in my situation; and that on the day of the execution I shall not be brought into the Court Hall, amidst the gaze of an ignorant rabble, by which my devotions may be disturbed, and my thoughts discomposed. I will ever be very glad to receive the instructions of any Protestant minister who may desire to visit me, as I was bred up in that persuasion; and I hope that your Lordship will indulge me in my wishes, and, that though we have been enemies here to-day, we will meet together as friends in heaven." Lord Pitmilly said, he would do every thing in his power for him; but it lay not with him to grant his requests. He had no doubt, however, if he would apply to the Magistrates of Glasgow, who, while they acted with firmness, were at the same time merciful, they would do every thing possible for a person in his unhappy situation.—Campbell then said, "I have your good-will, my Lord," and left the bar, saying, "Death was sweeter than confinement; cowards die many times, but he would only die once." He has since been respited, and the sentence is expected to be changed to transportation.

Daniel Tucker, for a similar crime, was sentenced to be executed, but has also received a respite. Four others were convicted of housebreaking and theft; thirteen of theft; six of various acts of robbery; and two of assault; who were sen-

tenced to various terms of transportation or imprisonment, according to their degrees of guilt. One man, convicted of bigamy, was banished from Scotland for life.

Perth, Sept. 14—16.—John Millar and William Horner were found guilty of assaulting a girl of fourteen near Glamis, with intent to commit a rape, and were sentenced to be publicly whipped through the streets of Dundee, on the 4th October, and afterwards to be transported for life.

William Robertson, was accused of committing a rape on a woman residing near Cupar, and was found guilty by a majority of the jury; but from some circumstances of the case, which were not made public, they unanimously and strongly recommended him to mercy. This recommendation was strongly backed by the Magistrates, and many gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and has been successful in obtaining a respite from the sentence of death pronounced against Robertson.

John Purvis, younger of Lochend, Fifeshire, was convicted of assaulting, beating, and bruising John Harley, a farm-servant of his father's, but recommended to mercy by the jury; and the Advocate-depute having declined praying the judgment of the court, Mr Purvis was, after a few admonitory words from the Judge, dismissed from the bar. It appeared in evidence that he had previously made pecuniary compensation to Harley.

Three individuals for forgery, or uttering forged notes, were sentenced to transportation, and one to banishment from Scotland for life. One individual to be transported for theft, and three others, for the same crime, sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

Aberdeen, Sept. 19, 20.—The Court was occupied the whole of the first day, with the trial of Elspet Balfour, residing near New Deer, accused of the murder of her natural child; but the charge could not be brought home to her, and the jury brought in a verdict of *Not Proven*.

Two boys, for housebreaking and theft, were sentenced to transportation for fourteen years; a woman for theft, to twelve months, and a man for assault, to four months' imprisonment.

Inverness, Sept. 26.—The following cases came before the court:—A charge of assault against William Macdonald, and of theft against Roderick Chisolm, the Jury found—*Not Proven*. Donald Bethune was convicted of bigamy, and sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment. William Murray, John Mackenzie, Donald

Mackay, and Alexander Macdonald, were convicted of assault, the first three as principals, and the last as being art and part in the crime. The former were sentenced to seven years' transportation, and the latter to twelve months' imprisonment.

Ayr, Sept. 20, 21.—No convictions took place at this Court. The following cases came before it:—John Burtney, accused of rape, whose case was postponed at last Circuit, was placed at the bar. The charge was for attacking Janet Anderson, daughter of James Anderson, wright, near Prestwick toll, in September last, in a potato field near her father's house, throwing her down on the ground, and forcibly ravishing her. She is stated in the libel to be a child of only eight years of age. Burtney was summoned for trial at last Circuit, but the indisposition of the child, said to be deflowered, prevented the prosecutor from proceeding at the time with the case, and it stood over to this Circuit. At this Circuit, likewise, it so happened the public prosecutor could not proceed. A defect in the execution against the witnesses for the Crown, it seems, had been discovered, and lest it might be taken advantage of by the Counsel for the pannel, and the ends of justice defeated, the diet was deserted, and a new warrant of commitment prayed for. In making this motion, the Advocate-depute stated his regret at the delay thus occasioned, and expressed a resolution to bring the case promptly before the High Court of Justiciary.

The Lord Justice Clerk took this opportunity of correcting a very prevalent mistake with regard to this species of desertion. It seems to be believed, even in the highest quarters, and among those whose education should have taught them better, that the public prosecutor is entitled *ad libitum* to postpone the trial of a prisoner, and by this means to detain him in jail. No such power exists. The public prosecutor may move that the diet be deserted *pro loco et tempore*; but it rests with the Court either to grant or refuse this request. Such is the confidence reposed in the public prosecutor, that this motion is usually granted without inquiry into the grounds on which it is made. But if, from any peculiar circumstances in the case, the Court chooses to call upon the prosecutor to explain his grounds, and these are found to be inadequate, they would refuse the motion, desert the diet *simpliciter*, and give the pannel the advantage, whatever it might be, of that deliverance. In this case, however, the mistake was one of great consequence, as the execution against all the witnesses bore that they had been cited "by virtue

or the Sheriff-substitute of Ayrshire, his precept of such a date, subjoined to the list of assisors and witnesses for the ensuing Circuit," instead of running thus— "By virtue of the Lord Justice General, Lord Justice Clerk, and Lords Commissioners of Justiciary, their precept subjoined to the Porteous Roll for Ayrshire, of date so and so, as also by virtue of the Sheriff-substitute of Ayrshire, his warrant following thereon, of date so and so." The diet was accordingly deserted *pro loco et tempore*, and warrant granted for the transmission of the pannel to the tolbooth of Edinburgh.

James Walker, accused of falsehood, fraud, and forgery. This case was likewise brought forward at the last Circuit, and delayed from the absence of a witness. The same mistake having occurred with the witnesses in this trial as in Burtney's case, the diet was deserted *pro loco et tempore*, and warrant granted for the recommitment of the prisoner. His Lordship, however, stated, that it was by no means the wish of the Court that any unnecessary confinement should be inflicted, and that the public prosecutor consented to the pannel's liberation on bail.

James Mackie, accused of assault, and James McDonald of bigamy, were next placed at the bar. Mackie's case, being one of minor importance, was certified to a Sheriff Court. The objection which proved fatal to the two preceding case, likewise applied to that of McDonald; but the public prosecutor did not deem it necessary to insist on a new trial, and he was dismissed *simpliciter* from the bar.

Dumfries, Sept. 25.—Henry Caven, for pocket-picking, was sentenced to seven years' transportation. John Carpenter, an Irish labourer at Gatehouse-of-Fleet, was accused, along with three of his countrymen, with assembling in a riotous and tumultuous manner, at the Gatehouse Fair, held on the 3d July last, and there assaulting the Heges to their great terror and alarm, forcing them to leave the fair. This was neither more nor less than an Irish row. It appeared that at about twelve o'clock noon, on the 3d July last, from forty to fifty Irishmen entered Kelton-hill fair, armed with stout walking-sticks. The party walked three deep, and were otherwise arranged in a sort of marching order. The pannel was placed betwixt two countrymen in the front rank, and was the only individual who did not carry a stick. They cried on the Scotsmen to turn out and fight them; and one of them said, "By the holy —, for the face of a Protestant!" They struck several persons with their sticks,

and severely wounded them, and many people, from the alarm, left the fair sooner than was intended. The Jury returned a verdict, finding that a riotous assemblage had taken place, as stated in the libel, but in so far as regarded the pannel, found the libel Not Proven.

Jedburgh, Sept. 20.—William King and William Jordan, for theft, were sentenced to fourteen years' transportation; and William Crawford, a young lad, for breaking open a chest, and stealing several articles of wearing apparel, to twelve months' imprisonment in Selkirk jail.

OCTOBER.

3.—**The Longitude.**—A very ingenious instrument has been invented by Mr Harley, of the chain-pier at Trinity, for ascertaining the longitude. It has been submitted, we understand, to six naval officers, who concur in opinion that it will completely answer its intended purpose on land, or at sea in calm weather, but they are divided in opinion of the practicability of using it at sea in stormy weather, owing to the violent motion to which it will be subjected; this objection, however, if it cannot be obviated, must apply to all other instruments of a similar description. Mr Harley has taken his instrument to London, to be there inspected by competent judges of its merits, and we earnestly wish him all the success so important a discovery deserves. The reward offered for the discovery of a complete instrument for ascertaining the longitude is, we believe, £20,000.

Cloth-dressing.—A machine for the dressing of cloth has recently been erected in Leeds, which does as much in twelve or fifteen minutes as two men could do in two days.

7. **Population.**—By the late returns, it appears that in England there are 291,688 females more than males—in Wales, 16,461—in Scotland, 126,352—making a total in Great Britain of 134,901—almost half a million ladies fair, doomed, by the unlucky course of nature, to single blessedness—which is rendered worse by the waste occasioned by at least 150,000 inflexible bachelors. How it is in Ireland we have no means of ascertaining; but we hope affairs are more prosperous.

Coach Fares.—A new coach having appeared upon the road between Sunderland and South Shields, in opposition to a regular old stage (whose fare has been for many years 2s. each passenger), the rate was reduced to 1s. 6d. the first week, 1s. the second, 9d. the third, 6d. the fourth, and on the fifth, the charge for each passenger, *inside*, was 1d. each!—So much for opposition.

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The Appointments, &c. are unavoidably postponed till next month.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Oct. 1 {		29.589	M.50	SE.	Dull, with	Oct. 17 {	M.524	29.596	M.44	Cble.	Dull, but
2 {	M.12	.570	A.51		J. shower.	18 {	A.40	.570	A.41		fair.
3 {	A.51	.569	M.52	SE.	Dull, with	19 {	M.56	.550	M.41	Cble.	Frost morn
		.569	A.51		sh. rain.	20 {	A.55	.570	A.41		fair day.
		.569	M.51	E.	Dull, foren.	21 {	M.56	28.939	M.41	E.	Dull, but
		.569	A.51		after, foggy.	22 {	A.12	.599	A.11		fair.
		.569	M.55	Cble.	Foggy foren.	23 {	M.58	.589	M.41	S.	Fair morn
		.569	A.56		clear aftern.	24 {	A.15	.555	A.17		rainy day.
5 {					Fair foren.	25 {	M.11	.555	M.18		Dull, with
					rain aftern.	26 {	A.19	29.101	A.17	SW.	some rain.
						27 {	M.58	.525	M.47	SW.	Fair, with
						28 {	A.15	.558	A.18		sunshine.
						29 {	M.55	.563	M.16	SE.	Dull, but
						30 {	A.15	.550	A.19		fair.
						31 {	M.56	.562	M.51	SE.	Mod. rain.
							A.14	.563	M.52		most of day.
							M.12	.552	M.53	S.	Rain foren.
							A.51	.552	A.51		sunsh. after.
							M.154	.568	M.51	SE.	Dull, but
							A.54	.568	A.50		lan.
							M.30	.568	M.51	SE.	Ditto.
							A.49	.573	A.51		Fair with
							M.384	.570	A.49	SE.	sunshine.
							A.50	.477	A.55	S.	Rain morn.
							M.55	.498	A.50		fair day.
							A.46	.572	M.49	Cble.	Fair, but
							M.15	.553	A.53		dull.
							A.19	.566	M.54	S.	Fair with
							M.14	.566	A.55		sunshine.
							A.19				

Average of Rain, 2.637 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE temperature since our last has been gradually ascending, as the season advanced. The mean temperature, for the week preceding the 22d October, was $42^{\circ}\frac{1}{2}$, for the remaining nine days of that month 48° , and for the first twelve days of the present month 50° . The fall of rain amounts to one inch and three-tenths. The open weather has been favourable to the sowing of wheat, and the genial temperature has brought forward a fair and vigorous braird. Plowing is far advanced; most part of the winter furrow is turned over. Turnips have improved considerably since our last, and cattle are still out at pasture. Potatoes have been all got up, and the return is most abundant. We hear many complaints that oats turn out poorly at the thrashing-mill, and that they are about one-sixteenth deficient in farinaceous matter from what they were last year. Oats at present meet a ready sale, but prices are still low. Barley is also sought after, and prime samples (of which description few are offered) bring 22s. to 23s. Wheat of excellent quality sells for 21s. In beans or pease of the current crop there has been little done in the way of sale. Potatoes are to be had at from 6s. to 8s. per boll, of 32 stones. Cattle sell at from 3s. 6d. to 4s. per stone; and draught-horses are offered on exceedingly low terms. It is generally believed that agricultural produce has reached its acmé of depression; prices being at present with us nearly the same as on the continent, while the expence of production is in many instances treble the amount which it costs the continental farmer: under this state of things, a transfer of capital, from one class to another, is going rapidly forward.

Perthshire, 13th November.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1822.	Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.		Pease.		Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p. peck.	1822.	Oatmeal.		B. & P. Meal.	
	Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.									Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.					s. d.		s. d.	
Oct. 16	332	15 0 26 6	22 9	17 0 20 0	14 0 18 0	13 0 16 0			d.	s. d.	Oct. 15	422	1 1	64	0 10
25	529	17 0 27 6	22 6	17 0 21 0	14 0 18 0	13 0 16 6			7	6	22	402	1 1	67	0 10
30	750	17 0 26 0	21 9	17 0 24 0	14 0 17 6	13 0 16 6			7	6	29	400	1 1	40	0 10
Nov. 6	711	16 0 26 0	20 5	17 0 23 0	14 0 17 6	13 0 16 0			7	6	Nov. 5	386	1 1	44	0 10
13	585	15 0 23 0	20 0	18 6 24 0	13 0 16 0	12 0 16 0			7	6	12	582	1 1	42	0 10

Glasgow.

1822.	Wheat, 240 lbs.				Oats, 264 lbs.				Barley, 320 lbs.				Bns. & Pae.		Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
	Dantac.		For. red.		British.		Irish.		English.		Scots.		Surl. Meas.			
	s.	s.	s.	s.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s.	s.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s.	s.
Oct. 17	—	—	—	—	17 25 0	12 15 0	17 0 19 0		27 29	21 0 26 0	16 0 17 6	15 6 16 0	58	40		
21	—	—	—	—	17 20 0	12 15 0	17 0 19 0		27 29	21 0 26 0	16 0 17 6	15 6 16 0	58	40		
31	—	—	—	—	18 24 0	12 11 6	16 0 18 6		27 30	21 0 26 0	16 6 17 6	15 6 11 0	56	38		
Nov. 7	—	—	—	—	18 24 6	12 15 0	14 0 19 6		28 31	18 0 26 0	15 0 17 6	14 0 17 0	58	40		
14	—	—	—	—	17 24 0	12 15 0	16 0 18 6		27 29	21 0 26 0	16 6 17 0	14 0 16 0	56	38		

Haddington.

1822.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1822.	Oatmeal.		
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.						Per Boll.	Pr. Peck	
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.		s. d.	s. d.	
Oct. 18	696	17 0 25 0	22 0	19 26 0	14 18 0	12 13 0	12 16 0	Oct. 14	11 9	16 9	1 0
25	1050	17 0 25 0	20 10	15 24 0	13 15 6	11 14 6	12 16 0	21	14 6	15 6	1 0
Nov. 1	945	16 0 24 0	20 0	18 22 0	12 16 0	11 14 0	12 16 0	28	17 6	15 0	1 0
8	1062	16 0 25 0	20 3	17 21 6	13 15 6	10 14 0	12 16 0	Nov. 4	15 6	15 0	1 0
15	616	15 0 25 6	20 11	15 21 6	13 16 0	12 13 0	15 17 0	11	13 6	15 0	1 0

Dunfermline.

1822.	Wheat. per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.			Beans.			Pease.			Flour, 280 lbs.		Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol.	Potat.		Pigeon.	Tick.		Boilng.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.		
	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s. d.
Oct. 14	22 46	18 25	18 52	17 24	21 28	24 30	20 27	35 38	25 27	36 40	30 35	—	8		
21	22 46	18 25	18 52	17 24	21 28	24 30	20 27	34 37	25 27	36 40	30 35	—	8		
28	22 47	18 25	18 53	17 25	20 27	26 31	21 28	51 56	25 30	36 40	30 35	—	8		
Nov. 4	22 47	18 25	18 53	17 25	20 27	26 31	21 28	52 54	25 27	36 40	30 35	—	8		
11	22 47	18 25	18 54	16 22	20 26	26 31	21 28	52 54	25 27	36 40	30 35	—	8		

London.

Liverpool.

1822.	Wheat. 70 lb.			Oats. 45 lb.			Barley. 60 lb.			Rye, per qr.		Beans, per qr.		Pease, per qr.		Flour.			Oatm. 240 lbs.		
																Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Eng.	Scots.	
Oct.	15	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.
		3	6	3	6	2	5	2	9	2	8	3	3	20	22	21	30	50	32	20	22
	22	3	6	3	6	2	4	2	10	2	8	3	3	20	22	21	50	32	20	22	20
Nov.	29	3	6	3	6	2	4	3	0	2	8	3	3	20	22	21	30	50	32	20	22
		3	6	3	6	2	4	3	0	2	8	3	3	20	22	21	30	50	32	20	22
	5	3	6	3	6	2	4	3	0	2	8	3	3	20	22	21	30	50	32	20	22
	12	3	6	3	6	2	4	3	8	2	9	3	9	20	22	21	30	50	32	20	22

England & Wales.

1822.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Oct. 5	40 5	20 0	27 0	18 0	24 11	27 11	—
12	39 5	20 4	26 0	18 7	23 0	28 1	—
19	38 4	20 8	25 5	19 4	28 5	28 5	—
26	38 1	20 9	26 8	19 1	50 5	30 5	—
Nov. 2	58 5	20 7	27 3	19 11	26 11	30 0	—

Course of Exchange, London, Nov. 12.—Amsterdam, 12 : 4. Ditto at sight, 12 : 1. Rotterdam, 12 : 5. Antwerp, 12 : 5. Hamburg, 37 : 9. Altona, 37 : 10. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 55. Bourdeaux, 25 : 5. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 156½. Madrid, 37. Cadiz, 36½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 43½. Lisbon, 52½. Oporto, 52½. Rio Janeiro, 46. Dublin, 9½ ⅞ cent. Cork, 9½ ⅞ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ⅞ oz.—Foreign gold in bars, £.3 = 17 6d. New Doubloons, £.3 = 14 9. New Dollars, 4s. 9d. Silver in bars, standard, 4s. 11d.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 20s. a 25s.—Cork or Dublin, 20s. a 25s.—Belfast, 20s. a 25s.—Hambro', 15s. a 20s.—Madeira, 20s. a 30s.—Jamaica, 40s. a 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 5 gs. to 8 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from 16th Oct. to 13th Nov. 1822.

	Oct. 16.	Oct. 23.	Oct. 30.	Nov. 6.	Nov. 13.
Bank Stock	246	249	251	251	
3 ⅞ cent. reduced	81½	81½	81½	81½	80½
3 ⅞ cent. consols	82½	82½	82½	82½	81½
3½ ⅞ cent. do.	93	93½	93½	93½	92½
4 ⅞ cent. do.	99	99½	99½	99½	97½
Ditto New	102½	102½	103½	103½	101½
India Stock	—	—	—	258	253
— Bonds	54 56	—	50 52 pr.	49 50	38 pr.
Exchequer bills, (£.1000)	5 7	5 6	6 5 pr.	5 7 pr.	5 7 pr.
Consols for account	82½	82½	82½	82½	81½
French 5 ⅞ cents.	94 fr.	9½ fr.	93 fr. 50 c.	93 fr. 25 c.	89 fr. 50 c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th September and the 20th October 1822; extracted from the London Gazette.

Allwood, C. Walcot, Somersetshire, confectioner.
 Baker, S. Lefton, Essex, miller.
 Blackband, G. Gnosall, Staffordshire, grocer.
 Bolton, E. Birmingham, victualler.
 Bradford, G. and A. Paradise, Bristol, brokers.
 Bradthwaite, W. Leeds, manufacturer.
 Burrow, T. Kendal, meal merchant.
 Butcher, W. Sutton, in Ashfield, Nottinghamshire, mercer.
 Buckley, J. Saddleworth, Yorkshire, woollen-cloth manufacturer.
 Cayme, L. jun. and F. B. Watts, Yeovill, Somersetshire, spirit-merchants.
 Chapman, G. Old Bond-street, fruiterer.
 Chambers, C. Upper Thames street, ironmonger.
 Clark, W. Maiden lane, Covent-garden, soda-water manufacturer.
 Clark, G. D. Strand, merchant.
 Cuff, J. Regent-street, St. James's, jeweller.
 Day, J. Fenchurch-buildings, merchant.
 Denham, C. R. Fetter-lane, ironmonger.
 Durham, J. Lower Shadwell-street, butcher.
 Everth, J. Pinner's-hall, merchant and gun-manufacturer.
 Fenner, T. jun. and J. Why, Holborn, lacemen.
 Francys, S. and F. P. Liverpool, marble-masons.
 Frost, J. Derby, saddler and harness-maker.
 Frost, J. sen. Bridlington Quay, corn-merchant.
 Gray, J. Kingston, Surrey, linen-draper.
 Hanscomb, J. H. Newport, Pagnell, lace-manufacturer.
 Hart, S. R. Parwich, merchant.
 Herbert, T. jun. Great Russell street, auctioneer.

Higginbotham, N. Macclesfield, malt and hop-merchant.
 Howarth, J. C. Bath, dealer.
 Hutton, W. jun. Chowbent, Lancashire, money-scrivener.
 Jacks, T. Bishopsgate Without, flour-factor.
 Johnston, J. High-street, Wapping, grocer.
 Lane, W. Alderton, Gloucestershire, cattle-dealer.
 Martin, J. Oakham, Surrey, wheelwright.
 May, W. Wellington-place, Goswell-street, baker.
 Mills, O. Waiwick, wine-merchant.
 Middleton, J. T. Stone, Staffordshire, coach proprietor and farmer.
 Middleton, W. Liverpool, tea-dealer.
 Musson, V. Gelding-street, Bernondsey, baker.
 Oldfield, R. S. Hull, merchant.
 Palfrey, W. Hinchwick, Gloucestershire, farmer.
 Pearson, T. Walford, Staffordshire, maltster.
 Pradeaux, P. C. Plymouth, timber-merchant.
 Salmon, S. Regent-street, stationer.
 Sharp, M. Liverpool, master-mariner.
 Spencer, W. Swansea, paper-maker.
 Tye, E. Sifton, Suffolk, farmer.
 Wake, R. B. Gainsborough, timber-merchant.
 Watson, G. B. Rock Lodge, Durham, corn merchant.
 Webber, J. Bath, currier.
 White, W. B. Strand, draper.
 Wheeler, J. jun. Abingdon, grocer.
 Wood, J. Bishopsgate-street Without, grocer.
 Weaver, G. Bristol, ironmonger.
 Yates, W. Lancaster, dealer.
 Yates, G. Eccleshill, Lancashire, dealer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced October 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Campbell, Dugald, candle-maker and corn-merchant in Greenock.
 Carnaby, Benjamin, ship-owner and merchant in Thurso.
 Conacher, James, linen-manufacturer in Dunkeld.
 Gilson, William, jun. merchant, Lawmarket, Edinburgh.
 Lockie, William, wright in Glasgow.

Mill, James, cattle-dealer at Grassmainston, and distiller at Linlith.
 Mutter, William, haberdasher in Edinburgh.
 Robertson, John, & Co. merchants in Glasgow.
 Stark, James, wood-merchant in Glasgow.
 Weir, William, sheep and cattle-dealer in Darley, parish of Barr.
 Welsh & Dingwall, wood-merchants and joiners in Greenock.

RECALL.

The Sequestration against Robert Walker, mu-
ckeep at Old Kilpatrick, has been recalled.

DIVIDENDS.

Balfour, Ebenezer, merchant in Stirling; by R.
Haldane, writer there.
Craig, Robert, millers and grain-dealers at Partick;
by Allan Fullarton, agent, Glasgow.

Lang, Robert, dyssalter in Glasgow; by D. Ken-
nedy, accountant there.
Meldrum, Alex. Jun, merchant in Dundee; by W.
Hynd, merchant there.
Rae, John, merchant, Foullee, Aberdeen; by J.
Edmond, advocate there.
Skinner, Thomas, merchant, Cuper-Fife; by the
Trustee there.

Obituary.

THE LATE LORD KINEDDER.

The premature death of this distinguish-
ed and accomplished person, at a time
when a career of honour and usefulness
seemed to be opening before him, has
created a deep impression upon the public
mind;—an impression, which may give
an interest to the following brief and im-
perfect sketch of his life and character,
which perhaps could not otherwise belong
to it.

Lord Kinnedder was born in 1769. He
was the oldest surviving son of the Rev-
erend William Erskine, a clergyman of
the Episcopal Church of Scotland, who,
during a long period of years, exercised
his functions at the village of Muthill, in
Perthshire, in the centre of a rich and
populous neighbourhood. Mr Erskine was
descended from the family of Erskine of
Pittodrie, and was connected, by his mar-
riage with Mrs Drumond of the house
of Keltie, with many families of respect-
ability in Perthshire. He died at a very
advanced age, leaving an orphan family
of two sons and a daughter. The eldest
is the subject of the present sketch. The
second is now on his return from India,
where he long filled the distinguished and
lucrative station of Member of the Su-
preme Council of Prince of Wales' Island.
The only daughter became the wife, and
is now the widow, of the right honourable
Archibald Colquhoun of Killermont, who
was successively Lord Advocate and Lord
Clerk Register of Scotland.

Lord Kinnedder received the more im-
portant parts of his education at the Uni-
versity of Glasgow. His tutor was the
ingenious, but unfortunate, Andrew Mac-
donald, author of *Vinonda* and other dra-
matic and miscellaneous poetry. Lord
Kinnedder possessed many unpublished
pieces of this unhappy bard, who after-
wards died in London in great poverty.
His pupil was much attached to his me-
mory, and used to recite his poetry with
much feeling. It is remembered by Lord
Kinnedder's companions, that he prosecuted
his studies in every department with re-
markable assiduity and success. The exact
sciences, however, never enjoyed much
of his favour. He early addicted himself
to the pursuit of classical and polite li-
terature. These proved a delightful re-

source to him through life, and served
greatly to lighten the toils of professional
labour. Being destined to the Bar by his
friends who superintended his education,
he enjoyed, at Glasgow, the benefit of Pro-
fessor Millar's instructions on general ju-
risprudence and public law. It is believed
he was originally designed for the English
Bar; at least he spent some time in cham-
bers in the Temple, where he had, amongst
other advantages, that of studying elocution,
under the celebrated Mr Walker. These
instructions gave the young student the
advantage of speaking the English
language with a correctness and elegance
which was then little known at the Scot-
tish Bar. His natural taste and feeling,
with the advantages of Mr Walker's les-
sons, joined to a sweet, full, and flexible
voice, rendered him a beautiful reader, as
well as a fine speaker, and he was always
willing to contribute his powers to the am-
usement of the social circle. His studies
in the municipal law of his own country
were afterwards more fully assisted by the
lectures of the eminent Professor Hume,
whose retirement from the chair of Scot-
tish Law in the University of Edinburgh
has lately been the subject of such general
regret.

Lord Kinnedder was called to the Bar in
1790. It is too well known to the jurists
members of that profession, that to be ad-
mitted an advocate, is far from being ne-
cessarily the commencement of a profes-
sional life. Many young men of learning
and talents, and who ultimately attain to
the highest eminence, are doomed to pass
the best years of their lives in a total va-
cuity of employment. Lord Kinnedder's lot
was different. A fortunate accident brought
him from the beginning into full employ-
ment as an advocate. He had early ob-
tained the notice and friendship of Mr
Robert Mackintosh, an aged and acute
lawyer, who at that time was invested
with the management of the very exten-
sive and complicated affairs of the York
Buildings Company. An important law-
suit, in which the Company was a party,
and which engaged in an extraordinary
degree the public attention, was then ab-
out to be heard, in presence of the whole
Court. In consequence of indisposition,

or some other impediment, the Counsel who was to open the case on the part of the Company was under the necessity of returning his brief. Mr Mackintosh had so much confidence in the talents and judgment of his young friend, that he at once offered him this opportunity of distinguishing himself. Mr Erskine undertook this perilous duty with the utmost diffidence and hesitation; but he performed it in a manner which amply justified the opinion of his patron. His opening speech on that occasion is remembered to this day, as one of the most splendid and successful first appearances that ever had been made in a Scottish court. From that time employment flowed in upon the young lawyer; and during many successive years, he was incessantly engaged in those laborious duties which constitute the employment of the younger members of the Scottish Bar.

In 1806, when his brother-in-law, Mr Colquhoun, was promoted to the dignity of Lord Advocate, Mr Erskine accepted the office of one of his Advocates-depute. He was then more advanced in practice than gentlemen usually are who are appointed to that office: and having, in the course of his varied employment at the Bar, frequently practised in the Supreme Criminal Court, he brought with him to his new office a perfect familiarity with criminal practice, and a thorough acquaintance with the rules of criminal law, which rendered him eminently useful as a Crown lawyer. Even long after he had ceased to hold that office, his knowledge was frequently of much service to his successors. Amid the various subjects of regret which crowd upon his surviving friends, it is one both to them and to the country, that Lord Kinneder did not live to obtain a seat on the Justiciary Bench. His acute feelings, his great sense of propriety, and professional acquaintance with criminal jurisprudence, could not have failed to have been there displayed to the utmost advantage.

Some years before, Mr Erskine had been appointed Principal Commissary of Glasgow; and he afterwards exchanged the office of Advocate-depute for that of Sheriff of Orkney and Shetland. The remoteness of these districts did not prevent him from performing his duty towards them most faithfully and conscientiously. In fact, he took the deepest interest in the welfare of these islands, and frequently visited them, passing many weeks both in Orkney and in Shetland. He restored a regular system in the administration of justice, which in Orkney, at least, had begun to be lost sight of. He suggested many local improvements,

which were executed under his direction; and through his influence, Lerwick, the capital of Shetland, and the important village of Stromness, in Orkney, were erected into boroughs; and at present, some very important measures for the improvement of Orkney are under the consideration of the highest authorities, which his zealous exertions, in the last months of his life, were employed in maturing. For this purpose, and when his official connection with the islands had ceased by his elevation to the Bench, he undertook a voyage to Orkney, and with much care and pains, composed a report on the state of the district, on certain important particulars, which is now under consideration of the Court of Exchequer.

Mr Erskine was married, in 1800, to Euphemia, only daughter of the late John Robinson, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; and this object of his choice was worthy of her highly-distinguished and excellent father. To manners the most amiable and gentle, she united a strength of understanding, a taste for literature, and a degree of general information, rarely met with in one of her sex. These qualities served to draw still closer the ordinary ties of conjugal affection, and rendered Mrs Erskine the intelligent and constant friend and companion of her husband. Their tastes were so congenial, that he took a great pleasure in reading to her, and listened with much satisfaction to her observations and criticisms—particularly on all works of imagination, poetry, or the Belles Lettres, which constituted their favourite studies.

They lived in this happy manner till the year 1819, when Mr Erskine was deprived of this amiable and accomplished woman, by a disease which cut her off in the prime of life. It may be easily supposed, that, to a person of his extreme sensibility and domestic habits, this was the most severe blow that could have been inflicted. It sunk deeply into his heart, and, from that period, his health began to decline. His looks, which had hitherto been more juvenile than is usual at his age, became much altered, and the stooping of his shoulders, with a disinclination to active exertions, marked that his frame had undergone a considerable shock. It was not in his nature to withdraw himself from the society of his friends; but, from this period, most of them observed with pain, that he only endured the mirth, to which he had formerly often contributed, and which he had always enjoyed. From this time, too, he became more indifferent to the labours of his profession, and more desirous to bestow his attention chiefly on the education of his family and

on his literary studies. His wife had brought him nine children, of whom six are still alive.

In January last, upon the resignation of his friend Lord Balmuto, Mr Erskine was appointed a Senator of the College of Justice, and, as junior judge, permanent Lord Ordinary on the Bills. The duties of that office he performed during the remainder of the winter session and the following summer session, in a manner which served to show to the Court and to the public how much they have lost by his premature death. As Judges in the Bill-chamber, he allowed parties to have access to him at all times, and, when their cases appeared of an urgent kind, he never failed, at the sacrifice of whatever personal inconvenience, to give them dispatch. Sitting as a Judge in the Outer-house, his conduct was distinguished by the most perfect urbanity to the lawyers and practitioners, and by the closest attention to the pleadings.

His friends for some time hoped that the sense of having attained a sphere of dignified duties corresponding to his age and professional standing, might awaken Lord Kinnedder to happier views, as it certainly stimulated him to more active exertion. But even the gratification arising from preferment was alloyed by the recollection that "he was solitary, and could not impart it;" and warned, doubtless, by the mysterious intimations for which medical men have neither name nor cure, he expressed repeatedly his conviction that his life would be shortly closed.

At the end of the Session, some of his friends observed that his health appeared to be impaired, though the symptoms were of little importance; but on Sunday the 11th of August, he was seized with a nervous fever, which in three days deprived his family of the most affectionate of parents, and society of one of its brightest ornaments. He died at the early age of fifty-three.

Of Lord Kinnedder's character as a man, the leading features were a high sense of honour, and inflexible integrity, and a feeling, sometimes perhaps carried, if that be possible, to excess, of scorn and contempt for whatever was mean or base. With these stronger qualities of intellect were united a gentleness, kindness, and simplicity, which were almost feminine, and a mind so much alive to the impulse of feeling, that perhaps there never lived a man (possessed of all the qualities which dignify mankind) so easily moved to smiles or tears. The latter were excited, not merely by melancholy or affect,

ing impressions, but by the narration of actions of high virtue and generosity, and even by the grand or beautiful scenes of external nature. While a party of his friends were vying with each other to express their admiration of the exquisitely beautiful Spar-Cave in the Isle of Skye, he was observed to sit down apart and shed tears of rapture. Many live to attest the constancy of his friendships; and it is melancholy to reflect, that he, who in some measure fell a victim to a most unfounded calumny, was the slowest to give ear to scandal of any sort, and the readiest and boldest vindicator, when it affected the character of an absent friend. The intimacies he formed, when he first came to the Bar, generally continued unbroken till his death; and the circle of those friends comprehends almost every one of those names which are now so distinguished in the jurisprudence and literature of Scotland. It is well known, that, during the greater part of his life, the warmest and most confidential attachment subsisted between him and an author, whom universal suffrage has long placed high in British literature. The beautiful verses, addressed to him by Sir Walter Scott, as a preface to one of the Cantos of Marmion, are a pleasing illustration of the footing upon which these excellent persons so long lived with each other.—Forgiveness of injuries was another distinguished trait of Lord Kinnedder's character; he hardly ever was known to harbour resentment, even for an hour; and although bred to a profession which does not lead to favourable impressions of mankind, it must be recorded amongst his merits or his foibles, that he was but too partial to the merits of his friends, and too unwilling (in a worldly point of view) to investigate and condemn the motives of those who acted toward him unkindly. It may also be mentioned, that, though sincerely attached to the principles of Mr Pitt, the subject of our remarks entertained none of that bitterness of spirit which enters so frequently into political differences. On the contrary, among Lord Kinnedder's most intimate friends, several are to be numbered who entertained very different views of national policy, without their mutual regard experiencing either coldness or interruption. The last peculiarity which shall be mentioned, is an extraordinary degree of shyness, and diffidence in all that concerned his own interest. Though the member of a profession, whose honours and rewards are generally disposed of by influence, Lord Kinnedder never was known to ask a favour for himself. It

was otherwise when he had to solicit for a friend; then he was the most persevering and importunate of suitors.

His professional learning was rather extensive than profound. But if he did not carry about with him, on all occasions, that minute acquaintance with the *fontes juris*, and with the authorities of municipal law, which so eminently distinguish some of his brethren, no one knew better where to find whatever information was wanting on the law of a case; nor, when found, was better able to apply it powerfully and effectively.

The task of preparing written pleadings, was, after a few years of laborious practice, always irksome to him. But his papers rarely bore the marks of the distaste with which they were prepared. They generally consisted of a concise and clear statement of the facts, in which nothing was omitted that bore upon the issue; while circumstances which appeared to him superfluous were unsparingly rejected. His argument was clearly, concisely, and often elegantly stated; and his authorities, in cases of law, were always apt and weighty. His own inclination, however, led him to prefer the other branch of his profession—that of *viva voce* pleadings. As a debater, his elocution was just and correct; his diction was fluent and copious, often vehement, often eloquent. In cases which particularly affected his own feelings, he has seldom been excelled in pathetic and vigorous declamation. His address to the jury, on behalf of Dr Cahill, tried in 1812, for killing a brother officer in a duel, will long be remembered as a striking specimen of forensic eloquence.

It has already been mentioned, that, from the period of his academical education, he devoted himself to the cultivation of classical and polite literature. To these pursuits he constantly returned, as often on the vacations of the Court, or other occasional intervals of leisure, afforded him opportunities. Although he never appeared before the world as an author, yet his literary character is not undeserving of a separate notice. The value of his opinions upon literary subjects was duly appreciated by those distinguished friends who have added so much lustre to the literary reputation of Edinburgh. His critical judgments were sometimes fastidious, but always correct. His taste was refined by constant exercise in the study of the best ancient and modern authors; and if he could have overcome his constitutional diffidence, and his extreme dislike of subjecting himself to the annoyance of invidious criticism, he might have taken his place as an original author

with the most eminent of his literary friends.

With the Muses he was not unacquainted. A very brief specimen of his powers as a poet has found its way to the press, and may serve to show what he might have accomplished in poetry, had his leisure and inclination permitted. This is his "Additional Stanzas to Collins's Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands," which has been pronounced by high authority to be altogether worthy of the beautiful, though imperfect poem, to which they have been attached. While the authorship of "The Bridal of Triermain" remained a secret, Mr Erskine enjoyed the almost undivided reputation of its author. That secret has long been disclosed. His connexion with the work consisted, it is believed, in contributing the preface, and writing the observations upon it in the Quarterly Review.

Lord Kinraddie was in person of middle stature, and well, though not strongly made. His complexion was fair, with light eyes, and uncommonly pleasing features, which expressed at once the vivacity of talent, and the kindness of affection. In general society, he was rather reserved and silent; but, in more select circles, few brought so much to be enjoyed, none came more willing to be delighted. As his own manners were uncommonly correct, he was almost fastidiously intolerant of the slightest breach of propriety in others, and would not allow even the ignorance or inexperience of the party offending to be a sufficient excuse for the least indecorum.

But no person could be entirely acquainted with the character of Lord Kinraddie, who had not frequently seen him in the bosom of his family. It was in that sanctuary of the heart that his amiable qualities were indeed most conspicuous. It was his happy lot that the partner of his affections possessed tastes, and feelings, and talents, exactly congenial with his own; and it was delightful for those who habitually enjoyed their domestic society, to see them at one time indulging in those intellectual gratifications which were so dear to both, and at another devoting themselves to the moral education of a young and promising family. She, alas! was too soon taken from him. But this bereavement only bound him the more closely to his children. From that time he felt little happiness except in their society; and the reverential and affectionate fondness with which they listened to his counsels, always appeared to bestow as much of enjoyment upon the fond father as human nature is capable of receiving.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1822. April 17. At Nagpore, East Indies, the Lady of Capt. Duncan Henry Mackenzie, commanding his Highness the Rajah's artillery, a son.

Sept. 17. At Stammer, Mrs Jas. H. Ross, a son.

29. The Lady of Lieut. Colonel Hogg, of the East India Company's service, a daughter.

— At Fort George, the Lady of Major A. Fraser, of Flemington, a son.

— At Dalkairth, Mrs Matland, of Auchlane, a daughter.

26. In Rutland Square, Dublin, the Countess of Longford, a son.

28. At Paulswalden, Herts, the Lady of the Right Hon. Lord Glamis, a son and heir.

29. At Cessnock, Mrs Mitchell, a son.

— At Sundrum, Mrs Hamilton, of Sundrum, a son.

30. In Cavendish Square, London, Mrs Keith Douglas, a son.

— At Versailles, the Lady of John Hallows, Esq. R.N., a daughter.

Oct. 2. At Leith, Mrs Dr Anderson, a son.

5. At Bondeward House, Mrs Jordon, a daughter.

— At Rosebank, the Lady of Kenneth Macleay, Esq. of Newnorn, a son.

6. Mrs Gordon, of Manar, a daughter.

7. Mrs Wilson, Lynedoch Place, Edinburgh, a son.

9. At Minto, the Countess of Minto, a son.

10. At Stirling, Mrs Wright, of Brom, a son.

11. At Newhall, the Lady of John Buckle, Esq. a daughter.

— At Ayr, Mrs C. D. Gairdner, a son.

— At Gogar House, the Lady of James L'Amey, of Dunkenny, Esq. advocate, a son.

12. At Rockvale, Fife, the Lady of Major Dods, a son.

— At the Manse of Grange, Mrs Duff, a son.

14. In George's Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Mitchell, a son.

16. At 4, Great King Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Peddie, a son.

— At Kent House, Lady Augusta Fitzclarence, a daughter, still born.

30. At Edinburgh, Mrs Lockhart, of Castlehill, a daughter.

— At Stirling, the Lady of Archibald Bow, Esq. Bengal Military Establishment, a son.

22. At Rufford Manse, Mrs Mackay, a son.

21. At Glasgow, the Lady of Major Macdonald, C.B. 1st or 2nd regiment, a daughter.

25. At Warmanbie House, the Lady of Alexander Carruthers, Esq. a daughter.

— Lady, At Albany Barracks, Isle of Wight, Mrs Captain MacLellan, 75th regiment, a son.

— Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Alexandra Feodorowna, the eldest daughter of the King of Prussia (consort of the Grand Duke Nicholas), of a Princess, who has been named Olga Nikolajewna.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 24. At Pathhead, Leamahagow, Major Jas. Fale, late of the 25th foot, to Agnes, fourth daughter of the late Robert Wharrie, of Pathhead, Esq.

— At Collesau, near Danff, Lieut. William Stronach, royal engineers, to Anna, eldest daughter of John Orrok, Esq. late Captain in the 53d regiment of foot.

— At Huisgh, Devonshire, the Right Hon. Lord Rolle to the Hon. Louisa Trefusis, sister to Lord Clinton.

— At Cheltenham, Patrick Wallace, Esq. Commander of the Orient, East Indian, to Jane, only daughter of Col. Sir John Sinclair, of Dunbeath, Bart.

25. In London, Francis Garden Campbell, Esq. of Troup, to Maria, only daughter of the late Major-General Duff, of Carnoustie.

26. At Pitgavie, Sir Archibald Dunbar, of Northfield, Bart. to Mary, daughter of John Brander, Esq. of Pitgavie.

28. Captain Henry Forbes, R.N. to Jane, daughter of Sir Everard Home, Bart.

30. At Edinburgh, Capt. Robert Ross, R.N. to Miss Eliza Munro Rose, daughter of the late Geo. Mackay Rose, Esq. of the island of Orkney.

Oct. 1. At Netherwood, Dumfriesshire, Lieut. Augustus Spry Faulkner, 77th regiment, youngest son of the late Rear-Admiral Faulkner, to Mary Ann, widow of the late Wm. Munro, Esq. royal regiment of artillery.

— At Bishop Wearmouth, Lieutenant-Colonel Howne, 25d regiment, K.C.H. to Louisa Anne, second daughter of the Rev. Dr Gray, prebendary of Durham.

2. J. D. Boswall, Esq. of Wardie, Captain in the Royal Navy, to Charlotte Angell Chambers, second daughter of Sir Samuel Chambers, Bedgair House, county of Kent.

— At Beith, the Rev. Robt. Simpson, Sauguhar, to Jane, second daughter of Robert Faulde, Esq. banker in Beith.

— At Campbellton, Donald McMillan, Esq. of Lephinstreath, to Miss Anne Campbell, youngest daughter of the late Duncan Campbell, Esq. Sheriff-substitute of Kintyre.

1. At Highclere, Hants, Philip Pusey, Esq. eldest son of the Hon. Philip Pusey, of Pusey, Berks, to Lady Emily Herbert, youngest daughter of the Earl of Carnarvon, of Highclere, Hants.

— At Minto House, Captain Adm. R.N. to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Patrick Brydone, Esq.

7. At St George's Church, Bloomsbury, London, Alexander Murray, Esq. of Great Russell Street, to his cousin, Miss Ann Smith, late of Aberdeen.

— At Newton Lodge, the Rev. Joseph Laurie, jun. Minister of the Presbyterian Church, Bombay, to Frances Brown, only daughter of John Barker, Esq.

— At Newington, George Graham Bell, Esq. advocate, to Jessie, second daughter of the late John Martin, Esq. Launceston Place.

8. At St James's Church, London, Lord Viscount Maudeville, eldest son of the Duke of Manchester, to Miss Sparrow, daughter to the Right Hon. Lady Olivia Sparrow, of Beaumont Park, Huntingdonshire, and niece to the Earl of Gosford.

— At Glasgow, James W. Aston, Esq. to Marion, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Cross, Esq. of Auchintorhan.

9. At London, Dr Theodore Gordon, physician to the forces, to Elizabeth Bruce, daughter of the Rev. Patrick Barclay.

— At London, Charles Stuart, youngest son of Thomas Hay Allan, Esq. of Hay, to Ann, daughter of the late Right Hon. John Balfour, M.P. for the county of Waterford.

10. At Portobello, the Rev. Peter Chalmers, one of the ministers of Dunfermline, to Marion, youngest daughter of James Hay, Esq.

— At Kinnard House, John Archibald Campbell, Esq. writer to the signet, to Emma, daughter of the late Thomas Peter Legh, Esq. of Lyric, Cheshire.

11. At Ferny Castle, near Ayrton, Mr J. S. Mack, of the Sheriff's Office, Edinburgh, to Margaret, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Logan.

14. Lieutenant Bogle, Royal Navy, to Alison Dickson, only daughter of the late Thos. Brown, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

15. At Greenbank, Mr Robert Brash, surgeon, Pollokshaws, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Thomas Baird, Esq. of Greenbank.

— At Berwick, Mr Thomas Hunter, merchant, Glasgow, to Jane, eldest daughter of Thos. Charteris, Esq. merchant, Berwick.

— At Swinton House, William Barnett, Esq. of Viewfield, near Dunbar, to Mary, daughter of the late Major Mercer, of the island of Jersey.

17. At Aberdeen, Arthur Dingwall Fordyce, Esq. advocate in Aberdeen, to Jessie Stewart, eldest daughter of the late Captain Arthur Dingwall Fordyce, of the Bengal Engineers.

19. At London, Henry Dundas Scott, Esq. of Fludyer Street, to Anne Lindsay, eldest daughter of Charles Bankhead, Esq. M.D. of Lower Brook Street, Grosvenor Square.

22. At Glasgow, Captain Lewis Campbell, R.N. to Mary, daughter of the late Robert Sample, Esq. advocate, Edinburgh.

— At Cherrytrees, Roxburghshire, John Dugan, Esq. writer to the signet, to Isabella, daughter of the late John Falconer, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

Oct. 22. At Bogend, near Dunee, Dr C. Wightman, formerly physician in Alnwick, to Janet, youngest daughter of James Thomson, Esq. of Earnshaw.

23. At Campsie, Dr James Robertson, to Jean, youngest daughter of John Morrison, Esq. of North Meadow Bank.

24. Capt. John Maden Macland, son of Lieut-General F. Macland, to Elinor Jane, daughter of the late G. Anisley, Esq.

25. At Edinburgh, Walter Skerret Morson, M.D. of the island of Rongberratt, to Jane, second daughter of Robert Jamieson, Esq. writer to the signet.

26. At Southbairn, the seat of Boyd Alexander, Esq., Dr George Cunningham, Montecith, to Anne Colhoun, eldest daughter of the late John Cunningham, Esq. of Crugendo.

— At Rennyhill House, Roderick Mackenzie, Esq. W. S. to Euphemia, eldest daughter of Andrew Johnston, Esq. of Rennyhill.

DEATHS.

1821. Oct. 20. On the Land Arctic Expedition, in North America, just twenty-four years of age, Lieutenant Robert Hood, R. N. eldest son of the Rev. Dr Hood, of Bury, Lancashire.—The expedition to which he was attached had fully accomplished its object, and after dreadful sufferings, from distress of every description, had nearly reached a place of safety, when, most lamentable to relate, Lieutenant Hood was assassinated by a Canadian.

1822. Feb. 26. In the Island of Java, in the 53d year of his age, James Shand, Esq. eldest son of Alexander Shand, Esq. advocate.

March 10. At Calcutta, aged 72, Helen, the wife of Capt. John Barclay, 14th Bengal native cavalry, and second daughter of the late Capt. John Forbes, Telford Street, Inverness.

15. In Camp, at Monkrud, Ensign David Gray, 2d battalion 19th regiment.

16. A few days after leaving Madras, homeward bound from India, Mr Alexander Durward, Chief Officer of the ship Fame, aged 25, and son of the late Mr Alex. Durward, merchant, Aberdeen.

20. At St Thomas' Mount, near Madras, Alex. Campbell, Esq. 3d Madras native infantry, third son of the late John Campbell, Esq. of South Hall.

21. At Gooty, India, Alexander Ord, Ensign in the Hon. East India Company's service, in the 18th year of his age, youngest son of John Ord, Esq. late of Tarradale.

April 7. On the coast of Sumatra, in India, Captain Patrick Foster, son of James Foster, Esq. of Carnegie Park, near Port Glasgow.

19. At St Kitt's, aged 122 years, Phoebe Wharton.

22. At Trincomalee, after a short illness, of fever, caught in the zealous discharge of his duty, in the Royal Naval Hospital there, Wm. Boyd, Esq. M.D. Dr Boyd had been a surgeon of the Royal Navy for upwards of 20 years. He had retired from the service on the breaking up, at the close of the late war, of the Royal Naval Establishment at Port Mahon, where he had acted, not only as surgeon, but also as Government agent,

for several years, having been specially selected for that important situation by Admiral the Right Hon. Lord Exmouth, then commanding his Majesty's fleet in the Mediterranean. When Rear Admiral the Hon. Sir Henry Blackwood, Bart. was some years ago appointed Commander in Chief of the British naval force in India, this distinguished officer prevailed on Dr Boyd to accompany him to that station, as his chief medical officer, and on arriving there, Dr Boyd was appointed to the charge of the naval hospital, where he contracted the disease which has thus deprived the country of his professional services. Dr Boyd was a modest and unassuming, an excellent scholar, of which his writings bear ample proof, and was highly esteemed for his professional abilities, and for strict honour and integrity. An officer of high rank, by whom the most judicious intelligence of his death has been universally deplored, more particularly by the Commander in Chief, with whom he had been for years intimately connected.

Aug. 1. At Maracibo, after three days illness, in the 22d year of his age, Mr Robert J. Lawson, only son of the late Mr John Lawson, merchant, York.

15. At Philadelphia, where he had gone for the

recovery of his health, James Miller, Esq. of the island of St Thomas, eldest son of John Miller, Esq. of Orcharl.

Aug. 25. At Paisley, aged 96, Mrs Mary Wright, relict of the late Mr Gregor McGregor, thread manufacturer.

— At Slough, near Windsor, Sir William Herschel, the eminent astronomer, in the 86th year of his age.

— At his house, Charles Street, Edinburgh, Mr Richard Foster, in the 67th year of his age.

— At his son-in-law's house, Gayfield Square, Edinburgh, Mr Alex. Calder, farmer in Auchincroft, county of Caithness.

26. In Windsor Castle, aged 82, Mr J. Maclean, one of the Poor Knights of Windsor. He had been 40 years in the 29th regiment, many years in the life guards, and lately an Ensign in the 2d battalion of royal veterans, making a total of 68 years service.

— At Cheltenham, Lieut-General John Haynes, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

27. At Annan, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr George Clapperton, surgeon, aged 27.

— At Dorchester, near Falkirk, Captain John Christie, formerly of the 6th regiment of foot, and son of the deceased Archibald Christie, Esq. late of Ratho.

— At New Cairnmuir, Mrs Isabella Robertson, wife of John Lawson, Esq. of Cairnmuir, W.S.

28. At Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, Alexander, eldest son of Colin Mackenzie, Esq. of Portmorie.

— At his house, No. 5, Hope Park, Edinburgh, in the 72d year of his age, Mr Thomas Duncan, late writer in Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Vallance, glover.

30. At Piteathly, Barbara, youngest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Gordon, Aboynae.

— At Edmonston, William Wallace, son of the late James Brown, Esq. of Edmonston.

— At her father's house, Upper Urquhart, Fife-shire, Isabella, fifth daughter of Mr Thomas Nicol.

31. At Glasgow, Mr James Thomson, aged 87. Mr Thomson was one of the oldest merchants in that city, having established the pottery in Turreen Street, Gallowgate. His partner, Mr Robertson, died a few months past, at a more advanced age.

— At her house in Park Street, Grosvenor Square, London, Lady Perth, mother of the Right Hon. Lady Gwydyr.

— At Crox, the Rev. Hugh Cadler, Minister of that parish, in the 78th year of his age.

Sept. 2. The Rev. William McHughan, Minister of the Church of Relief, Tolleross, in the 53d year of his age, and 24th of his Ministry; and on the afternoon of the Saturday previous, Ann, his eldest daughter, in her 16th year. They were interred in the same grave on the Thursday following.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Denholm, Treasurer to Heriot's Hospital.

3. At Beechwood, General Oliver Delancey, Colonel of the 17th regiment of Dragoons.

— At Arncliffe Place, Newington, Edinburgh, Mrs Calder, widow of the late Alex. Calder, Esq. of the Exchequer.

— At his father's house, aged 21, James, eldest son of Mr Sime Ruthven, Scotsman Office.

— At Walsden, East Lothian, Mr Thomas Carnegie, farmer there.

4. At Glasgow, Mr David Graham, Town Chamberlain of Perth.

— At Glasgow, Wm. Turnbull, bookseller.

— At Balloch Castle, Miss Marion Buchanan, third daughter of the late Thomas Buchanan of Ardoch.

5. At the City Street, Leith, Jemima Band, daughter of the late Mr Henry Band, merchant there.

— At Kenmore, Mrs Stirling, Lady of Archibald Stirling, Esq.

— At Hope Park End, in her 15th year, Jemima, fourth daughter of John Simpson, late Captain in the 27th foot.

6. At Canbo House, Miss Engelhart.

7. At Huntly, Henry Hannah, Esq. Collector of Excise, Elgin.

8. At Bristol, William Macdonnell, Esq. M.D. of the 10th regiment of foot, son of the late Eneas Macdonnell, Esq. of Scotos, Inverness-shire.

9. Mr Robert Mathie, bookseller and stationer, Inverness.

10. At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Baird, daughter

of the late James Baird, Esq. Deputy King's Remembrancer of Exchequer.

Sept. 5. At his house in Hereford Street, London, Lieut.-General Sir Hildebrand Oakes, Bart. K. G. C. B. Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, and Colonel of the 52d regiment of foot.

— At the Manse of Kilconquhar, Mrs Mary Simpson, widow of the late Principal M'Cormick, St Andrews.

10. On which day he had completed his 76th year, the celebrated Natural Philosopher, Mathematician, and Philologist, the Chevalier D. Giambattista Venturini, Professor Emeritus of the University of Padua, and member of many learned societies.

— At Inverness, Henrietta, youngest daughter of Colonel Balie, of Leys.

— At Newcastie, Mrs Sarah Hodgson, many years printer and proprietor of the Newcastle Chronicle.

12. At Drum, Easter Road to Leith, Mrs Christian Anderson, relict of George Knox, of Craigleith.

— At Nymphsheld, county of Sligo, at a very advanced age, Charles O'Hara, Esq. one of the representatives of the county Sligo in Parliament.

13. In Telford Street, Inverness, Mrs Ann Chisholm, in her 75th year, relict of the late Captain John Chisholm, of Pinnakyle, Strathglass, and daughter of the late Peter Fraser, Esq. of Fingask, in the Aird.

— At Ormidale House, Argyllshire, Col. John Mackintosh, of the Royal Marines.

11. Mrs Jean Lamond, spouse of Mr William Walker, jun., manufacturer, Glasgow.

— At Tunbridge Wells, Mrs Ncrr, sen. of Blackshields.

— At Ravenscroft, Mrs Donald, relict of the late Andrew Donald, Esq. merchant in Greenock.

— At the Manse of West Kilbride, the Rev. Arthur Oughterson, in the 87th year of his age, and 52d of his Ministry.

— At Buccleuch Place, Mrs Anne Russell, wife of the Rev. James Greig, Minister of Dalmony.

— At Glasgow, Mrs Elizabeth Weir Vere, relict of the late J. Oughton Bowman, Esq.

— At Falkland, David Halkerton, Esq.

15. At Dysart, Mr William Fleming, late ship-owner there.

16. At his house, 21, James's Square, Edinburgh, Lieut.-Colonel Smith, late of the 19th regiment, of foot.

17. At Whitfield, Peebles-shire, at the age of 52, James M'Dougal, farmer. His first outset in life was as ploughman to the late William Dawson, Esq. of Froden, the father of the improved system of husbandry in Scotland, who, after a regular apprenticeship in Norfolk, commenced his farming operations upon a large scale, in the neighbourhood of Kelso, about the middle of last century. In the agricultural report of Roxburghshire, by the late Rev. Dr Douglas, it is stated, in justice to M'Dougal, at the particular desire of Mr Dawson, that M'Dougal was the first ploughman in Scotland, that drew a straight turnip drill with a two horse plough, without a driver. After being farm overseer to Mr Dawson for fourteen years, during which time he had the charge of the apprentices, who came from various parts of Scotland to Mr Dawson for instruction, he, in the year 1778, took on lease a small farm in the neighbourhood of West Linton, in Peebles-shire, where his example, as that of a farmer paying rent, and acting at his own risk, had an immediate and effectual influence as to the ready adoption and rapid diffusion of the turnip and artificial grass farming, among the practical farmers all around, as particularly stated in the agricultural report of Peebles-shire. After bringing up to a fitness for decently settling in life a numerous family, he retired upon a competency, the fruit of his own industry. His strong tough sense and sound judgment made him to be much esteemed by the country gentlemen, notwithstanding a manner rather blunt and uncourtly. Such, indeed, was the general opinion of his sound sense and integrity, that in matters of reference as to country business, he was often fixed upon by both parties as sole arbiter. His attention to his religious duties was unostentatious, and altogether free from either superstition or enthusiasm. Possessed of a friendly, cheerful, and con-

tented disposition; and of great command of temper, he passed through life easily and happily, enjoying it to the end, when he met with what he wished—a speedy dissolution—being cut off by an apoplectic stroke.

Sept. 17. At Whitfield, Peebles-shire, Mr J. M'Dougal, farmer, aged 85.

— At Jedburgh, Mr George Borthwick, merchant there, aged 84 years, deeply and justly regretted. Mr Borthwick carried on a respectable business in the same shop for upwards of sixty years, during which period he frequently filled the office of a Magistrate in the Burgh, and was, at the time of his death, the father of the Town Council.

18. At Edinburgh, William Pollock, Esq. of Whitehall, late of his Majesty's 60th regiment.

— At her house, 15, St. Patrick Square, Mrs Elizabeth Greig, widow of Mr James Greig, writer in Edinburgh.

19. At the head of Bruntsfield Links, Edinburgh, Mr David Home Buchan, after a long and severe illness.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Jeremiah Smith, only son of Jeremiah Kirby, M. D.

— At Hammersmith, the Countess of Iundonald, daughter of Francis Plowden, Esq. Barrister at Law.

— At No. 1, Forth Street, Mrs Amelia Nimmo, wife of Robert Carnegie, Esq. M. D. surgeon in Edinburgh.

— At Brechin, Mr Thomas Jamieson, vintner, in the 80th year of his age.

20. At Musselburgh, Dundas Robertson, Esq. late of Jamaica.

21. At Cheltenham, William Erskine, son of the Rev. H. Fraser, M.A. rector of Woolwich, and nephew of the Earl of Buchan.

— At his Villa, near Clontarf, Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency, one of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council. His Lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his son, Lodge Raymond, a minor.

22. Joanna, aged 22, eldest daughter of Mr Scott, Royal Navy, Superintendent of the Queensferry passage.

— At Dumfries, Thomas Boyd, Esq.

— At Glenalbert, on the estate of Dalguise, Perthshire, in her hundredth year, Mrs Margaret Low, widow of the late James Stewart, Esq. of Tulloch, near Blair. Her husband was a captain in one of the Atholl regiments, under Lord George Murray, and carried the royal standard of Prince Charles Edward, at the battle of Culloden in 1746. Of that unfortunate Prince, Mrs Stewart had a most perfect recollection, and, till within a few days of her death, spoke with the fondness of long-cherished reminiscence, and with the accuracy of a mind and memory perfectly entire, of his dress, manner, and appearance. It was at Dunkeld, on his way to Edinburgh, in September 1745, that she had seen the Prince, and presented a pair of brogues to his Royal Highness, of which (to her) momentous occurrence she had a complete remembrance. After the forfeiture of Mr Stewart's estate, he retired to the village of Glenalbert, and died there in 1807, at the advanced age of ninety-six. His widow continued to occupy the same humble cottage, and to live in respected retirement, on the small part of their fortune, which had been saved, until the day of her death. As few, if any, now living, can relate, from personal observation, the occurrences of 1745, it is probable that this may have been one of the last remaining links of connection with a past age and generation.

23. At Edinburgh, Mr James Thynne, surgeon, R. N.

— At St Andrew's, the Rev. Dr William Crawford, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University there.

— At Leith, Mrs Ann Henderson, relict of Mr Alexander Henderson, merchant.

24. At Shooter's Hill, Kent, General Sir Thomas Bloomfield, Bart. in his 79th year.

Laterly, on board his Majesty's ship *Marrigone*, on the coast of Africa, from excessive fatigue, in the discharge of his duty, Mr Colquhoun McLennan, eldest son of Donald McLennan, Esq. W. S.

— At Annan, John Radford, Esq.

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

DECEMBER 1822.

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EDINBURGH:

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HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

<i>Days.</i>			<i>Morn.</i>			<i>Even.</i>			<i>Days.</i>			<i>Morn.</i>			<i>Even.</i>		
Jan. 1823.			H.	M.		H.	M.		Jan. 1823.			H.	M.		H.	M.	
W.	1		5	10		5	28		Fr.	17		5	4		5	23	
Th.	2		5	17		6	6		Sa.	18		5	43		6	3	
Fr.	3		6	23		6	50		Su.	19		6	25		6	51	
Sa.	4		7	12		7	37		M.	20		7	19		7	51	
Su.	5		8	7		8	38		Tu.	21		8	32		9	13	
M.	6		9	14		9	58		W.	22		10	0		10	44	
Tu.	7		10	34		11	12		Th.	23		11	26		—	—	
W.	8		11	45		—	—		Fr.	24		0	4		0	36	
Th.	9		0	13		0	58		Sa.	25		1	7		1	33	
Fr.	10		1	1		1	21		Su.	26		1	58		2	21	
Sa.	11		1	40		1	59		M.	27		2	45		2	5	
Su.	12		2	15		2	32		Tu.	28		3	23		3	44	
M.	13		2	49		3	6		W.	29		4	1		4	29	
Tu.	14		3	22		3	39		Th.	30		4	37		4	55	
W.	15		3	57		4	13		Fr.	31		5	12		5	28	
Th.	16		4	29		4	47										

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

		M.	H.
Last Quart.~Sa.	4.	2 past	4 morn.
New Moon,~Su.	12. 50	—	8 morn.
First Quart.~Mo.	20. 58	—	1 morn.
Full Moon,~Su.	26. 11	—	5 after.

TERMS, &c.

January.

1. Circumcision.
10. River Tweed opens.
29. King George IV.'s Accession.
30. King Charles I.'s Martyrdom.
31. King George IV. proclaimed.

* * * The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

DECEMBER 1822.

LIFE OF DR ALEXANDER MURRAY.

Dr MURRAY'S posthumous work, entitled "Philosophical History of the European Languages," with a memoir of his life prefixed, from the pen of the Reverend Sir Henry Moncrieff Wellwood, Bart., being now before the public, we lose not a moment in laying before our readers, some account of one of the greatest Philologists, and altogether most remarkable men, which our country has ever produced. We have never read the biography of any literary man with such intense, and almost overmastering interest; nor, with the single exception of Dr Leyden, or perhaps Dr Carey, are we aware of any example in literary history which can be set up as a parallel to that of Dr Murray. The difficulties with which his early progress was beset, were such as nothing but the irrepressible energy and prodigious enthusiasm of his character could have overcome; while throughout the whole of his brief but brilliant career, the originality by which he was so eminently distinguished, conjoined with the simplicity and purity of his moral habits, sheds an attraction over the events of his life, and imparts a charm to whatever concerns him, that instantly take hold of our admiration, and inspire us with sentiments of affectionate veneration for his memory. As a Philologist and Linguist, the work about to appear, in addition to the evidences he had before given of his vast acquirements in this department of knowledge, will

place his name among the first in the first rank, and prove that it would be nearly as hopeless to equal, as to surpass him. Languages he appears to have acquired by a species of intuitive facility peculiar to himself, and by methods as new as unavailable to ordinary men. But he did not merely load his memory with words, or render his mind a sort of polyglott-storehouse of the different dialects and languages he had mastered. On the contrary, his prime and favourite object, in tracing the affiliations of cognate forms of speech, was to discover the general laws of the human mind, and to endeavour to supply a link in the history and fate of nations, upon which their annals are necessarily silent. Language he considered, and justly, as the most certain and permanent record of the early history of the different tribes by which the earth is peopled; and it will be seen how able he was to avail himself of this powerful instrument, in prying into those recesses of antiquity which had hitherto, in a great measure, remained unexplored. Such an inquiry necessarily pre-supposed an acquaintance with a majority of the principal languages and dialects of Europe and of Asia; and this Dr Murray possessed, to an extent that has certainly never been equalled, except by Sir William Jones or Dr Leyden, whom, in many other respects, he resembled: and we regret to add, in this, too, that his unquenchable ardour, in the acquisition of knowledge, appears to have wasted

his strength, consumed his vital energies, and sent him to a premature and lamented grave.

Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accurs'd
In being so bless'd.

It is peculiarly fortunate that we have the history of the early progress of this celebrated and regretted scholar sketched by his own hand, with inimitable and undisguised simplicity. For this we are indebted to the friendly zeal of Dr Baird, his early and steady patron, to whom Dr Murray communicated this interesting document through the Rev. Mr Maitland of Minnigaff, also one of Dr Murray's early and kind patrons. It bears date, the Manse of Urr, July 25, 1812. From this we mean to extract freely, as the subsequent events in Dr Murray's life are already, in some measure, known, and will therefore require only a general notice.

The subject of this memoir was born at a place called Dunkitterick, ("in Earse, Dun-cheatharaich,—the *knowe* of the cattle,") we believe, in the parish of Minnigaff, and stewarty of Kirkeudbright, on the 22d of October 1775. His father, Robert Murray, had been a shepherd all his days. His mother, Mary Cochrane, was also the daughter of a shepherd. His father had completed his 69th year before Alexander was born. About the year 1781 he learned to read almost entirely by his own efforts, and amused himself by *printing*, on the back of a *wool-card*, the letters of the alphabet, with a charred heather-stem, or root, snatched from the fire. "I wrought," he tells us, "with *board* and *brand* continually." In May 1782 he got a Psalm-book,—soon committed to memory a great number of the Psalms,—“and longed for a new book.” This was not so easily procured, as he was forbidden to open or touch the “Bible *used every night* in the family!” At length, however, he found an old loose Bible, which he carried off piece-meal, and read with great avidity; particularly in the more solemn and mournful parts, as Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the Lamentations. In 1783 his fame for “wondrous reading” and a great memory was the talk of the whole

glen; and in 1784 he was put to school at New Galloway, where his rude exterior, and awkward pronunciation, at first made him a “subject of fun” to the youngers, whom, however, he soon taught to respect him, by ascending to the head of the class. In the month of November, a cutaneous eruption forced him to leave school, which he saw no more for four years; but during this interval he employed himself in devouring all manner of books of which he could get hold, and contracted an amazing love for ballad-poetry. In the winter of 1787–8 he was engaged, for the miserable pittance of fifteen or sixteen shillings, to teach the children of the *heads* of two families, in the parish of Kirkowen. During his residence there, he was indefatigable in adding to his miscellaneous stock of knowledge, and particularly made himself master of the four principal rules of Arithmetic, and even of the Rule of Three, without any assistance. Soon after this, we find him, for a little while, at school, though very irregular in his attendance, and always pursuing his own methods in instructing himself: for it ought to be remarked, that no man was ever more completely *self-taught* than Dr Murray, or less indebted to the instruction of others. At school he invariably followed his own course. His mind had been thrown back on its own energies; and as it never failed to enable him to accomplish whatever he wished, his confidence in his own powers became a strong and confirmed principle in the regulation of his conduct. And it ought to be mentioned, to the credit of the teachers whom he attended, that they had the discrimination to discover his extraordinary aptitude for acquiring knowledge, and in no instance subjected him to the restraint of artificial modes and rules, which might have repressed his noble ardour, and checked his persevering but anomalous industry. But we shall now have recourse to his own narrative:

“A little before Whitsunday 1790, I returned home to Drigmorn. My father had been engaged to *herd* in Barneuchla, a farm within two miles of Minnigaff village, to which farm we removed on the 26th May 1790. I had now easy access.

to school, and went regularly. As I now understood reading, writings, and accounts, in imitation of other lads in the country, I wished to add to these a little French. These were the sum-total of qualifications deemed necessary for a clerk intending to go to the West Indies, or America.

"I had in 1787 and 1788 often admired and mused on the specimens of the Lord's Prayer in every language found in Salmon's Grammar. I had read in the Magazines and Spectator, that Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakespeare, and Newton, were the greatest of mankind. I had been early informed that Hebrew was the first language, by some *elders* and good religious people. In 1789, at Drigimorn, an old woman, who lived near, showed me her Psalm-book, which was printed with a large type, had notes on each page, and likewise what I discovered to be the Hebrew Alphabet, marked letter after letter in the 119th Psalm. I took a copy of these letters, by *pinning* them off in my old way, and kept them.

"I borrowed from one Jack McBride, at Bridgend of Cree, Chambeaud's Rudiments of French Grammar. About the 30th of May 1790, I set to work on it. My indulgent master gave me whole pages of lessons, and in less than a fortnight I began to read lessons on the second volume of the Diable Boiteux, a book which he gave me. Robert Kerr, a son of William Kerr in Risque, was my friend and companion. He, in preparation for Grenada, whither he soon went, had for some time read French. His grammar was Boyer's, and the book which he read on an old French New Testament. There was another Grammar in the school, read by Robert Cooper, son of Mr Cooper, late tenant in Clarie. In the middle of the days I sat in the school, and compared the nouns, verbs, &c. in all these books; and as I knew much of the New Testament by memory, I was able to explain whole pages of the French to Kerr, who was not diligent in study. About the 15th of June, Kerr told me that he had once *learned* Latin for a fortnight, but had not liked it, and still had "the Rudiments" beside him. I said, "Do lend me when; I wish to see what the nouns and verbs are like, and whether they resemble our French." He gave me the book. I examined it for four or five days, and found that the nouns had changes on the last syllables, and looked very singular. I used to repeat a lesson from the French Rudiments every forenoon in school. On the morning of the midsummer fair of Newton Stewart, I set out for school, and accidentally put into my pocket the Latin Grammar instead of

the thin French Rudiments. On an ordinary day, Mr Cramond would have chid me for this, but on that festive morning he was *mellow*, and in excellent spirits, a state not good for a teacher, but always desired in him by me, for he was then very communicative. With great glee he replied, when I told him my mistake, and showed the Rudiments, "Gad, Sandy, I shall try thee with Latin," and accordingly read over to me no less than two of the declensions. It was his custom with me to permit me to get as long lessons as I pleased, and never to fetter me by joining me to a class. There was, at that time, in the school, a class of four boys advanced as far as the pronouns in Latin Grammar. They ridiculed my separated condition. But before the vacation in August, I had reached the end of the Rudiments, knew a good deal more than they, by reading at home the notes on the foot of each page, and was so greatly improved in French, that I could read almost any French book at opening of it. I compared French and Latin, and rivetted the words of both in my memory by this practice. When proceeding with the Latin verbs, I often sat in the school all mid-day, and pored on the first pages of Robert Cooper's Greek Grammar, the only one I had ever seen. He was then reading Livy, and learning Greek. By help of his book, I mastered the letters, but I saw the sense of the Latin rules in a very indistinct manner. Some boy lent me an old Corderius, and a friend made me a present of Eutropius. I got a common Vocabulary from my companion Kerr. I read to my teacher a number of colloquies; and before the end of July was permitted to take lessons in Eutropius. There was a copy of Eutropius in the school that had a literal translation. I studied this last with great attention, and compared the English and Latin. When my lesson was prepared, I always made an excursion into the rest of every book, and my books were not like those of other school-boys, opened only in one place, and where the lesson lay. The school was dissolved in harvest. After the vacation, I returned to it a week or two, to read Eutropius. A few days before the vacation, I purchased from an old man, named William Shaw, a very bulky and aged edition of Ainsworth's Dictionary. This was an invaluable acquisition to me. It had all the Latin words, and the corresponding Greek and Hebrew, likewise a plan of *apocrypha* Rome, and a Dictionary of proper names. I had it for eightpence, a very good price. With these books I went

tinuas, to teach the children of Robert Kerr, tenant in Garlag, English reading, writing, arithmetic, and *Latin*. In his house I found several more books—Ruddiman's Grammar, the most *obscure* of all works that ever were offered to children for their instruction, a book on which I laboured much to no great purpose—Cæsar, and Ovid. I employed every spare moment in pondering on these books. I literally read the Dictionary throughout. My method was to revolve the leaves of the letter A, to notice all the principal words and their Greek synonyms, not omitting a glance at the Hebrew: to do the same by B, and so on through the book. I then returned from X and Z to A, and in these winter months I amassed a large stock of Latin and Greek vocables. From this exercise I took to Eutropius, Ovid, and Cæsar, or at times to Ruddiman's Grammar. The inverted order often perplexed me, and I frequently mistook, but also frequently discerned, the sense. The wild fictions of Ovid have had charms for me ever since. I was not a judge of simple and elegant composition, but when any passage contained wild, sublime, pathetic, or singular expressions, I both felt and tenaciously remembered them. Here I got another book, which, from that time, has influenced and inflamed my imagination. This was "*Paradise Lost*," of which I had heard, and which I was eager to see. It was lent me by Jean Macmillan, at present residing in Minnigaff village, then housekeeper in Garlag, and afterwards married to Robert Murray, my brother's son. I cannot describe to you the ardour or various feelings with which I read, studied, and admired this *first-rate* work. I found it as difficult to understand as Latin, and soon saw that it required to be *parsed* like that language. I had the use of this copy for a year, and replaced it with one of my own. I account my first acquaintance with *Paradise Lost* an era in my reading.

"About Whitsunday 1791 I returned to school, able to read Eutropius, Ovid, Cæsar, and Ruddiman's Grammar, in an intelligent, but not very correct style. I certainly knew a great deal of words and matters, but my prosody was bad, and my English not fluent nor elegant. I found the young class reading Ovid and Cæsar, and afterwards Virgil. I laughed at the difficulty with which they prepared their lessons, and often obliged them, by reading them over, to assist the work of preparation. My kind master never proposed that I should join them. He knew, indeed, that *any* time at school was uncertain: and he not only admitted a great

part of my fees, but allowed me to read any book which I pleased. I studied his humour, and listened to his stories about his college life, in the University of Aberdeen, where he had been regularly bred, and where he had been the class-fellow of Dr Beattie.

"I found my school-fellow Robert Cooper reading Livy, the Greek Grammar, and the Greek New Testament. A few days before going to school this season, I had formed an acquaintance with John Hunter, a miner under Mr George Mure, and who lived in the High Row of the Miners' Village, at Mr Heron's lead mines. This man and his family had come from Leadhills. He showed me many civilities, and gave me use of the following books, that had belonged to a brother of his then deceased: Luciani Dialogi, cum Tabulâ Cebetis, Greek and Latin; a Greek New Testament; Homer's Iliad, Greek and Latin, in two small volumes; Buchanan's Historia Rerum Gest. Scotchærum; and Buchanan's Opera Poetica. The first portion of my wages had gone to Dumfries, or Edinburgh, to buy Moor's Greek Grammar and Schrevelii Lexicon. I got the Grammar, but I forget how I obtained the Lexicon. My master allowed me to pass over Cæsar, Ovid, Virgil, and Sallust, of which last, however, I borrowed copies, and read them privately, or at times with the young class. Dr George Mure was one of the young class, and my intimate friend. After I had read my own lessons, I almost always read along with him his lesson in Virgil and Sallust. But Mr Cramond permitted me to read Livy along with Robert Cooper, and Buchanan's History by myself. Robert Cooper was indolent, and I was proud to see that I had overtaken him, and could repeat Greek Grammar, and read Greek in the New Testament, with more ease. He was given to *laze*, but I joined in no sports, but sat all day in the school. My amusement consisted in reading books of history and poetry, brought to school by the other scholars. At home I attacked Homer, and attempted to translate him by help of the Latin translation. In June 1791 we were allowed to read a daily lesson in the first book and volume of the Iliad, which we prepared in the school. But I kept the second volume at home, and pored on it, till I fairly became, in an incorrect way, master of the sense, and was delighted with it. I remember, that the fate of Hector and of Sarpedon affected me greatly. And no sensation was ever more lively, than what I felt on first reading the passage which declares, 'that Jupiter rained drops of blood on the

ground, in honour of his son Sarpedon, who was to fall far from his country."

My practice was to lay down a new and difficult book, after it had wearied me; to take up another—then a third—and to resume this rotation frequently and laboriously. I always strove to seize the sense; but when I supposed that I had succeeded, I did not weary myself with analysing every sentence. About that time I formed a sort of axiom, that every language must have a certain number of words, and that, in learning a language, the student is not master of it till he have seen all these. I therefore always liked to turn over dictionaries, as well as to read authors.

"In July 1791 I found my Greek knowledge increase. I began to translate sentences into Greek, by help of certain phrases at the end of Schrevelius. And so far as I remember, I, during that summer or autumn, attempted to introduce myself to your notice, by letters in Greek and Latin. The Greek one was short, and no doubt very inaccurate; the Latin one was longer, and inaccurate likewise, but less exceptionable. From that time you began to give me the use of books, and good advices as to my future behaviour and studies, which in my situation was very desirable. I had from you the loan of Longinus—*Œdipus Tyrannus*—a volume of Cicero's Orations, which I read with great delight—and some others. All that summer and harvest were devoted to hard and continued reading, which was not limited to words in Greek and Latin, but extended to the history and poetry in the several books. I carried Homer in my pocket abroad, and studied him with great diligence."

We have already seen how he had become possessed of the Hebrew letters. He now resolved to devote himself to that language in which he was destined to become so eminent an adept. For this purpose, he procured from Edinburgh a copy of *Rabbi Robertson's Hebrew Grammar*, which contains the Arabic Alphabet on the last leaf; soon mastered the points; and in a month had got into the whole system of Jewish Grammar. At the same time, he succeeded in borrowing a Hebrew Bible and Lexicon, and, thus armed, applied to the study of that venerable language with incredible perseverance. He, however, pursued no regular plan of application, but varied the subject just as his humour or fancy directed, and thus refreshed his

mind by change of subject, rather than by alternation of labour and relaxation. Well might he say, indeed, with D'Aguesseau, "*Un changement d'étude est toujours un délassement pour moi.*" Mr Dalzel, he tells us, afterwards rebuked him severely, for looking into Plato and Aristophanes, in his first year at College; but he received his admonitions, and still persisted in reading these writers: and he adds: "Desultory study is, no doubt, a bad thing, but a lad whose ambition never ceases, but stimulates him incessantly, enlarges his mind and range of thought, by excursions beyond the limits of regular forms."

Having about this time got hold of Baillie's English Dictionary, which, he says, *he studied*, he learned from it "the Anglo-Saxon Alphabet, the Anglo-Saxon Paternoster, and many words in that venerable dialect;" and picked up, though in a very inaccurate form, the Abyssinian Alphabet, from a stray volume of the (Ancient) Universal History. This he carefully copied, and laid aside for future occasion.

Meanwhile, he was smitten with the poetical fever, and wrote a great number of pieces, and strung together many thousand verses in the shape of an Epic poem, on the subject of Arthur, General of the Britons, which he describes as very "noisy, bombastic, wild, and incorrect."—He appears, too, to have cherished a great admiration of Ossian, and pronounces some passages in Fingal "sublime and pathetic." To generous minds, every shred and relic of antiquity is venerable; but in this jumble of prose run mad, what is genuine and ancient is so inextricably blended with what is modern and spurious, that this admiration, which Dr Murray appears to have retained through life, seems not a little unaccountable. The fraud committed by Macpherson is now so well established, and those pretended poems of Ossian are indeed so utterly silly and contemptible, that they have deservedly dropt almost entirely from the public mind. It is amusing enough, that the greatest man of modern times—Napoleon Buonaparte—indulged the same partiality with Dr Murray. But we must again have recourse to his narrative.

"Some time in autumn 1793 I formed an acquaintance with William Hume, a young lad who was intended to become an Antiburgher clergyman, and who kept a private school in Newton-Stewart. About the same time you introduced me to several members of the Presbytery of Wigton. My friendship with Mr Hume procured me the loan of several new books. I paid a visit to Mr Donnan in Wigton, an excellent man and scholar. He examined me on Homer, which I read *ad aperturam libri*, in a very tolerable, though not very correct manner. He gave me Cicero de Natura Deorum, which I studied with great ardour, though a speculative treatise. I was enthusiastically fond of Cicero, as my Dictionary gave me a most affecting account of the merits and fate of that great man. In 1791 I bought for a trifle a MS. volume of the Lectures of Arnold Drackenburgh, a German Professor, on the Lives and Writings of the Roman Authors, from Livius Andronicus to Quintilian. This was a learned work, and I resolved to *translate* and publish it. I remained at home during the winter of 1793-4, and employed myself in that task. My translation was neither elegant nor correct. My taste was improving; but a knowledge of elegant phraseology and correct diction cannot be acquired without some acquaintance with the world, and with the human character in its polished state. The most obscure and uninteresting parts of the Spectator, World, Guardian, and Pope's Works, were those that described life and manners. The parts of these works which I then read with rapture, were accounts of tragic occurrences, of great, but unfortunate men, and poetry that addressed the passions. In spring 1791 I got a reading of Blair's Lectures. The book was lent by Mr Strang, a Relief clergyman, to William Hume, and *sub-lent* to me. In 1793 I had seen a volume of an Encyclopædia, but found very considerable difficulties in making out the sense of obscure scientific terms, with which those books abound.

"Early in 1794 I resolved to go to Dumfries, and present my translation to the booksellers there. As I had doubts respecting the success of an History of the Latin Writers, I likewise composed a number of Poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, and most of them very indifferent. I went to Dumfries in June 1794, and found that neither of the two booksellers there would undertake to publish my translation; but I got a number of subscription-papers printed, in order to promote the publication of the Poems. I collected, by myself and friends, four

or five hundred subscriptions. At Gatehouse, a merchant there, an old friend, gave me a very curious and large-printed copy of the Pentateuch, which had belonged to the celebrated Andrew Melvin, and the Hebrew Dictionary of Pagninus, a huge folio. During the visit to Dumfries I was introduced to Robert Burns, who treated me with great kindness; told me, that if I could get out to college without publishing my poems, it would be better, as my taste was young, and not formed, and I would be ashamed of my productions when I could write and judge better. I understood this, and resolved to make *publication* my last resource. In Dumfries I bought six or seven plays of Shakespeare, and never read any thing, except Milton, with more rapture and enthusiasm. I had seen *his Poems* before.

"During this summer, my friend Mr Harg was in Edinburgh, employed as a hawker, or itinerant dealer in tea, &c. He described my situation to James Kinneir, a journeyman printer, a very respectable man, who informed him, that if I could be brought into town, Dr Baird and several other gentlemen would take notice of me. I communicated this to you,—you countenanced the measure, and, in consequence, I arrived in Edinburgh in the beginning of November 1794.

Thus far his own simple and striking account of his early progress. Before he came to Edinburgh, Mr Kinneir, to whom he had been made known in the manner above stated, succeeded, through his relation to Mr Porteous of the Royal Infirmary, in getting his case represented to Dr Hunter, Professor of Divinity, one of the most liberal and generous of men, who "readily offered to assist him with money, to enable him to attend the University." It is not known whether he availed himself of the offer; but he might have been proud to have owed an obligation to so good and worthy a man. He came to Edinburgh in November 1794, bringing with him a particular recommendation to Principal Baird, and "was examined by Dr Baird, Dr Finlayson, and Dr Moodie, to ascertain his qualifications for the University as a free-scholar." In the presence of these eminent individuals, he "read *ad aperturam libri*, and analysed with accuracy a passage of French, an Ode of Horace, a page of Homer, and a Hebrew psalm." Were qualifica-

tions, such as these, to be rendered indispensable to admission to the University—and we heartily wish they were—we have a notion that it would either not be so crowded as at present, or at least that the standard of learning among the young men who attend it, would be greatly and most beneficially raised. Such acquirements in a young man, nearly uneducated, in the usual sense of the term, could not fail to procure him favour and patronage; and it ought to be recorded to the honour of both parties, that Dr Baird's friendship and warm zeal for his welfare continued undiminished till the last moment of his life. Of this, a remarkable example will be mentioned immediately. In the mean time, we quote the following passage from the Memoir:

The progress of his studies at the University did not disappoint the sanguine expectations of those who patronized him. He was soon able to reckon, among the companions or the friends of his studies, men whose names will never be separated from the history of the age to which they belong: Dr Robert Anderson, Mr Thomas Campbell, Francis Jeffrey, Esq. Henry Brougham, Dr Thomas Brown, Dr John Leyden. Above all, Dr Leyden became his most intimate associate. He was of the same age with himself. Their original pursuits, in the acquisition of knowledge, were substantially the same; and it was in the same line, and nearly at the same period, that the astonishing attainments of both did honour to the literature and the character of their country. "Murray," says the Rev. Mr Morton, in his *Poetical Remains* of Dr Leyden, "once observed to Dr Anderson, that there was nobody in Edinburgh whom he should be so much afraid to contend with in languages and philology as Leyden; and it is remarkable, that the latter, without knowing this, once expressed himself to the same person, in the same terms, in commendation of Murray's learning."

When he had completed his Philosophical Studies at the University, he applied himself to the study of Theology, in order to qualify himself for taking orders as a Clergyman of the Established Church of Scotland, and became an occasional contributor to this Magazine, of which he soon afterwards was appointed the principal conductor. The Number for January 1802, was under the joint

management of Dr Leyden and Mr Murray, but the seven subsequent Numbers were exclusively edited by the latter. To the Edinburgh Review, which was established in the October of this year, he likewise contributed several able articles; that on Valancy's *Prospectus* of an *Irish Dictionary*, and another on "*Maurice's History of Hindostan*," are particularly valuable; no doubt, from the relation they bear to the favourite subject of his studies.

While thus engaged in writing, or in prosecuting his studies with indefatigable ardour, he was employed by the booksellers to prepare, for the press, a new edition of "*Bruce's Travels* to discover the Source of the Nile;" a work for which he had demonstrated his fitness, by a very able Memoir of that distinguished traveller, which appeared in three successive Numbers of this Magazine, during the time it was under his management. On this subject the author of the Memoir remarks,

After Dr Leyden had gone to India, Mr Murray was, indeed, the only individual in Great Britain, or perhaps in Europe, who was in any degree qualified to do justice to such an undertaking*.

* Before Mr Murray's engagement with the booksellers, it appears that his respectable friend, Dr Leyden, who had not then gone to India, had been consulted on the general subject of Mr Bruce's Travels, and of the proposed edition. Another of his to Mr Manners, the bookseller, has been preserved, which, not only on account of the subject, but as the letter of so eminent a scholar as Dr Leyden, ought not to be withheld from the public. Mr Murray seems to have adopted the greatest part of the hints which Dr Leyden suggested; though, it is probable, that he had it not in his power to avail himself of some of them. But the letter itself is not the less interesting to those who can estimate the character of the writer; and it is here inserted without abridgment. The precise date is not mentioned; but it must have been written in 1801 or 1802. "DEAR SIR, (Tuesday—Edinburgh).—Having now, by the politeness of Mr Bruce, had an opportunity of examining his father's MSS. with some attention, it is with much pleasure that I proceed to give you my opinion concerning the publication of the posthumous edition, and the additions

He had some slight knowledge of the Abyssinian dialect, and at least was acquainted with the Abyssinian alphabet, before he came to the University. Since that time, he had most assiduously prosecuted the study of the language; and by the help of Ludolph's Dictionary and

the Polyglot Bible, had made himself master of the two dialects, of which the language consists—of the Amharic, which is the court dialect; and of the Geey or Tigre, which is the written language, and which is scarcely to be found in common use, beyond the province of Tigre.

which may be made from the MSS. With respect to what may be properly denominated the Travels of Mr Bruce, I am convinced that considerable additions may be made from his original journals. These contain many detached observations, which display much accuracy and ingenuity, which the author, when polishing his book, as a classical work, did not find necessary to introduce. In these days, when the ancient rage for travelling seems to have revived, one regrets, that so original an observer should be deprived of an honour which he may justly claim. These observations ought to be introduced in the form of notes, on account of the obvious impropriety of interfering with the text, except by the omission of sections, which may sometimes be judicious, as in the case of the Abyssinian History. The manners and literature of the Abyssinians may likewise be illustrated by some manuscript observations and extracts from the Abyssinian MSS. of the Kinnaird Collection, which likewise occur among the papers of Mr Bruce.—as Extracts of the Synaxar, and the Book of Enoch, concerning which I have lately seen an ingenious Memoir by Laugel, Member of the National Institute of Paris. As the posthumous edition must of necessity be accompanied by a Life of the Traveller, it is fortunate that the principal materials for this have been supplied by the traveller himself, in a very copious Memoir addressed to the Honourable Daines Barrington, which, though it is obviously not written for publication, nor could its present form advantageously meet the public eye, would not only afford authentic materials, but copious extracts to his biographer. To the friends of Mr Bruce this is the subject of principal delicacy and importance, as it must necessarily include a critical estimate, not only of his work in a literary point of view, but of his general character, actions, and life. It must likewise comprehend a discussion of the literary questions which have originated from the publication of his travels, and, particularly, an examination of the objections of the learned Hartmann. Between the literary public, and the friends of Mr Bruce, these are questions of the utmost delicacy; and, perhaps, some of his friends may think such

a discussion unnecessary. For my own part, I am decidedly of the contrary opinion, and think that a literary question can only be settled by literary investigation; and that a contemptuous silence always recoils on those who obstinately maintain it. I farther think, that, at present, it is much more easy to maintain the integrity of Mr Bruce, than it will be after the lapse of a few years. The Biography of Bruce ought likewise to be illustrated by as much of the literary correspondence between him and his friends as possible, for there is nothing which tends so much to convey the stamp of authenticity.

"In this life, I am convinced that many excellent materials, that would tend to develop and elevate his literary character, might be procured from his learned Memoir on the Ruins of Paestum, which could not be published in a separate form. I know nothing which, if judiciously employed, would convey a higher idea of his literary powers.

"To the volume of Natural History some additions might certainly be made; but not many of the drawings could be used, as the descriptions are wanting.

"Of the drawings which remain at Kinnaird of his antiquities of Africa, about fifty may be published. Of these, thirty-eight are highly finished. They relate to Tugga, Tucrea, Tercenthinia, Cicla, and Tripoli. As these ruins have never been accurately described or delineated, an original and interesting Work on the Antiquities of Africa, or rather of Barbary, might be formed of these; taking the original Journal of Mr Bruce in Barbary, as the running text of letter press, which might amount to seventy or eighty pages in quarto. The original Journal certainly requires to be carefully revised; and must be occasionally illustrated with notes from Donabai and other travellers. This is the only work which should be published separately from the new edition; and if the new edition could be undertaken in quarto, as well as octavo, ought to make a part of it. But of this, you, my dear Sir, and your friends, must be the proper judges. I have only stated my literary opinion, and am, Sir, yours sincerely, JOHN LIVINGSTON.—*Addressed to Mr Wm. Murray.*

He had become acquainted, besides, with the dialects in use in the countries which lie in the vicinity of Abyssinia, the Falashan, Gafat, Agow, Galla, &c.; and was therefore possessed of qualifications for editing Mr Bruce's *Travels*, which, it is very probable, were never, in all their extent, possessed by any other individual.

That he might have access to the papers and manuscripts, which had either been prepared by Mr Bruce, or had been in his possession, he resided constantly at Kinnaird, the mansion-house on Mr Bruce's estate, from the month of September 1802 till the month of July 1803.

No situation could have been more gratifying to a man who had Mr Murray's predilection for Oriental literature. Independent of the importance of his labours, as the Editor of Mr Bruce's *Travels*, the variety of eastern manuscripts which he found in his repositories, to which scarcely any other situation would have given him access, must have added as much to his private satisfaction, as to the extent of his acquisitions as an oriental scholar.

But his first concern was the publication of an improved edition of Mr Bruce's book, from the papers and manuscripts at Kinnaird; and the ability and discernment with which he executed the trust reposed in him, will always reflect honour on his memory. The good sense and discrimination with which he put the public in possession of the substantial merits of Mr Bruce, and vindicated both his personal character, and the character of his book, against the petulance and sarcasms both of ignorance and malignity, are not less conspicuous than the modesty and fairness of the Editor.

He published the second edition of Mr Bruce's *Travels* in 1805.

Three years after the original publication of the first edition, Mr Bruce had been advised by his friends to publish a second edition in octavo, and before his death, had made arrangements for that purpose.

Mr Murray's edition was therefore printed from the copy which the author had himself prepared for the press, and had all the advantage of his last emendations and corrections.

It has other advantages, from the indefatigable industry and peculiar talents of the Editor.

From his knowledge of the Arabic, Ethiopic, and Amharic, he was in a situation to examine Mr Bruce's manuscripts, and from them to add much to illustrate and confirm his narratives.

In the appendixes and notes to the different books—in the account of the Egyptian theology in volume second, selected

from Tablonki, after a careful examination of his authorities, and an attentive survey of the Coptic language—in Number second and third of the same appendix, written entirely by Mr Murray, in which there is much additional information with regard to the origin of the Egyptians, and the history and language of Egypt—in the introduction to volume third, collected from Ethiopic manuscripts, and intended to illustrate the history and constitution of the Abyssinian monarchy—in the appendixes to the last five books of the *Travels*—and in the extension of the appendix of natural history—Mr Murray has not only made great additions to the accounts before given of individuals, and to the narratives of Mr Bruce's journeys in the country of Abyssinia, but he has arranged a large proportion of miscellaneous information found in Mr Bruce's original journals. He has certainly furnished a variety of minute explanatory notices, which an inquisitive reader finds of importance to illustrate the author's narrative; and has added many facts and details, which are there either omitted or abridged.

The publication of so large a proportion of the original documents is, besides, an authentic attestation of the truth and correctness of Mr Bruce's historical detail, which every candid and intelligent reader knows how to appreciate."

This edition was very successful, and a third was soon required, which Mr Murray also superintended, and enriched with additional extracts from Mr Bruce's *Journals*, and with some valuable notes of his own.

His views, however, being directed towards the Church, he was soon after, through the interest of Mr Douglas of Orchardton, appointed assistant and successor to Dr Muirhead, Minister of Urr, to which charge he was admitted in December 1806; and on the 16th of May 1808 he succeeded to the full enjoyment of the living by the death of Dr Muirhead. Not long after, he married a Miss Affleck, the daughter of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood; "a connection which secured him, during the few years he survived, a large portion of domestic happiness."

During his residence at Urr, he was zealous and indefatigable in the discharge of his Clerical duties; and as a natural consequence, revered and beloved by his parishioners, whose best interests he had warmly at heart.

But his pastoral labours did not

prevent him from applying assiduously to those philological inquiries in which he took so great delight: and about this time we find him engaged in a learned correspondence with Sir W. Drummond of Logieholm, on various subjects connected with Coptic and Egyptian Antiquities.

Another fact completes the History of Mr Murray's Life, and that is, his election to the Professorship of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh. The testimonials produced in his favour on this occasion being given at length in the Number of this Magazine for July 1812, it is therefore unnecessary to insert any of them here. But, referring to that Number, we may be allowed to remark, that we do not recollect another instance of such an aggregation of powerful and concurring testimony in favour of any candidate for any similar situation; and it is honourable to the liberality of the age, that this testimony was given in favour of a man whose only claim to the situation to which he aspired (and that is not always a successful one) was his unrivalled ability to discharge its various and difficult duties. A man whose merits elicited the strongest opinions in his favour, from such men as Mr Salt, the Abyssinian traveller, Professor Hamilton, Mr Dugald Stewart, Dr James Gregory, Dr Thomas Brown, Mr John Playfair, Lord Woodhouslee, the late Lord Meadowbank, Mr Baron Hume, Mr Jeffrey, Sir Walter Scott, &c. could hardly fail to succeed in his object; and accordingly he was elected on the 5th, and had the degree of Doctor in Divinity conferred on him by the University on the 15th of July 1812. On the 26th of August he was formally inducted to his professorship, began to teach his public class on the 31st October following, and soon after published his "Outlines of Oriental Philology;" a work which, though hastily composed, contains the germ of much valuable information on that difficult and extensive subject. The following sketch of the subjects of the Lectures he delivered, in his class will not fail to be interesting:

In some preliminary Lectures he gave a general view of the advantages arising

from oriental literature; and earnestly recommended the study of the eastern languages, 1. As an introduction to the moral, political, and natural history of the world; 2. As the means of gratifying and enlarging a cultivated taste; 3. As a most important preparation for acquiring the knowledge of religious truth; and, 4. As the direct channel of intercourse with the eastern nations. In a subsequent Lecture he gave a short general view of eastern writings as objects of taste, from Arabia, Persia, and India.

There is then, in another Lecture, a short view of the progress of society in the east, with some details of peculiar customs and manners in different conditions.

There are two Lectures which contain the principal facts relating to the formation and translation of the Jewish Scriptures.

There are two most important Lectures on the opinions held by the principal nations of antiquity respecting the creation of the universe; which were intended to form an introduction to the study of the Jewish Scriptures.

There is a very learned and curious Lecture on the invention and history of the alphabet; in the conclusion of which, he traces the origin of what have been called the Masoretick points, to the practice of the Syrians, in the third or fourth century, who placed certain Greek vowels in a contracted form, above or below their native consonants, stating, that when the Syrian New Testament was brought into Germany, in 1553, these vowels appeared sufficiently plain in the course of the punctuation: That the uncontracted vowels were called, by the priests, the method of vulgar writing, while the more refined among them preferred dots, which are evident abbreviations of the same vowels, in completing their manuscripts: That both systems are to be seen in every Syrian book; and that not a doubt remains that the Jewish points are from the Syrian. The Lecture contains much more on this curious subject.

The last Lecture, which was intended to follow this one, was not finished, and does not appear to have been delivered. But he had made some progress in preparing it; and what he had written is introduced by the following sentence, which cannot be read without the most painful reflections: "It is with exceeding regret," he says, "that I am compelled, by the state of ill health into which I have unexpectedly fallen, to bring our labours to a premature termination. I have waited day after day, to see if any

partial degree of recovery might enable me to continue attendance, and confirm your grammatical attainments by a greater extent of practice in reading. My expectations have not been fulfilled.

Dr Murray had been for many years struggling with a consumptive habit, no doubt superinduced, or at least accelerated in its progress, by his intense and unwearied application; but, experiencing the delusion peculiar to that complaint, though conscious of the gradual decay of his strength, he seems, even until a few hours before his death, to have indulged hopes of recovery; and when Mrs Murray arrived from the country, in consequence of information indirectly and delicately conveyed to her, by the accomplished and amiable Dr Thomas Brown, his physician, he remarked, in explanation of his having always resisted her coming to town, "If I have deceived you, I was deceived myself." Mrs Murray reached town on the 12th of April, and he lived only two days after.

Dr Murray had always entertained a deep reverence for the truths of religion, the influence of which served to brighten and console the last moments of his life. This circumstance is alluded to with great feeling and propriety, in the Memoir before us; and surely the practical testimony of such a man in favour of divine truth cannot be without its value to the great cause of religion; while it places him in striking contrast with many men, eminent, indeed, in literature and science, who, bewildered by the glimmerings of a vain and dangerous philosophy, have unhappily given their countenance to the specious but delusive sophistry of the infidel, and refused to open their eyes to that pure and perfect light which came down from above.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
DATED MAY 3, 1822.

I SOMETIMES wonder you do not write to me more frequently. If you knew what pleasure a letter gives me in this solitary wilderness, I am certain that your humanity, independent of sisterly affection, would induce you to write oftener. The last that

I received from you I usually read once a-week, because it reminds me of my dear sister, as well as of my father and mother. Do write to me on the receipt of this, and direct as below. When I wrote last to you, I had described all our adventures till we settled near Wilmington. My brother James undertook to teach a school here, the salary of which was 300 dollars a-year; and this circumstance led us to remove from Norfolk, where the business of a blacksmith was not lucrative. We lived here all together very comfortably for a few months; but as business has been growing worse all over the States during the last three years, my husband could get no employment, except he would take produce in exchange for his labour. My brother was more fortunate, for his salary, which was paid monthly, was in cash; and as he boarded with us, it enabled us to get coffee, tea, sugar, butter, &c. which we should otherwise have been obliged to do without, and to breakfast, as many here do, on *mush*, which is water thickened with Indian meal, similar to Scotch *crowdy*, but not so palatable. Beef and mutton here are very indifferent; we lived chiefly on pork and fowls; and as we had seldom any vegetables, we boiled Indian corn, (it is called *ominy*,) and ate it with our meat, to which, for the sake of variety, we sometimes added a little molasses: pork and molasses is here a common dish. The business of a teacher is bad enough everywhere; but I think it is a great deal worse in America than in Scotland. Boys and girls, in the United States, are indulged to a fault: one day, while my brother was busy in teaching, an impudent boy, of thirteen years old, *sput in his face*, because he scolded him for not attending to his lesson;—this was aggravating enough, and my brother began to whip him. After the first stroke, the fellow ran *screaming* out of the school, and continued to *howl* all the way home: this put the whole neighbourhood in an uproar, and every one railed with much rancour against the brutal treatment which the *innocent child* had received from the hands of the barbarous schoolmaster. I was considerably alarmed for the consequences, and felt a sort

of presentment that some evil was brewing. I was certain he would be turned out of his situation as teacher; however, thought I, he will soon be able to get another, and as every place is, to us, nearly the same, we can all move away together. One evening, about a week after, we were told that my brother was lying at the foot of the stairs, leading to the school-room; and on going to see, we found him nearly dead, from several blows which he had received on his head with a thick stick, and several cuts, one on his face, which had been given with a cow-skin, which is a long piece of twisted leather, used to whip the negroes with. Poor James continued insensible for several weeks; and when he got a little better, he was sensible only for short intervals. At length, he so far recovered, as to be able to converse, when he informed us, that as he was coming down the stairs from the school, to return home to his supper, the father of the boy, and another man, met him just as he arrived at the bottom: he pulled off his hat, and accosted them, when one of them struck him across the face with a cow-skin, and the other dealt him such a blow on the head with a bludgeon, that he reeled and fell, when they continued to beat him; but that, becoming insensible, he had no remembrance of what afterwards took place. As he had no witness to bring forward to prove the assault, and as the whole parish, except one man, who had lately come from Ireland, said he was rightly served for his barbarity to the child he had so shamefully whipped, it was in vain to seek redress; so, as soon as possible, we removed to George Town, near Washington, and took him with us. This being the time of harvest, my husband got work in the fields, at two dollars and a half a-week, and his victuals; sometimes at the end of the week he got a little money, but more frequently he got an *order* on some of the store-keepers, which would have been the same to us as money, if the store-keepers had not charged us more than if we had gone to them with money. In this manner we continued to exist; but my brother, instead of mending, became visibly worse and worse, and I was

very certain he would die in the fall (the autumn).

Poor James! it was an awful sight to behold his once-quick and penetrating eye fixed on vacancy; and to hear him rave about his father and mother, and his sister Sarah!—Sometimes singing, sometimes laughing with hysteric frenzy, and sometimes weeping with all the bitterness of anguish. I think you had better not mention these things to my parents, because, if it please God to spare me, I can tell them myself when I see them. Oh! how I long to see and embrace them! but we are now at least four thousand miles apart.

Well, just, my dear, as I expected, so it happened; my brother lingered till the 27th of October, when he died. I buried him with as much decency as my circumstances would admit; but no stone marks the spot where his ashes repose. His piety and his brotherly affection still live, and for ever will live, in my memory, till this poor heart, like his, has ceased to palpitate. I do not think the two men intended to kill him—no, they meant, as they express it, to give him a good whipping, to make him remember in future not to correct their children: besides, I have been told they were *drunk* at the time; therefore I try to forgive them, and often pray to the Supreme Being to pardon them. I wrote to inform them, that James Thomson died from the wounds inflicted by their cruelty. You have nothing like this in Scotland, because you have good laws, which are properly executed. Oh! happy land! shall I again behold thee? land of my childhood—it is there that my bones shall moulder!

We had still a few dollars left, and as my husband could get no work at his business, we removed into the State of Ohio, and bought a small part of a section of land, not cleared, to the westward of Marietta. Instead of building a log-house, my husband thought it would be better to excavate a room in the side of a hill that bordered our little territory of fourteen acres, which at that time we supposed to be large enough, and which we could easily increase, if all things suited. In the neighbourhood of *Forfar*, fourteen acres of land would be a snug little spot in the

immediate vicinity of a market ; but here we are *five miles* from any other house, seven miles from a store, six miles from a mill, and ten miles from a place of worship.

I do not see a human being, except my dear husband, for weeks together. My cow and three pigs are my only companions, and I have nearly every day to hunt them in the woods, and drive the cow home to milk, in the evening, sometimes a mile or two. You can scarcely conceive how melancholy I feel when wandering in these lone woods ; for when the wind is still, there is the most solemn stillness you can imagine ; not a whisper, nor any noise, except that I now and then hear the distant tapping of the wood-pecker, or the shouting of a little bird called Whip-poor-Will ; and when it is dark, we sometimes hear the disagreeable noise of the screech-owl, or the barking of a wolf. There are numbers of squirrels, some of which my husband shoots, and they are excellent eating ; we also eat the opossum, which is often very fat. The mosquitoes are a dreadful pest, and the gally-nippers much worse ; there is also a fly here, which bites the horses so, that the blood follows the bite in a stream ; and people burn what are called smokers, which are long narrow pods, from twelve to eighteen inches long, and these are stuck in different parts of the harness, the smoke of which keeps off the flies, when the folks are plowing. I am also obliged often to burn a heap of these smokers, to keep off the flies whilst milking my cow. I forgot to inform you, that we very soon vacated our dwelling in the rock. As soon as it was finished, we moved into it our few articles of furniture, consisting of two stools, a pine table, a gridiron, a gun, an iron pot for cooking, a moss mattress, two blankets, and a little crockery ware. We descended by means of a ladder, placed in a hole in the top, which served also for a chimney, and when I was seated within, I really thought it had some resemblance to a very indifferent Scotch cabin.

The first night, we laid our mattress on the floor, and slept soundly till the morning, when my husband got up early to fetch some articles

from the store ; but, before he set off, he kindled a fire. Very soon after he was gone, I heard a strange hissing noise near the fire-place ; and looking up, half asleep as I was, I saw a large coil of snakes, which, having taken up their abode in a fissure of the rock, the heat of the fire had brought to life. There appeared to be more than twenty snakes, some of which, two yards long, appeared to be in high glee, and making towards the bed ! Terrified almost to fainting, I wrapped one of the blankets about me, and convulsively springing to the ladder, I ascended it in an instant ! As soon as I had recovered a little from my fright, I looked down into my bed-room, and beheld the whole nest of reptiles about the bed, some crawling above the blanket I had left, and some creeping beneath it. I shuddered at the sight ; after which, I retired into a shed which was to serve as a sort of cow-house, and rather impatiently awaited the return of my husband. In about three hours he arrived, and as soon as he had extricated my clothes from below, I dressed myself, and we immediately came to the conclusion, that we would erect a log-house, and leave the snakes in full and undisturbed possession of the subterranean abode. I will describe a log-house to you when I get back to Scotland. I can also then tell you more about the heat and the cold, the insects, tree-frogs, the alligators, copper-heads, garter-snakes, rattlesnakes, the cane-breaks, the praries, and the bears. Bears are good to eat ; I have seen a man drink off a pint of bear's grease, and declare it to be better than mutton broth. Tribes of Indians often pass by in their journies from one place to another ; they are poor silly creatures ; and you must not believe a quarter of what some people tell of their sagacity, and their fine speeches. Corn (Indian) is now one shilling a bushel, and the best wheat not more than one shilling and sixpence a bushel.

I am extremely glad to inform you, that an Englishman, who has just arrived with a wife and four children, has purchased our farm : his wife, poor thing, seems to be in great distress ; she and two of the children are very sickly. I perceive, too, that

she is heart-sick, for she is continually talking about comfort, and the healthy climate, and sweet fields she has left behind her Yorkshire. We shall almost immediately proceed to Charleston, where we intend to stop all winter, and I hope we shall embark for Scotland about the first of next June. I have been more than a month writing this letter, for I put down any thing, as it occurred, about what has happened to us in this country. It is now July, so that we have still ten months to stay. The poor English folks have lost one of their children; it died yesterday, and the good woman will not be long after it: she appears to be a lady-like woman, though she is a kind-hearted creature, and I pity her from my heart and my soul. My husband has kept up a correspondence with our dear and worthy friend, Mr J. Campbell, teacher, in New York, so that we often had news about Scotland. When at George Town, I saw the Rev. Mr Wilson, from Glasgow. It will hurt me much to leave the ashes of my dear brother behind me, in a strange land. Before his death he became very calm, and had entire possession of all his senses.

“Comfort came down, the dying man to raise,
And his last fault’ring accents whispered praise.”

Direct for us at Charleston, to be left at the Post Office till called for.

BONNIE LASSES.

Imitated from Anacron.

THE bull, wi’ sturdy neck for battle,
Was made the king o’ horn’d cattle;
Hooves Heaven gied, to cowt and yaud,
Their ain by speed o’ fit to haud;
Lugs to the maukin gleg an’ lang,
An’ shanks to stend wi’ souple spang;

The little trouts, wi’ glancing scales,
Gat cholers, fins, an’ forket tails;
The birds wi’ slichtering pinions giffit, a
Up through the simmer sky was liftit;—
To man was gien an’ daur control;
That naething can or daur control;
But still a boon the women wantit—
A’ thae war gaen—what then was grantit?
’Twas loveliness—the modest grace
O’ beaming cen an’ bonnie face,
That ev’n the savage canna wrang.
The soger to the war may gang,
An’ conquer other sogers; laurels
Kings may obtain in kingly quarrels;
But beauty every power surpasses.—
A’ things maun yield to Bonnie Lassies.

TO MY SOUL.

*Written when Dying.—From the Latin
of Patrick Adamson.*

O, Soul! so harass’d in the strife,
Unceasing, of this mortal life,
Sore wearied of thy bondage here,
Thy hour of freedom now is near—
Thy time to mount, and soar away,
Not clogg’d by weight of sinful clay;
Thy God in mercy calls thee home,
From this thy lowly earthly dome;
And, for the sake of Him who died,
The way of Heav’n is open’d wide,
And thou art welcom’d at the door,
To dwell in peace for evermore.
Offspring of God! go at his call,
And rest eternally from thrall!

Thy fleshy covering here must stay.
Mingling again with kindred clay,
Till the expected angel’s voice
Bid earth and putrid bones arise:
My body, rais’d from death, shall be
Reanimated then by thee!
O blissful day! the Lamb shall stand
And welcome us with his right hand,
Cleans’d by the sufferings he withstood,
And washen in his living blood.
What joys, how great, how bright, how
pure,
That shall for evermore endure,
Shalt thou enjoy, another guest
Among the blest saints in rest!

HANS HEILING'S ROCKS. A SCENE
IN BOHEMIA.

From the German of K. H. Spiess.

I HAD frequently heard mentioned in conversation the famous Dwarf's Cave, described as being situated in the wild and romantic valley through which the river Eger pursues its winding course from Ellbogen to the vicinity of Carlsbad. The accounts which those who had visited this savage and solitary spot gave of the cavern, and the surrounding rocks, had always excited my curiosity; but every one assured me that they were only accessible in winter, when the Eger was frozen over, as the extreme narrowness of the valley left no possibility of passing on either side of the river. For several years the winters were so mild, that the ice on the impetuous stream was never sufficiently strong for this purpose, and I was therefore obliged to forego the gratification of my wishes. Meanwhile, I amused myself with collecting the various traditions related by the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns and villages, about this cavern and these terrific rocks. They were obscure and unconnected, but always agreed in affirming, that these cliffs were once the habitation of a little race of dwarf-miners, who pursued their labours quietly, never did harm to any one, but, on the contrary, were always useful and friendly to their neighbours in times of trouble or adversity; that they were governed, for a certain time, by a powerful magician, or sorcerer, and at length were expelled from their dwellings, and banished. Some of the people assured me, that one might yet see the poor dwarfs, changed into stone, standing on the tops of the rocks; others declared that the good little people were about to celebrate a wedding, and, for this purpose, were repairing towards their place of worship, when they were suddenly arrested in their course by the power of the angry magician, and turned into stone, or rather (since, being spirits, they could not be annihilated,) were enchanted into this form. The ridge of rocks was called by the narrators of these legends, The enchanted Dwarf-wedding; others gave them the name of Hans Heiling's Rocks,

believing that a man so called had lived on the summit, and ruled over the dwarfs. A friend of mine was so obliging as to inspect the archives of the town of Ellbogen, and soon afterwards favoured me with the following description, which appears to be a very ancient one, of this most remarkable spot: "On this river," says the writer, tracing the course of the Eger through the territories of Ellbogen, "between the castles of Wildenau and Aicha, are situated some enormous rocks, known from time immemorial by the name of Hans Heiling's Rocks. At the foot of them is a cave, the inside of which resembles an immense vault; but the entrance is so small, that one is obliged to stoop down and creep into it. According to the belief of our dear and honoured forefathers, this cave was formerly inhabited by a race of dwarfs, who had at one time, for their prince and ruler, a man from a strange country, whose name was Hans Heiling. The following true and well-attested story corroborates this belief: In the year of our Lord 1305, on the eve of St Peter and St Paul, a woman from the village of Taschwiz, who had gone out to gather wild fruit in the forest, lost her way near this place. After wandering about for some time, she at length came to a beautiful palace close to these rocks, and, as the night was fast approaching, she did not scruple to enter it. She opened the door of a room, in which she discovered an old man sitting at a table, and earnestly employed in writing. She begged him to grant her an asylum for the night, to which request he acceded without difficulty. Not a living creature was to be seen excepting the old man; but tremendous noises were heard, which appeared to proceed from the upper part of the building. Upon this, a terrible fear came over her, and, with trembling anxiety, she asked who was her host?—to which the singular being replied, that his name was Hans Heiling; that he was just on the point of taking his departure from that place, and that two-thirds of his dwarfs had already gone before him. Still more alarmed by this mysterious answer, she was about to inquire further, when the

old man enjoined her to be silent, and assured her, that had she appeared at any less remarkable juncture, he could not even have granted her admittance. The terrified woman crept humbly into a corner, and soon forgot her fears in a gentle slumber; on awakening from which in the morning, and finding herself lying amongst the rocks, with not a trace of a building to be seen, she regarded the whole adventure as a dream. Congratulating herself for having escaped unhurt from a region so replete with dangers, she returned to her native village: but what was her astonishment at finding the whole face of things completely metamorphosed! The houses were new, and of a different construction from their former ones. All the inhabitants were strangers to her, and she appeared equally unknown to them. With great difficulty, she succeeded in finding her way to her own dwelling. This, too, had been newly built; but the old oak, which her grandfather had planted, still overshadowed it with its branches. On attempting to enter it, she was rudely repulsed by the new occupants, and reduced to wander up and down the village, weeping, and bewailing this singular infatuation. Her lamentations excited the attention of the villagers. They laughed at her story, treated her as a mad-woman, and carried her before the Justice. Here she was strictly interrogated and examined; and, strange to tell, on referring to the parish register, it was found, after much research, that, on the very same day, exactly a hundred years before, a woman of that name had gone into the forest to gather wild berries, and had never been seen afterwards, though all possible search had been made for her. It was now too plain to be doubted, that the good woman had been for a whole century under the influence of an enchanted sleep. During all this time, she had not grown a day older, and she lived for many years afterwards*. In com-

pensation for the sorceries which had been practised upon her, she was recently maintained at the expence of the community, and enjoyed a peaceful and happy old age. Although," pursues the writer of the Chronicle, with quaint simplicity, "there are many wisacres, who pretend to doubt the truth of this extraordinary occurrence, and affirm, that the old woman was no better than an artful deceiver; yet I cannot help adding, in confirmation of the fact, that my late grandfather (to whom may God grant a joyful resurrection!) had himself seen, and spoken with, persons who were present when this wonderful discovery took place. From this we may learn," he continues, "how wrong it is to dispute the existence of supernatural agency, and, like misguided free-thinkers and unholy mis-believers, to deny the influence of the Devil and his spirits over the weak and sinful human race. And, alas! even in my time, there have not been wanting proofs, that the place in question is still troubled by the apparition of very monstrous and terrible things. Not far from the cave," continues the Chronicler, "a little further on, are to be seen many high and pointed rocks, of a pyramidal shape: near them stands another rock, of enormous size, and apparently hewn into a quadrangular form, on the summit of which, in ancient times, there stood a castle. At its foot may still be seen an opening, which, in days of old, was closed by a stone door of a very curious construction. It happened once upon a time, that, on St John the Baptist's day, at the hour of vigils, two shepherd boys, who had gone out to catch young birds, came to this spot, and perceived that the door was open. Curiosity, so natural to youth, induced them to enter the cavern, at the end of which they discovered two large chests, one of them open, the other closed. In the first, they found a great heap of gold, which they hastily seized upon, and put into their wallets. Suddenly a great fear possessed them, and they hastened to the door; the first passed through in safety, but as the second was follow-

* The similarity of this legend to the story of "Rip Van Winkle," in the Sketch Book, must at once strike the reader. That Geoffrey Crayon has borrowed it from the German, cannot, we think, be disputed. This, however, in no

degree detracts from the pleasant manner in which it is told.—*Editor.*

ing him, the hinges began to creak with a frightful noise; he made a desperate leap over the threshold, and the door clapping violently, tore off the wooden heel of his left shoe. He, however, escaped unhurt, as well as the other, and they carried the gold in safety to their delighted parents." The writer of the Chronicle assures us, that he has had in his own hand one of these pieces of gold, which was carefully preserved by a descendant of these youths; that he examined it minutely, and that it was stamped with the figure of an old man with a long beard. He expresses his hopes, that, after this assurance, (which he attests in the most solemn manner,) no farther doubts will arise as to the truth of this history, and enlarges on the probability of the money having been coined by the dwarfs, and impressed with the likeness of their ruler, Hans Heiling. Having further related that one of the rocks resembles a pulpit, another a capuchin, and that the whole group in winter, when covered with snow, bears the appearance of a town with lofty spires, he proceeds to follow the course of the river, and describe the rest of the scenery through which it passes. This was all I could collect from the traditions of the country, nor could I ever trace a single circumstance in the real history of the town, or its environs, likely to have given rise to the legend; but it has since occurred to me, that there may be some connection between this story and the enchanted Castellan, who was changed into a lump of tinkling metal, and who may to this day be seen in the town-house of Ellbogen; and that the little dwarf Strakakal, who is still seen, by many an ancient crone, standing at the windows of the old ruined castle, and who sometimes amuses himself with twisting the cow's tails into elf knots, is no other than one of the runaway dwarfs who used to inhabit these wonderful rocks.

Early in the summer of 1797 I received the pleasing information, that this ill-reputed, but highly romantic region, might now be seen and approached, at least by those who could disregard the inconveniences of a circuitous route, and a rough and stony path; who would not think it

a toil to climb now and then over craggy steepes, nor be much fatigued by a two hours' walk. The bearer of these agreeable tidings offered to become the guide of any party who might wish to undertake the expedition; a proposal which was thankfully accepted by all present, and even the ladies declared their resolution of joining in the adventure. For the accommodation of the fair pilgrims, it was agreed to wait for a favourable day, not too bright and sultry, and if a little cloudy, so much the better. A day of this description soon appeared, and in the highest spirits, unanimously determining not to allow any difficulties to frustrate our scheme, we sallied forth, over the bridge which led to the other side of the Eger, along which we intended to pursue our course, in order to have a better view of the rocks opposite. A forester, well acquainted with the country, followed in our train, and a supply of provisions was carried by his children. We hastily passed over those parts of the road with which we were already familiar. They are extremely beautiful, and, to a stranger, could not fail of proving attractive; but for this once, they arrested not our steps, and we walked on with perfect indifference. On reaching the limits of our accustomed ramble, and just as we were beginning to hope for a recompence for our labours in the delights of novelty, we learnt from experience, that it is far from advisable to choose a lowering day for such an excursion as this. All at once, a dark heavy cloud overshadowed the whole valley; it began to rain tremendously, and we were obliged to seek for shelter. We were fortunate enough to find refuge in an open shed, such as are used in this mountainous country, (where carts cannot be employed,) to house the hay in, till the peasants have time to carry it to the town on their shoulders. The storm raged furiously, and our courage almost began to fail; but after a while, the skies again smiled on us, the rain ceased, and the sight of the grotesque and lofty rocks which closed the view of the winding valley, once more awakened our curiosity, and we resolutely pursued our way. The path was now

considerably narrower, and the rain had made it slippery, and much more dangerous than before. We were no longer able to walk side by side, but each was obliged to be his own guide and supporter; and if any indifferent observer could have seen us in an irregular file, thus apparently hanging in the air on the precipitous banks of the foaming torrent, he would certainly have thought us in a situation of no small peril. We, however, regarded not, indeed felt not, any danger, for our hearts and minds were completely absorbed in the indescribable sensations excited by the contemplation of the grand and savage beauty of this astonishing valley. Frequently would one or other of the party, catching hold, with one hand, of the branch of some overhanging tree, point out to his companions, with the other, some new object of sublimity; or sometimes, almost hovering in the air, and only supported on one foot, awaken the babbling echoes of the opposite cliffs, for the amusement of his fellow-wanderers. Our fair associates braved every difficulty without a murmur; despised the assistance of the gentlemen, and gazed at the magnificent amphitheatre of wood and rock, undismayed by the roaring waters which rolled between. "Now, then, there is an end of our climbing and scrambling, and we may walk on comfortably to the end of our journey," said our guide, as we at length assembled round him on a little bank of sand formed by the river. From this spot the greatest part of the valley was laid open to our view. We gazed with eagerness, but spoke not a word, for our astonishment was too great for utterance. Human language, it is true, is rich in expressions; yet, how poor and defective does it appear, when we would seek to describe those primeval wonders, those gigantic works, which seem as if just issued from the hands of the Almighty! Then can we only adore in silence; and with this feeling, we beheld a scene of which no description can afford even the faintest idea. Our lips were speechless, and our awe-struck eyes turned hastily towards our companions, as if to incite one another to further progress. My own sensations were of the same un-

definable nature with those I have experienced in the valleys of Switzerland—sensations I have sometimes sought to describe, but always without success. Below us roared the wild, impetuous Eger; behind us, thick and mighty forests rose to a tremendous height; while, before us, stupendous rocks lifted their giant heads to the skies, and gradually rending, formed a huge amphitheatre, at the sight of which the astonished beholder inwardly exclaimed, "Thy Maker is a God of power and great glory!" These rugged rocks were crowned with trees of various kinds and colour, yet the cliffs were everywhere visible, and towered above the foliage in a thousand fantastic shapes. The whole might be said to resemble (but, oh! how poor and unworthy is the simile!) enormous tapestry descending from heaven to earth, swelled out by the wind, and waving wildly to the stern. For a long time we remained silent in our astonishment, and in this solitary region there was nothing to disturb our emotions. At length exclamations burst from us all:—"This is indeed magnificent! This repays us for all our fatigues!" Every one agreed in declaring how impossible it would be to give any description of this extraordinary valley; and we amused ourselves by fancying how exactly like a scene of enchantment it would appear, if a fête could be given there at night, and a light hung in every tree. For some time we diverted ourselves with laying imaginary plans for a festival of this description, and not till we had finished the whole of our arrangements, did we discover that the high damp grass through which we had been walking, had completely wet, not only our shoes, but all the lower parts of our habiliments. This discovery, however, occasioned no abatement of our ardour; the risk of colds and rheumatisms was disregarded; we thought only of the present, did not trouble ourselves about the future, and had already seen too much, not to wish to see all. A view into the magic valley through which the Eger pursues its windings, like a serpent within its scaly folds, enticed us on still further. At every step some new object awakened new ad-

miration ; but now and then, when trees and bushes completely obstructed our view, we could not help rallying our good-natured guide, who had promised us a smooth and commodious path, and who was now leading us over nothing but sharp stones and crags. However, our present road was not nearly so dangerous as the former one, and we could scarcely expect a broad high-way in such a rocky chaos. The varieties of our path afforded us much amusement ; sometimes our feet were wet with the foam of the river ; sometimes we had to creep through the bushes on hands and knees ; and a moment after, we found ourselves in an alley of lofty fir trees, while every fresh opening discovered some new and wonderful prospect. With such a reward for our fatigues, the length of the way appeared nothing to us, though the meanderings of the valley considerably increased the distance, and in high glee we at length reached the fatal enchanted region. Its entrance is marked by a lofty isolated rock, in form resembling a tower, which goes, in the neighbourhood, by the name of "the Sentinel." We stood opposite to it, and shouted forth a hearty salutation, which was repeatedly answered by the sonorous tones of its echo. Wild and rugged as had been the valley from its commencement, it was now a thousand times more savage than before. The rocks became loftier at every step ; and being now but thinly covered with pine and fir trees, they appeared more tremendous than ever. The dark green of the pines, the different shades of the moss and lichens presenting every variety of yellow, red, white, and black, mingled with the cold grey tint of the cliffs, formed altogether a singular and dazzling combination of colouring. Having now reached a spot which commanded a view of the whole mass of rocks, we came to a halt, and, filled with admiration and amazement, seated ourselves on the stones which lay scattered around us. There was nothing to disturb our meditations, or intercept our view ; a lonely stillness pervaded the scene ; not a breeze rustled in the branches, but the river murmured monotonously while it rushed swiftly by, as if anxious to escape from this

wild solitude, and hasten to more smiling scenes. Now and then a startled snipe would skim across the water, piping a shrill note to warn his brooding mate of the approach of their enemies ; the heron hung fluttering high in the air, in silence watching for its prey ; while sometimes resounded from the clefts of the rocks, the melancholy voice of the slumbering screech-owl, or the harsh cry of the hungry hawk. The forester was now a most effective cicerone, bestowing a name upon every rock, and pointing out to us those particularities of form from which each appellation was derived. He took care to direct our attention to an opening in the highest of the crags, through which he told us the dwarfs used to pass in and out when they inhabited the cavern to which it led, but that in our days there was no possibility of entering it. When, however, I inquired more minutely into the history of this mysterious race, he was unable to satisfy me, and could only relate some vague traditions, which frequently contradicted one another ; but as a positive proof that the place had once been frequented by these supernatural beings, he pointed out a ridge of rocks where now and then one might trace resemblances to grotesque figures of this species, all of which, he assured us, had once been dwarfs, and were thus transformed by the hand of a mighty magician. In a kind of natural niche in the middle of the cliff, he showed us the figure of one of these dwarfs, who, according to his account, had loitered behind, when his companions were flying from the wrath of the magician ; and as he looked out of the window in hopes of obtaining succour, suddenly underwent the same metamorphosis with the rest. I am in general tolerably quicksighted, and my imagination is seldom behind-hand in assisting in any romantic deception ; but for this once I freely own, neither one nor other was capable of convincing me that I could here discover any thing like the little gentleman in question, and I did not hesitate to confess my stupidity. At this the guide smiled significantly, and told me, that many things were invisible to some people, which others could distinguish as

plainly as possible. "This," added he, gravely, "depends entirely upon the hour of our birth, for those who come into the world when the sun is shining, may stare their eyes out, and not be a bit the wiser after all." I could not help laughing at this; but knowing that argument would be fruitless, I forbore to dispute the point, and the good man was suffered to hold forth unmolested. By his account, this, to me, invisible dwarf still possessed the power of wandering about by night in human shape; a hundred years before, he had been seen very frequently, and on one occasion had been ferried over the river at midnight by a peasant, whom he rewarded with a coffer full of gold. "What is very certain," continued the narrator, "is, that there is even now-a-days something supernatural about this place, for though the dwarfs are no longer to be seen, every body knows that the Wild Huntsman chases here continually, and a most fearful din he makes." This tale gave rise to a good deal of conversation amongst us, and while we were devouring, with no small appetite, our store of provisions, every one related in his turn the different stories he had heard about this terrible Wild Huntsman, or, as it is sometimes called, the Raging Host. We all ended, in agreeing that this terrific chase is never heard but in those tracts of country where there are abundance of screech owls; and that, in all probability, this circumstance might give rise to the legend, since, where there are a number of these birds together, their hootings produce a hideous clamour, very much resembling the yelping of dogs.

Having ended our frugal meal, the party began to disperse in various directions, each choosing out the particular spot which best suited his taste. My own fancy was taken by a rock which bore a striking resemblance to an old Gothic chapel; I clambered up to it, reposed beneath its shade, and indulged in dreamy visions of the past. Forgiven be the unwelcome intruder, since he meant it for our good, who first awoke us from our day-dreams, by warning us that the hour appointed for our returning had already elapsed, and that we must exert our speed to the

utmost, if we wished to reach our habitations before it was dark! Reluctantly, as if tearing ourselves away from a beloved friend, did we bid adieu to this enchanting scene, and turn our steps homewards. We soon became more communicative than we had hitherto been; and each began to impart his feelings to his companions, which tended considerably to soften the difficulties of the journey; yet the ladies, notwithstanding, seemed somewhat nervous at the idea of the dangerous passes they had once more to encounter, and even we of the hardier sex, retained rather a disagreeable recollection of the precipitous path where a weak and brittle shrub was our only stay. "If you have resolution enough to climb a very high, though not a very steep mountain," said our guide, "I can show you another way, by which we may avoid every sort of danger. This will take us to the lonely hamlet of Stenmeisel, from whence we shall descend immediately upon our own dwellings." This proposition was received with unanimous satisfaction; it afforded, it is true, little prospect of rest to the weary, since the ascent was long and uninterrupted. No complaints, however, were made, and we insensibly climbed higher and higher, tempted on by the ripe wild strawberries, with which the steep slopes on each side of us were covered. At length we reached the hamlet, and soon afterwards attained the summit, from whence, to our infinite pleasure, we commanded a view of almost the whole scene of our wanderings. Out of four paths which led to Ellbogen, we chose the steepest, and a very rapid descent brought us safely to the foot of the mountain.

THE CAMP.

THE sun has sunk beneath the sea,
His smile is fled from tower and tree,
And fast descends o'er hill and dale
The cold night's dun and sombre veil;
Above, more deeply glows the sky,
A silver spangled canopy—
Below, o'er devious ridges, shine
Far wand'ring fires, in many a line;
And on the gloom around them throw
A wild and melancholy glow,
Through which you may dimly see the tent
Pitch'd by the hostile armament.

And the forms of men, in the dusky
gleam,
Like the wand'ring phantom shapes that
seem

To glide o'er the scene of a troubled
dream.

You may hear the note of the bugle there,
As it sails away through the silent air ;
And the hollow roll of the distant drum,
And of their hosts the dying hum :

You may hear the song of a foreign land
Arise on the breath of the night from their
land.

Sever'd but by some small dell,
Paces each hostile sentinel—
So near, that his shade, when the sun was
low,

Would have reach'd across to the place of
his foe.

Is it the break of the di-tant wave,
Moaning through some echoing cave,
That steals upon the list'ning ear
With hollow sound and murmur drea ?

No ! 'tis the cannon's heavy roll,
Dragged unto its deadly goal ;
There, with earliest dawn of day,
The music of wild war shall play ;
It shall wake with the wak'ning eye of
morn,

In the mingled sounds of the bugle horn,
Of the headlong charge, and the vengeful
shout,

The shriek of the steed and the mus-
ket's knell,

The roar, the revel, and the rout,
Mingled with agony's frightful yell,
All soaring through sulphurous pall of
hell,

When the cannon peals out the deep bass
well !

In sooth, the silent night is fraught
With much to waken saddening thought :
It is as the breathless calm on the main,
That heralds the dreadful hurricane.
Of star-eyed heaven the solemn look,
To war and passion seems rebuke ;
Yet soft its face, as if its tear
Was shed above this troubled sphere,
This rolling wreck, this wand'ring star,
Scath'd by the deadly blasts of war !

REMINISCENCES OF AULD LANGSYNE.

No. III.

Delightful abode of my pleasure and pain,
Thy grass-cover'd haunts I revisit again ;
How quick throbs my heart as my path I pursue,
When I think on the day that I bade thee adieu !
Finlay.

THE facetious Sterne has said, " I
pity the man who can travel from
Dan to Beersheba, and find nothing
but barrenness." Such were my feel-

ings, while rambling among the rug-
ged wilds and shrubby dells, which
had been the haunts of my early days,
and the scenes of my juvenile adven-
tures ; and could I only, for one hour,
wield the magic pen of the author
just quoted, the glow of sensibility
should enliven my page in " thoughts
that breathe, and words that burn."
Vain wish ! for

" Within his circle none can walk but he."

I can, therefore, only request the
reader to give me credit for many
finely romantic feelings, which I
richly enjoyed, but now find my pen
inadequate to describe. If he has sen-
sibility, he will believe me when I
say, that scarcely could I climb a
heath-clad hillock, lean on a grey
craggy cliff, or trace a curve in the
winding streamlet, without finding
that each had a tale to tell, of days
gone by—each called up an idea,
which, by some unperceived link of
association, became " the fruitful
mother of an hundred more."

Of these, some made my heart
ache anew, and tore afresh the wounds
in which Time had dropped his sooth-
ing balm ; others called up a glow,
may I not say a blush, of shame, upon
my cheek, for early follies, which I
wished myself and all the world to
forget for ever ; but I own with plea-
sure, and affirm with sincerity, that
the far greater part consisted of re-
collections which afforded a calm,
although, in some degree, a melancholy
delight to my heart ; and such, I
believe, would be the complex feeling,
of most men in similar situations.
Or, if there is a man who, after his
grand climacteric, looks back over
the long vista of life which time has
thrown behind him, and feels no
emotion while Memory calls up the
shades of departed friends from the
dark regions of " the narrow house,"
as they seem to pass in array before
him, or smile in all their primeval
loveliness, he must have a mind as
vacant and torpid as that of an oys-
ter. Again, should there be one,
with the record of his actions, his
early indiscretions, and youthful le-
vities, spread out before him, who
finds not one in the catalogue to suf-
fuse his cheek, he must either have
had a tutelary angel to guide his
steps, or Nature, deviating from her
ordinary course, has formed him like

"some faultless monster which the world ne'er saw." And, lastly, if there breathes the man who can, as it were, in imagination, live over again his early days, the sunny morning of life, tread the haunts in which he wandered when friendship and love were new, without one pleasant sensation throbbing in his bosom, he must be a misanthrope, hating, and hated by the world; or one whose life has been a waveless sea, and his "heart a standing pool." Mine, I frankly acknowledge, is formed of no such stagnant and impenetrable stuff. I have been the slave, often the dupe, of my passions and feelings; and have, through life, laughed and cried alternately; while I have seen my companions plodding along, with faces of as unchanging gravity, as that of the saturnine-looking gentleman who keeps his post in the centre of Parliament Square. Ay, and they seemed to be moving in a track, which a careless observer would have pronounced lay parallel to mine; but he who inspected both minutely, found that the one was a straight, undeviating line, while the other was serrated and indented, something like the edge of a saw, but with less regularity. This is a vile *mechanical* simile; let me try another. I and my companions were like two men, both travelling from Alloa to Stirling; the one taking the straight line, as the crow flies, between the Tower of Alloa and Stirling Castle; this is the dull plodder's track, which brings him to the end of his journey, insensible of pain, and dead to pleasure; the other following all the turnings and windings of Forth, and keeping close by the margin of the stream. Now, if we suppose, that whenever he verges to the right his pleasure increases in proportion to his aberration from the straight line, and that, on the contrary, he experiences pain commensurate to his deviation to the left, it must be obvious, that by pursuing slowly all the curves and sinuosities of the river, he would seldom be in the dull beaten track which indurates the heart; and if he reached Stirling at the same time as his companion, the one must have crawled at a snail's pace, compared with the other. Such has been my progress through life; every step has

been, in a certain degree, a deviation from the dull plodder's path, and in consequence, I have had a constant succession of pleasurable and painful sensations, to which many of my companions have been strangers. These, as I have already said, were recalled and renewed, by the agency of the scenery around me.

One day, as I was sauntering among the ruins of a hamlet, of which only one house remained, Memory whispered, that the green on which I then stood was once the arena of an important event in my early history. When somewhere between ten and twelve years of age, I and a few companions had gone to a wood at some distance, to gather black-berries. We had two little girls in our train, and were returning through the hamlet of which I have just spoken, when David Morton, a big, lubberly boy, attacked the eldest girl, rudely demanding a share of the berries, which she carried in an earthen jug: this being denied, he proceeded, *vi et armis*, to seize the plunder, and, like the buccaneers, who sink, or burn, the vessels of which they cannot keep possession, finding he could not retain his spoil, he dashed the jug to atoms, while its contents were scattered in the mud. A tear stood ready to start in Elizabeth's bright black eye; however, she contrived to arrest its progress, and looked around among her companions, with a half indignant glance, which seemed to say, "Is the age of chivalry gone? Will not one of my companions avenge my wrong?" I considered her look as carrying, not only an appeal, but also a reproach; and although the spoiler was my superior in rank, age, and size, I stepped up to him, and, in a threatening attitude, said, "You are an ill-natured, cowardly ruffian, to behave so brutally to a girl." He very deliberately spat upon his forefinger, stroking it down the buttons of my vest, which, by established usage, was the most insulting mode of challenge and defiance, and then levelled a stroke at the most prominent part of my face, which instantly brought a purple stream over my chin.

Whether it was resentment of my fair companion's injuries or my own, or whether the sight of my blood in-

spired me with a heroism which I had never before felt, I have not been able to determine; perhaps it was a combination of all these; certain it is, that "woman was leader to the deed," when, with most intrepid courage, I rushed to the combat, which, in a few minutes, seemed to be a contest which only victory or death could terminate. The shouts of my companions brought out maids, wives, and widows; they wished to part us; but some journeymen weavers and blacksmiths insisted that we should fight it out; perhaps the more tender-hearted spectators were reconciled to this, on seeing that I had the best of the battle, for, although lighter than my antagonist, I had greater agility, and he was generally disliked in the village. Had we been by ourselves, alone and unseen, perhaps either of us would soon have given in; but, amidst a crowd of spectators, the case was very different, and for about a quarter of an hour the conflict was obstinate and sanguinary; there was no display of pugilistic science, but both exhibited fortitude, or rather ferocity. As the cheering continued in my favour, it incited to greater valour; till at last my antagonist left me in possession of the field, literally stained with the blood of the victor and the vanquished.

What were my sensations, as the shouts of applauding spectators rung in my ears! When the girl who had been the means of transforming me into a hero came with a basin and towel, and insisted upon washing and bathing my disfigured features, if my heart did not glow with delight, it was inflated with the most inordinate vanity. The sensations of pride and self-importance felt by Achilles, when dragging the corpse of Hector at his chariot wheels round the walls of Troy; by Wolsey, when he wrote, "I and my King;" or by Sir Hudson Lowe, when circumscribing the diurnal peregrinations of the *ci-devant* Dictator of Europe; all these were poor, compared with mine; no incident of my life has ever produced a similar intoxication of vanity, or, for the moment, lifted me so far above my species. I looked on all around me as greatly my inferiors, although my ears tingled with delight as they

applauded my prowess; and had an ovation been decreed for me, I would have deemed it far below my deserts. So insatiable was my vanity, that, when my companions began to talk of another subject, I left them in anger, and imagined that all whom I saw that night should speak of nothing else; and when I went to bed, it was to dream, and "fight my battle o'er again."

The discovery of my innate courage was new to myself, and I certainly did not "bear my honours meekly." I became a bully among my equals, and the "tyrant of our little fields;" but, happily both for them and myself, my despotism was of short duration, as a circumstance soon happened which more than neutralized my rising glory.

My companions, oppressed and disgusted with my overbearing disposition, procured a boy as much below me in size as I was to my former antagonist; a quarrel was soon fomented between us, which terminated in a pitched battle; but I now felt my sad inferiority; he was a skilful pugilist, and fought shy, while I was exhausting my strength in abortive efforts; the result was, that after being soundly beaten, I was obliged to yield the contest, and, sneaking away, I hastened to escape from the sight of men. I saw Eliza Webster, for whom I had formerly stood in the field of strife, and plunged into a thicket, to hide my blood-stained visage from her sight. It is impossible to describe the anguish of my feelings; if my vanity was before inordinate, my mortification was now commensurate; that of Mark Antony, after the battle of Actium—of Charles, at Pultowa—or of Buonaparte, when he played for, and lost, his last stake, on the plain of Waterloo—was not more poignant. Washing away the clotted blood in a pool, I skulked unseen till evening, stole home, and crept secretly to bed, with a swelled head and aching bones, my heart-ache more poignant than either. It was no consolation that I had fought, for I had been vanquished, and to me defeat was disgrace. I would be *aut Cesar, aut nullus*; but the laurels were torn from my brow, and the sun of my glory was set for ever. Such were my

feelings for several days ; but they began to wear off, and my heroism evaporated in proportion ; hence I was restored to tranquillity of mind and my former pacific disposition, about the same time. These are two intimately-connected events of my early years, for which I blushed every time they occurred to my recollection, till I was twenty ; from that to forty they were almost forgotten ; they have often come across my mind since ; but I have long ago learned to laugh at them, and consider them as representing the world in miniature.

"Men are but children of a larger growth,
Pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw."

I quarrelled for a girl—so did the heroes of Greece and Ilium. Thais led Alexander to burn Persepolis, while ambition and vainglory, not more rational, and much more destructive than mine, led him over the world, scattering death and desolation around him. But enough of egotism.

One morning after breakfast, my cousin said to me, "If you have any wish to see our thrashing machine at work, we are to start it just now, and as you like to contrast new and old fashions, it will furnish you with an opportunity of comparison between its powers, and those of Peter Bell and Andrew Murdoch, who took possession of your grandfather's barn about Michaelmas, and were to be found there every day till nearly Whitsunday, thrashing at the rate of a boll, or, perhaps, only three fir-lots per day, for which they were paid by what was termed *lot*, being generally the twenty-fourth boll of their labour. At that time, they had no better way of separating the corn from the chaff than by waiting till the wind ~~was~~ obliging enough to blow in at the one barn door, and out of the other, and then pour the corn from a flat basket, named a *wecht*, which was formed by stretching a sheep's skin over a slight wooden hoop ; when this basket was elevated and shaken, by a process which it cost some pains to acquire, the corn fell perpendicularly, and the chaff was driven to leeward. It is to this method of winnowing corn that Burns alludes in his poem of *Hallowe'en*, when he says,

"Meg fann wad to the barn gane,
To win three wechts of naething."

But we have now fanners, which renders it unnecessary to wait for the winds of heaven, or to stand walloping a wecht between two barn doors ; we create wind, when, and in what quantity we please : I intend to thrash out and winnow thirty bolls of wheat to-day—there's dispatch for you !"

"Ay, ay, without doors and within, I find nothing but alterations ; the arrangements and appearance of your kitchen are as different from that of my grandfather's as your barn." Here the gudewife, imagining that I was intruding upon her territory, said, "I have heard you often allude to your grandfather, and old fashions, and you would now oblige me by describing a farmer's kitchen such as it was fifty or sixty years ago." As I hold him unworthy of woman's love, who could refuse the reasonable request of a lady, I replied, "Well, madam, suppose yourself entering what was termed the *ha' door*, about eight o'clock in a winter evening ; on your right is the ben-house, and before you the pantry ; but turn to your left, and enter the kitchen, in the front of which stands the *ha' board*, (*Anglicè* table,) three feet by twelve, with a form on each side ; farther in the interior, on the same side, you will see a projection in the building termed an *oufshot*, which is occupied by three or four sassy lasses, busily employed at the two-handed wheel, and kemping who shall first finish their stents, while the gudewife, seated between them and the fire, is thriftily engaged *rieling* the yarn. In some degree behind her, and nearer the fire, sits the gudeman, in his long-backed arm chair, possibly with a book, but more probably with a crooked horn snuff-box, with a clumsy brass hinge, in his hand, and filled with snuff, resembling what is now called 'Irish Blackguard.' On the other side of the house, opposite to the table, is the *bink aumry*, a name now almost obsolete, being superseded by those of press and cupboard ; its lowest department is a wooden grating, named the *hen's crib*, and where two or three of these domestic fowls are generally set hatching ; the gudewife

being careful that the hen is set so as the chickens may come out with the growing moon; also, that the number of eggs be always odd, commonly thirteen, or fifteen. The upper departments of this repository contain bread, cheese, milk, and other edibles; the whole being surmounted with one or more shelves, where pewter and wooden trenchers, and other culinary utensils, stand in regular array; beyond this is a long seat, called the *settle*, where sit the ploughmen and herd-boys; these last playing at the tod and the lambs, or plating a whip-lash of thrum yarn, an article which no herd of spirit would now use, as he must have a leather lash from the saddler; the ploughmen are probably reading the History of Wallace and Bruce, or Sir David Lindsay of the Mount; that this last was a general favourite among the common people was evident, from the current proverb, 'There's no sic a word in a' Davie Lindsay.' Perhaps all are listening to the lasses, chaunting the mournful ballads of Jamie and Nancy, Gregor's Ghost, the Duke of Gordon's Daughters, or the Babes in the Wood; all of which were popular songs in my early days, and often recited with such simple pathos and melancholy cadence, as touched the heart; and the artless tones of Mary Watson, mentioned in my last paper, have brought tears in my eyes, when the dominie's taws could not produce that effect. In the last-mentioned ballad, the death of 'the pretty babes' is narrated with almost infantine simplicity; and the circumstance of making the Robin 'cover them with leaves,' is a fine poetical thought, which I have no doubt has endeared that bird to many a youthful mind. Instead of your coal fires, and fine stone chimneys, with kitchen range, containing, grate, crane, oven, smoke-jack, and other appendages, the kitchen which I am now endeavouring to set before your fancy, was a fire of turf, and other preparations of moss, known by the generic name of *yird eldin*; this fire is slightly raised above the floor, with a clumsy binding of clay and stones at each side; above, an aperture is formed of straw and clay, in the shape of an inverted funnel, to receive the

smoke; within which, about Martinmas, after the mart is killed, hangs a long range of black puddings, which are succeeded by a goodly number of beef hams. In the centre of the kitchen, suspended by a rope from the roof, hangs the cheese-rack, formed of strong wooden spars, placed transversely, on which, in summer, are laid the cheese, before they are carried to market, and in winter, those destined for family use. After night-fall in winter, a large copper-boiler, called the horse-kettle, filled with chaff and light corn, is placed upon the fire to boil, as a morning *de-jéune* for the horses. The copper-boiler is succeeded by the sowens pot, sowens being the regular supper of the family, and the stirring of them is not a light task, being generally performed by the men-servants in rotation. When supper is ready for eating, the board is surrounded by at least a dozen men, women, and boys, belonging to the farm; probably their number is augmented by the addition of the itinerant pedlar, or, as they term him, the chapman, who, if he is in any way acquainted, and respectable, sups with the servants, and has his bed beside the plough-boys: if a stranger, and of dubious character, he gets a dish by himself, after which the horn lantern lights him to the barn, where his bed is formed of sacks and clean straw; but if he has address, and a facetious turn to ingratiate himself with the lasses, they add to the comfort of his repose, by the addition of an old blanket. The board and lodging of these itinerants are always gratuitous; but they leave memoranda of their gratitude, in lawn-borders for the gudewife's and lasses' caps, a pair of scarlet tape garters for the gudeman, or such other nick-nacks as they know will be useful. Such was the economy of my grandfather's kitchen about half-a-century ago, although I have described it very imperfectly."

"From what I have heard, I have no wish to be more intimately acquainted with it," said the lady, with a consequential toss of her head. "It was making a farmer's wife little indeed," continued she, "to set her down by the kitchen fire, reeling the servant-maids' yarn; but,

thank Heaven ! these times are gone, I hope never to return. We have other uses for our maids now than spinning ; to be sure, we have still the same number, but every one has her own department—nursery, laundry, dairy, and kitchen. Our men-servants never enter the house, having their weekly allowance of meal and milk, with lodgings for themselves ; and as to pedlars, and vagrants of the kind, we harbour none here, and they are now nearly unknown in the country.” “ Have you done ? ” said the farmer ; “ I have listened too long to these tales of *langsyne*, and now hear the thrashing mill at work ; who goes with me ? ” I followed him to the barn, and, for some time, the novelty of the operation interested me ; but soon becoming tired of dust and noise, I left them, and sought the purer atmosphere of the fields, where I could respire with freedom.

Having now some leisure hours, I climbed an acclivity, from which I had a view over a considerable part of the adjacent country, and saw that its general appearance was much improved ; the fields were inclosed, better cultivated, and now glowing with the richness of an abundant harvest, of which the shocks were larger, and more thickly planted on the stubble field. The once bleak muirs, which presented a dull and dreary uniformity to the eye, were now interspersed with plantations of Scotch firs, which, although not the most cheerful of trees in appearance, diversified the landscape, and gave a relief to the aching sight, wandering over the once wide and apparently interminable heath. When I left the parish, the kirk, the manse, and the laird’s mansion-house, were the only slated roofs that could be seen from where I was then seated ; now, on whatever side I turned my eye, the stone-built and slated farm-steading met my view ; but to make room for them, the scattered and straggling villages, with the clustered cottages of the farmers’ vassals, had disappeared. Formerly, when I sauntered here, I heard the commingling sounds of domestic life ; the reiterated strokes of the house-carpenter’s saw, or the clang of the blacksmith’s hammer, the shrill-toned call of the thrifty

matron, the loud laugh of the playful youngster, and the cheerful song of the rural lass ; now, the lowings of cattle from the plain were the only sounds which broke the dull silence that hovered around, shedding a kind of melancholy over the mind. I descended, passed along the lanes between the hedges, and over luxuriant pastures ; saw black cattle feeding in the meadows, and young horses bounding round the park in sleekness and jollity ; but it was almost in vain that I looked for “ the human face divine ; ” and of the few whom I met, I imagined that their stature was more diminutive, and their forms less muscular, than those of their forefathers. But this was doubtless owing to the morbid sensibility with which my mind was oppressed ; for I was just in a mood to exclaim—

“ In florid beauty groves and fields appear ;
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.”

I prolonged my walk, to dissipate the gloom which haunted my spirits, and, on my return to the farm, found the gudewife inclined to be in bad temper, because the dinner was out of season ; however, as she found neither auxiliaries nor opponents, she soon recovered her usual tone ; and while we were conversing over our glass of toddy, addressed me, saying, that I had mentioned something that morning which she could not understand, and inquired what was meant by killing the mart ? “ Did you never,” said I, “ hear the song—

‘ It fell just about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then,
That our gudewife got puddings to make,
And she boid^d them in the pan.”

I then explained, that the mart was an ox, or a cow, fed upon the farm, and killed about the end of November, for family-use during the winter. The black puddings nearly resembled sausages, being made of the blood, oatmeal, and suet, seasoned with onions, spices, and salt ; and that, when skilfully prepared, many preferred them to the boasted Bologna sausages ; that this was almost an universal custom, and those whose families did not require, or whose finances could not afford, a whole carcase, joined with a neighbour, and took a half, or a quarter. “ Oh ! horrible ! ” exclaimed the lady ; “ one might as well be in Ireland, eating

salt herrings and potatoes, or making a voyage to Greenland, as to dine upon salt-beef every day during the winter; I know nothing that could be more shocking!" "I'll tell you, my dear," said the farmer, "what I think you would find infinitely more so—to have no beef at all for dinner." This was pronounced with a gravity, from which I conceived that "more was meant than met the ear;"—it did not seem to relish with the lady, who immediately left the room. "You burn nothing but coal now?" said I. "Nothing else," replied my cousin. "And I have known my grandfather's house without coal for a couple of years." "And were they well supplied with fuel?" "Very well, in general; if it happened to be a rainy season, there was rather a scarcity; we had heather-turf, that was the most precarious, and every-way the least valuable; then we had clods, cut from the green ground at the edge of the moss; these we called sods; and, lastly, as the standard, peats dug from deep pits." "And the casting, as you termed it, preparing, and bringing home all these different articles, employed the farmer and his servants for the greater part of the summer? Although they were still to be had, we could not now afford the time necessary for preparing them; it would be quite incompatible with our system of farming; but in the times of which you speak, when the last sheaf was brought into the barn-yard, if it continued frost and snow during the winter, the farmer and all his folks were idle till seed-time; after which, flax-weeding, with moss and muir, kept both men and woman employed till the approach of harvest; they had neither fallowing nor turnip-sowing, little hay, but plenty of thistles, on which the horses were nightly regaled. Thus the *auld-langsyne* farmer led a life of alternate bustle and idleness, while those of the present day are regularly employed in every season. Was not the practice in the olden-time such as I have described?" "Why, I must own, the outline is pretty correct." "And do you not think the present system more rational, and better adapted to men who wish to thrive in the world?" "As to its being more rational, the term is

indefinite; and *thiving* admits of nearly as lax an interpretation; but if man toils merely for subsistence, is not that comprised in 'food, clothes, and fire?' Our fathers had all these; and what have you more?" "You might have as well said, the Esquimaux have all these, and followed up your assertion by the same question. Have we not a greater variety of more refined enjoyments? You are sometimes happy in your poetical illustrations; and although I read but little, one occurs to my memory just now so pat to the subject of which we are talking, that it seems made for my purpose; and it is from a bard whom you justly respect, who always sings sweetly, and generally most sensibly: I would therefore apply his words to our forefathers, and say,

'If few their wants, their pleasures were but few:
'Their level life was but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfaun'd by strong desire.'

"And from this you would infer, that every artificial want becomes a source of pleasure when it is supplied, and that the tendency of luxury is to promote happiness?" "You stretch my argument to the extreme; but Sir Roger de Coverley shall answer for me, 'that much may be said on both sides:' although I should like very much to join issue with you on that subject; but at present, I must visit my shearers."

I walked out with him, and, on our return, found the tailor in waiting, to take his measure for a new coat. "So your tailors always work at home now?" said I. "Not always, but generally; we find it more convenient for ourselves, than being troubled with them." "And what wages do such as go out charge per day just now?" "Why, there is a most curious anomaly in the different rates at which labour is paid in this quarter, as you will perceive by a fact which came under my own observation last season. I one day had occasion to call at the house of a labouring man, whom I wished to employ, and there found a hero of the thimble snugly seated in the chimney corner, patching such tattered weeds of the youngsters as the parents, I suppose, were ashamed to send out. Snip appeared to take his work with great deliberation, as if

he had been afraid of too soon losing a comfortable birth: after some conversation, I ventured to inquire what wages he charged just now? and was rather surprised when he replied, only eighteen-pence per day, and his victuals. The day was wet and stormy: on my way home, I crossed a field, where I found the labourer whose house I had just left; he was casting a drain, and standing in water over the ancles; notwithstanding the cold, the perspiration was passing over his face. 'What wages have you at present, John?' said I. 'Sixteen-pence, Sir.' 'And no victuals, I presume?' 'Na, na, Sir; ye ken brawlie ditchers get na victuals.' 'Well, John, I have just left your house, and Willy Rae sitting warm and dry at your ingle cheek, putting in his needle with great caution, lest he should prick his fingers, and pulling it out deliberately, for fear of breaking the thread; he tells me his wages are eighteen-pence per day, exclusive of his victuals. Is this as it should be? and what is the cause of this surprising disproportion between his wages and yours, still more wonderful, when the difference of your occupations is considered?' 'Deed, Sir, I dinna think that the bowls row very fair—an' the cause, I suppose, is, because tailors are scarce, and day-labourers o'er plenty.' 'But why should tailors be scarce, seeing it is always a good trade?' 'It may be occasioned by folk speaking slightly of the business; nae callan, wi' spunk in his bosom, an' a bane in his sleeve fit for a sair turn, will condemn himsel' for life to clip clouts.'

"Such was the ditcher's opinion; but was not that a strange inconsistency in the rate of wages?" "It is the sextuple of a tailor's wages about half-a-century ago; for I recollect most distinctly of seeing a printed hand-bill, dated, I think, about the year 1770, the purport of which was, that the master-tailors in six or eight parishes there named, of which this was one, had met, and unanimously resolved, not to work for less than fourpence a-day; which is a plain proof that the previous wages were less." "Well, I had no idea that labour was so low at that period." "When the public road

that runs through your farm was formed, which, I think, was about the commencement of the Revolutionary War in America, a man with whom I was well acquainted was employed, as an overseer, at one shilling per day, (no victuals,) and I well remember of his neighbours talking, and envying him for his lucrative post. Sometime between 1772 and 1776, the scarcity of meal for one summer was perhaps greater than in 1800; I recollect seeing a number of women, who had come several miles, pleading for the purchase of a peck, or even a lippy of meal of any kind, and going away crying when disappointed. The price of oatmeal was only about a shilling per peck; but the dearth was loudly complained of, and perhaps as severely felt as that at the commencement of the present century, when, in the same quarter, it rose to three shillings and sixpence per peck. During the year following this scarcity, oatmeal fell so low as ten shillings per boll, and butter to sixpence per pound of twenty-four ounces; these are the lowest prices at which I have seen provisions." "And lower than you will ever see them again!" "I am not sure of that; the last ten years have produced wonderful fluctuations, both in facts and opinions; and the man who has known a light guinea degraded from the current coin, value twenty-one shillings, and sold as bullion for twenty-five, may expect some changes. The return to cash payments will produce effects not generally anticipated. You, cousin, will yet wish you had your cottar town back, and half your rent paid by the occupiers of a few acres of the worst part of your farm." "Do not frighten me, for I could never bother my brains about political economy; and I am afraid, that some who pretend to be skilled in the subject, deceive both themselves and the public; they bewilder their minds in a mist of metaphysics; placing too much reliance on theoretical reasoning, and paying too little attention to the facts which experience sets before them." "I am much of your opinion; but theory is like Jonah's gourd, which rose in a night; and experience is the fruit of a tree like the English oak, of slow growth, and by the time it is

ripe, the planter is too often incapable of eating or digesting it."

The relation of my visit to a country fair, in company with the farmer, and of another interesting interview with my old friend Saunders Mitchell, must form the subject of a subsequent communication. I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

SENEX.

ON THE SETTING SUN.

IT is the hour when winds and waves
Scarce heave, and sigh around their caves ;
It is the hour to musing sweet,
When sun and sea in glory meet ;—
The sinking orb seems, in his flight,
Pausing to bid the world good-night.—
Now funeral waters o'er him swell,
And peal afar his parting knell ;
But though he's gone beneath the sea,
A pensive glow, like Memory,
That beautiful light of suns long set,
In soften'd radiance lingers yet.—

As I behold him thus retire
In such a cloudless blaze of fire,
Leaving a twilight in the air
That sweetly, softly lingers there—
I think, oh ! when my course is o'er,
And on this world's remotest shore,
Where like yon blending sky and sea,
Time melts into Eternity,
Like him I look a last adieu,
Ere yet the earth fades from my view.
Oh ! may no clouds around me low'ly,
To darken my departing hour,
But brightening onward to its close,
Like his, so light me to repose ;
And fading down from mortal eyes,
Like him, in other lands to rise !
Oh ! may I wake in happier spheres,
To shine through everlasting years !

ON THE ATMOSPHERES OF THE PLANETS.

THE atmospheres which surround the planets have excited the attention of philosophers from the time of their discovery to the present period. There is no single circumstance attending these bodies, which more plainly indicates their fitness as a residence for animated nature, than these atmospheres, the uses of which, as they must have a perfect similarity to that of our earth, are innumerable.

Among the many other important benefits resulting from the earth's atmosphere, we may reckon

that of its being so very suitable for the production and conveyance of light. What a beautiful gradation is effected, by its means, from the pitchy darkness of midnight, through the gloomy shades of twilight, to the bright glare of sunshine ! By its means, also, the light again gradually recedes through the twilight of evening, furnishing those beautiful tints in the western sky, and then continues to diminish, till the last ray of the sun has ceased to tinge its summit ! The manner in which light is produced by the action of the sun's rays upon the atmosphere, has not yet been satisfactorily explained. It is one of those facts of which future philosophers, in future ages, will develop the cause. We have many reasons to believe that light and heat are produced by the same means, but the *modus agendi* has not yet been discovered.

The observations of Dr Herschel respecting the formation of the sun's atmosphere, and its manner of producing heat at the surface of the earth, merit our most serious attention. The Doctor informs us, that, by means of his powerful telescopes, he has been able to penetrate into apertures in this atmosphere, through which he has seen the opaque body of that luminary. The sun, he says, appears to have an atmosphere like that surrounding our earth, and reaching to the height of several thousand miles. A stratum of shining matter, like clouds, floats in this atmosphere, some thousands of miles in thickness ; but these clouds do not shine by their own light. At a considerable distance above these, is another stratum of matter, of the most dazzling splendour, which illuminates the whole of our planetary system ; and the clouds are placed beneath this stratum. A convulsive motion in this atmosphere sometimes produces apertures in the luminous stratum, as well as in the clouds below it ; so that the body of the sun can be seen through these orifices. It is the opinion of Dr Herschel, that the upper resplendent stratum never shines on the body of the sun, not even when there is an opening in the clouds beneath it. Hence the surface of the body of the sun may be as cold as the surface of our earth.

The sun's rays only produce heat when they act upon a calorific medium; and heat only becomes sensible, by their uniting either with the matter of heat contained in the atmosphere, or with substances which contain heat; in the same manner as water, poured upon quick-lime, is the cause of the heat which is thus liberated. Hence we may observe, that persons entirely unacquainted with chemical combinations, might very possibly suppose that the water instead of being only the *cause* of the heat produced, might be *itself* heat; and this is exactly what is generally supposed with respect to the action of the sun's rays.

Again, if the solar rays themselves conveyed all the heat from the sun which we find on our globe, we ought to perceive the most heat in places where the solar rays are least interrupted; as, for instance, on the tops of high mountains. But this we know, from experience, is not the case: for the tops of very high mountains are almost always covered with snow. Persons, also, who ascend in balloons, find that the cold increases as they continue to ascend; the sun also appears to diminish in magnitude and splendour, the sky loses its fine azure blue, and the whole vault of heaven seems to verge towards a total obscurity.

May we not, then, be allowed to suppose, that light and heat are both produced by the action of the sun's rays upon our atmosphere? It is difficult to conceive, supposing the sun to be a body of fire, how the heat from its rays is not lost in traversing a distance of at least ninety millions of miles. But the reason may be, that the greater part of this passage is through a vacuum, while heat is only absorbed by matter; and, meeting with no matter on its journey, there is nothing to absorb it: it arrives, therefore, without any diminution of its quantity or intensity. If the sun be a body of fire, and heat be given out in all directions, in quantities sufficient to warm all the bodies in the solar system, what a prodigious quantity of heat is continually expended! By such a continual expenditure, together with the quantity necessary to support combustion, the body of the sun would, in time, be

entirely exhausted of heat, or reduced to a *caput mortuum*, and light and heat would cease to be given out; but as the sun does **not** diminish in magnitude, it is probably *not* a body of fire, and the hypothesis may be delusive.

Granting that our sun and the fixed stars are similar bodies, and that the whole are bodies of fire, what a conflagration is going on throughout the universe! And whatever may be the matter of which this immense number of bodies may be composed, they will in time burn out, and the whole system, except the planets, be burnt to a cinder. Now, as such a supposition does not appear to be consonant to matter of fact, it is more than probable that the sun and stars are not bodies of fire, or, at least, that they are not in a state of combustion. It is, however, the opinion of Biot, and some others, that the sun is a body *surrounded with fire*. "I believe," with the author of the *Mecanique Celeste*, that the body of the sun is surrounded with fire: for the development of elastic fluids, which are formed in the interior of this mass, ought to excite in it terrible convulsions; and, on this supposition, the spots may be deep cavities made by the matter ejected by the fires, and feebly represented by terrestrial volcanoes." (*Astron. Physique, Tome II.*) This hypothesis, clogged with so many difficulties, has at least appearances in its favour; for we have no conception of a body shining, and at the same time giving out heat, except it be on fire. Bodies either shine by their own inherent light, or else by light sent to them from some other body, which they return to the spectator by reflection. But the sun and stars evidently shine by their own light, and not by light received from any adventitious body. If the surface of the sun be covered with fire, which extends to any considerable depth, it does not appear probable that the hollows produced by convulsions would **appear black**, like *spots*, except, indeed, a large quantity of smoke is, at the same time generated; and would not the astonishing great heat of the sun soon dissipate or consume this smoke? But the solar spots, as astronomers inform us, con-

tinue in the same place often for several weeks. Is it not, then, more probable, that these spots are openings in his atmosphere, through which we see the dark body of the sun?

It is supposed, by some philosophers, that the *sun's atmosphere* is a body of fire, from which heat emanates, but that it is not in a state of combustion. This hypothesis is very similar to that above given by Dr Herschel. In one case, the sun's rays, acting upon substances which contain heat, liberate it; in the other, the sun's rays contain heat. It is asserted, however, that the heat of the sun's rays is not sensible until it has been absorbed by some body, and is given out again. Still we are at a loss to conceive by what combination of circumstances it happens that heat, from the sun, has the same properties as heat emitted from any combustible substance; or that the light from the sun and the stars is the same as that which issues from a wax or tallow candle, both having exactly the same properties. According to the hypothesis of Dr Herschel, light and heat must be latent matter, which is liberated by the sun's rays acting on these substances which have the power of absorbing light and heat; and as soon as the sun's rays cease to act, the heat and light return again to the same, or other substances capable of absorbing them, and to be again made sensible by the action of the sun's rays at a future period. On this hypothesis, the heat contained in the earth is made sensible by the sun's rays, and no heat comes from the sun; therefore, neither the sun nor his atmosphere will diminish; for the rays of the sun may have a power of acting similar to the action of gravity. According to the other hypothesis, supposing the sun's atmosphere to be a body of fire, and the rays issuing from it to be heat, since heat is continually arriving from the sun, it ought to accumulate, and the earth should daily become hotter. Now, as this is not the case, for the earth does not become hotter, the superabundance must go off again by radiation. There is much beauty in this method of elucidation; for, according to this principle, heat is continually radiating from all the bodies in the

universe; a constant equilibrium is preserved; heat is perpetually in motion, and every body receives as much heat from the other bodies as is given out. There is, however, some difficulty, with respect to the common theory of radiant heat; for even the existence of caloric, as a distinct material substance, is doubtful; and were it admitted, it is impossible to detect it clearly, in an insulated state. It always exists in other bodies, and remains quiescent, while the bodies containing it are of the same temperature; but when the temperature of the bodies is different, it proceeds, in direct lines, from the hotter to the colder bodies, and is in a constant endeavour to restore the equilibrium. There is also considerable difficulty in determining by what means the superabundant heat is conveyed from one body to another. According to Count Rumford, heat is not the result of the action of a fluid, but of a vibratory motion, which agitates the particles of all bodies with a velocity which is more or less accelerated, according to circumstances. This motion is communicated at a distance, by the intermediation of ether; that is, of an eminently elastic and very subtle fluid, which penetrates all bodies, and fills all the space between them. The vibrations which affect the particles of bodies excite, in the ether, undulations analogous to those which sonorous bodies excite in the air, and which, susceptible of being propagated in all directions, produce the changes of temperature, which disturb or re-establish the thermometrical equilibrium between bodies placed within the sphere of these undulations. If a hot body be found in the presence of a cold one, the more rapid vibrations of the particles of the first, transmitted by the ether to those of the second, accelerate their vibrations; and, on the contrary, the slower vibrations of the particles of the colder body, to which the ether also serves as a vehicle, retard the particles of the hot body, and the temperature arrives at an equality, when the vibrations of both have become isochronous. This is only begging the question; for we have no proof whatever that such an ethereal medium anywhere

exists. Leslie does not admit the theory of radiant caloric, but thinks that the air serves as a vehicle for heat, or that it serves as a means of communication between bodies which act upon each other by reason of their different temperatures. Thus, the particles of air, contiguous to the surface of a hot body, being themselves suddenly heated, acquire an expansive force, the action of which is propagated by a kind of undulatory motion. The same effect is repeated at each succeeding instant, and the mass of adjacent air, contiguous to the hot body, without being sensibly displaced, undergoes only a slight fluctuation, by means of which heat is transported in the same manner as sound. This explanation is very unsatisfactory. When a heated body is placed in air of a less temperature, two currents of this fluid are immediately formed, one of which ascends, while the other rushes in below to replace the first. Now, while the heat expands as it ascends, by means of this double current of the air, it is propagated in all directions; and this complication, which is not favourable to Mr Leslie's theory, has nothing to embarrass it; if we admit that the ascent of the heat is due to communication by contact, and that its expansion, in all directions, is the effect of radiation. Indeed, the great analogy which exists between light and heat, under similar circumstances, would induce one to believe that the theory of both ought to be the same; and that of light, shown by Newton, as a radiant fluid, is so satisfactory, that it appears at the same time to serve as a type of the explication of radiant heat.

After a very accurate examination of all these theories, we are still in the dark with respect to the nature and properties of the solar rays. If these rays contain heat, and the stars are of a similar nature to our sun, heat must be continually in motion, in all directions, and towards every point in the universe, continually seeking rest, but finding none; for an equilibrium is no sooner apparently restored in one place, than it is destroyed in another; and the hypothesis rests solely upon the truth of the theory of radiant heat, which has

not yet been satisfactorily explained. The hypothesis, then, that the sun's rays are the *cause* of the heat produced, is a great deal more simple than the other; it is, however, only an hypothesis, and appears to be entirely incapable of proof. The only reason for adopting it is, that it does away with all these complicated motions of heat, in every direction, which are necessarily introduced by the other supposition: beside which, we know that every operation in nature is conducted upon the most simple and obvious principles.

What follows may be elucidated by principles founded upon either of these hypotheses, although the latter is less complicated, and more elegant. Let us suppose that heat emanates from the sun in every direction: it may easily be demonstrated, that the quantity of heat impinging upon any distant body, is inversely as the square of the distance of that body from the sun. The quantity of heat, then, at the distance of Mercury, is 2500 times greater than the quantity of heat at the distance of Uranus: or, seven times the quantity of heat falls upon Mercury that falls upon our earth; and the earth is 360 times hotter than Uranus. It is difficult to imagine, that man, or animals, could exist in a place where the temperature is 360 times colder than at a place similarly posited on the surface of the earth. There is also a very considerable difference in the temperature of different places on the earth's surface, occasioned by the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of the ecliptic; and the same circumstances will happen with respect to the different inclinations of the axes of the planets to the plane of the ecliptic. But the *atmosphere* surrounding any planet is the *grand agent* by which heat is formed and retained at the surface of that planet, so as to become sensible to the feelings of animals, or necessary to the growth and preservation of vegetables.

A planet, at the same distance from the sun as the earth, surrounded by an atmosphere of the same density as the earth's atmosphere, would, under similar circumstances, have precisely the same temperature. If the planet had a greater distance, with the

same density of atmosphere, it would be colder; or, if the density of the atmosphere were less, and the distance from the sun the same, the temperature would still be less; therefore, the temperature depends on the distance, and the density of the atmosphere conjointly. In order, then, to preserve an equal temperature in all the planets, we have only to increase the densities of the atmospheres of those planets which are farther from the sun than the earth is, and diminish the densities of those which are at a less distance. The temperature of the atmosphere diminishes as the distance from the earth increases, though apparently in a less ratio. Saussure found, that by ascending from Geneva to Chamouni, an altitude of 347 toises, Reaumur's thermometer fell $4^{\circ} 2'$; and that, on ascending from thence to the top of Mont Blanc, 1941 toises, it fell $20^{\circ} 7'$. This gives 221 English feet for a diminution of 1° of Fahrenheit in the first case, and 268 feet in the second case. However, from the accuracy which the rule for barometrical measurement possesses, it may be inferred, that the decrease of heat for the greatest heights to which we can attain, is not far from uniform; but that the rate for any particular case must be determined by observation, though the average in our climate may be stated at *one degree* for 270 feet of perpendicular ascent. Lagrange thinks, that the hypothesis of a uniform decrease of heat is the most conformable to appearances. (See *Mém. de Berlin*, 1772, page 203, &c.) Euler, in the same *Memoirs*, for 1754, considers an harmonical progression as the most probable. If the only cause of the diminution of temperature was the distance from the earth, and if we admit that there is no current of air setting perpendicularly upwards, the diminution of temperature would follow the inverse ratio of the distance from the centre of the earth. (*Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, Vol. VI. page 365.) Leslie, in the notes to his *Geometry*, has given a formula by which we can determine the temperature of the air at any distance from the earth, when the height of the mercury in the barometer is known. Thus, let the height of the

column of mercury at the lower of two stations be h , that at the upper station β , and call the diminution of temperature d , in degrees of the centigrade thermometer; then $d = \left(\frac{b}{\beta} - \frac{\beta}{b} \right)$, which nearly agrees with observation.

With respect to the law of temperature of the earth at different depths below the surface, Poisson, in a memoir read to the Academy of Sciences December 31, 1822, remarks, that "The exterior temperature changes with the latitude; but we find that, by reason of the magnitude of the earth's radius, this variation has no sensible influence upon the law of temperatures below the surface, provided the distance from the surface is very small with respect to the radius, which is the case at all depths where observations have been made. This remark is due to Laplace: it shows that this variation of the heat, dependent on the latitude, has no influence on the law of the decrease of periodic inequalities, either decadal or annual, nor upon the instant of their maximum, at different depths. The exterior temperature varies also from local circumstances, so that it sometimes rises to very different degrees in places situated at small distances; but this species of variation has an effect upon the law of interior temperature, and it follows, that the heat which exists at any determined depth, depends not only on that which has place at the surface of this vertical, but also on the temperatures of the circumjacent points, even at distances greater than those depths."

It having been proved, then, by observation, that the density of our atmosphere diminishes as we ascend, and that the cold increases very nearly as the density of the atmosphere decreases; we can, hence, easily determine the density of the atmosphere of the planet Mercury, so that the temperature of Mercury may be the same as at the earth's surface; for we have only to find the density of our atmosphere at an altitude, when the heat is *one seventh* of the heat at the earth's surface, and with such an atmosphere the temperature at the surface of Mercury will be the same as at the surface of the earth.

It is obvious, that a few anomalies will take place, on account of the axis of Mercury not having the same inclination as the earth's axis to the plane of the ecliptic—his quicker or slower motion on his axis—his swifter motion in his orbit round the sun, &c.; all of which will produce small deviations from perfect accuracy. With respect to Uranus, we must determine the density of an atmosphere that would retain heat sufficient to preserve a temperature 360 times greater than that at the earth's surface, and such an atmosphere would preserve, at the surface of Uranus, a temperature equal to that at the earth's surface. The philosopher will easily perceive, that though these determinations, which may, without any difficulty, be applied to all the other planets in our system, are not perfectly correct, they are, nevertheless, sufficiently so for the purpose we have in view, which is only to show, that the temperature of all the planets, notwithstanding their different distances from the sun, may still be very nearly the same as the temperature of our globe.

Astronomers have doubted whether some of the planets have atmospheres at all; but from the recent discoveries in chemistry, and other branches of Natural Philosophy, it is now well known, that no large mass of matter, of any kind, which is subject to the action of the sun's rays, could possibly exist without an atmosphere being formed around it as a necessary consequence of such action, without, in any way, adverting to the use of an atmosphere to the inhabitants of those bodies.

With respect to the heights to which the atmospheres ascend, we must observe, that, "in proportion as the atmospheric fluid is raised above the surface of any body, it becomes thinner, in consequence of its elasticity, which dilates it in proportion as it is less compressed. If the particles of its surface were perfectly elastic, it would continually extend itself, and, finally, would dissipate itself into infinite space. It is necessary, then, that the atmospheric fluid diminish in a greater proportion than the weight which compresses it, in order that there may exist a state of rarity, in which it

may be without elasticity, and in this state it should be at the surface of the atmosphere."—(*Laplace Système du Monde.*) Hence it is obvious, that the atmospheres of all the planets have a finite extent; because, if air consists of ultimate particles, the divisibility of which has a limit, the atmosphere must have a finite extent, for it cannot expand beyond the distance at which the force of gravity upon a single particle is equal to the resistance arising from the repulsive force of the medium. If the expansion of any atmosphere were unlimited, the same kind of matter would pervade all space, and the sun, and all the planets, would have this matter condensed around them in quantities, dependent on the force of their respective attractions, which Dr Wollaston and Laplace have both shown is not the case.

CLERICAL ANATHEMAS AGAINST THEATRICAL AMUSEMENTS.

Ἐπεὶ δὲ μεμούνται οἱ μεμούνμενοι
πρώττους, ἀνάγκη οὐ τῆς, ἢ σπου-
δαίης, ἢ φαύλης εἶναι τὰ γὰρ ἤδη
σχεδὸν οἱ τούτοις ἀκολουθεῖ μόνους. Κα-
κία γὰρ οὐ δόστη τὰ ἤθη διαφέρουσιν
πάντες, ἥτοι βελτιοναὶς ἢ καθ' ἡμέας, ἢ
χείρονας, ἀνάγκη μεμύεσθαι. ὡς γὰρ οἱ
γραφεῖς. Περὶ Ποιητικῆς.

Gaudet enim virtus testes sibi jungere
Musas,
Carmen amat quisquis carmine digna
gerit.

Clandian.

MR EDITOR,

THE "sin and danger" of Theatrical Amusements has, with a certain class of shallow, but well-meaning zealots, been long a favourite topic of declamation. Men incapable of relishing innocent pleasure themselves, naturally enough grudge it to others; and such is the perverse selfishness of human nature, that we are but too apt to condemn, as immoral, those gratifications in which we cannot participate, and to despise as worthless those accomplishments which we do not possess. Conceit and vanity but too often blind men to the real motives of their conduct; and, unwilling to ascribe their pro-

judices and antipathies to the true cause, they form a compromise with their self-love, and try to persuade the world, what they have perhaps persuaded themselves, that that which actually springs from mortified pride, conscious inferiority, or moroseness of temper, is the emanation of principle, the result of patient and honest inquiry, or the suggestion of superior purity of character and energy of mind. Hence we not unfrequently find men, cast in so rough a mould, and cursed with such ruggedness of disposition, and such unbending and bearish habits, as to unfit them for mingling in polite company, or shining in conversation,—pretending to despise and undervalue those *petites morales* which add so inexpressibly to the grace and charm of social intercourse, and assuming a singularity of appearance, an abruptness and vulgarity of manner, a rudeness of conduct and expression, and an uncharitable and harsh method of judging, upon the strength of which they hope to pass current in the world, as men whose hearts and minds are emancipated from its pageants and its vanities, and in whom censoriousness may be allowed to pass for rigid virtue, and the sulky gloom of monkish intolerance be mistaken for “pure and undefiled religion.” But, in the meanwhile, the world are not deceived; and singularity is soon found to be no proof of genius, rudeness no mark of superiority, intolerance and bigotry no infallible tests of religion. Men, therefore, who, from their own inaptitude to receive innocent gratification, condemn all lawful amusements as vicious in their character, and dangerous in their tendency, are sure to be despised, if they are suspected of hypocrisy, and pitied if they are sincere: in the one case, their declamatory expostulations are fruitless, because they are believed to be hollow and disingenuous; in the other, because they flow from a narrow and contracted mind, conceited of its own little views, ignorant of “the system of life,” and inflamed by zeal without knowledge.

I have been led to make these observations by accidentally learning, that a clergyman of the church of England has lately, from the pulpit,

pronounced a furious anathema against Theatrical Amusements, and endeavoured to show, with what success your readers will soon be enabled to judge, that no man can be a Christian who frequents the play-house! The Reverend Gentleman to whom I allude is Mr Best, minister of St James's church, Sheffield; and as, by the favour of a friend, I have procured a copy of his sermon, which has made much noise in the North of England, and called forth a great deal of criticism, good, bad, and indifferent, I shall take the liberty to lay before your readers a short view of the Reverend Gentleman's argument, to which the praise of novelty is at least due; endeavouring, as I go along, to point out the narrowness, illiberality, and fallacy of the views which he, with so much misplaced earnestness, pressed upon his audience.

In the first place, I think the occasion on which this sermon was preached totally unworthy of being chosen by a minister of the Church of England, and such as cannot but, in some degree, lessen the dignity which ought ever to belong to the ministrations of the pulpit. It was (I almost blush while I state it) on the opening of the Sheffield Theatre in October last. Could Mr Best find no other season but this to assail dramatic representations? Why did he delay till the evil was in a manner done, which he sought so earnestly to prevent? Why did he descend, as it were, into the arena, against a company of strolling players, and lessen the dignity of his sacred function by this unworthy, this inglorious competition? Had the election of such a moment not something of the air of persecution, and of an attempt to crush the poor players, by the weight of his authority rather than that of his argument; and to try how far his *dictum* would weigh with his parishioners against their natural love of what I take leave to think a rational, innocent, and therefore not unchristian amusement? Was it not more like preaching *at* the players, than *against* theatrical representation? And in a more worldly and prudential point of view, was it wise, was it judicious, to fix upon a time when such an attack could

hardly fail to create a reaction in favour of those *unhappy and vicious* minions of pleasure whose trade he wished to suppress, and whom the unseasonableness and exacerbation of the onset might induce the more generous part of his hearers, for that very reason, to take under their more immediate protection? Persecution in any shape, whether, physical, moral, or legal, invariably defeats its object. Detesting, as I do from the very bottom of my soul, the principles and publications of the Hunts, the Hones, and the Carliles, I am still one of those who disapprove of the prosecutions which have been instituted against them; not because those prosecutions were wrong in themselves, but because they have spread far and wide the corruption they were piously meant to suppress,—because they have given greater extension and activity to the principle of evil,—because, in short, they have engendered a vicious curiosity, and been the means of disseminating through the land a moral pestilence, which, but for this ill-starred zeal of repression, might have slumbered innocuous in congenial obscurity. Now I appeal to Mr Best himself, if he has not, in a lesser degree, produced the very same effect, and if the result of his ill-judged attack has not been to crowd the Sheffield Theatre beyond almost all former precedent? But when, it may and probably will be asked, could Mr Best more properly warn his audience against “the sin and danger” of theatrical amusements than at the time at which such amusements were about to commence? To this I answer, by repeating my decided conviction, that neither Prynne nor Collier, though they were to rise from the dead, could persuade a man, at the door of the Theatre, not to enter, were he so inclined; and that a wise moralist, whose object was to reclaim men from indulging in profane, sinful, and unchristian pleasures, would not, and ought not to wait till the moment of gratification had arrived.—But let me proceed to the sermon itself.

Mr Best has chosen his Text from Deut. xxiii. 21, “*When thou shalt vow a vow unto the Lord thy God, thou shalt not slack to pay it; for*

the Lord thy God will surely require it of thee, and it would be sin in thee;” and the substance of the argument which he has diluted over fifteen pages is this:—“Christians are devoted to God in baptism when their godfathers and godmothers incur certain *vows* in their behalf, as to renounce the devil and all his works, the pomp and vain-glory of the world,—to believe the articles of the Christian Faith,—and to walk in God’s commandments all the days of their life. At confirmation, these vows are transferred from the surety to the principal, who thereby becomes solemnly pledged to the belief and practice of the doctrines and precepts of our holy faith. But frequenting the Theatre is *contrary both to the doctrines and precepts of Christianity*: Ergo, all persons addicted to the crime of play-going have violated their *vows* to God, and are unworthy of the name of true believers! This is the whole argument, stripped of the garnish with which it is set forth; and truly if *this* be any thing like a fair specimen of Episcopalian logic, I must say, however formidable it may look at Sheffield, that it has not much in it which would long puzzle the hard head and keen analysis of a Scotch Metaphysician.

In the first place, Mr Best assumes the very point to be *proved*, namely, that the Theatre is a sink of vice and immorality, where Religion is scoffed at, Vice garnished forth in the gayest and most seducing colours, and stimulants administered to our evil and inflammable passions; in short, one of “the works of the devil,” which all Christians have vowed for ever to resist and renounce. Now, it is perfectly obvious, that, as a mere assumption, this is not entitled to any answer: for surely proof ought to go before condemnation; and it became Mr Best, in candour and in truth, before he constructed his formidable syllogism, to have shown that the major proposition included the minor, and that the latter rested on a better foundation than his simple affirmative, which, however respectable *per se*, can weigh as nothing in an argument. Nor will it aid his cause to admit, which I most readily do, that time has been when the Theatre in this country was all that he has de-

scribed it. The point at issue, however, is not what the Theatre *was*, but what it now *is*; not whether the time has been when the licentious dramas of Dryden or Congreve were tolerated and applauded; but whether the Theatre, *as now conducted*, be a place where modesty may find itself safe—where pleasure is made subservient to usefulness—where noble and generous sentiments are inculcated—where the laws of poetical justice are observed in the triumph of virtue and the detection and punishment of vice—where the manners of the age may be improved without injury to its morals—where the mirror is held up to Nature, in which every man may see reflected a portion of his own character, and may be driven, by the force of ridicule, to abandon vices which had resisted all the power and importunity of more direct and formal instruction. Now, if it can be made to appear that this is the case, and that the Reverend Gentleman before us has described the Theatre, not according to his knowledge (for he seems to have none on the subject,) or according to fact, but according to his own fancy, and as it suited the temporary purpose he had in view; it is clear that his reasoning (if it may be dignified with such a title) must fall to the ground,—that he has represented as criminal and unchristian what is not only innocent, but useful.—and that, in the warmth of his zeal against theatrical amusements, he has affirmed without proof, condemned without inquiry, and endeavoured to injure, in the eyes of his parishioners, and as far as his influence would extend, a number of persons whose only crime was contributing their mite to the sum-total of “harmless pleasure.”

Dramatic representation consists of three parts; the music, the scenery or decoration, and the poetry; and it is by the combination of three of the principal arts that it so powerfully charms and delights. But Mr Best is surely not Quaker enough to proscribe music and painting, or seriously to teach that a man violates his *voies* by listening to the “pealing” mellow notes of an organ, or by viewing a Rembrandt or a Titian. Taking this for granted, therefore,

we must look for the immorality or irreligion which he so loudly anathematizes in the play itself; in the exhibition of character and passion contained in the fable which the poet has imagined, and to which the music and the decorations are only auxiliary accompaniments. Now a play (I mean a good one; for I would be as forward to damn a bad one as the reverend preacher) is a representation of human characters, acting under the dominion of certain passions, in pursuit of a certain end. Abstractedly considered, it cannot, therefore, be in any degree more criminal to view the copy, than it is to study the original,—to witness the mimic representation of the playhouse, than to inspect the mighty drama of human life, in which, however, we are placed in the double capacity of spectators and actors. But bad men are represented on the stage. True, and bad men are also exhibited in the daily intercourse of life; and I dare say Mr Best knows not a few to whom that description will apply. But, does it follow that he must become bad himself because wicked men are living and acting around him? This would, indeed, be a strange conclusion. Let us see, however, how the case stands with the theatre. And here it must be plain, that theatrical representation possesses one great and prominent advantage over real life, in which we so often see virtue and vice, as far as external circumstances are considered, exchange places; the latter not merely appropriating the rewards due to the former, but frequently lording it in all the insolence of triumph, and forcing good men to look forward to another state of being, where retributive justice shall ultimately take effect, and the disproportions and anomalies that prevail in this world be compensated and rectified. Having his characters and his fable at his entire command, the Dramatist, on the contrary, anticipates the conclusion of philosophy; proportions good and evil according to a more accurate scale of merit and demerit; shows that the triumph of vice is precarious and temporary; while honour, integrity, and truth, entail ultimate and enduring happiness; and exhibits the confusion, shame, and remorse, which

are the inseparable concomitants of that villany which never fails in the end to be detected and exposed. Who, that witnesses the fate of the Lotharios and Lovelaces, would desire to run their gay and profligate career? What man in his senses would buy the feverish and poisoned pleasures of such men at the hazard of being hurled into the gulf of infamy, and shame, and misery, which their crimes have prepared for them? But it will be said, that these men are represented as possessing some qualities, as courage and generosity, which are the natural objects of love, and that we are in danger of sympathising too deeply with their fate. No objection can be imagined more untenable or absurd. We sympathise with a thief at the gallows: but does this create any disposition to steal in the mind of him who was not a thief *before*? No man, however profligate, is destitute of some good qualities. Naked incarnate iniquity neither exists in the world nor would be endured on the stage. But cannot we strike a fair and equitable balance between the good and the evil? and does not truth demand that we should be as ready to allow the one as to condemn the other? This is the rule of moral judgment, by which we estimate the characters of men in the business and conduct of life; and surely there can be no reason why the same rule should not apply to the fictitious characters of the drama.

But there is another consideration of great importance, which the enemies of dramatic representations either wilfully pretermit, or ignorantly overlook; and that is, that the main impression is produced by the catastrophe,—the great centre to which *all* the characters and incidents of the piece necessarily converge; and if *that* be according to the strict rules of poetical justice, it is as clear as any such conclusion can possibly be, that the whole piece must be favourable to virtue. Take, for example, the tragedy of *George Barnwell*, and let any man, who has seen it represented, dispassionately ask his own mind, whether a thousand homilies would place before the eyes of the lower ranks of society, in such vivid and impressive colours, the deplorable consequences that result to young

men from consorting with females of such characters as Millwood. So impressed were the public with this conviction, that formerly, when *George Barnwell* was represented on the London boards, the doors of the theatres were thrown open at a reduced price, that the apprentices of shop-keepers and artizans might thereby have an opportunity of receiving a lesson—which it was next to impossible they should ever forget, —“to renounce the devil and all his works!”

Nothing is so easy as to pronounce sweeping censure or condemnation. This is but too common a practice with angry controversialists and sour theologians. It is only when we bring these fulminations to the test of close examination, that their uncharitableness as well as their injustice appears. Mr Best tells us, that in the theatre “false principles are inculcated—licentious scenes exhibited—prophane and unchaste language used—vice represented as mere gaiety—religion ridiculed;” and he adds, “here are to be found all those evil communications, which tend to corrupt virtuous principles and to deprave the mind.” Verily these are bitter words, and were their truth as apparent as the dogmatical hardness with which they are uttered, the cause of the theatre would be hopeless. But where is the proof? A sentence at once so sweeping and damnable ought not surely to have been pronounced upon slight grounds. A great majority of this nation are favourable to dramatic representations; and of that majority many might be pointed out as virtuous, as pious, and as learned as Mr Best. Surely the opinions of such men are entitled to some consideration, and ought not to be anathematised as damnable heresies, upon the mere *dictum* of a country parson, however respectable. If we look back to the last century, we find that these opinions were held and maintained by many whose writings have contributed to promote the cause of “pure and undefiled religion,” while the purity of their lives proclaimed its influence on their heart. Tillotson was decidedly favourable to theatrical representation; and his authority was something. (On the same side were Wat-

burton, Hurd, and others, whom, after these, it would be almost useless to name. Need I mention the inimitable author of *Cato*, or the venerable, illustrious, and fervently-pious Johnson, a man of all others the least disposed, either by temper or by principle, to countenance whatever tended to compromise the great and paramount interests of morality and religion,—a man who condescended to write for the stage, and who, in no recorded instance of life, (if we may trust the minute fidelity of Boswell,) ever, by his conduct or otherwise, gave reason to believe that he considered it in any the smallest degree dangerous to the morals or religion of the community. Against the authority of such examples, what does Mr Best produce? Why, literally nothing but his own *ipse dixit*: and so strongly does he feel the insufficiency of that, that a little after he says, with great naïveté, to be sure, “It may be said, *I affirm without proof*; but, my dear brethren, there needs no proof where the fact is notorious—there is a general and popular knowledge to which I may confidently appeal.” As to the “confidence” of this “appeal,” I shall not dispute it; it is the sole and only resource of him who “affirms” without proof: as to the “notoriety” of the “facts” charged in this ecclesiastical indictment, I deny it, and maintain, that it cannot be assumed, not merely “without proof,” but in the face of it: and as to a “general and popular knowledge of these things,” it amounts to nothing more than an “appeal” to the passions and prejudices of the multitude in favour of that which ought to have rested on the solid substraction of “notorious facts.”

But, farther: Mr Best has either read plays (I do not suppose he has ever been in a Theatre) or he has not. If he have, pray how, in a moral or religious point of view, does he differ from the man who has seen them represented, except in deriving a pleasure equally culpable, but less intense? If he have not, what can he know or decide in the matter? In the former case, he has so far committed the very sin against which he so rashly hurls eternal damnation: in the latter, he knows nothing

of the subject on which he has disclaimed with such measureless “confidence,” and deserves not to be listened to for a moment. This is indeed the *argumentum ad hominem*, but it places him between the horns of a dilemma: he may take himself off as he best can.

He asks, “Would our Saviour have frequented the theatre?” I answer, I cannot tell, there never having been any theatre established in the land of Judea. But we know our Saviour went to a marriage, which is generally a scene of mirth, festivity, and song; and converted water into wine for the use of the guests, and to encourage their innocent hilarity; from which we may infer, that he was no enemy to whatever tended to soothe and renovate the mind, and to gladden life, without encroaching on the duty which we owe to God, to our neighbour, and ourselves. His religion was essentially calculated to promote cheerfulness and benevolence, and denied to its disciples nothing which could add to their happiness without impairing their virtue. Mr Best seems to be of a different opinion; and imagines, that when he has girt sackcloth about his loins, and put ashes on his head, he has in some degree established a claim to the kingdom of heaven. In this spirit he says, “theatrical amusements are as contrary to every part of Christian Faith, as to every part of Christian Practice.” Now, when Mr Best points out to me a single doctrine or precept of the New Testament which I violate by going to witness, for example, the representation of Cato, Hamlet, Coriolanus, or Macbeth, I shall be of his opinion—but not till then.

“The primitive Christians, however, rejected the stage entirely.” Can Mr Best wonder at this? Or has he forgotten the combats of gladiators, and the wanton slaughter of animals for public sport, which every man, woman, and child, of the present day, would have “rejected” and shunned as well as the “primitive Christians?” Mr Best might very successfully expose the shocking brutality of Spanish bull-baiting; but what, I would ask, has that to do with the question at issue on the present occasion? He might as well

have read a lecture on Falstaff's men in buckram.

With the same perverse and ignorant misapplication of facts, he had previously told us, that the "time has been in England, when a theatre was generally felt to be a great public evil—when Bishops and Clergy denounced such amusements from their pulpits, (as Mr Best has done,) and were thought to be fulfilling a most important and bounden duty, (as Mr Best also, no doubt, thinks he was doing.)—and when the city of London, through its Magistrates, petitioned the Queen and her Privy Council to thrust the players out of the City, and to pull down all play-houses within their liberties, *which accordingly was effected!! To Pagan!* These were glorious days indeed! There have, however, been various *times* in England—*times* when the reformed religion itself was declared to be a great "public evil," and when Mr Best, had he lived then, might have had the honour of earning the crown of martyrdom in Smithfield—*times* when the Church and State were overthrown by the successful rebellion of full-blown fanatics, and an unfortunate and accomplished prince bowed "his anointed head" to the axe of treason—*times* when liberty of conscience was denied, and a religion attempted to be forced on the people which they abhorred—*times*, in short, which we should point back to as a warning, rather than hold forth as fit to be revived or imitated in an enlightened and liberal age. It is nothing to the point, that the theatre *was* corrupt;—so was the government;—and both have experienced the salutary influence of the progress of knowledge, and the diffusion of a more just and enlarged philosophy; and for the same reason that the one has become more free, more equal, and more just, the other has become more refined, and better calculated to attain the great object of its institution—making rational and intellectual amusement the vehicle of pleasant and useful instruction.

I have reserved for the conclusion of this letter an extract which I am sure none of your readers can peruse without astonishment, if not disgust;—it is as follows:—"We are told, that it was a practice in some hea-

then countries, for parents to bring their infant children to the temple of Moloch, and themselves to cast them into the burning arms of the idol.

Do you shudder at such unnatural barbarity? Oh, it was MERCY to their children, compared with the conduct of those parents who lead their children into the polluting, infectious wickedness of a theatre: the one only killed the body; you are doing your part towards killing both body and soul in hell—you are laying up for yourselves and for them the bitterest anguish." Shades of Prynne and Collier! if any of the passions of this world are felt in the next, well may you envy this finishing touch! for even in **your** "days of nature," you never dared so lofty a flight. Damnation, it is true, you dealt about with no sparing hand, and you did it with vigour, if not with grace; but to represent deliberate murder, and that, too, of innocent and helpless infants as less criminal in the eyes of God than carrying them to witness a scenic exhibition, by which, as they know little, they can hardly be injured, was reserved for your still more fearless successor, the *Histrionaster* of Sheffield!

Yours, with esteem,

T. F. CARELESS

Edinburgh, Nov. 28, 1822.

THE TOMBS OF PLUTÆA.

From a Painting by Mr Williams.

AND there they sleep!—the men whose swords
In arms before th' exulting sun,
And bath'd their spears in Persian blood,
And taught the earth how Freedom might
be won.

They sleep!—th' Olympic wreaths are
dead;

Th' Athenian lyres are hush'd and gone;
The Dorian voice of song is fled—
Slumber, ye mighty! slumber deeply on!

They sleep!—and seems not all around
As hallow'd unto Glory's tomb?
Silence is on the battle-ground,
The heavens are loaded with a breathless
gloom.

And stars are watching on their height,
But dimly seen through mist and cloud,
And still and solemn is the light
Which folds the plain, as with a glimmer-
ing shroud.

And thou, pale Night-Queen ! here thy
beams

Are not as those the shepherd loves,
Nor look they down on shining streams,
By Naiads haunted, in the laurel-groves ;

Thou seest no pastoral hamlet sleep,
In shadowy quiet, midst its lines ;
No temple gleaming on the steep,
Through the grey olives, or the mountain-
pines ;

But o'er a dim and boundless waste,
Thy rays, e'en like a tomb-lamp's, brood,
When man's departed steps are traced,
But by his dust, amidst the solitude.

And be it thus !—What slave shall tread
O'er Freedom's ancient battle-plains ?

Let desarts wrap the glorious dead,
When their bright land sits weeping o'er
her chains.

Here, where the Persian clarion rung,
And where the Spartan sword flash'd high,
And where the Pæan strains were sung,
By those who crown'd the Bowl of Liberty* ;

Here should no voice, no sound be heard,
Until the bonds of Greece be riven,
Save of the leader's charging word,
Or the shrill trumpet pealing up through
heaven !

Rest in your silent homes, ye brave !
No vines festoon your lonely tree †,
No harvests o'er your war-field wave,
Till rushing winds proclaim the land is free !

ON THE VIEW OF DELPHI.

By the same Artist.

THERE have been bright and glorious pageants here,
Where now grey stones and moss-grown columns lie :
There have been words, which earth grew pale to hear,
Breath'd from the cavern's misty chambers nigh :
There have been voices, through the sunny sky,
And the pine-woods, their choral hymn-notes sending ;
And reeds and lyres, their Dorian melody,
With incense-clouds around the Temple blending.
And throngs, with laurel boughs, before the Altar bending.

There have been treasures of the seas and isles
Brought to the Day-god's now-forsaken throne ;
Thunders have peal'd along the rock-defiles
When the far-echoing battle-horn made known
That foes were on their way ! The deep wind's moan
Hath chill'd the invader's heart with secret fear,
And from the sybil-grottoes, wild and lone,
Storms have gone forth, which, in their fierce career,
From his bold hand have struck the banner and the spear.

The shrine hath sunk !—But thou unchanged art there
Mount of the voice and vision ! robed with dreams !
Unchanged, and rushing through the radiant air,
With thy dark-waving pines, and sparkling streams,
And all thy founts of song !—their bright course teems
With inspiration yet ; and each dim haze
Or golden cloud, which floats around thee, seems
As with its mantle veiling from our gaze
The mysteries of the past, the gods of elder days.

Away, vain phantasies ! doth less of power
Dwell round thy summit, or thy cliffs invest,
Though in deep stillness now the ruin's flower
Waves o'er the mouldering pillars on thy breast ?
Lift through the free blue heav'n's thine arrowy crest !
Let the great rocks their solitude regain !
No Delphian lyres now break thy noontide rest
With their full chords:—but silent be the strain !
Thou hast a mightier voice to speak the Eternal's reign !

* The Bowl of Liberty, an allusion to the ceremonies with which the anniversary of the battle of Plataea was anciently celebrated.

† A single tree appears in Mr Williams' impressive picture.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

No. II.

SIR,

It is distressing to think how much valuable time is lost in this world, owing to the vast multiplicity of objects, amongst which one may choose, from the choice of a wife, or a profession, to that of a walking-stick, or a box of *bons bons*. There is, indeed, much more time wasted from this circumstance than appears at first sight. One awakes in the morning, and immediately the difficulty of choosing commences. One may either get up, or be still; and if the latter be decided upon, one may either take a book, or another nap; and I will venture to say, that nineteen persons out of twenty lose at least half an hour in this way every morning. The moment one gets out of bed, difficulties accumulate; for, every one of the ten or dozen things one puts on the body, is an object of choice, and consequently of perplexity and delay. It would be endless to mention the numerous occasions upon which this difficulty occurs during the day; shall one take a walk, or a book—where shall the walk be? which shall the book be? and the latter of these is sometimes so difficult to decide upon, that I have often seen the whole time that was to have been spent in reading, wasted through the difficulty of choosing a subject. One of the most prolific sources of this perplexity, is to be found in shopping, that never-ending employment of the ladies. A lady goes to purchase ribbons, or silk handkerchiefs, or a ring, perhaps:—immediately the shop counter is covered with ribbons and silk handkerchiefs, of every possible variety of colour, pattern, size, and fashion. What overwhelming difficulties are presented to the purchaser!—it seems almost impossible to choose. What a very sweet colour this ribbon has!—but the shade of that other one is more delicate. Don't you think this pattern prettier than either? But look here; this is the newest, Mr — says—Italian green—quite the fashion; and, in short, the lady either makes the worst purchase she could have made, or purchases nothing at all, because she cannot de-

cide. I cannot pass over the perplexities of a dinner-table to an epicure; they are painful beyond description. Only suppose, for a moment, there should be turbot and sole, red-legged partridges and black cock, to choose among. What is to be done? It is not as in a shop, where one may lean with his elbow upon the counter, and muse quietly upon the various objects before him; if one doesn't determine instantly, it may be too late!—the sole, or partridges, may be eaten up. Sometimes the epicure takes one, in the intention of having a piece of the other afterwards; and eats the first so fast, in case the other should be gone, that he swallows it almost without tasting it; and when he comes to taste the other, he finds himself amply punished for his gluttony, by discovering that he has hurried over a good thing, to have leisure to eat a bad. And now, Sir, having mentioned a few of those things in which a multiplicity of objects to choose among produces perplexity and delay, I must add to the list one more, which is, writing a paper for a magazine, of which this individual paper you are now reading is an illustration.

After having spent the evening sitting at the work-table of a French family, improving myself in the language, and acquiring a knowledge of French character, of which a better specimen could not be afforded than in the active and benevolent mind, and intelligent conversation of the matron, and in the good sense, information, sweetness, and modesty of her daughter, I returned to my apartment about half past eleven, and feeling no inclination to sleep, I sat down at my table, replenished my inkhorn, laid some paper before me, and taking a pen in my hand, determined to write an article for Mr Constable's Edinburgh Magazine; but here the grand difficulty I have already considered presented itself. What should the subject be? The French, of course,—Paris. But what of the French?—what of Paris?—and I laid down my pen to consider. Numerous subjects immediately occurred to me; the grace, and affability, and politeness of the women; the vanity and insincerity of the men: it was a pleasant enough

theme, but too well known to say any thing new upon. The tasteful dresses of the ladies, opposed to those of the men ; that, too, seemed a thread-bare subject. French politeness, French cookery, French music, dancing, painting, occurred to me one after the other ; they were all good subjects, but none of them suited my frame of mind. I would consider them by and by. French morality !—what a field !—here I paused, grasped my pen more firmly, and laid the paper even before me: the French have been injured, I said to myself, and I'll vindicate them,—and so I shall : but the subject was too important to sit down to then, and required thought. In short, it was worthy of an octavo volume, in which shape it shall speedily appear ; so I dismissed it for the time, only putting down this reflection, that if the English desire to be celebrated abroad, for that high morality which they lay claim to at home, their nation must be represented by a different description of persons from those who at present deluge the continent. I had, therefore, found no subject, so I lifted my eyes from the paper, and directed them towards the wall, which is adorned with three very pretty engravings, *La Belle Suisse*, *La Jeune Grecque*, and *La Coquette Espagnole*. A-propos, I said to myself ; I shall write of Parisian women ; but a second glance at the engravings convinced me that that was impossible. The faces had neither of them the expression of the Parisian ; and if my thoughts were to be guided by the beautiful faces that seemed smiling on me, it would be Spanish or Grecian women I should write of. I then got up, opened the shutters, and leant over the window. My apartment is on the third étage, which is more airy than either the first or the second, and commands an extensive view over the city. It was one of the loveliest evenings I ever beheld. The moon was at the full ; and the sky, one expanse of beautiful azure, spread on high its glorious canopy ; a few light, transparent, fleecy clouds, here and there floated on its surface. The city, the gardens, the neighbouring heights, seemed all reposing beneath the soft light. I shall go out, I said to myself : surely

I shall find food for reflection abroad ; and so leaving my papers open, ready to be the depository of my observations when I should return, I extinguished my light, and descended into the street. The public entertainments were all over, and the cafés were shut up ; all was repose and tranquillity. I passed along the Boulevards to the unfinished church of the Madelines, that magnificent relic of the Emperor, which was to have been named the *Temple de la Gloire* ; and which, had he been still on the throne of France, would long ere now have recorded his triumphs in finished magnificence. I then proceeded by the *Place Louis XV.*, towards the river, and did not halt till I found myself on the *Pont-Neuf*. There are few bridges in the world better known than the *Pont-Neuf* ; almost every one who has heard of Paris, has heard also of the *Pont-Neuf*. It is full of recollections ; it is frequently mentioned in the history of those revolutionary times, the knowledge of which is an essential point of historical education. It is made a prominent object in every panoramic exhibition ; and in the directions which the handsome *Grisset* gave to *Yorick* in the *Sentimental Journey*, he is desired to give himself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead him to the foot of the *Pont-Neuf*. So that there is sufficient reason for its being well known. I passed along it to the spot where the equestrian statue of *Henry IV.* is placed, and I thought it never looked more majestic than it did then in the calm moonshine ; and there I paused, to contemplate the imposing scene that stretched around me. There is perhaps no scene more impressive than the aspect of a great city buried in sleep : a few hours ago, and all was bustle, life, and motion ; now, all is repose and stillness ;—the various passions that agitated thousands are unfelt ; fears, hopes, anxieties, all are at rest ;—joy reposes from its delirium, and grief waits for the morning ; the active and the indolent, the old and the young, the weak and the strong,

“Alike in naked helplessness recline.”

It is an impressive commentary

upon the weakness of humanity. Such were the first thoughts that occurred to me, and which slowly gave place to the beauty of external objects. I have seen many cities in moonlight, but I do not recollect to have ever seen any one whose aspect impressed me so strongly as that of Paris. In London there is no point from which a view equally extensive can be obtained; and, besides, in London there is never the same stillness: it cannot be expected, indeed, where there is a navigable river, and much commerce; but a moonlight scene loses one of its chiefest charms, when unaccompanied by that repose which is in such perfect concordance with a moonlight landscape.

The clock of Notre Dame struck one while I stood on the bridge, and I slowly and reluctantly left my situation, and struck into one of the narrow streets that lead towards the Palais Royal. I passed under its arcades, and proceeded by the Rue de Richelieu, for the purpose of regaining the Boulevards. When I arrived at the top of the Rue de Richelieu, I perceived several coaches, at that late hour, waiting at the gate of a large court, and another glance convinced me it was one of the principal gambling-houses of the city. I determined to enter the court, and watch the persons who might issue from it; and I accordingly placed myself by the side of one of the pillars, where I might distinctly see, by the bright moonlight, the countenance and demeanour of every one who should cross the court. For some time no one appeared in whom I remarked any thing extraordinary: some seemed a little more elated than others, and their steps were perhaps, in some degree, different; and I thought I could distinguish betwixt those who whistled from lightness of the heart, and those who whistled to forget its heaviness, or to disguise their feelings from others, if they could not deceive themselves. But all this might be fancy. Soon, however, a young man, with a red order in his coat, descended the stair with a hurried and impatient step, and paused under the portico, where a bright reflecting lamp afforded sufficient light to read. He thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a

bundle of papers, which I soon perceived to be bank-notes. After having counted them over several times, and replaced them, he took from the other pocket a quantity of gold, which underwent the same examination; and, having thus ascertained the measure of his present good fortune, he walked on, with a gay look and a light step, and called a fiacre at the gate to convey him home. Alas! before a week shall have passed away, Fortune may have found a new favourite, and left a fresh victim! The next that appeared was in very different circumstances. He was a man well up in years, and apparently an Englishman. He, too, descended the stair with a hurried step; but in place of pausing under the portico, he advanced into the middle of the court, and stopped, and drew from his pocket a few pieces, which I could discover to be gold. He then examined his pocket-book, which seemed empty, and slowly returned it again into his pocket: the gold he still held in his hands. I could see in his face the expression of deep misery and strong passion; and I could hear some few inarticulate sounds which he mentioned to himself. What a contrast betwixt his troubled countenance, and the serenity and tranquillity of the night! He stood for some time immoveable; but at length, as if by the impulse of a sudden thought, he hastily re-entered the portico, and ascended the stair. I followed, and entered the house along with him. There then remained in the room but a few determined or desperate gamblers, who had either lost almost all, or who, finding that Fortune still smiled, determined not to fly her. The person I had followed hastily threw down on the table all he had in his hand, which was fourteen Louis. Fortune was favourable; and a second and a third time it doubled itself, and amounted to 112 pieces. I ventured to whisper to him, "Be contented." "Sir," he said, "would you be contented, if, after having lost £60,000 Sterling, you gained a hundred Napoleons? It is less than the twentieth part of what I have lost to-night." He still allowed his money to lie, and, by one of those fortunate runs of chance, which

make the fortune of one and the ruin of another, in a few minutes his stake amounted to 1800 Napoleons. "Now," I said again, "withdraw your money: recollect the fickleness of Fortune." "Once more," he said—once more." The cards again began to be dealt out. The first set turned out so favourably, that it was eight to one in his favour;—his face lightened up—his eyes glistened—eager hope beamed in his countenance—nearly three thousand Louis were almost within his grasp: but the odds failed, and he saw the dealer draw to him the whole stake! If I should live for ever, I should not forget the appearance of the victim.

Soon after, the party broke up, and I returned to my apartment, and committed to paper the little history of the evening, which you have now read, and to which I shall add a few remarks upon the gambling-houses of Paris.

Variety of character is exhibited, in a very striking light, to a bystander at a gambling-table; and various are the reflections which spontaneously suggest themselves. When one sees various individuals (all of whom surely cannot be possessed of fortune) present to the banker their billets of £20 and £10, to get gold for them, in order to risk it at the table; and when one knows that each of these persons is paying a tax to that government, which is mean enough, and wicked enough, to share the gains of the table with its proprietors,—is it possible to help feeling indignation at that order of things which bribes thousands to their destruction, and levies a tax from their misery and ruin? It is fair, however, to add, that, in some respects, the licensed gambling-houses of Paris have an advantage over the lotteries of France and Britain; because the chance in favour of the gamester is infinitely greater in the one than in the other; and although there seems something more direct and more mean in sharing with the gambling-houses, as the French government does, the spoils of the unfortunate,—yet never, never can the government of Great Britain lay claim either to generosity or common justice, so long as it countenances a

scheme for swindling the ignorant and the deluded.

When the spectator has had a little time to recover from those feelings which I have supposed the first view of such a scene to produce, his observations are naturally directed to the demeanour of the various persons who are engaged in gambling; and it is exceedingly curious to remark the vast variety of character which is brought into play. One man, after throwing down his money, will keep his eyes steadily fixed upon the dealer, and watch every card as it is turned up; another will purposely refrain from looking at the cards, and will keep his eyes fixed upon the table, or cover them with his hands; a third cannot remain seated, but, after staking his money, turns upon his heel, and walks to and fro during the interval of doubt; and a fourth, altogether unable either to bear the suspense, or to hear the issue announced, places his money on the table, and immediately leaves the room, and only returns in time to see whether his stake has been swept away, or doubled. The unreasonableness of mankind is also strikingly exhibited at a gambling-table. Every man who goes there knows very well that the chances are against him, and yet every one who loses seems to consider himself as the most unfortunate of human beings: and not only so, but if a man has gained three times, and loses the fourth, he calls himself the sport of Fortune, and rates himself for a fool or a madman. Another remark, which a scene like this suggests is, that, of all infatuations, there is none greater than that of imagining that any system can be invented by which a man may certainly gain. For a time a system may be successful, but in the end every system will be at fault. It is strange to see how much men are the slaves of their own peculiar systems. Almost every one of the thirty or forty persons who play, goes upon a favourite system; and if he loses, rather than blame his system, he will blame himself, and ascribe his loss, not to the fallibility of his system, but to his folly in having deviated from it. I shall only add, in conclusion, that although the chances

are in favour of the table it is not more, perhaps not so much, owing to that circumstance, that the table gains, as to certain errors in the natural constitution of the human mind. I am quite convinced that all systems are equally good, and that a man would be as likely to gain with his eyes shut as open; but if the player had stronger nerves, was not timid when he ought to be bold, and rash when he ought to be prudent; if he limited his loss to a certain sum, and knew that he ought to stop when he had made a moderate gain,—the government would find the gambling-houses a less lucrative source of financial gain. II.

ON STEAM-COACHES.

MR EDITOR,

THE principal subject of debate here, both in private families and in public assemblies, is the projected rail-ways and steam-carriages; and it happens here, as in all similar cases, that the most noisy and the most confident are those who know the least about such matters. Many who have never seen a steam-engine, and who know nothing either about its principles or its application to the arts of life, are morally certain that such a thing as a steam-coach cannot possibly answer. The persons of this opinion are some of them, horse-dealers; of which noisy profession we have in these parts considerable numbers. All the gentry, also, on this side the question, are strenuously supported by the inn-keepers, the stage-coach proprietors, and their set of drunken, lazy coachmen. Some of these brawlers have heard it read in the newspapers, that boilers belonging to steam-engines, on board of steam-boats, have sometimes burst, and that people have been killed by such accidents; some are sure that Parliament will never pass an Act to encourage such visionary schemes; and others think that no man who is one degree removed from lunacy, will ever hazard his property in the support of a project which has not even probability in its favour. A little self-interest generally lurks at the bottom of the argument, when many are conversing about what may any way affect the

business in which they are engaged. As soon as the rail-ways are finished, and the steam-coaches in use, it is the opinion of the stage-coach-proprietors, that their coaches will become useless; this will not be the case, for it may easily be seen, that those gentlemen, from their experience, their present establishments, and connections, will be great gainers by the projected alteration. I have long been of opinion, that steam might be employed to propel coaches as well as boats; in short, who could doubt it, after its successful application to the dragging of coal-waggons? Several years ago, when I mentioned these things to my friends, I had the honour of being laughed at; aye, they would say, he is a clever man, but a little visionary, you see. I rejoice, however, exceedingly, that my reveries, as they were then called, are likely to be realized, for the people at large begin to appreciate the advantages that are likely to accrue from the establishment of steam-coaches, over those now drawn by horses. The road between Liverpool and Manchester is now under survey; an Act will shortly be applied for; and subscriptions to a considerable amount have been already entered into, to defray the necessary expenses for the laying down a railway. Among the many other advantages belonging exclusively to steam-coaches, it is not the least that they will be subject to no accidents; people will not be continually exposed to the hazard of broken bones, fractured skulls, lacerated and dislocated limbs, horrid bruises, and terrible contusions; while such misfortunes are almost continually happening by the overturning of the present coaches, owing often to the carelessness or drunkenness of the drivers. Our feelings will not then be wound up to a pitch of great uneasiness, by seeing four poor creatures running at full speed, for the whole of a long stage, with the whip constantly whistling in their ears, and urging them to do more than they are capable of performing—poor wretches, that are often broken-winded, foundered, and in this manner destroyed by hundreds*.

* Several horses, on endeavouring to keep time according to the new post-office

This, and the constant fear of the coach upsetting, render travelling a miserable business: a journey undertaken for pleasure, often ends in the person becoming a cripple for life, and sometimes death is the consequence. With steam-coaches there can be no accident, for the coach will be at such a distance from the engine, that the passengers will not be injured, even if the boiler should burst. Besides this, poor people will not be seated on the outside, where they are now stowed like luggage, and frozen with cold in the winter season; no, the travellers will be all within, and nearly as comfortable as when in their own houses. You perceive, Mr Editor, that I am very sanguine in my expectations respecting this business, and the reason is, I am confident of its ultimate success. I see, in my mind's eye, what, in less than five years from this time, thousands will really see—the *smoky vehicle* skimming smoothly along the road, at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour, filled with cheerful inhabitants, secure from danger, and not annoyed by the weather. Many persons will perhaps think that the following particulars cannot easily be put in practice; but you know, and most of your readers will soon recollect, that all difficulties are conquered by persevering industry, and British genius. What is there that our engineers cannot effect, or, rather, what is there that has not been effected by our Smeaton, our Watts, our Rennie, and our Telford? The steam-engine now performs wonders; the trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin, or rend an oak, is nothing to this machine. It can engrave a seal, and crush a mass of obdurate metal like wax before it; draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as a goosamer's, and lift a ship-of-war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin, and forge anchors, cut steel into ribbons, and propel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds

regulations, have had their legs suddenly broken in two on the road, while others have fallen down dead from the effect of ruptured blood-vessels, or heart-broken, in efforts to obey the whip! (See *Yorkshire Gazette*.)

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and waves. It has infinitely increased the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible, all over the world, the materials of wealth and prosperity! Our spinning and weaving machines have been successively brought to a state of perfection; we make roads across frightful chasms, and suspend bridges in the air! With respect to steam-coaches, nothing is wanting but money to put the plan into effect; there is nothing to invent, for the application of steam to this purpose is obvious to the meanest capacity. They may be rendered extremely commodious, by fitting them up in a proper manner. Let us suppose that a coach is twelve feet long, and eight feet wide; this will hold fourteen or sixteen people very comfortably. A table two feet broad, placed in the middle, reaching from one end to the other, will be extremely convenient, and its use the same as our tables at home; it will serve to eat and drink from, to read or write upon, &c.; a form, or bench, a foot broad, one on each side, will serve for seats; and as the table will rest on cross pieces, in the same manner as cabin-tables on board of ships, there will be sufficient room under the table for the knees, and the table and seats together will only take up a breadth of four feet, or a very little more. The remainder on each side, will hold three rows of cabin-beds, each twenty inches wide; two in the length, on each side, will make twelve, so that twelve persons may be accommodated with beds; and people, in this way, will be able to travel to any distance without losing any of their natural rest. Poor persons may take provisions along with them, by which means they will live as comfortably and as cheaply as at home, and escape the abominable impositions of the inn-keepers; and gentlemen may sit and drink wine, just the same as in their own parlours. A lamp at night (a gas lamp, if they please) may be suspended from the top, and it will be very easy to introduce a fire in cold weather, or in chill evenings. The heavy baggage may be stowed underneath the floor. As several of these coaches will travel together at night, gentlemen may occupy

one coach, and the ladies another, in the same manner as they occupy different rooms in steam-packets. There would be no difficulty in cooking a beef-steak, and in roasting potatoes, at the engine fire. The top of the coach, on the outside, may be railed round, and furnished with seats, so that the passengers may ascend, like going upon deck, and sit when the weather is fine, to enjoy the benefit of the air, and survey the country. As ladies and gentlemen may dine or drink tea in the coach, the time for stopping on the road may be no longer than what will be required to replenish the engine with fuel and water, which will be only a very few minutes every fifteen or twenty miles, and will not be so long as is now taken up to change the horses. The steam-engine will draw several coaches at the same time. I would advise, therefore, that there be a *first*, *second*, and *third* coach, in respect to prices. The *first* should have superior decorations, and the persons who travel in it should be charged pretty high, in order to keep out improper company. The *second* should be charged much lower, and its furniture should be neat, so as to suit the middling classes. The *third* should be charged very low, and fitted up in a plain manner, for the working people. This will be the most delightful mode of travelling that imagination can conceive, and it may be performed at an expence not greater than one-half of what is now charged by the present coach proprietors. According to a rough sort of calculation, I have found that, in the *first* coach, the passengers ought to pay not more than twenty shillings for one hundred miles, in the *second* coach not more than ten shillings, and in the *third* not more than five shillings, for the same distance; with proportionable fares for shorter runs. As soon as the steam-coaches are established, the inland mails will be forwarded with greater dispatch, and the letters and newspapers delivered much earlier than they now are by the extra post. There will be steam-mails, confined to the conveyance of letters, newspapers, bankers' parcels,

and other parcels of small size; to prevent delays on the road, these mails shall not be allowed to take any passengers. Steam-waggons will also be introduced; these will convey heavy luggage to different places, at the rate of eight miles an hour. In this way fish will be conveyed from the sea coasts into the interior, and the inland towns will be well supplied with plenty of this delicious food, at a moderate price; on which account, the fisheries will be encouraged, and more men employed in fishing than at present. These waggons will convey goods to the distance of two or three hundred miles within the time now required by the coaches. Fruits, also, which are a perishable article, may be sent to London, and other large places, from the villages, and thus great towns be better supplied with fruit, and encouragement given to the cultivation of an article of food which the poor in the metropolis seldom taste. Rabbits, game, &c. may be sent in the same manner. In rich and fertile districts, manure is often not wanted; it may be taken to the barren, sterile parts, at a small expence, and thus, in a short time, the whole island will be made fertile. Whatever tends to improve the means of communication, must, in a great commercial nation like this, prove beneficial to the whole of the community; it increases our home trade, promotes industry, and extends its beneficial effects to every branch of society.

During the scarcity of work which is said to exist to a very sensible degree, the levelling of the roads, and laying down the rail-ways, will have a very beneficial effect in employing numbers of persons who are out of work; it will also ease the burdens of the parishes, by giving employment to the paupers, who are become very numerous in almost every part of the country. It will, moreover, raise the spirits of the indigent, for an Englishman is never so happy, or feels so comfortable, as when he earns what he eats.

Yours, very respectfully,

JOHN STEVENSON.

Leven, near Breckley, Nov. 30. 1822.

HORACE'S ODE TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

O Fons Bandusiar, &c.

Oh, worthy fragrant gifts of flow'rs and wine !
Bandusian Fount ! than crystal far more bright !
 To-morrow shall a victim-kid be thine,
 Whose forehead swells with horns of infant-might.
 E'en now of love and war he dreams in vain,
 Doom'd with his blood thy gelid waves to stain.

Let the red dog-star burn !—his scorching beam,
 Fierce in ascendance, shall molest thee not !
 Still shelter'd from his rage, thy banks, fair stream,
 To the wild flock that wanders near the spot,
 And wearied ox, returning from the field,
 Shall their blest shade and genial freshness yield.

And thou, bright Fount ! ennobled and renown'd,
 Shalt, by thy poet's votive song, be made,
 Which bids the fame of that green oak resound,
 Whose boughs o'ermantle, with their spreading shade,
 The cavern'd rocks, whence, babbling many a tale,
 Springs thy pure wave, and rushes to the vale.

PHILOLOGUS' TO THE EDITOR.

MR EDITOR,

I HAVE no complaint to make of any unfair statement in your remarks on my emendation of the disputed passage in the speech of Galgacus, nor have I any wish that you should publish the letter in which that emendation was originally contained. In as far as I remember, there was very little more in that letter than the enunciation of the conjecture, and but little attempt to support it by proof. Indeed, I was not at all aware that you would think it worth while to plead for the common reading with so much zeal and learning, and I was certainly flattered to perceive that you thought my hypothesis deserving to be canvassed with such minute criticism. Had I conceived that you would have taken this trouble, I would have entered more fully into the grounds of my conjecture; but I was unwilling to write much in so unpopular a kind of discussion. I am willing now, if you please, to let it drop, nor do I wish you to publish my present communication, if you do not think your readers will have any interest in it: it is rather intended for yourself, that I may satisfy you of my not being so entirely without a *pro* as you

at present, I think, suppose. I am ready, first of all, to admit, that you have brought more sense out of the expression "*libertatem non in presentia laturo*," than I thought it was capable of bearing, and that, very probably, if that sense had originally struck myself, I should never have looked any farther, or found any puzzle in the passage. But although you have given an intelligible enough meaning, yet I think still the expression is awkward; the sense, such as it is, is poor, and does not express the full contrast which Galgacus had in view: moreover, it seems pretty evident, that the words from which that sense is given are not the words of Tacitus. You explain "*ferre libertatem*" by the contrary expression, "*ferre servitutem*;" but the metaphor in the last instance is very distinct, and is, I suppose, to be found in all languages. Slavery is always represented as a burden which it is intolerable to bear; but "*to bear liberty*," though it may be passed over, will scarcely be thought a good or choice expression, or such as we should expect in a speech so full of the "*thoughts that breathe, and words that burn*." You will observe, too, that the contrast which Galgacus wished to establish between the

Trinobantes and the Caledonians, is not made out in this expression. The "integri et indomiti" are capital circumstances in the contrast; but the Trinobantes had at one time been free as well as the Caledonians, so that they were not to be represented as attempting to taste of liberty for the first time. Their deficiency in the comparison is, that, weakened by slavery, they had not the vigour and decision of men, who, like the Caledonians, had never been in that degrading condition. But admit the sense to be unexceptionable, there is no reason for supposing that it is what Tacitus gave. All the MSS. concur in reading "in libertatem," and all give an accusative case after the second "in," although all do not concur in the same substantive. The throwing out the first "in," and the change of "præsentiam" (if that was the word) into "præsentia," is entirely the silent work of editors, making successive changes, with a view of eliciting a sense from a passage which baffled them: and it is by such gradual alterations that the text of authors is more corrupted than by any other way; they are not bold enough to occasion any shock, and yet each change is probably a farther departure from the words of the original. It is very improbable that the first "in" should have been one blunder, and that the accusative case after the second "in" is a blunder too. There seems a designed contrast between the "in libertatem" and the next "in," whatever word it was which followed; and the circumstance that there is no sense in the contrast as it at present appears, is only an additional reason for supposing that the blunder did not lie here, because it could not be the botch of any meddling, conjectural critic; so that I think I am fairly entitled to conclude, that the blunder, for there evidently is one, is somewhere else. Suppose, then, that my conjecture gives the words of Tacitus; let the case be put, that these were the undisputed words, and that all the MSS. concur in them; I have no hesitation in saying that the sense is good—the contrast complete—and the climax rises. The Caledonians were not only "integri et indomiti," when contrasted with the Trinobantes: but it was

"in libertatem" that their contest pointed to; while it was only "in renitentiam," an uncertain struggle against the yoke, which had succeeded first, but which had again failed, from their neglect, that the Trinobantes aimed at, or had accomplished. You say that "in libertatem præliaturi" must mean, "to fight against liberty;" but there I am ready to join issue with you. Brotier quotes a passage from the poet Seneca, "Certant in crimine facinus;" which means, they strive with one another in the commission of crime, not against the commission. Ovid has, I think, "In nefas jurasse putes;" and I can produce a line in Virgil, in which the same "in" means both "against," and "with a view to," which last is its meaning in this passage of Tacitus, who is constantly, by the way, using poetical terms.

Ferrum acuant portas in me excidiumque
incorum. *Æneid.* VIII. 386.

Surely Venus does not mean to say that the Italian cities were preparing arms against her, and against the destruction of her people. This objection, then, I think, is got over. I cannot so well defend the word "renitentiam;" but it is in itself an expressive word: if it really had appeared in an undisputed passage of Tacitus, no one could have made the slightest objection to it, and his diction is frequently of that kind which hovers between the classical and the more doubtful Latinity. "Renitentia" sounds to my ear very like a word which he would coin, or not scruple to employ. All that remains is to shew, that my emendation, bold as it may appear, is much simpler, and more admissible, than that commonly received, which has stolen in from the piddling work of one editor after another. The throwing out the first "in," the change of the "præsentiam," or whatever was the word, into the ablative case, and then, in the next clause, (which, however, may be considered separately,) the change of the "unde" into "non," are all unprincipled changes, if I may use the expression, proceeding upon nothing but the seeming necessity of the case, and the more likely to be wrong, that they are all insulated and unconnected. I have only one pro-

tulate to make, and the blunder which I suppose, with all the different readings that have risen out of it, can be quite accounted for. I suppose that some scribe, in copying the original MS. of Tacitus, we shall say, allowed his eye to run on a word too far, and wrote, confounding the first syllable of the second word, with the first of the word before, "prænitentiam liaturi," instead of "renitentiam præliaturi." The next copyists would agree that both these words were wrong: "liaturi," they would all concur in changing to "laturi;" but the "prænitentiam" might strike them variously; "pænitentiam" was a natural enough change, which has been adopted in one MS., the Vatican, ("certaturi" is not in that MS., but in Brotier's emendation,) but most, likely to preserve the preposition "præ," have agreed, by a still more violent change, to give "præsentiam." So that my emendation not only finds the original words, but accounts for the variety of the MS. readings. I will not at present defend "unde" in the next clause, except by saying, that it refers, not to "primo congressu," but to the circumstances stated before, and is exactly as if the words had run "unde primo statim congressu ostendamus." Nor will I defend my view of the passage in the close of Agricola's life, except by saying, that I am not sure but examples may be found of "potius" being construed without "quam" after it. Certainly the comparative adjective "potior"

is commonly so construed, and the adverb "potius" may be regarded as its neuter gender; but at present I cannot bring an example, and it would require a longer exposition than I can now give, or you would read, to defend, in general, my view of that passage. So much, Mr Editor, for these matters.

I know nothing more of the manuscripts of Tacitus than Brotier tells me. The subject of MSS. in general, and the authority which they possess, is a very curious one, and one, I believe, but little investigated. I am very happy to find that Professor Pillans means to enter into a full discussion upon it, in his new course of lectures, and much information and sound principle is to be looked for from the research, the judgment, and the tact of that eloquent and enlightened scholar, upon this, as upon every other point of learning.

PHILOLOGUS.

I subjoin my reading, and the common one, to save the trouble of reference.

"Trinobantes, faminâ duce, exuere coloniam, expugnare castra, ac, nisi felicitas in socordiam vertisset exuere jugum potuere: nos integri et indomiti, *et in libertatem non in renitentiam præliaturi*, primo statim congressu, unde ostendamus, quos sibi Caledonia viros seposuerit!"

The common reading is—"et libertatem non in præsentia laturi, primo statim congressu, non ostendamus, quos," &c.

THE FESTAL HOUR.

WHEN are the lessons giv'n
That shake the startled earth?—When wakes the foe
While the friend sleeps?—When falls the traitor's blow?

When are proud sceptres riv'n—

High hopes o'erthrown?—It is, when lands rejoice,
When cities blaze, and lift th' exulting voice,
And wave their banners to the kindling heav'n.

Fear ye the festal hour!

When mirth o'erflows, then tremble!—'Twas a night
Of gorgeous revel, wreaths, and dance, and light,

When, through the regal bow'r,

The trumpet peal'd, ere yet the song was done;
And there were shrieks in golden Babylon,
And trampling armies, ruthless in their pow'r.

The marble shrines were crown'd ;
 Young voices, through the blue Athenian sky,
 And Dorian reeds, made summer-melody,
 And censers wav'd around ;
 And lyres were strung, and bright libations pour'd,
 When, through the streets, flash'd out th' avenging sword,
 Fearless and free, the sword with myrtles bound* !

Through Rome a triumph pass'd.
 Rich in her sun-god's mantling beams went by
 That long array of glorious pageantry,
 With shout and trumpet-blast.
 An empire's gems their starry splendour shed
 O'er the proud march ; a king in chains was led,
 A victor, crown'd and rob'd, came stately last †.

And many a Dryad's bow'r
 Had lent the laurels, which, in waving play,
 Stir'd the warm air, and glisten'd round his way,
 As a quick-flashing show'r.
 O'er his own perch, meantime, the cypress hung ;
 Through his fair halls a cry of anguish rung—
 Woe for the dead !—the father's broken flow'r !

A sound of lyre and song,
 In the still night, went floating o'er the Nile,
 Whose waves, by many an old mysterious pile,
 Swept with that voice along ;
 And lamps were shining o'er the red wine's foam,
 Where a chief revel'd in a monarch's dome,
 And fresh rose-garlands deck'd a glittering throng.

'Twas Antony that bade
 The joyous chords ring out !—but screams arose
 Of wilder omen at the banquet's close !
 Sounds, by no mortal made ‡,
 Shook Alexandria through her streets that night,
 And pass'd—and with another sunset's light
 The kingly Roman on his bier was laid.

Bright midst its vineyards lay
 The fair Campanian city §, with its tow'rs
 And temples gleaming through dark olive-bow'rs,
 Clear in the golden day ;
 Joy was around it as the glowing sky,
 And crowds had fill'd its halls of revelry,
 And all the sunny air was music's way.

A cloud came o'er the face
 Of Italy's rich heaven !—its crystal blue
 Was changed, and deepen'd to a wrathful hue
 Of night, o'ershadowing space,
 As with the wings of death !—in all his pow'r
 Vesuvius woke, and hurl'd the burning show'r,
 And who could tell the buried city's place ?

* The sword of Harmodius.

† Paulus Æmilius, one of whose sons died a few days before, and another after, his triumph upon the conquest of Macedon, when Perseus, king of that country, was led in chains.

‡ See the description given by Plutarch, in his Life of Antony, of the supernatural sounds heard in the streets of Alexandria, the night before Antony's death.

§ Herculaneum, of which it is related, that all the inhabitants were assembled in the theatres, when the shower of ashes which covered the city, descended.

Such things have been of yore,
 In the gay regions where the citrons blow,
 And purple summers all their sleepy glow,
 On the grape-clusters pour ;
 And where the palms to spicy winds are waving
 Along clear seas of melted sapphire, laving,
 As with a flow of light, their Southern shore.

Turn we to other climes !
 Far in the Druid-isle a feast was spread,
 Midst the rock-altars of the warrior-dead *,
 And ancient battle-rhymes
 Were chaunted to the harp ; and yellow mead
 Went flowing round, and tales of martial deed,
 And lofty songs of Britain's elder time.

But ere the giant-fane
 Cast its broad shadows on the robe of even,
 Hush'd were the bards, and in the face of heaven,
 O'er that old burial-plain
 Flash'd the keen Saxon daggers !—Blood was streaming,
 Where late the mead-cup to the sun was gleaming,
 And Britain's hearths were heap'd that night in vain.

For they return'd no more,
 They that went forth at morn, with reckless heart,
 In that fierce banquet's mirth to bear their part ;
 And on the rushy floor,
 And the bright spears and bucklers of the walls,
 The high wood-fires were blazing in their halls ;
 But not for them—they slept—their feast was o'er !

Fear ye the festal hour !
 Aye, tremble when the cup of joy o'erflows !
 Tame down the swelling heart !—the bridal rose,
 And the rich myrtle's flow'r,
 Have veil'd the sword !—fired wines have sparkled fast
 From venom'd goblets, and soft breezes pass'd
 With fatal perfume through the revel's bow'r.

Twine the young glowing wreath !
 But pour not all your spirit in the song,
 Which through the sky's deep azure floats along,
 Like summer's quickening breath !
 The ground is hollow in the path of mirth,
 Oh ! far too daring seems the joy of earth,
 So darkly press'd and girdled in by death !

* Stonehenge, said by some traditions to have been erected to the memory of Ambrosius, an early British king ; and by others, mentioned as a monumental record of the massacre of British chiefs here alluded to.

WERNER, A TRAGEDY. BY LORD BYRON *. LONDON: MURRAY.

WHAT merit a writer can possibly claim, who only transfers into harsh, abrupt, and dislocated blank verse, what another has done incomparably better in prose,—who alters somewhat, adds a little, and embellishes nothing,—who, generally, takes the fable and the characters as he finds them already invented to his hand,—who, without being entitled to the slender and unenviable merit of either a translator or imitator, yet encumbers himself with all the difficulties and disadvantages peculiar to both—who appropriates, not merely the invention, but, in a great majority of instances, the very language of his original,—and, lastly whose title-page, nevertheless, bears that he is the *author* of the work so constructed—we profess no present inclination to determine. Yet we appeal to every one who has read “Werner,” if this be not a fair and correct statement of the *amount* of the literary merit to which the author of this tragedy can justly lay claim. Lord Byron, it is true, has, in his Preface, candidly admitted the extent of his obligation, and that he has “adopted the characters, plan, and even the language of many parts” of the “*German’s Tale, Kruitzner*,” published upwards of twenty years ago, in “*Lee’s Canterbury Tales* ;” but even this admission will not give our readers any thing like an adequate idea *how far* the appropriation has been carried, and *how little* the noble bard has himself contributed of the *material* of the work to which

his name is attached as the author. Regarding “Werner” as one of the most remarkable anomalies of modern literature, and as presenting almost the only example on record of a great poet sporting with his reputation, and deliberately and ostentatiously foregoing the highest praise to which his art can aspire—that of invention,—it will therefore be part of our business, in the following notice, to point out, by a few corresponding extracts, the servile fidelity with which his lordship has applied to his own use, what, by right of property, belongs exclusively to Miss Harriet Lee.

From what we have just said, all criticism of this play must either be superfluous, or, at least, twofold in its operation; for what we praise or blame in the tragedy, must be equally true of the tale, of which it is a mere slavish transcript. But though this be undoubtedly the case, and though Lord Byron has in some sort *ex cathedra* pronounced his opinion of “Kruitzner,” we shall, notwithstanding, take the liberty to say, that, in our judgment, (*valde quantum valere potest*,) we never perused a more monstrous, a more improbable, or a more revolting fiction. From beginning to end, it is filled with the most incredible incidents, which are made to evolve the most anomalous passions. The sufferings, wanderings, and destitution of Kruitzner, are represented as springing from causes that never influenced the conduct of any human being; if we except some of the straw-crowned monarchs of the Bethlem; and while his general conduct would show that he is one of the most de-

* Is Lord Byron’s poetry depreciated in the market, that the Publisher has given us this jolly, full-sized pamphlet at comparatively little more than half the usual rate of charge? We should be sorry, indeed, were our surmise to prove well-founded; although who can shut his eyes and his ears to the notorious truth, that “The Liberal” has given his Lordship’s reputation nearly a mortal shock, and that the importation of another cargo of blasphemy from Pisa, or Paris, would inevitably annihilate any little that survived the first rude concussion? It is evident that his Lordship has *fallen* as much in talent as in moral estimation; that some baleful and blighting influence is upon him; that the rod of the enchanter is broken; that the good has fled, and the evil only remains. This is a practical lesson, which can never be overprized or forgotten, to men who abuse the rarest and most valued gifts of Heaven, by converting its choicest blessings into an instrument of desperate but vain hostility against itself. Were it possible that this awful truth could yet reach the heart of the percant bard, and open his eyes to the situation to which he has reduced himself, he might still disencumber himself of the pollution which has so foully contaminated the well-springs of his genius, and he had be himself again!

cided, he is described as one of the most wavering and inconstant of mortals. It is true, his better nature arrests him when on the verge of committing a great crime; and although he is armed with the knife, and his deadly enemy sleeps unconsciously before him, he forbears to strike; but the power of conscience might have staid the fatal blow, without the necessity of bestowing upon him a constitutional infirmity of purpose. To preserve, however, the absurdity and incongruity of the character, he is made to commit a petty theft, and to steal the gold of him whom, in a moment of frenzied passion, he had meditated to deprive of life; and this, in circumstances in which it can be of little service, either to relieve his poverty, or facilitate his escape. The son, however, is intended to be the contrast, or, rather, the opposite of his father; and accordingly he, a youth of twenty, murders, almost in cold-blood, Stralenheim, the man whom, not twenty-four hours before, he had rescued from a watery grave. And this sets all matters to right. Nobody, it seems, thinks it worth while to inquire into the murder, and Kruitznor regains his paternal inheritance, and becomes Count Seigendorf. But murder will out; and how, the reader may ask, is it in this instance discovered, and the young assassin brought to justice? Why, he is not brought to justice at all, and never, so far as we can discover, betrays the least remorse for the horrid crime he had perpetrated: but a Hungarian adventurer, who had accidentally been a witness to the atrocious deed, appears before Count Seigendorf,—who all along believed him the murderer, and who had taken measures to have him seized,—proclaims his knowledge of the foul act,—and fairly states the price at which his lips may be sealed. Silence, however, may be bought too dear; and the son of the Count,—who boldly avows the crime,—taunts his father with having taught him the lesson he was so prompt to practise,—and admits that he had slain Stralenheim, as a short-hand method of getting rid of their common enemy, and the rival claimant of their inheritance,—gives it as his determination to trust only

to that silence which was never broken; in other words, to put to death the only witness of his crime! The father, shocked at the unnatural barbarity of his son, bribes and smugles out of his clutches the doomed Hungarian, and saves Conrad (or Ulric, as Lord Byron has baptized him,) from the guilt of concealing one murder by the commission of another. The son, enraged at the defeat of his dark purpose, abandons his father and his home, consociates with a gang of mess-troopers, and falls in an inglorious skirmish with a detachment of military sent to clear the country of these marauders. Count Seigendorf dies, of course, of a broken heart,—having long suffered the pangs of remorse, without being an actual criminal, and been entangled in a web of inextricable destiny, which all his efforts to break only drew closer and closer around him.

Now, from this hurried glance at the constituent parts of Miss Lee's tale, it is easy to see, that it can lay claim to no other merit than that of being a faithful imitation of the worst parts of the worst German Romances; that it affords no scope for the delineation of the passions by which men are commonly actuated; that its moral tendency is bad, inasmuch as it represents human actions as totally disconnected from human happiness, and reduces virtue to the rank of a mere accidental concomitant, over which the volitions of men possess no manner of controul, and which, instead of sustaining and consoling mankind under their afflictions, is, generally, the *primum mobile* of all the misery and persecution which they are destined undeservedly to experience. By all writers of this class, therefore, poetical justice is necessarily sacrificed to the prime purpose of producing "a deep impression;" an object which may indeed be attained at the expense of outraging our principles, shocking our virtuous sensibilities, and, in general, degrading our respect and reverence both for human nature and for the dispensations of Providence.

These observations apply to the drama before us, as much as to the tale of Miss Lee: and though, in the main, it is less offensive than some of

Lord Byron's former productions, it cannot be justly said to be free from something of the taint by which they are poisoned, or in any sense of the word which we can comprehend, to be favourable to virtue. There is, besides, little progression, and no thickening of the plot towards the catastrophe, which is evolved by means neither striking nor probable: and though his Lordship has introduced a new personage, Ida, the daughter of the murdered Stralenheim, as the betrothed bride of Ulrich, he has made her so fond, and so forward, and so unfeminine in her ridiculous penchant for her intended husband, that we are either disgusted, or provoked to laughter, at her girlish flippancy and want of maidenly reserve; while, otherwise, she is a mere incumbrance on the scene, and neither does nor says any thing to deepen its interest or its power. This, however, might have been in some sort redeemed, had the fatal discovery, that the man to whom she had plighted her troth was the murderer of her parent, precipitated her into some act of frenzy or despair: but his Lordship has risked no such experiment. He writes so closely by book, that he seems to have been afraid to trust himself much beyond the text, and even to wonder at his own audacity, in going the length he has done. The fair, the fond, the foolish, and the forward girl, therefore, when she discovers from his own lips what sort of a man she had well nigh had, for better and for worse, only exclaims, "Oh, great God! and have I loved this man!" to which his Lordship obligingly adds,—for we should not have got the information otherwise—"Ida falls senseless!"

His Lordship has moreover disrupted the story in a shocking manner. At the end of the Third Act, we find Werner flying from the dangers by which he believed himself surrounded, and oppressed with alarm, lest his flight should be interpreted into proof positive that he was the murderer of Stralenheim: and at the commencement of the Fourth Act, we find him as Count Seigendorf, firmly established in his hereditary honours and patrimony. In this, his Lordship has deviated from his original, and thereby considerably impaired the unity of

the action. The circumstances of Werner's flight were such as a dramatic poet of greater power would have turned to good account; and we are not sure that the account of it given by Miss Lee, together with the circumstances attendant on his restoration to his family honours and property, is not the most interesting, or at least the most natural part of her performance.

Again, with regard to the unities, for which Lord Byron was lately so great a stickler, they are here most unceremoniously transgressed. The scene of the first three acts is laid on the frontiers of Silesia, and of the remaining two, in the Castle of Seigendorf, near Prague. The time that elapses, or is conceived to elapse, is upwards of a year, which seems little enough for the revolutions that take place: and thus we have all the three unities openly and coolly contemned—the unity of *action*, as we have stated, by the hiatus between the third and fourth acts; the unity of *place*, by the shifting of the scene from Silesia to Bohemia; and the unity of *time*, by the period that intervenes between the commencement and the catastrophe. Now, it is something short of an age since Lord Byron told the public *ex cathedra*, that without the observance of the unities there might be poetry, but could be no drama, and that, till very lately, this was the law of literature throughout the world, "and is still so in the more civilized parts of it!" From which it is reasonable to infer, either that Lord Byron has read Johnson's Preface to his Shakespeare, and felt the irresistible force of his argument; or that he intends Werner for the less civilized parts of the world; or that he considers it to be no drama, but likely to float for a little on the surface of notoriety, on the strength of the powerful poetry which he has embodied in the framework of Miss Lee. If, however, his Lordship had got a ray of new light, and become less *unique* in his dramatic creed, it would have been but fair, after inflicting upon us so lately a formal confession of his anti-national faith, to have advertised us of the happy change; if he thinks we of this island, who tolerate, and, what is worse, ad-

uire the very irregularities of Shakespeare, are only gregarious savages unacquainted with the laws of "civilized" literature, it was not prudent in him to leave it in our power to draw such an inference: if, lastly, he trusts to the poetry, and leaves the fable, and the dialogue, and the characters, to shift for themselves, we fear he will find that he has been reckoning without his host, and that the reception of his play will convince him that even *his* name will not make mere measured and, what is worst of all, borrowed prose, to pass for the veritable effusions of the *mens divini*or which he once so eminently possessed. But without farther remark, we shall proceed to lay before our readers some specimens of this play; taking leave, in one instance, to set the original in contrast with the transcript.

The following is a brief method of asking a glass of wine. *

Gabor.—I have not yet put myself to sale:

In the mean time, my besteward would be
A glass of your Hockheimer, a *green*
glass,

Wreath'd with rich grapes and Bacchanal
devices,

O'erflowing with the oldest of your vin-
tage;

For which I promise you, in case you e'er
Run hazard of being drown'd, (although
I own

It seems, of all deaths, the least likely for
you,)

I'll pull you out for nothing. Quick, my
friend,

And think, for every bumper I shall quaff,
A wave the less may roll above your head.

Idenstein, in the original, is a different person from the Intendant of the gloomy Gothic and dilapidated palace, where Werner had taken up his temporary abode: Lord Byron, however, has seen fit to invest him with that character, and to present him to our view, as at once a selfish, cunning, artful knave, and consummate blockhead,—attributes which we should suppose not very likely to amalgamate. Fool and knave are rarely combined, if we may believe the proverb. But be that as it may, his Lordship obviously intends him as the mouth-piece of his own wit, to relieve a little the sombre and monotonous melancholy and gloom that

reign around. Here is a specimen,
I cringe! but I shall lose the opportunity—

Plague take it! he'll be *here* and I not
there!

And off he sets: but *this* is neither
"*here*" nor "*there*!"

The following soliloquy of Josephine, the wife of Werner, on observing the brutality of the Intendant to his retainers, is of a somewhat redeeming character.

Josephine, (coming forward).—I fain
would shun these scenes, too oft re-
peated,

Of feudal tyranny o'er petty victims;
I cannot aid, and will not witness such.
Even here, in this remote, unnamed, dull
spot,

The dimmest in the district's map, exist
The insolence of wealth in poverty

O'er something poorer still—the pride of
rank

In servitude, o'er something still more
servile;

And vice in misery affecting still
A tatter'd splendour. What a state of
being!

In Tuscany, my own dear sunny land,
Our nobles were but citizens and mer-
chants,

Like Cosmo. We had evils, but not
such

As these; and our all-ripe and gushing
valleys

Made poverty more cheerful, where each
herb

Was in itself a meal, and every vine
Rain'd, as it were, the beverage, which
makes glad

The heart of man; and the ne'er unfelt
sun

(But rarely clouded, and when clouded,
leaving

His warmth behind in memory of his
beams,)

Makes the worn mantle, and the thin robe,
less

Oppressive than an emperor's jewell'd
purple.

But here! the despots of the North ap-
pear

To imitate the ice-wind of their clime
Searching the shivering vassal through
his rags,

To wring his soul—as the bleak elements
His form. And 'tis to be amongst these
sovereigns

My husband pants! and such his *pride*
of birth—

That twenty years of usage, such as no
Father, born in a humble state, could
nerve

His soul to persecute a son withal
Hath changed no atom of his early nature;
But I, born nobly also, from my father's
Kindness was taught a different lesson.
Father!

May thy long-tried, and now rewarded
spirit,
Look down on us and our so long desired
Ulric! I love my son, as thou didst me!

Our next quotation develops the suspicions Stralenheim entertained that Werner was the rival he dreaded, and the means he intended to put in execution to accomplish his honourable purpose. He had just been robbed of a rouleau of gold by Werner, who had entered his chamber by a secret passage which he had accidentally discovered, and abstracted the packet while Stralenheim slept. Ulric having retired, Stralenheim thus soliloquizes:—

Stralenheim (solus).—A stalwart, active, soldier-looking stripling,
Handsome as Hercules ere his first labour,
And with a brow of thought beyond his
years

When in repose, till his eye kindles up
In answering yours. I wish I could engage him:

I have need of some such spirits near me
now,

For this inheritance is worth a struggle.
And though I am not the man to yield
without one,

Neither are they who now rise up between me
and my desire. The boy, they say, 's a
bold one:

But he hath play'd the truant in some hour
Of freakish folly, leaving fortune to
Champion his claims: that's well. The
father, whom

For years I've track'd, as does the blood-
hound, never

In sight, but constantly in scent, had put
me

To fault; but *hence* I have him, and that's
better.

It must be *he*! All circumstance pro-
claims it;

And careless voices, knowing not the
cause

Of my inquiries, still confirm it—Yes!
The man, his bearing, and the mystery
Of his arrival, and the time; the account,
too,

The Intendant gave (for I have not be-
held her)

Of his wife's dignified but foreign aspect;
Beside the antipathy with which we met,
As snakes and lions shrink back from
each other

By secret instinct that both must be foes.
Deadly, without being natural prey to
either:

All—all—confirm it to my mind: how-
ever,

We'll grapple, ne'ertheless. In a few hours
The order comes from Frankfort, if these
waters

Rise not the higher, (and the weather
favours

Their quick abatement,) and I'll have
him safe

Within a dungeon, where he may ~~at~~ touch
His real estate and name; and ~~there's~~
no harm done,

Should he prove other than I deem.
This robbery,

(Save for the actual loss) is lucky also:
He's poor, and that's suspicious—he's
unknown,

And that's defenceless,—true, we have
no proofs

Of guilt, but what hath he of innocence?
Were he a man indifferent to my pro-
spects,

In other bearings, I should rather lay
The inculpation on the Hungarian, who
Hath something which I like not; and
alone

Of all around, except the Intendant, and
The prince's household and my own, had
ingress

Familiar to the chamber.

Let us now for a moment turn our
attention to the extent of Lord By-
ron's draughts on the credit of Miss
Lee. Says Ulric,

Stralenheim

Is not what you prejudge him, or, if so,
He owes me something both for past and
present:

I sav'd his life, he therefore trusts in me;
He hath been plundered too, since he
came hither;

Is sick; a stranger; and as such not now
Able to trace the villain who hath rob'd
him, &c.

Miss Lee—"Stralenheim does not
appear to me altogether the man you
take him for:—but were it even
otherwise, he owes me gratitude, not
only for the past, but for what he
supposes to be my present employ-
ment. I saved his life, and he
therefore places confidence in me.
He has been robbed last night—is
sick—a stranger—and is in no con-
dition to discover the villain who
has plundered him," &c.

Lord Byron—"Who taught you,
long-sought and ill-found boy! that
it would be safe for my own son to
insult me?"

Miss Lee—"Who," added he, with increasing indignation, "has taught you, that it would be safe even for my own son to insult me?"

Let the reader pursue the comparison at his leisure through the remainder of this scene (the 2d of Act II.) and indeed through the whole play, and he will find, that in nine instances out of the ten, the words, as well as the story, have been literally borrowed; with little other alteration than may be made by any begrimed urchin of a printer's devil, who can count ten on his fingers, and has ten fingers to count withal.

Werner bribes the Intendant with a ring to furnish him with a calèche, and to facilitate his flight from the castle; and that worthy gentleman thus apostrophizes the brilliant which it contained:

Idenstein.—Oh, thou sweet sparkler!
Thou more than stone of the philosopher!
Thou touchstone of Philosophy herself!
Thou bright eye of the Mine! thou load-
star of
The soul! the true magnetic Pole to
which
All hearts point duly north, like trem-
bling needles!
Thou flaming Spirit of the Earth! which
sitting
High on the monarch's diadem, attractest
More worship than the Majesty who
sweats
Beneath the crown which makes his head
ache, like
Millions of hearts which bleed to lend it
lustre!
Shalt thou be mine? I am, methinks, al-
ready
A little king, a lucky alchymist!—
A wise magician, who has bound the
devil
Without the forfeit of his soul. But come,
Werner, or what else?

This, to be sure, is a foolish enough speech for an old babillard of a house-steward, and not very much in keeping with the avaricious and pawn-broking spirit in which he is represented as sharing so liberally. We presume it is rather more common, in such cases, to depreciate than to exaggerate the value of the article pledged; and certainly not very usual for customers to be indulged with a bombastical and pedantic rhapsody about the "stone of the philosopher," "the touchstone of philosophy," "the bright eye of the mine,"

"the load-star of the soul," "the true magnetic pole," "flaming spirits of the earth," "little kings," "lucky alchymists," "wise magicians who have bound the devil without the forfeit of their soul,"—*et hoc genus omne.*

The following passage, however, contains a beautiful thought, though rather of the nature of a conceit:

Gabor, solus.—Four—
Five—six hours have I counted, like the
guard
Of outposts on the never-merry clock;
That hollow tongue of Time, which, even
when
It sounds for joy, takes something from
enjoyment
With every clang. 'Tis a perpetual knell,
Though for a marriage feast it rings:
each stroke
Peals for a hope the less; the funeral note
Of Love deep-buried without resurrection
In the grave of Possession; while the knoll
Of long-lived parents finds a jovial echo
To triple Time in the son's ear.

We intended to make some extracts from the last scene; but, upon turning to "*Kruitzaer*," we found that it was merely a literal copy from the tale, even to the errors in the language, the only difference being, that the noble bard has printed it in decasyllabic lines. We shall therefore conclude this article, which we honestly admit we have found a very repulsive and up-hill employment, by pointing out one or two of those blunders for which the author alone seems to be responsible. We have not sought for them, and might, doubtless, have found many more.

At page 7, we meet with the following, enumerated among the miseries incidental to poor and houseless wretches, afflicted with that commonest and most hated of all evils—poverty:

The wind howls round them, and
The dull and dropping rain saps in their
bones
The creeping marrow.

Now, it occurs to us, that, while the skin and flesh remained entire, the "dull and dropping rain" would meet with some difficulty in reaching the "bones," and that, even if it did not, the notion of "rain" sapping "marrow" is rather more in King Cambyses' vein than we should have expected from so practised a writer as Lord Byron; famous, too, for the

contempt which he is always willing to pour on our "ungentle craft."

We have noticed a great number of instances of Lord Byron's inattention to the minutiae of grammatical construction,—as for example, "few can save *he* and *I*,"—which are the more unpardonable, as they might have so easily been avoided.

The following is, no doubt, very emphatic.

Fritz. He too disappear'd
Some months ago.

Idenstein. The devil he did !

Lord Byron has become a punster : he is not so formidable, however, in that small way, as some may be apt to imagine. Take a specimen :

Werner. It is a damned world, Sir.

Gabor. So is the nearest of the two next, as

The priests say (and no doubt they should know best.)

But we must have done. "Werner" we have read with unmingled regret. "Oh, what a falling-off is here !" Lord Byron tells us it contains the germ of much that he has already written. We believe him, because he says so, but cannot perceive it. But this is nothing. Lord Byron is either exhausted, or his genius is decayed. If the former, he should cease to force upon us proofs of his poverty ; if the latter, of his imbecility. We are unwilling to forget what he once was ; no power on earth can disguise from the world what he has become. He will never, we fear, succeed in the drama, either at first or second-hand ; but that he should have produced a regular play of five acts, without flinging over some part of so large a space some scintillations of that ardent and powerful spirit which we have seen exulting and disporting itself in all its strength and lusty vigour, is what nothing but the irresistible proba- tion of fact could ever have brought us to believe. But if he will persevere in his attempts to attain dramatic fame, why does he abandon the History and the Models of his own country, to seek for subjects in the petty annals of the petty states of Italy, or the German Romances of horror, and for examples in a li-

terature which is, both in principle and in kind, diametrically opposed to the opinions, feelings, and prejudices, of a great majority of the nation for whom he writes ? No writer, who thus cavalierly sets himself against the strong current of public opinion, ever succeeded : he foregoes one of the greatest chances of success,—touching the chords of national feeling, and awakening in the minds of his readers a sympathy with his story, his characters, and his sentiments. Much depends upon this nice adaptation, especially in an age confessedly poor in dramatic talent. It is not enough that Shakespeare and Otway have succeeded in the line which Lord Byron has chosen ; for his Lordship is neither a Shakespeare nor an Otway. But how did these immortal writers succeed ? By borrowing slavishly from Italian Histories or Romances, not merely the outline of the story, but, likewise, the characters, sentiments, and language ? No : but by painting man with such passions, and prejudices, and errors, as belong to his nature in all ages and in all countries ; by appealing directly to the indestructible laws of humanity ; by a faithful representation of character and passion, undisguised and unperverted by metaphysical subtilties and preposterous accompaniments ; in short, by drawing their pictures from the fresh, living, and acting subject, not from the festering, mutilated, and disgusting relics of the Anatomist's dissecting-room. Let Lord Byron enter without delay upon the same course,—let his eye be upon man and the world, not upon the monstrosities and anomalies which have emanated from distempered minds,—let him be more careful to represent, embody, and create, than to describe or decompose,—and we venture to predict, that, even if he fail, his failure will not prove mortal to his reputation. Finally, let him follow the judicious example of the Archbishop of Grenada, and, without delay, procure an honest Secretary. He may thus get a judicious and seasonable hint ; and though he kick Mr Secretary out of doors, after he has done his duty, we, for our parts, shall be the last to quarrel with him for indulging his testy humour.

SCRAPS OF THE COVENANT.

No. I.

ALEXANDER PEDEN,

OR,

"The Cock of the North."

"He farther A, he did not believe that God had made the greater part of mankind with saddles on their backs, and bridles in their mouths; and some few booted and spurred, to ride the rest."—*Scots Worthies*, p. 551.

As you pass by the high road from Dumfries to Port-Patrick, you ~~come~~ suddenly, and, if you are a stranger, unexpectedly, after a most tiresome and dreary stage, upon the snug and neatly-constructed village of Glenluce. Here your acquaintance with the sea, which had been interrupted for some time, is again, under very inviting and prepossessing circumstances, renewed; and in passing onwards towards the extensive oak forests of Park Place*, you encounter the bridge, from which you have an opportunity, if your conveyance is not unusually rapid in its movements, of catching a glimpse or peep of the sweet and retired, and every way picturesque vale of Luce. If you are, however, on your way to catch the passage-boat at Port-Patrick, being charged with dispatches for the Castle at Dublin; or, if you are travelling for orders, and are anxious to reach Belfast in time for pre-occupying the market from some flourishing rival in the trade; or, if you are an Irish member returning in haste on the dissolution of Parliament, to secure your re-election to your former office and honours; or, if you are engaged in the droving and transference of cattle, and are hastening on for the Roodmas fair at Dumfries; or, if you are one of that respectable and numerous class denominated country gentlemen, migrating townwards or homewards to your native rookery, as the season may suit; on any one of these, and of several additional and similar suppositions, you are free, after paying toll opposite to the Mains of Park, to pass on: there is absolutely nothing to which I can invite you, which would either interest or repay you for the loss of time and temper sustained by

the delay. But if, on the other hand, you happen to be travelling with the view of enriching your mind, and of passing a few harvest weeks at once profitably and agreeably,—if you have any one hobby on earth which separates you from the herd of mankind, and which connects you with what are termed the moral or the natural beauties of the globe which we inhabit, ~~then~~ I advise, and even entreat you, to penetrate into the more retired and remote windings and sinuosities of this stream and valley of Luce. A day spent here will afford ample food for many an hour's agreeable reflection afterwards, as you lie sleepless upon your bed, amidst the protracted darkness of a winter-night, or dissolve into visionary and heart-soothing recollections, stretched out in your easy-chair, enjoying your afternoon's nap. Independently of that silent and inviting seclusion, of that complete separation on every side from the world *without*, which confers upon this singularly sequestered spot the aspect and the expression of the happy valley of Rasselas,—you cannot fail to be arrested by the monuments and indications of the mighty past which the fine ruin of Glenluce Abbey, and the mouldering turrets of the old mansion-house of Park, so strikingly present to your view. Over this venerable landscape, Religion, in all her drapery of hood, and surplice, and cowl, has so long and so imposingly presided, that the very earth and air still breathe, as it were, of her presence; and even that simple Presbyterian manse, which rises like the "flower of the wilderness," amidst the waste of ancient magnificence and splendour, receives and imparts an expression of interest from the majestic ruins, under the shadow and the shelter of which it stands, and out of the very fragments of which it has arisen. Alas! that the warmest heart which ever beat to the tune of friendship, hospitality, and good-fellowship, should now be cold, and undistinguishable, from the most sordid dust with which it is associated! otherwise it were impossible for any ~~one~~, who bears the character of stranger, to pass that door, without partaking of the landlady's best cheer, the landlord's

* The present proprietor of the lands of Park holds them by a grant from Pope Pius V.

bottle, and the minister's hearty welcome and parting benedictions!

As you ascend the valley, you will find the stream gradually diminish, and the glen contract, till the "water," as it is termed, has assumed the aspect of a burn, and the glen imperceptibly narrowed into a ravine or *lunn*, over which the mountain torrent is urged with considerable noise and velocity. Near by the brow or brink of this cataract or linn, you will perceive a homely kirk, with a suitable accompaniment of manse and garden, of kirk-yard and glebe, lying grouped together in kindly association, and diffusing widely in expression, from the rugged, heathy, and rocky mountains by which this oasis in the desert is hemmed in. Here it is my wish and request that you rest you for a little, for of this secluded spot, with its religious establishment, I have a few particulars to mention.

This is the parish of Newluce, and that is the very church within the walls of which ALEXANDER PLEDEN preached; and in that very manse, or in one, at least, upon the same site, this zealous and undaunted non-conformist, whilst officiating, for the space of three years, as Presbyterian minister of this parish, dwelt. It was within the brow of that dark and deafening linn that his wristlings and combats with Satan and sin were so strenuously and unyieldingly maintained; and it was amidst the mist and the cloud, which rest almost continually upon that mountain's brow, that the spirit of man communed with the power, and the presence, and the agency of God; and that an imagination naturally lively, and a heart overcharged with religious zeal and devotional feeling, saw, and felt, under no ordinary degree of intensity and impression. It is one thing to sit down calmly by our peaceful firesides in the year Eighteen hundred and twenty-two, discoursing dispassionately respecting the superstition and bigotry of the year Sixteen hundred and sixty-two; and it is quite another thing to convey ourselves, in imagination, to the remote period we are speaking of, and to place ourselves precisely in the situation of those whose conduct we are disposed to censure. If such

men as Samuel Johnson, and even Sir Walter Scott, in more recent and more enlightened times, have not been altogether raised above the influence of superstition, is it to be wondered at, that honest, able, and zealous men, in these early ages of twilight information, were all their lives long kept in bondage? But the character of Peden, viewed as it has long been by the great body of the people—through his weaknesses and peculiarities exclusively,—has been falsely and injuriously apprehended. The educated and erudite scholar,—the eloquent and persuasive orator,—the zealous and resolved non-conformist,—the conscientious reformer and undaunted soldier of the cross,—have all, in progress of time, been sunk and buried in the dreaming enthusiast and visionary prophet,—in the denouncer of woes and triple woes to Scotland,—and in the familiar and irreverent dispenser of God's power and providence. And this, after all, is not a singular instance. Every child has heard of Geordy Buchanan—of the King's fool, the most absurd and incorrigible jester of his day!—but the "few" only recognise, in that mighty name, the philosopher, the historian, and the scholar; those prominent and imperishable features of his real character, by which he will, through all ages, be acknowledged and honoured. When the mother informs her son that there is not such a word as the one the child has made use of, in "a' Davie Lindsay," has she any, even the most distant apprehension, of the real merits of the poet's works to which she has thus contemptuously referred? "Thomas the Rhymer" is no very dignified appellation in the mouth of the multitude; nor am I disposed to concede, even to his highness Joseph Miller, all that infamy of low wit and vulgar buffoonery with which, under the familiar designation of Joe, he is almost universally saddled. And by a process precisely similar, has the truly-respectable character of Peden dwindled down, in a succession of years, through penny pamphlets and traditional narrative, into that of a drivelling retailer of dreams and experiences.

These observations, which have

hitherto been made with a reference to Peden exclusively, are in a greater or a less degree applicable to almost all of these truly venerable names, with which are associated the great work of reformation, first and last. There are thousands in Scotland who are at this moment reaping the benefit of that zeal and resolution which the martyrs for our Presbyterian church and limited monarchy displayed, and who are, at the same time, either entirely ignorant of the fact, or have, of late years in particular, been led to exchange ignorance for prejudice and misrepresentation; to homologate the constitutional and loyal efforts of the old covenanters, with the infatuated and disaffected conduct of our modern reformers or radicals. Nothing, however, can be more unjust or injurious to the dead, who cannot now vindicate themselves, than this method of proceeding, as any impartial person, who will take the trouble of comparing the Presbyterian Confession of Faith with the National and Solemn Leagues and Covenants*, will immediately and in-

vitably ascertain. The fact is, that after making the necessary allowance and deduction on the score of the times, of excited passions, and of a spirit of zeal and patriotism, exasperated and inflamed by the most unblushing perfidy, and the most galling and insufferable oppression, there remains to the covenanters a residue of manly, intrepid, conscientious, and truly patriotic conduct, which is more than enough to throw into shade, and into comparative insignificance, those spots and blemishes from which the most splendid luminaries are not exempted. Many a man has appreciated and exhibited the sins and the follies of David, of Solomon, of Peter, or of Paul, who came far short of their predominating virtues; and many an impertinent, chirping jackanapes has spoken and written disrespectfully of the Scots Worthies, whose narrow and cheeping souls might never perceive or appreciate the one thousandth part of their leading and characteristic excellencies.

I believe there never was such a sad Sabbath witnessed as that upon which nearly four hundred of the established clergy of Scotland preached their farewell sermons and addresses to their several congregations. It was a day, as the historians of that period express it, of "wailing and of loud lamentation, as the weeping of Jazer when the

* In the "National League and Covenant" subscribed by the King in 1580, afterwards, by all ranks, in 1581, again subscribed in 1590, and latterly in 1638 and 39, are the following, amongst other equally loyal expressions:—"Likens all lieges are bound to maintain the King's Majesty's royal person and authority, the authority of Parliament, and the subjects' liberties, who ought only to live and be governed by the King's laws, &c."

And in the Solemn League and Covenant we find these words:—"We, noblemen, barons, knights, gentlemen, citizens, burgesses, ministers of the gospel, and commons of all sorts in the kingdoms of Scotland, England, and Ireland, by the providence of God, living under one King, and being of one religion, &c."

In the famous "*Jus Populi Vindicatum*," so often referred to by the suffering brethren afterwards, is the following plain and avowed statement:—

"When this King (Charles II.) was crowned, and solemnly inaugurated, he not only renewed these solemn vows and engagements, but upon these terms and conditions was he admitted;—the people declared their willingness to admit of him as King, the sword was put in his hand, and accepted; the people did swear fidelity and allegiance, according to these covenants; the like did the nobles, one by

one, viz. swear to be true and faithful to them according to the National and Solemn League and Covenant. And all this was afterwards ratified, concluded, and enrolled, in a full and free Parliament, &c."

The similarity betwixt this "restoration to the throne" of King Charles, in as far as Scotland was concerned, under certain conditions, however, and engagements, upon the breaking of which, he forfeited his claim to the obedience and fealty of his subjects; and that "coronation oath, or conventional League and Covenant," under the benefit of which "King William" was afterwards admitted to the sovereignty of the British empire, at the period of our happy Revolution, must strike every candid and unprejudiced observer. Had King William conducted himself, after his accession, as King Charles the Second did after the Restoration, he had not long continued (de facto) King of these Isles!

lords of the heathen had broken down her principal plants ; and as the mourning of Rachel, who wept for her children, and would not be comforted." On the 4th day of October 1662, a council, under the commission of the infatuated and ill-advised Middleton, was held at Glasgow, and in an hour of reported intoxication, and of undeniable precipitancy, it was resolved and decreed, that all those ministers of the church of Scotland, who had, by a popular election, entered upon their cures since the year 1649, should, in the first instance, be *ousted*, nor permitted to resume their pulpits, or demand their stipends, till they had received a presentation at the hands of the lay patron, and submitted to induction from the diocesan bishop. In other words, Presbytery was to be abolished in behalf of Prelacy, and the mandate of the Prince, or of his privy council, was to be considered, in future, as *law* in all matters, whether civil or ecclesiastical. This was indeed laying the axe at once, and boldly, to the root of the constitution ; and had this early and happily-precipitant measure been submitted to, Presbytery, with all her beneficial accompaniments of parochial schools and church-door provision for the poor, had been finally overturned. The will of the Prince had superseded the voice of the nation, and we had either been plunged, long ere now, into a second bloody and protracted Revolution, or have become the subservient ministers and instruments of regal, or rather of ministerial despotism. It was not to be supposed that the descendants and admirers of Knox, and Hamilton, and Welsh, and Melville, would calmly and passively submit to this,—and accordingly, the 20th day of October, the last Sabbath which, without conformity to the order of council, the proscribed ministers were permitted to preach, was a day looked anxiously forward to before it arrived, and remembered, to their dying day, by all who witnessed it. It was my fortune, in the earlier part of my life, to be acquainted with an old man, upwards of ninety, an inhabitant of the village of Glenluce, whose grandfather was actually present at the farewell or parting sermon which

Mr Peden delivered to his parishioners. I have conversed with this aged chronicler so frequently and so fully upon the subject, that I shall endeavour to retail to you the facts and the circumstances which were stated, not, indeed, in his own words, but assuredly in the spirit, and in somewhat of the manner, of my authority :—

" I remember well, it seems but yesterday, (it is the grandfather of my informant who is represented as speaking), the appearance of the morning of this never-to-be-forgotten day. It had rained overnight, and the morning was still doubtful ; the mist trailed like the smoke of a furnace, white and rugged, along the hill-tops ; the lower country was overshadowed with a dark, and a kind of melancholy gloom ; the heavens above seemed to have imported to the earth and to the sea a sullen and angry expression. I rose early, as was my wont on the Sabbath morning particularly, and ascended towards the summit of the Knock ; and I had not continued above an hour in meditation and secret prayer, when I heard the eight-o'clock bells begin to toll. From the commanding position which I occupied, and from the stillness and damp of the morning, I could hear distinctly almost every bell in the Presbytery of Stranraer. The tones of these bells, which chimed into one another in the sweetest and most harmonious manner, rung through my soul, and affected me even to tears : I could not help reflecting upon the labour and the blood, at the expense of which these hallowed sounds had been secured to us—upon the many souls now happily members of the church of the first born, who had joyed as we now joyed, when it was said unto them through the instrumentality of these bells, ' Go up unto the House of God ; ' contrasting, at the same time, all this, with the sad and woeful prospect which now lay before us,—a silenced, or a hireling ministry—and the summoning to the house of voluntary prayer, and eagerly-courted instruction, converted into one of compulsory and fashionless addresses, delivered in coldness and carelessness, and heard, if heard at all, without soul-com-

fort, or spiritual benefit. Even at this early period, I could see, every here and there, blue-bonnets, and black and white plaids, and scarlet mantles, mixing with, and emerging at intervals from the creeping and broken mist; nor was I at any loss, apprized as I was of the peculiarity of this day's work, to guess the object of their early travel.

"I went immediately home, and breakfasted, and as I had upwards of four miles to walk, ere I could reach the Kirk of Newluce, I immediately, and in company with my wife and only daughter, set out upon my travel. By the time that we had gained the rising ground above the Abbey, and could command a view for two miles onward, the mist had gathered up, and condensed into dark, and somewhat threatening clouds; and we could see every sheep-tract, and foot-path, and more regularly-formed road, absolutely crowded and covered with church-going people. 'Old MacBroom,' said my wife to me, as we passed by the corner of the manse garden at the Abbey, 'Old Morality may preach to caul' stane and lime wa's the day; I think he'll no get mony to hear him; but he has gotten the Bishop's service-book, they tell me, and the laird's presentation to boot, an' sae he'll no fash his thumb muckle; it will be lang or he tak' to the hills, or get himself banished frae the county, and the kintry side, for the love of God, and of his covenanted work, I trow. His brosy cheeks and fat sides wa'd tak' ill wi' spare diet, and a bed amang the caul' moss heather, I warrant.' How long this soliloquy of my wife had continued, for neither my daughter nor I found ourselves free to join in the reprobation of any man, merely upon supposition or conjecture, I know not,—for we were interrupted suddenly by the laird o' Belkail, who, riding up to us upon a spirited gelding, questioned every one as he passed them, respecting the object, and admonished them at the same time, upon the danger and disloyalty of this 'unlawful gathering,' as he termed it. My wife, whose zeal was at all times fully a match for her temper and her prudence, was upon the very eve of breaking through all decency and

good manners, and of forgetting the respect and reverence which is due to superiors in rank, and by the appointment of Providence, when I found it necessary, in order to prevent worse, to interpose, by telling the laird that we meant nothing but peace and good order; and thus, in following the scripture injunction, I turned aside wrath by a mild answer, and the laird suddenly reined in his horse, grumbled a few inarticulate sentences, turned the beast's head in the opposite direction, and left us.

"The doors of the Kirk of Newluce had been thrown open early in the morning, but owing to the immense concourse of people, a tent had been latterly erected on the brae-face, opposite to the kirk-stile, and the multitude had settled, and were, when we arrived, settling down, like bees around their queen, on all sides of it. Having advanced suddenly over the height, and come, all at once, within view of this goodly assembly, we found them engaged, till Mr Peden's appearance, in singing the 32d psalm*. The precentor was just in the act of giving out these appropriate and comforting lines—

'Thou art my hiding-place, thou shalt
From trouble set me free;
And with songs of deliverance
About shalt compass me,'

when Peden made his appearance above the brow of the adjoining linn, where he had probably been engaged for some time in preparatory and private devotion. He advanced with the pulpit Bible under his arm, and with a rapid, though occasionally a hesitating step. The eyes of the whole multitude were turned towards him; but he seemed lost in meditation, and altogether careless or unconscious of his exposed situation. His figure was diminutive, but his frame seemed athletic and active. He wore a blue bonnet, such as was then generally worn by the peasantry, from beneath which his dark hair flowed out over his shoulders, long, lank, and dishevelled.

* This was customary of old times. The precentor generally entered his desk, and commenced singing, about a quarter of an hour before the minister appeared.

His complexion was sallow, and his eyes dark, keen, and penetrating, with a certain expression of kindness and good nature, however, which softened the general cast of his countenance. Except that his coat and waistcoat were black, no other part of his dress seemed to proclaim the clerical profession, for he wore what are termed drab-coloured plush breeches, with striped stockings, or hose, of the Sanghar pattern and manufacture. He had neither gown nor band, but had his shirt neck tied up with a narrow stock of uncommon whiteness. Thus habited, he approached the congregation, who rose up to make way for him, ascended the ladder attached to the back-door of the tent, and forthwith proceeded to the duties of the day.

‘Therefore, watch and remember, that for the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one, night and day, with tears.’ These words were read out in a firm, though somewhat of a shrill and squeaking tone of voice; and as he lifted up his eyes from the sacred page, and looked east and west around him, there was a general preparatory cough, and adjustment of position and dress, which clearly bespoke the protracted attention which was about to ensue. And truly, although he continued to discourse from twelve o’clock noon till dusk, I cannot say that ever I felt tired or hungry. Nor did it appear that the speaker’s strength or matter failed him. Nay, he even rose into a degree of fervour and impressive eloquence towards the close, which none who were present ever heard equalled. They, indeed, who have no other standard to try the power of conscience-rousing and truly evangelical preaching by, than the comparatively cold and soothing generalities of later times, can never be made acquainted with the effects which Mr Peden’s colloquial and homely, but heart-searching and sin-crucifying sermon, this day produced. Neither speaker nor hearers could, or even attempted, to refrain tears, and in various instances, individuals were seized with faintings, and absolutely screamed aloud. Nor were these occurrences past over by the speaker unnoticed, for whilst he earnestly recommended every hu-

mane and suitable assistance to be administered, he as regularly interwove the occurrence as a subject of illustration, exhortation, example, or warning, with the main subject of discourse.

‘And now, my friends,’ continued he, in a concluding appeal to their consciences, ‘and now I am about to warn you of the future, as well as to admonish you in respect of the past. Ye’ll see nae mair o’ puir Sandy, and ye’ll hear nae mair either, after this day’s wark; see ye that puir bird, (at this moment a hawk had dashed down in the view of the whole congregation, in pursuit of its prey,) see ye that puir panting lavrock which has now fled into that dark and deep linn, for safety and for refuge, from the claws and beak of its pursuer? I’ll tell ye what, my friends, the twosome did na drift down this way, from that dark cloud, and along that bleak heathery brae-face, for naething. They war sent, they war commissioned, and if ye had a’ risen to your feet ere they passed, and cried ‘Shew,’ ye could na ha’e frightened them out o’ their course. They cam, to testify of a persecuted remnant, and of a cruel pursuing foe,—of a kirk which will soon ha’e to betake herself like a bird, to the mountains; and of an enemy, which will not allow her to rest, by night nor by day, in the dark caves o’ the linn, nor amidst the damp and the caul’ mosses o’ the hill ‘They cam’, and they were welcome, to gie auld Sandy a warning too, an’ to bid him tak’ the bent as fast as possible, to flee even this very night for the pursuer is at hand. But hooly, Sirs; we mauna part till our wark be finished. As an auld writer used to word it—‘till our wark is finished, we are immortal.’ I ha’e e’en done my best, as the Apostle said, for these three years among ye, an’ I ha’e this day the consolation, in taking my farewell o’ ye a’, to think that I ha’e several seals o’ my ministry to testify, before men and angels, that I ha’e na been idle. And had it been His plan or His pleasure, to ha’e permitted me to have laid down my aul’ bones, whan I had na’e mair use for them, beneath ane o’ the ‘through stanes’ there, I canna say but I wad ha’e been content. But since it is no His guid and His sovereign pleasure,

that this should be the case, I ha'e ac request to mak' be fore we separate this night, never in this place to meet again!—(hereupon, the sobbing and the bursting forth of hitherto-suppressed sorrow, was almost universal;) an' ye maun a' stand up on your feet, and lift up your hands, and swear before the great God of heaven and of earth, (there was a general rising and show of hands,

whilst the speaker continued,) that till an independent Presbyterian Minister ascend the pulpit, you will never enter the door o' that kirk naiv. And let this be the solemn league and covenant betwixt you and me, and betwixt my God and your God, in all time coming, even to eternity itself!

“During the latter part of this address, my hair began to move; I felt a kind of creeping shivering come over my limbs, and travel into my heart, and I discovered that my wife and daughter had clung to my arms, and w're absolutely trembling. In this standing position, which we had thus, as it were, almost involuntarily and instinctively assumed, the last prayer was heard, and the concluding psalm was sung:

‘For he in his Pavilion shal,
Me hide in evil days;
In secret of his tent me hide,
And on a rock me raise.’

“I never listened to a sound, nor beheld a spectacle, more overpowering. The night cloud had come down on the hill above us; the sun had set, and withdrawn even his intercepted beams from the brown heath; it was twilight, and the united and full swing of the voice of praise, ascended through the veil of evening, from the thousands of lips, even to heaven's gate. We were worshipping God with one accord, in his most magnificent temple—in *that*, namely, which hands of men had never constructed. Whilst we continued singing, our venerable Pastor descended from the tent—the word of God in his hand, and the accents of praise on his lips; and at the concluding line, he stood, fairly and visibly, out by himself, upon the entry towards the east door of the kirk. Having shut the door, and locked it, in the view, and in the hearing of

the people, he knocked upon it thrice, with the back of the pulpit Bible, accompanying this action with these words, audibly and distinctly pronounced—‘I arrest thee in my Master's name, that none ever enter by thee, save those who enter by the door of Presbytery, as I have done!’ so saying, he ascended the wall at the kirk-stile, opened his hands abroad, to the utmost stretch of his arms, and in the most solemn and impressive manner, pronounced the usual valedictory benediction, and dismissed the multitude.

“In a few days after the delivery of this memorable discourse, this indefatigable servant of God was found thrashing corn, in a barn in Ireland, where, having, afterwards, possessed himself of a meeting-house, he remained for a considerable time, distinguished amongst that imaginative and warm-hearted people, as John Welsh had been formerly, by the familiar and descriptive designation of

‘THE COCK O' THE NORTH.’”

T. G.

A TRAIT OF SWISS CHARACTER.

IN a delightful, but solitary part of the canton of **, resided, within the memory of the present day, the venerable old man Wilhelm **, the richest yeoman of the country. Sincerely beloved by the children whom his industrious wife had left him, and whom he educated, in his retirement, according to the ancient customs of Switzerland; cherished and esteemed by his neighbours, and all with whom he had connection or intercourse; the days of his declining life glided peacefully and brightly along. His only remaining wish was to divide his ample possessions, before his departure from this world, amongst the four sons, in whom he had the happiness of beholding the comeliest and most robust youths of the whole canton, and whose future worth and prosperity he anticipated with the sanguine confidence of a parent.

In the summer of the year 1797 he sent his youngest and favourite son, Benedict, on a message to his intimate friend, who lived beyond the mountain-stream which formed the

boundary between his own and the adjacent canton. The short, but fearful way, which led through a rocky path, and over a steep, narrow, and tottering bridge, had been repeatedly traversed by the boy in safety, for the neighbours had frequent communication, and entertained a cordial regard for each other, undisturbed by the difference of their religious belief. Once more, and with all the speed of youth, Benedict set out on his journey:—"Do not run so hastily," exclaimed his father, "and be careful as you pass the bridge."

Evening came, and the boy returned not to his home. The father was with difficulty persuaded that he had remained to pass the night at his neighbour's house. Thither, with the dawn of morning, he himself repaired—but in vain; the son had not made his appearance there on the preceding day; he had been seen by no one, nor was there a trace of him to be discovered. After eight miserable days of fruitless researches and inquiries, his body was found at a distance, to which the waves had borne it down the stream, crushed amongst the rocks, and terribly disfigured. The old man had lost his dearest earthly treasure, and it was long before his sorrow would admit of any consolation, but that derived from a daily visit to the grave of his son, where he loved to pray, and to sprinkle the turf with holy water. Scarcely had the wound occasioned by this calamity been closed, when the storm of revolution burst upon Switzerland. Wilhelm lamented the fate of his country, but had to bewail a still heavier affliction in his own family; for his eldest son, forsaking the paths of humble life, greeted this event as one which presented an opening to his more ambitious hopes, and joyfully welcomed the strangers, whose arrival promised him an opportunity of rising far above his original rank.

His wishes were soon gratified, by the attainment of an office attached to the executive power of the new government. Intoxicated with joy by this sudden elevation, he displayed the most unrelenting rigour in fulfilling the tasks it imposed upon him, and soon made himself the object of

as much hatred in the canton as his father was of respect and love.

Not far from the abode of Wilhelm lived another respectable countryman, with whom he had long been in habits of friendly intercourse. This person had two sons, who, though of originally good dispositions, were violent in their passions, and fearful in the wildness of their utterly undisciplined natures. Enthusiastically attached to the ancient order of things, they opposed the progress of innovation with all their energies, and set no bounds to the fury with which they reviled whatever seemed to proceed from, or be it any way connected with, the revolutionary system. These young men were one day at work in a remote field of their father's, where their conversation turned upon the calamities of their country, the acts of violence and oppression to which they were subjected, and the bitterness of their own uncontrollable and exasperated feelings. They had given free course to the most vehement expressions of indignation, and worked themselves up to a state of ungovernable wrath, when Meinrad, the son of Wilhelm, and the newly-appointed agent of government, rode past their field mounted upon a stately horse. The sight of his glittering tri-coloured scarf aggravated their fury to the utmost, and they swore to take vengeance on the spot, for their own and their country's injuries. They immediately pursued him, exclaiming, "Let us do as Tell and Baumgarten did of old!" struck him from his horse with stones, and beat him till he expired under their hands.

Scarcely, however, had the crime been perpetrated, when the feelings of human nature once more awoke within their souls. They were struck with sudden dismay, and the voice of Conscience cried aloud, that they had committed murder. They saw too late that their action was not like the actions of Tell or Baumgarten, and the fearful conviction burst upon them, that it could not long remain concealed, and that they had become amenable to the punishment of murderers. In fear and trembling, they hastily threw the body into one of the ditches of their field, and hurrying away, without even taking leave of their father,

fled beyond the Rhine, and enlisted as private soldiers. At the end of three years they obtained their discharge. There was some reason to hope that their crime might be forgotten, from its having been committed during a time of revolutionary outrage and general disorder; but they had still to fear the father and remaining brothers of their victim, and, in order to avoid the accusations of these, it seemed necessary that they should still continue in exile. They, at last, determined to return home as secretly as possible, and to persuade their father, should he be still living, to dispose of his possessions, and settle with them in some other part of the world.

They returned accordingly, and found him bowed down by affliction, but, nevertheless, rejoiced again to welcome them home. From him they learned, that the aged Wilhelm was not likely long to survive the dreadful fate of his son; that their hasty flight, and the discovery of the corpse in their field, had conspired to draw suspicion upon them, but that Wilhelm had never accused them, never allowed them to be pursued, nor made the slightest inquiry after the place of their retreat. This narration induced the sons to visit Wilhelm, make a full and penitent confession of their guilt, and throw themselves, without reserve, upon his mercy and forgiveness.

"Be at peace," said the noble old man; "remain with your father, and in your home;—I will not accuse you;—I seek no revenge. You have brought unutterable affliction on my declining life, but I know too well the meaning of the words, *bereft of sons*, to desire that your own father should ever understand their full bitterness. Even in the event of my death, you shall have nothing to apprehend from my remaining children." These last were summoned, and persuaded to confirm, with honest hearts, their father's forgiveness of the repentant criminals.

Wilhelm continued to prove himself a firm and faithful friend. The property of his neighbours had suffered considerably in consequence of their absence: he assisted them, both by advice and otherwise, to repair the losses they had sustained. The pe-

nitents earnestly endeavoured to atone for their crime, and make their peace with Heaven, by prayers for their own pardon, and masses for the soul of the dead.

A large monumental stone now marks the place where Meinrad sleeps.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EDINBURGH
MAGAZINE.

Relugas, 12th July 1822.

SIR,

IN your Magazine for April last, there is a Review of what is called Lord Fountainhall's Diary, a work lately edited by Sir Walter Scott, upon which I beg you will permit me to make a few remarks.

The Reviewer gives the following account of the MS. from which the book has been printed:

"This Diary appears to have shared the fate of many of the manuscript relics of great men. By some accident, after the death of Lord Fountainhall, it fell into the hands of a frantic Jacobite called Milne, a writer in Edinburgh, who immediately commenced operations on this valuable memorial of the learned Judge, erasing some passages, inserting others, and interpolating the whole. So successful has he been in his purpose, that it is now no longer possible to determine the respective shares of Lord Fountainhall and the mischievous scribe, so closely and inseparably have the corruptions been interwoven with the text."

Now, supposing this to be the true description of the MS., I certainly think that it ought not, in fairness, to be reviewed as Lord Fountainhall's work, after the admission that it is now no longer possible to determine which part of it belongs to him. But the truth is, that Fountainhall never had any thing to do with the MS. in question; no part of it is in his handwriting; and it is in reality a perverted abbreviation of the curious notices contained in the learned Judge's various MSS. by the "mischievous scribe," who has so abridged, altered, and interpolated the readings from which he or his amanuensis copied, that in many places the sense is twisted to a meaning diametrically opposite to that of the original author. This universally happens in

those cases where any political remark or historical statement in the genuine MS. was calculated to offend the "frantic and furious Mr Milne," who, to bring the passage into harmony with his own Jacobitical feelings, invariably dyes it of that black hue, which is said to have tinged the mouths of the spaniels and other followers of the unfortunate house of Stuart. Whatever Fountainhall's political opinions may have been, therefore, it is manifest that we can form no true judgment of them from their distorted and reversed image, as presented to us in the MS. of Mr Milne. And accordingly, to show how the Reviewer has been misled by this shadow, I have only to quote the following from the Magazine:

"The insinuation against the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., contained in the following passage, is the sole reason for our extracting it, and accounts sufficiently to us for the *suspicious* entertained of Lord Fountainhall, subsequent to the Revolution." He then goes on to quote, in italics, from the work, 'The Prince of Orange prompted him (Monmouth) to come over, that he might fall in the expedition, and thereby make way for his usurpation of the crown of England, which he knew he could never obtain while he lived.'"

Now, the fact is, that this passage is not to be found at all in Fountainhall's genuine MSS., and entirely belongs to that of the "frantic scribe." It can, therefore, account for no suspicions regarding Fountainhall, particularly as I shall show, by and by, that no suspicions were entertained of him at all "subsequent to the Revolution." But this is only one fragment amongst the many for which Lord Fountainhall might be unjustly blamed, where, in fact, the Jacobitical "scribe" is alone responsible.

I do not at present mean to speculate as to what Lord Fountainhall's political sentiments actually were; I only assert, that there is nothing yet before the public from which any just knowledge of them may be gathered. The question, indeed, is perhaps immaterial to the public, but, as his representative, I may be pardoned for feeling some little anxiety that no unfair judg-

ment may be formed of them. When his genuine MSS. do appear in print, he will rise in the estimation of the writer of the article I am now canvassing; and as he, even with his present information, holds Fountainhall to have been "justly considered as a man of singular moderation" for the times in which he lived, when he was (as is somewhat inconsistently stated in the Review) "suspected of some secret bias to Whiggery, from his aversion to the bloody and arbitrary measures then resorted to in every emergency," I trust, that, upon a more correct view of the Judge, he will yet be disposed to think, that, if his Lordship had lived in these days, he would have entertained sentiments more liberal and enlightened than those which characterize "the thorough-going Tory—the legitimacy defender—and the Holy-Alliance man."

The Reviewer considers the character of Charles II. in the Diary as much too favourable. Whether the character of that Prince, in Fountainhall's genuine MSS., is so or not, I need not at present inquire; I merely wish to remark on what follows this observation, where the Reviewer goes on to say—

"—it appears irreconcilable with what the Editor states of Lord Fountainhall's being a sincere 'friend to the principles that brought about that great event, the Revolution;' a statement, by the way, which seems at variance with the fact that he fell 'under the suspicion of the higher powers' about the time of the Revolution; that both his servants (or clerks) were arrested, and that, in consequence, he discontinued his Diary &c."

* The Editor, with all due submission, conceives that Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has misapprehended the drift of the above passage. This, however, has been partly occasioned by the ambiguity of the word "about," which ought to have been "subsequent to," or "after;" the Editor's object being to mark the apparent incongruity, in first stating that suspicions were entertained of Lord Fountainhall "subsequent to the Revolution," and then assuring us that he was a friend to the "principles which brought about that great event." In this view, "the higher powers" could mean nothing but King William's Government. For this incongruity, if it be real, (for he has not

The Editor's expression, "about the time of the Revolution," though general, evidently implies the time before its breaking out; and by the words, "the higher powers," are consequently meant the persons in power under the dynasty against which the Revolution was directed. The fact of Lord Fountainhall's having been a suspected person, whilst a scheme to overthrow the existing government was in secret progress towards maturity, does not contradict, but corroborates Sir Walter Scott's opinion, that Fountainhall was a friend to that Revolution; and it is difficult to discover how the Reviewer arrives at a conclusion so opposite to that naturally resulting from the premises. But let us inquire into the facts. By a reference to Fountainhall's genuine MSS., we find that the event of his servants being apprehended took place two years before the Revolution. I shall quote the passage at length.

"May 1st, 1686. Mr James Young, son to Andrew Young, Writer to the Signet, is apprehended by Captain Graham, and kept in the Court of Guard, being delated as a copier and disperser of a paper containing reasons why the Parlia-

the volume at hand to refer to,) the Editor of the work, whose statement, he thinks, it is, must be responsible; but, from the tone of the Diary, his impression was, that Lord Fountainhall, though averse to their arbitrary measures, was friendly to the dynasty of the Stuarts, and hence naturally enough became an object of suspicion to a new and precarious Government. The Editor conceives this explanation necessary, merely to vindicate the consistency of the passage in the review of (what is called) the learned Judge's Diary; and though he is convinced, from what is above stated, that the impression is ill-founded, as far as regards the political principles of Lord Fountainhall, he is pretty sure that, on reading the Diary as it now appears, Sir Thomas will admit the inference to be not unwarranted. At the same time, the Editor feels real pleasure in inserting this temperate and manly defence of Lord Fountainhall, and has no doubt whatever that, "when the genuine MSS. do appear in print," which he is happy to perceive will be speedily, they will not only serve to place the character of this able Judge in its true light, but will prove a valuable addition to the historical literature of Scotland.

ment should not consent to the dispensing with the penal laws against Papists, and reflecting in the end on such Protestants as had apostatized; and for having verses against the Bishop of St Andrews and Bishop of Edinburgh; and he having, on his examination, named John Wilson and John Nasmith, my servants, as bringers of these papers to his chamber; the Chancellor signed an order to arrest them, apprehending, probably, to reach myself for libelling, as he termed it. But they having named their authors, viz. Mr John Eleis, Robert Keill, &c., were cited. Some asked how far it consisted with the privilege of Parliament, that a member of Parliament's servants were clapped up? In England, it is a clear breach, by the preliminary demands of the Speaker of the House of Commons, to arrest either their servants, themselves, or their goods."

In the Scotch Parliament of this very year, in which the King made his grand attempt to procure the abolition of the penal laws against Papists, Fountainhall signalized himself as a strenuous opponent of the court party. He has left us, in his own hand-writing, his speech on the then Catholic question, part of which (as he says himself) was spoken, and the rest intended to have been delivered, but prevented "by the sudden rising of the Parliament." In another part of his MS., when enumerating the various secret and undue methods, both of solicitation and intimidation, which were employed to influence the members of Parliament, in order to secure the King's favourite scheme, he mentions, "5to, The imprisoning my two servants, I being a member of Parliament."

These facts are enough to establish that Fountainhall was obnoxious to the party of James II. before the Revolution. I have now to set the Reviewer right as to what he says in a passage already quoted about "suspicions having been entertained of him subsequent to the Revolution." To do this I have only again to recur to facts. William and Mary were proclaimed the 16th of February 1689. On the 2d of November of that year, Fountainhall was by them made a Lord of Session; which circumstance, by the way, though mentioned by the Reviewer in his first paragraph, he seems afterwards to have forgotten. On the 18th of the

following month he had a pension of £100 sterling, a-year, granted to him by the same gracious King and Queen of glorious and pious memory;—and on the 16th January, immediately thereafter, they created him one of the Lords of Justiciary.

I fear I am trespassing too far on your columns, but I have only one or two more remarks, and to render them intelligible, I must beg of you to reprint the following passage from page 527. The Reviewer there says—

“In page 159 (of the Diary) we meet with an amusing instance of the imperfect information at that time possessed in reference to continental names and transactions: ‘Queensberry, to blow the coals, in odium of the Chancellor, said it was like Macchiavelloes rising.’ The Neapolitan Lazzarone Massaniello is meant, although the name used by the learned Judge looks as if it were akin to that of the celebrated Florentine Secretary, Macchiavelli.”

Now, whatever may have been the imperfect information of the Scotch gentlemen of those days, as to continental names and transactions, it would have been more natural, in the absence of proof, to have attributed Macchiavello to the ignorant Mr Milne, rather than to the learned lawyer. But it so happens, that the story of Massaniello is a favourite subject of allusion with the old Judge, and that when his own MS., and not that of the illiterate scribe, is referred to, it is uniformly found to have the name written correctly. In continuation, the Reviewer goes on to say :

“Lord Fountainhall’s Latin is little better than his Italian. He does not appear, from this Diary, to have been at all acquainted with the classics. The few words in that language which he uses are part of that miserable doggrel current in the Scotch law-books and courts. Hence he spells, after his models, *jure corone*, for example ! It is right to mention, however, that, on the occasion of the death of his wife, he both writes and spells better. Her death he calls *charissimæ meæ conjugis amerrimæ et luctuosissimæ*; and he writes on the margin, *Nota non obliviscenda !*”

It is manifestly unfair to judge of Fountainhall’s Latinity “from this

Diary.” Though I cannot at present but open the words in the genuine original, I am persuaded that the blunder “*jure corone*” does not exist there, and Mr Milne alone must be answerable for its being found in his abbreviated MS. That so eminent a lawyer as Fountainhall was ignorant of Latin, in an age when that language was certainly in much more common use than it is now, is a very improbable supposition. But to recur again to fact, we know that he was educated at Leyden,—was well acquainted with the classics,—and that although his profession, and the principal subject of his MSS., did lead him to interlard them with much of the doggrel of law, they yet teem also with classical allusions and quotations to the fulness of that extent, marking the pedantry of the period in which he lived.

I shall conclude these observations with remarking, that the Diary seems to have been published, as well as reviewed, under the erroneous impression, that at least the original tissue of the MS. was written by Fountainhall’s own pen, and neither the ingenious Editor nor the Reviewer, can be blamed for so natural a mistake. I have already said, however, that no part of it is Fountainhall’s holograph. But although it be in reality nothing more than an abbreviated, interpolated, and perverted shadow of the original, which cannot possibly exhibit any correct notion of Lord Fountainhall or his genuine writings, it is nevertheless a great literary curiosity, and a very amusing performance; and Sir Walter Scott, by printing it, and by tacking to it the interesting notes, which no one but himself could have furnished, has added to the heap of obligation under which he has laid the reading world. I may add, that its value will probably soon be increased, by the publication of Lord Fountainhall’s real MSS., with which an opportunity of contrasting it will be afforded, when the virulence of Mr Milne will receive additional zest, from being rendered more remarkably prominent.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,
THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

"PARLIAMENTARY REFORM *."

MR. EDITOR,

THE cause of a moderate and rational reform in the formation of the House of Commons, has, during the last two years, made great progress ; and there is now a very general impression of its necessity, in order to restore that House to its place in the affections and regard of the nation. It must, however, be confessed, that the opposers of Parliamentary Reform are still a numerous and most powerful body, and can boast of some gentlemen of very considerable talents, who shine in their ranks ; and al-

* Without coinciding entirely in opinion with the author of this paper, we have deemed it right to insert it. The difficulties with which the subject of Parliamentary Reform is beset, are only equalled by its paramount importance : but it is solely by far, temperate, and rational discussion, that we can ever hope to make any approximation to the truth, or to arrive at any sound and legitimate conclusion. That every error or abuse, which has accidentally received the sanction of time, should, therefore, be perpetuated, is a doctrine which, however acceptable it may be in certain quarters, is equally opposed, both to the theory and practice of the British constitution ; a system which has grown up into its present excellence by gradual and successive improvements. On the other hand, nothing is more certain than the absurdity of attempting to bring any human institution up to the ideal perfection of a theoretical standard, except the danger with which every rash and experimental innovation is attended. Of all the plans for effecting a reform in the present system of our representation, that proposed by Lord John Russell, in 1819, appears to us to have been, not only the soundest in its principle, but likely to prove by far the safest and most salutary in its operation. The disfranchisement of places like Gram-pound, Barnstable, or Penryn, convicted of the grossest and most flagrant corruption, and the transference of the elective franchise to large, unrepresented towns, as Leeds or Manchester, which have grown into wealth and importance, in comparatively recent times, would, in our opinion, have proved at once an act of just and necessary punishment, and, to use the felicitous expression of the great Lord Chatham, would have served "to infuse a new portion of health into the Constitution."

Editor.

though it is now apparent to the great majority of the inhabitants of these kingdoms, that the present formation of that House is unconstitutional, and erroneous in theory, and corrupt and mischievous in practice, yet there can be no doubt that plausible arguments may be brought forward in its defence, which will, at least, be sufficient to convince those who are already determined by their interests. At the head of these Anti-reformers, Mr Canning has been placed by their unanimous consent ; and if we may judge from the speeches which he has delivered on reform, since his elevation, it would appear to be no sinecure. These speeches have been greatly lauded by his party, and, indeed, form their creed on that subject. I have examined them with considerable attention, and must conscientiously declare, that they seem distinguished by no weight of reasoning, but almost wholly consist of a specious string of assertions, which the experience of every man can completely disprove.

As it is very probable the question of reform will again be brought before Parliament during the ensuing Session, I have thought it might be of some use to the cause, to examine a few of those objections to reform which Mr C. conceives to be fatal, and then, very shortly, state those reasons which appear to me sufficient to prove its urgency and necessity. I may remark, that I proceed no further, at present, than the *principle* of reform.

He objects, that the Constitution was fixed in 1688,—that every species of reform being a change on that Constitution, he is precluded from entering into the question, whether, abstractedly, the reform proposed would be beneficial or not: it attempts to establish a system which is not the British Constitution.

It will be easily seen how much is assumed in this objection. He takes it for granted, that the Constitution of 1822 is exactly the same as that of 1688 ; that it has in no respect deteriorated, and, therefore, that any thing in the shape of reform is not a restoration, but an alteration. This is merely the opinion of the Right Honourable Gentleman, and it is a subject on which every man of com-

mon observation can determine for himself. There are no fixed and definite rules, by which we can determine, as if it were a mathematical problem, either that the Constitution has remained untouched and uncorrupted, or, if it has retrograded, that any reform, yet proposed, will bring it back to its original state; we have, however, the evidence of facts, the strongest moral evidence for the conclusion, that the House of Commons, as it now exists, is a solecism in our Constitution, and is a sort of thing which could never have been contemplated by the supporters of the Revolution of 1688. I deny that the Constitution is the same. Are the sources from which the present overwhelming influence of the crown is derived, viz. our revenues, our colonies, our military force, &c. the same? Has not the last fifty years witnessed an incessant, unwearied, and successful attempt, to increase the prerogatives and power of the crown, and to diminish the just rights of the people? Are our revenue laws, and libel laws, and sedition laws, no encroachment on the Constitution of 1688? "But," exclaims some Anti-reformer, "see what the people have gained! the publication of debates,—the power of the press,—the increased intelligence of the nation!" What monstrous nonsense! "We say, the influence of the Crown has increased." "Oh, but you are very well informed." "The corruption of the House of Commons has increased." "But their debates are published." "The whole spirit of our Government is arbitrary." "You can petition, and frighten them." Are these paltry objections a sufficient answer to the just complaints of the people, to those who demand the restoration of their rights, and the purification of the organs of Government?

But, Sir, were I even to allow that the Constitution has in no whit been changed since 1688, still I would maintain that the present situation of the country demands a revision and improvement in the state of our representation. It is not the spirit of our Constitution to chain down the election of representatives to rotten or fictitious boroughs, to transfer that chief privilege of freemen, from the people, to charters and imaginary cor-

porations: our laws found representation on numbers and wealth, and recognize none of the corrupt practices which exist in the present Constitution. It is contrary to common sense, to sound policy, to the whole texture of our Constitution, that a great proportion of the talent, wealth, and numbers of the nation, should be unrepresented, and should rest satisfied with the virtual representation of worthy gentlemen who purchase their seats, and are independent of every one but the Minister. It would be the mark of a wise Government, to desire that every increase in wealth and numbers should be united to the system; that Birmingham, and Sheffield, and Manchester, and Leeds, should not be left without any representation; and that all Scotland should no longer be mocked by the show of elections. While these things remain, there is enough to show the hollowness of our present system, that it can have no further hold on the affections of the people, than proceeds from that desire of peace, that orderly, loyal, and moral conduct, which is the peculiar characteristic of Britons.

It is further objected, that, since the Revolution, no period can be pointed out in which the state of the House of Commons was superior to what it is at present; that rotten boroughs,—that corrupt influence,—in short, that every thing which is now complained of, has always existed; and, at any rate, that the reforms proposed are all theoretical and visionary.

We here meet with the same substitution of assertion for proof which was before noticed. The question turns on matter of fact, on which any man may come to a conclusion: to that test I confidently submit it. I would only beg to observe, that although the House of Commons of 1688, and downwards for half a century, might be corrupt, still the difference of corruption between it and the House of Commons of 1822, might be so very great, as completely to sink all notice of the former. A day in June may be somewhat cold, but it would require strong evidence to prove its being as cold as a day in December. Let us compare the character and acts of that House during the last

century, in order to see if they have remained the same: the result will be a degree of evidence so strong to prove its degeneracy, that we often peril our dearest interests on a weaker. During the first half, the whole empire was covered with rebels; there was a pretender to the throne, and the care of every administration was occupied in preserving our Constitution from foreign and internal enemies. What an opportunity was then presented for restrictive and arbitrary measures! Yet, during all that time, it is wonderful to us how few laws were passed which trench on the liberties of the subjects—how careful our legislators were to preserve the purity and stability of our constitution. During the latter half, what have we ourselves witnessed? The whole balance of the Constitution destroyed;—the whole power of the state enjoyed by the faction, domineering equally over the crown and the people;—and that House, which ought to be regarded as the sanctuary of our grievances, converted into an engine of oppression. Had that House been properly constituted—had it emanated from the people, felt with them, and suffered with them, would we have seen the wishes of the great body of the people despised—their petitions treated with contempt—their rights impaired and destroyed—their distresses ridiculed or disbelieved—no plan of relief from the difficulties which press on us adopted—no solid or substantial courses pursued—every proposal to lessen the unconstitutional influence of the crown treated with scorn, and the most sacred, ancient, and valuable privileges of the people voted away on the most frivolous pretences—every mock-rising and ridiculous getting-up of sedition converted into dreadful rebellions, and made the excuse of increasing the power of the executive, and trenching on the privileges of the people? When these things are done by our own Representatives, it must be plain to the meanest capacity, that it is not of theoretical deficiencies in our representation we complain, but of base and cowardly desertions of duty—of the destruction of our rights, our comforts, and our properties!

It has been offered to be proved, and is believed by every one, that the great majority of the House of Commons is returned by the most corrupt means, and by a small and insignificant part of the nation, and that every vote for Retrenchment and Reform—every thing which in any way is supposed to favour the rights of the great body of the people, is uniformly opposed by the majority of these Deputies. Is it a sufficient answer to such facts to say, that things were as bad a hundred years ago? Are we to rest satisfied with the acknowledged abominations of our civil government, because they are old? Is all our increased knowledge to go for nothing? This is adding insult to our injuries, and, moreover, it is false; for the increase of corruption, in every part of our system, has been great and undoubted;—the memoirs and histories of the last century are full of its progress.

Another objection is, That the present system works well; that, in fact, it virtually does represent all the various interests in the nation, and answers every practical and useful purpose of such an instrument of government; that the people do exercise a sufficient control over the House of Commons as at present constituted; and, therefore, that the mode of its constitution is of secondary importance.

Now, how does it work well for the people? Is it as keeper of the public purse? Let the reports of its own committees tell. Of what extravagance has it not been guilty? What reduction in the public expenditure has it voluntarily effected? What guilty peculator has it punished? Or, is it as a severe examiner of the acts of the executive? I appeal to the Right Honourable Gentleman himself—to the experience of the last fifty years, to show what act, of any administration, which added to the power of the crown and lessened that of their own constituents, they have opposed, or to point out any thing indicative of its independence of the executive? Have we not, during that period, seen a continual violation of the trust reposed in them, and an approval of every thing, at home and abroad, which tended to destroy the rights of

the people? In the performance of its functions, we neither see the wisdom, nor the talents, nor the spirit of the nation. Were we to take its resolutions and votes as the standard of public opinion, what notions would be formed of the sentiments of Britons? Where would that humanity, that generosity, that love of liberty, which is the glory of the people, be discovered in its annals?

We are also told, that we do at present exercise an effectual control over its deliberations. I deny it—it is not effectual: that a certain degree of control is felt by them, I admit: and who that knows any thing of Britons, but must know, that no assembly whatever, however elected, could at all deliberate, when their rights or interests were concerned, without feeling the force of public opinion. But what is the amount of this influence, and how often do they succeed in preventing the adoption of any obnoxious measure? We know that the petitions of the people seldom awaken in the breasts of their virtual Representatives any feelings of sympathy and good will, and it is only by their numbers, their energy, and their menacing aspect, they obtain that, from their fears and selfishness, which justice and truth would have demanded in vain. The trial of the Queen is a memorable example of the truth of these observations, and with how much impunity the feelings of the people may be insulted, and the Constitution endangered. But, Sir, are these the only means which the Constitution provides for the exercise of the just influence of the people? Does the only channel for public opinion lie in the people humbly appealing to their own Representatives, and requesting them not altogether to forsake their duty—to retain some portion of independence, some community of sentiments with their constituents? Is there no meaning, then, in the frequent renewals of our Representation? Is it not that the Representative may render some account of his conduct, and answer for his votes, and, as it may be, that the electors may either return him with honour, or expel him from their regards with contempt and indignation? This is no theory; neither is it the

practice of our *present* Constitution; but it is the *British Constitution*—it is our birth-right, it is inherent, unalienable, and cannot be lost.

The only other objection which I shall notice at present, is, that we have risen into a great power, under the practice of the present Constitution; that we are exceedingly comfortable; that changes are dangerous; and that any Reform in the House of Commons would make it swallow up the other branches of the Constitution, and convert it into a Republic.

This objection opens a vast field of argument, and would require much time fully to discuss it. It is certainly specious, and addresses itself powerfully to a large class of the community; the indolent, the timid, and the rich, are easily caught in this web of sophistry. Those, however, who look calmly and impartially into the matter, will quickly perceive that the objection is destitute of weight, and full of weakness.

To what, I would ask, do we owe the blessings of toleration, a free press, trial by jury, and the many others which we still enjoy?—is it to the Crown, or to the House of Lords, or our own Representatives, or to acts of the whole Legislature? No, Sir; it is to ourselves; and our united exertions are continually required to preserve them from the attacks of every branch of our Government: it is the sleepless vigilance, the deep and living sense of the blessings of civil and religious liberty, which resides in the breasts of the great body of the nation, which has preserved these glorious privileges: it is this feeling which is the soul of our Constitution, and its only preserver: and it is one, I thank God, which no influence or power in the world can destroy. It is this spirit, too, and no set form of words, (although their value also is inestimable), which has rendered us the great and free nation which we now are. We are not, then, to be insulted by being told, that, because we ourselves have rendered our condition, in some respects, more comfortable than that of any other European nation, we have no right to have a plain and intolerable grievance redressed.

But changes are said to be dangerous.* We ask for no change, but that the spirit, and intent, and letter of the Constitution, be put in exercise. It is really too much, that those men who have altered the spirit of our executive from a civil to a military government—who have destroyed the independence of Ireland—who have yearly and monthly been introducing changes into every department of our foreign and domestic policy, should discourse on the dangers of a change from acknowledged corruption to the purity of the Constitution. I dislike unnecessary changes as much as any man, but, when a palpable and monstrous evil is to be redressed, we are not to be deterred from the enterprise by the quailing fears of hypocrites and cowards.

A Reform of the House of Commons, say the friends of the Monarchical principle, would destroy the balance of the Constitution. Observe the opinion here given of the people of this country; they are represented as only wanting power utterly to destroy the Constitution. It would appear to be the opinion of these gentlemen, that the safety of this country depends on the House of Commons *not* representing the people; and to support it, they have a very nice theory, about the various interests at present represented in that House; that the other branches of the Constitution find representatives there, &c. &c.

But, Sir, these theoretical notions are not the British Constitution; it utterly disclaims them; it means, that the House of Commons *should* represent *the people*, and does not anticipate the destruction of the Crown and the House of Lords as the consequence. The foul insinuation conveyed, in this objection, against the people, is most false; their whole conduct completely belies the charge; they are all deeply sensible of the advantages of our mixed Constitution; they have no wish to alter it in any respect; they only demand their legal rights, and will not be satisfied by the quibbling sophistries of interested declaimers; they will not bear

to be cheated out of their dearest privileges by the theories of Anti-reformers.

In all the arguments of these gentlemen, they speak of the Crown as having rights distinct from, and opposed to, those of the people; as enjoying privileges for the private advantage of the possessor or his servants. As I understand the Constitution, every right which is enjoyed by the Crown is so that it may be exercised for the public good. The Crown, the Nobility, and the Commons, are one. The rights and privileges of the one are the rights and privileges of the other; they are given for the same end, and ought to be consecrated to the same purpose.

I have thus slightly gone over the principal objections, made by Mr Canning and his adherents, to any Reform in our Representation: I had intended to enter a little into the grounds on which we urge its necessity; but as I have already touched on some of them, and as I also fear I have encroached too much on your limits, I shall at present only notice two of them.

And, *first*, The present system is the great protector of every abuse. The examples are numerous. I select our Scottish Burghs. We have here a monstrous, debasing, and undeniable mass of corruption. The whole machinery of the system of re-election is now too well known to require me to enter into an account of it; its extravagance—its base servility—its total distinctness from, and want of sympathy with, the body which it governs—the intolerable abuses which it creates and continues; the whole system, in short, has been opened up to the world, and its gross errors have been acknowledged even by its defenders. Well, is any effectual remedy applied? Is the evil corrected at its source? Is the system of re-election and self-election, the foundation of the whole, destroyed? No such thing. After looking round and round, this trifling part of the system is altered, and another is made worse, and we are then told, that every thing which can safely be reformed is so. When we tell them that the real cause of the evil still remains, and when they find our statements unanswerable, they venture to

* How eloquent these men would have been against the Reformation, had they lived in the days of Luther!

tell us they cannot touch the system, as it would be introducing Parliamentary Reform. They, the practical men, the men who hate theories, who stick to present advantages—these very men dare to tell us, that because they are pleased to deduce, by a theory impalpable to any thinking man, that Burgh Reform is equivalent to Parliamentary Reform, a great and acknowledged evil ought not to be corrected. What opinion must these wise persons have formed of the Burgesses of Scotland, if they conceive such a flimsy excuse will satisfy them! I trust that body of most worthy and loyal men has formed a proper estimate of the character of those who could offer them such an insult.

Secondly, The system has produced an almost universal feeling of dislike, of alienation, and irritation. Those who imagine that this is an evanescent feeling, judge unwisely: it is deep, and increases yearly: it is what every reasonable man must anticipate as the result of the measures which of late years have been in favour with the British Cabinet-measures of extravagance, violence, and folly—which, instead of being jealously and scrupulously scrutinized by our virtual Representatives, are eagerly and blindly adopted by them. Reform will remove the imminent danger which arises from the continuance in such courses, will restore that harmony and confidence which is essential to the stability of our Constitution, and bind the whole nation in one powerful, united, and happy community.

For the present, I must conclude here. Should it appear necessary, I may again recur to the subject, and submit my thoughts to the public, through the medium of your useful publication. I am, &c.

W. S.

10th December 1822.

P. S. I had almost forgot to notice a notable advantage of our present system, frequently brought forward by Mr Canning,—it is its adaptation to call forth into its service the talents of individuals in every sphere of life; and he gives himself as a striking example of the fact. There appears to me to be a striking coin-

cidence, in this respect, between the Turkish Constitution and ours. The world would be highly gratified by a *Philosophical* account of this phenomenon, by the Right Honourable George Canning.

FERGUSON'S LAST LUCID INTERVAL.

WHAT beauteous form is floating there,
Half veil'd in her dishevell'd hair—
In tearless woe—without the streak
Of life-bloom on her lovely cheek—
With face as cold, and fix'd, and war,
As if, by sorrow, smote to stone?
It is my love!—But hark!—that sound
Which breaks the hush of night profound,
The vision from my sight doth scare,
And wakes me from my dream—but where?
Oh Heav'ns! within the fearful domes,
Where raging Madness howls and foams!

How drear, within such dungeon wall,
Comes on my lucid interval!
In pale review, my parted years
Arise with all their clouds and tears.
The cup of joy I madly quaff'd,
Exhausting the delusive draught;
But, mingled in the fatal bowl,
I found that poison of the soul,
Beneath whose withering action dies
The heart's best, noblest energies;
Which sears it till the blacken'd core
Is Feeling's glowing shrine no more!

Then gloomy thoughts rose up between
My spirit and this earthly scene,
And wide and wild they compass'd me—
A dim, immeasurable sea,
O'er whose all-restless, troubled tide,
Did Melancholy's phantoms glide.
In festal hall—amidst the fair—
I dwelt—I liv'd—I breath'd but there:
Lone as a rock amidst the seas—
Lone as the desert's deadly breeze—
Or as a solitary tree
Upon its blank immensity—
Or evening's star, when first it sparkles,
In the dome that round it darkles—
Or as the Hebrew, doom'd to stray
O'er earth until the Judgment-day!

Then did my soul begin to see
The face of dire Insanity!
The fiend impatient seem'd to wait,
And knock upon the Spirit's gate,
And in the brain's dark portals gleam,
Till Reason sank into a dream:
But oft, o'er my forsaken soul,
In glimpses heavenly visions stole,
Bright as the midnight meteor flies
Along the scowl of wintry skies.

At times, from sight all nature sank;
Around me lay a boundless blank.

For light, and shade, and shape were gone,
And nought was left to look upon—
Not ev'n a visionary shore,
Whose mists the eye might wander o'er :
No flitting shadow came, to cast
Ev'n darkness o'er the void so vast,
Where I to dwell long days was doom'd
In bleakest solitude entomb'd !

But life's last sands are nearly run—
Delusion's ~~gone~~—and truth begun—
Though all too late ; the light but dawns
To show the grave e'en now that yawns !
Alone—unseen by human eye,
Comes on life's latest agony.
From this cold cell, at dead of night,
My soul must take her lonely flight !
'The last sad sounds that reach my ear
'The maniac's scream—or laugh more drear ;
While darkness round my spirit rolls,
'That soars into the Land of Souls—
And morning's glad and glorious ray
Above my stiffen'd corse shall play !

ANONYMOUS LITERATURE.

No. I.

Charlie Borthwick's Rode.

THE Lintons have been substantial farmers in Dumfries-shire time out of mind ; and, if tradition may be credited, the house of Caplegair, founded in the reign of David Bruce, by Roger, surnamed de Linton, is their patriarchal stem, though precedence hath been claimed by the Gilpic-glen ladies, who allege that their family is lineally descended from an elder brother of the said Roger. But as all matters relative to pedigree are foreign to our subject, I shall therefore leave them to the genealogist, and pass on.—The late Mr Linton of Caplegair possessed a choice stock of information, both civil and religious. He patronized the parish schoolmaster, a gentleman of rare parts, and peculiarly well qualified to train young ideas—put the seminary on a more respectable footing, so far as pecuniary endowment may be supposed to contribute thereunto—and was the first who established a Reading Society in Nithsdale. Indeed it would appear, that he studied intellectual cultivation with greater diligence than that of arable and pasture, notwithstanding the great demand for corn and beans ; a characteristic failing that certainly would have injured his fortune, had not Mrs Linton happily possessed an uncommon

fund of prudence, talent, and abundance of good-will to stand in her husband's shoes. Their son James, being of a staid disposition, and much attached to rural pursuits, made choice of his father's profession, and became a tiller of the ground ; William followed his example ; and Andrew, the elder brother, having manifested a disposition to signalize himself very early in life, was educated for the sea, and slung his hammock on board the Spartan, Captain Roderick Forrester, before he had completed his fifteenth year. With respect to the lasses, Winifred and Agnes, neither pains nor expence were withheld to cultivate their minds, and make them good house-wives. As the family grew up, Mr Linton felt himself more and more at liberty to pursue his favourite studies ; and in the course of a few years, Caplegair became a kind of intellectual howff, where well-informed men associated together for the purpose of mutually edifying each other, from the minister of the parish, downwards. The young women also contributed to fill the langsettle of an evening, having attained the age when female loveliness may be looked upon with wishful eyes ; and a letter now and then from Lieutenant Linton, gave a peculiar zest to the happiness abounding at Caplegair, that brave young man having been promoted, for his gallantry in a severe action maintained by the Spartan, with an enemy's cruiser of very superior force. At length came the Gazette, announcing his arrival at Plymouth in charge of two frigates, Le Guerrier and Imperatrice, captured by his Majesty's ship Spartan, Captain Roderick Forrester, off Madeira, after a long and sanguinary contest, in which friend and foe suffered most severely. The dispatch, as usual, noticed every officer by name who had signalized himself, and Mr Linton in particular, of whom Captain Forrester was pleased to say : "The coolness, intrepidity, and seamanlike deportment of this young officer, on the late, and indeed every trying occasion, induced me to appoint him commander of Le Guerrier, until their Lordships' pleasure is known ;" and in a private communication to the Admiralty, a copy of which was

transmitted to the family some years afterwards, the captain observed: "In the whole course of my experience, I never fell in with an individual more worthy of command. Presence of mind, unconquerable resolution, nautical skill, and devotion to the service, are so happily blended together, that I feel myself perfectly at ease in recommending him to their Lordships' notice. But these qualities, though competent of themselves to exalt him above his fellows, are connected with others of equal value. Judicious affability, gentlemanly manners, and untainted probity, coupled with a decisive tone of character, evidently modulated by conscious rectitude, have so endeared him to the whole crew, that Lieutenant Linton's approbation is prized by the sailor above all things, and his reproof more dreaded than the gangway." Such a recommendation, from a man of Forrester's well-known probity and high notions of honour, could not fail of being attended to. Mr Linton's appointment was confirmed; Le Guerrier manned and equipped, under his immediate inspection; and after passing a few days with a veteran Admiral of the White, who kept open house for naval officers of promise, he put to sea with a fair wind, and abundance of well-grounded hopes. It may now be said, that the glory of Caplegair was at its height. Every other post brought tidings from the Mediterranean of Captain Linton's exploits, and every man who loved his country spoke of Le Guerrier and her brave commander with enthusiasm. The acquaintance of his parents and kindred was courted by all their more wealthy neighbours;—his brethren were looked up to by young men of spirit;—the lasses recognized at fairs and merry-meetings as the sisters of Captain Linton; and their bright eyes acknowledged how highly they valued the compliment, and how well they loved their brother; whilst many were the hearts that longed to be with him, and partake of his renown. But human felicity hath its ebbs and flows—its noon-day splendours and its evening dusk. On a Wednesday afternoon, as Mr and Mrs Linton were entertaining a few of their friends, their venerable pastor

introduced himself in a manner that betokened an afflicted heart; he cautiously turned the tide of discourse into a more convenient channel, and contrasted the glimpses of transitory happiness here, with the dazzling glories of eternal life hereafter, which amazed his audience not a little, the minister being a cheerful, facetious man, though advanced in years, and not at all addicted to set his face against good-humoured conviviality. Mr Linton felt somewhat alarmed at the peculiarly impressive manner in which he delivered himself, and begged to know what might be his motive for so doing? "because," said he, "we know that 'all flesh is grass,' and therefore do I trust that we are in some measure prepared to bow with resignation to the dispensations of an all-wise Providence." To which the man of God replied, "The earth is mine, saith the Lord, and the fullness thereof. If he hath plucked a star from our constellation, that shed lustre on this house, and taken it unto himself, what is that to thee? I have a letter, Mr Linton—a letter of no ordinary import, and one for you also." "Let me know the worst!" exclaimed Mr Linton, clasping his hands firmly together, whilst his face became as ashes, and his knees smote each other. "Let me know the worst, my revered friend, that I may say with the afflicted man of old, 'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be his name!' However deep the cup may be, and bitter the draught that fills it, his will be done, and here am I!" The reverend gentleman took a letter from his pocket, inclosing another addressed to Mr Linton, which he opened, and read as follows:

"Father & Mother, Brothers & Sisters,

"The day of reckoning is come, and I am called upon to render my account. Oh, may the healthy man, with a prospect of long life before him, continually experience the same consolation that cheers my heart, and he who is going to die, feel as I feel! Grieve not for me, my kind, kind parents, but rather rejoice, for I have fallen where the brave wish to lie. His fire was silenced, and his flag struck, before I left the deck. James and William, be kind unto our sisters, and see that ye love one ano-

ther ; Winifred and Agnes, remember me. God be with you all, and visit my father's house with every blessing that virtue and worth are capable of enjoying in this world !”

The foregoing was in Captain Linton's own hand-writing, and what followed in that of his first lieutenant, Mr Halliburton, who succeeded him, the substance of which was, that they had been fortunate enough in bringing an enemy's frigate, *Le Vengeur*, to action, after a long and arduous chase. That his first volley, consisting entirely of grape, bar, and canister, cut down a few of their brave fellows, wounded many, and damaged their rigging very considerably. “Hereupon,” said the Lieutenant, Captain Linton called out in a more peremptory tone than was his wont, ‘Lay me aboard of him instantly !’ which was complied with, and the impetuous crew, led on by their brave commander, carried the quarter-deck in style, whilst I, with a party of handy fellows, mastered the forecastle, and drove the enemy from his quarters. In less than five minutes, the good old Union Jack was flying at his mizen. When all was over, and the prize secured, the Captain left her, and beckoned me to follow him. I hesitated not a moment in obeying his signal, called up the surgeon, and went direct to the cabin, for I suspected that all was not right, from the strange tone in which he delivered his orders for boarding, and the hurried manner in which he left the prize. We found him writing the affectionate farewell herewith transmitted, his left hand supporting his head, and the sword that never failed to do its duty laying before him. As we approached, the pen dropt from his hand, and he faintly said, ‘Never more will I behold them face to face in this life ! O that some of my brave crew would take that sword to Caplegair,—it is the best, the worthiest remembrancer my kindred can have of me. Draw near, Halliburton, and support me, for I am dying.’ I held him in my arms a few moments, and he expressed a wish to affix his signature to what he had written, but a messenger descended from on high, and called away his gallant spirit. On examining

remains of our lamented commander, three severe wounds were discovered, two of them mortal. The body was inclosed by the hands of brave men, and interred in a spacious grave. Thus, Sir, have I endeavoured to commemorate the last moments of your great and good son, whose commands were most cheerfully obeyed by us all when in this life, and his dying request will also be complied with, as soon as circumstances will permit.

“Our officers, and indeed I may say the ship's company at large, cordially join me in condoling with the parents and kindred of our late heroic Captain ; and sincerely wishing that you may be all enabled to meet the dispensation with becoming fortitude, I feel much satisfaction in subscribing myself, dear and honoured Sir, the affectionate friend of you and yours, ROGER HALLIBURTON.”

The fatal news communicated a shock to all present more easily conceived than expressed. Mrs Linton and her daughter swooned away ; The two lads cried aloud, and called on their lamented brother by name ; whilst the afflicted father remained in a state of speechless insensibility, and it was many days before he was capable of conducting himself in a becoming manner. At length, when their griefs were in some measure allayed, and family-affairs attended to with something like worldly concern, a young gentleman, in naval uniform, drove up to the door, and presented an introductory letter from Captain Halliburton. Mrs Linton perused it, and visible were the emotions of her soul when she read, “Mr Arthur Halliday, late surgeon of his Majesty's ship *Le Guerrier*, will present you with our brave Captain's sword, whose well-tryed edge bears honourable testimony of his gallantry. Mr Halliday is a young man of family, and deserving of your esteem.” This was indeed searing the lips of a cruel wound. The mother's heart sickened with grief, and the father's died within him. He pressed the weapon to his bosom, and lifted his eyes to Heaven, and spoke incoherently of his son, whilst the big tears rolled down his face. But it pains me to detail the throes of mental agony. Mr Linton was

seized with a fever in the night; on the morrow, he became worse, and expired on the third day. Never was a family in deeper distress. The children clung to their remaining parent, and pressed her hands, and kissed her neck, and cried aloud, "O, mother, mother! what will become of us now?" Every virtue that lives in the breast of woman sprung from its dwelling-place, and rallied her broken spirits. She heaved a deep-toned sigh, gazed on the fatherless offspring of conjugal love, with eyes that beamed from her soul, and calmly replied, "Fear not, my beloved; though our corner-stone is rolled away, and the deep sea hath swallowed our fairest hopes, He who biddeth the wind be still, will shelter us, and the hand that feeds the young ravens, when they cry to God, will visit our dwelling. I have been young, and I am now old, said a divine, an inspired writer, yet did I never see the righteous man forsaken, nor his children begging their bread." With these, and many other heart-healing sayings, did the pious mother comfort her children. On the Sabbath after Mr Linton's funeral, I came up with her at the kirk-stile, as she leisurely walked away, accompanied by her sons and daughters. She had the arm of our worthy pastor; a man, whose memory will be revered so long as piety is reverently looked upon. James and Winifred were paired, and Agnes had the hand of her brother William, whilst many a lucid eye followed their steps. Having been brought up together from our infancy, and played on the same green, it may well be supposed that my heart was far from being at ease when I beheld the Caplegair family. I approached the youngest daughter, for the purpose of saying something that might have been agreeable; but her face was too dignified with affliction to be looked upon, and my tongue failed me as I drew near. Aggie and I were educated at the same school, and read together in the Bible class, and learned our Psalms, on a Sabbath afternoon, in the old and always contrived to accompany each other to and from the juvenile seminary. We also made a habit of reserving a portion of our

fairings until we forgathered, and sewing our ballads under the same cover, and exercising abundance of little kindnesses, that entwined with our affections, and waxed with our growth, until we became, as it were, brother and sister; but it was on the Sabbath afternoon when I beheld her, clothed with sorrow, that my heart declared she was dearer to me than the blood of kin. Our prospects in life were much the same; our families alike in point of respectability: we deserved each other, and were married within the twelvemonth. Caplegair once more became the asylum of rational enjoyment and social conviviality; the intellectual circle being enlarged by several new acquaintances, and amongst the rest, our good friend Mr Halliday, whose attentions to Miss Linton were far from being equivocal. Many of the neighbouring gentry and opulent farmers having advised him to practise in Dumfries, he made arrangements for commencing business without delay, and purchased a robust pied gelding, saddle-bags, and so forth, to carry him and his healing wares in safety to country patients. No one doubted of his success, Halliday being a sprightly, sensible young man, liberally educated, skilful in the line of his profession, and embued with a sprinkling of gentlemanly eccentricity that found him friends. The cruel war that filled the hamlets of our Transatlantic brethren with carnage, and streaked their shores with blood, was now at an end;—the game of death prohibited by proclamation;—men began to resume their peaceful habits;—and the farmer carried his produce to a sorry market, compared with that to which he had so lately been accustomed. My friends were consulted on what was best to be done, and they all agreed, that the remote parts of Galloway were by far the most eligible for a skilful young farmer, possessed of capital, to commence operations, the land being comparatively cheap, and tillage but indifferently understood, at least such was the received opinion of our Nithsdale agriculturists. It was therefore proposed, that Mrs Linton and myself should make a tour of discovery; and our friend Halliday, having a few days to spare.

very kindly volunteered his company ; a tender that was most cheerfully accepted. The morrow of our departure being arrived, we breakfasted early, mounted our steeds, and forded the Nith, whose winding waters divide the lands of Caplegair from those of Shinnawleys, my paternal residence ; and in a couple of hours the Galloway hills tried the stamina of our geldings.

The district of country we were about to explore being mountainous, and somewhat difficult of access, the inhabitants retain their manners, customs, and habits, pure and unpolluted. They are a kindly, light-hearted people, frugal, industrious, and strangers to luxury. Plain in their apparel, and homely of speech, they possess every real comfort of life, many of its essential conveniences, and reject all manner of superfluities with derision, an instance of which occurred before we had travelled five miles on their territory. A parcel of children, boys and girls, apparently on their way to school, were examining the foot-path very minutely, and marvelling much at certain strange impressions thereon visible. "I'll tell ye, boys," said a little sagacious fellow, whose sincerity of face ought to have given more weight to the opinion he delivered, "ye may say what ye like, but it's the footsted o' Pate Lorn's powney, after a." "Pate Lorn's powney!" exclaimed a juvenile sceptic ; "na, na, Davie ; Pate's powney never had sic shoon on the feet o't. Uncle Robin has gotten an ilka-day beuk, wi' pictures o' the lion, the tiger, and the wolf, and a' manner o' evil beasts in't. The lion has round soles, and Ise warrant ye he has gotten round shoon to put on. Depend on't, ane o' the dreadfu' beasts, that girn'd so frightfully at Kirkpatrick fair, has broken out o' the caravans, and thae round-about prents are the steds o' its feet." "O weans, weans!" cried an engaging little cherub, "for gudeness sake rin hame, or we'll be a' worried!" Mrs Linton, whose ear was ever open to the cry of distress, reined her steed, and assured the affrighted innocents that they were perfectly sae ; but a noisy mountain-burn being between us, leaping from crag to crag, and the youngers earnestly deliber-

ating on what was best to be done, neither her voice nor her person were heeded. At length, one of them, more afraid of being devoured than his fellows, cast his eye amongst the bushes, expecting every moment to be pounced upon by a ravening beast ; and great was the joy of his little heart, when he descried an elderly dame cutting breckans, whom he instantly hailed with right good will. "Is that you, Marion Laidlaw? O woman! come here, and bring a stick wi' you. The lions and tigers ha'e broken awa' frae Kirkpatrick fair, and we'll a' be eaten belyve." Mrs Laidlaw, being a good-natured sort of a woman, repaired, without delay, to where the children were grouped together, and after examining into the cause of their alarm, she remained silent for a moment or so, and then delivered her unqualified opinion in these words, "Preserve us, bairns! where in a' the world d'ye think the creature has come frae? Foul befa' me if ever I saw sic queer-looking footsteds. Neither beast nor body ever wore the like o' thae shoon. Bide a wee, bide a wee—aye, aye, now when I think o't—wae to the sorrowfu' pride o' her!—it's the prent o' Jenny Gibb's pattens, diel shauchle the feet that wears them!" "And wha's this Jenny Gibb," said Mrs Linton, elevating her voice so as to be more distinctly heard. Marion Laidlaw turned her eyes to the brae, and on perceiving three strangers waiting for a reply, she repaired to the end of a narrow foot-bridge that crosses the moorland burn, dropt a hasty curtsey, and thus addressed the querist, "What's your wull, Mem?"—Halliday repeated the question, and received for answer, "She's a rattle-headed tawpie, Sir, that prides herself in appearing like naeboddy else ; light-headed, light-tailed, and vainer than a young fiddler. She gaes prancing about on twa new-fangled airn things they ca' pattens, tho' not a living creature i' the parish wears them but hersel, and every body gibes her as she gaes bye, for bringing sic outlandish fooleries amang us." "It is to be hoped," said the Doctor, "that she'll be captured and carried into port, one of those days, by a light-sailing cruiser."

"I dinna just understand ye, Sir," quo' Mrs Laidlaw; but if a body may judge frae appearances, Jenny Gibb has some prospect o' roosting beside a fowl o' her ain feather. Like draws to like, ye ken. They ca' the chield Ben Park, and the marrow o' him is na to be met wi' in fifty parishes. He wears ane o' thae lang kirk-crown'd hats, wi' a braid band, and a glancing buckle in't, a paplin waistcoat—nae less will serve him—buckskin breeks, and a kind o' snuff-colour'd coat—the like was never seen in Gallowa', for it's a' tails and pouches thegither. Ben faund the plow stiltis oore hard for his hands, and took to carrying the pack. He has been the length o' Glasgow, and thinks himsel' a far-travelled man; but if every body wha sees the world comes hame again wi' a little mense, they had meikle better hide awa'. Ben and his Joe Jannet gaed to our kirk Sabbath was aught days, and took sunket i' their pouches, to help doun a chappin o' yill between the preachings. They sauntered about until the psalm was begun, and every decent body seated, because it's reckoned unco genteel, in muckle towns, to be amang the very last in entering the house o' God; and just when Hughie Taborson had done precenting the twenty-third line, Jenny's pattens, and Ben's airn-heel'd boots, tauld wha was coming. Every e'e was turned to the kirk-door, and every Christian e'e beheld Miss Gibb tossing her head and turning out her tacs, whilst Ben Park strade on before, adjusting his cravet, and straining back his hair, until he got forenent the pulpit, and there the congregation had something worth while to look at. Just as the vapouring fallow was twirling a bit silk napkin frae his pouch, to do the needfu', out jumped a pease bannock, and trindled awa' doun the kirk." Marion Laidlaw sketched the two characters so much to our liking, that we began to entertain a very handsome opinion of Galloway humour. Halliday, in particular, was so delighted with the old lady's naiveté, that he could not refrain from complimenting her on the spot; but his language being somewhat brakish, Mrs Linton felt herself called upon to interpret the meaning thereof, which she certainly

did with great fidelity, and apologized for the unintelligibleness of his lingo, by observing, that sea-faring men expressed themselves in a manner somewhat different from land folk. "And is the gentleman a sailor, Mem?" exclaimed Marion Laidlaw, as she hurried along the foot-bridge, wistfully looking in Halliday's face; "I'se warrant, Sir, ye'll ken Tam Logan, the young lad that was naist kill'd when Captain Andrew Linton, peace to his brave soul! faught wi' the French-man o'-war?" And here it may be proper to remark, by way of *nota bene*, that Marion's nautical knowledge was very circumscribed.

"Logan—Logan—Logan," quoth the Doctor; "I certainly do remember the name. In what port is he laid up?" Mrs Linton again officiated as interpreter, acquainted Marion whom she was conversing with, and received this piece of information by way of equivalent—that Tam resided with his parents at Craigieshealin, a village in the immediate neighbourhood; and further, that Mrs Laidlaw had the happiness of being his maternal grandmother. The good old woman became so very communicative, that we could do no less, in return, than make her acquainted with our intended route, which she assured us was a dreigh one; "but," continued Marion, "be advised by me, and strike through at the nearest to Craigieshealin; the horse road's a lang gate about, and ye'll be there a gude while sooner."

To this we readily agreed, and set off at a marching pace, accompanied by Mrs Laidlaw, to show us the aforesaid bye-path. But Marion had more kindness under her mutch than we were aware of. On reaching the entrance to a snug little dwelling, romantically situated on the burn-side, with its byre, piggery, hen-house, and kail-yard weel filled with bee-skeps,—"Now, Sirs," quoth the kindly auld dame, "this is my house, and ye maun just step in and sit doun a blink. The skilfu', tender-hearted lad," addressing herself to Halliday, "wha heal'd our Tam, and was sac gude to a' the wounded men, baith friends and faes, manna gae by my door without breaking bread, and the ledly and the gentlemen are thrice welcome for his sake." Had

Marion been aware that the *leddy* was Captain Linton's mother, the party, of course, would have been entitled to a double portion of her affectionate regard, and compelled to alight; but as matters stood, we were permitted to remain seated, on faithfully promising not to pass without calling as we returned, "and then," quoth Marion Laidlaw, "I'se ha'e a wheen rare scones baken, and heather hinny galore. It has gotten a far finer flavour than the kames ta'en frae a Lawland skep." The treaty being concluded on these terms, and ratified by a hearty shake of the hand, which a Galwegian deems more binding than parchment itself, signed, sealed, and delivered, we again set forwards, and continued our route until the burn made a sudden sweep to the right, winding its way among the hills "where heather blooms and moor-cocks crawl," and there Marion Laidlaw pointed out the nearest way to Craigieshealin. We forded the stream agreeably to her directions, being assured that the left bank was more pleasant, and afforded much better footing for cavalry than the right; and having put ourselves in marching array, Mrs Laidlaw delivered her final instructions, word for word, as follows: "Be sure, now, and ca' in at Johnny Logan's as ye gae through the town, and tell them that Robie M'Guffoch's a gude deal better. Poor wee fallow, he has been soomin for his life i' the measles, and my dochter's just frighten'd out o' her wits about it. I darena gang to Craigieshealin mysel', because o' the malady that prevails in our neighbourhood; and it wou'd be a dread-ri' thing, ye ken, to carry infection there, for the town's just swarmin' wi' bairns like a bees' byke, and they're a' laid up wi' the kingcough already, poor things. But my dochter dwalls i' the hindmost house but ane, and ye'll maist likely see her i' the kailyard, weaving her stockings, for she's a prime hand at it. Martha has a gude heart, though she wasna a drap's blude to me, and I am sure she'll ha'e naething i' the house that's owre gude for ye. Now mind what I say about the gate, and ye needna be under the sma'est apprehension o' tining yoursel's, for it's just as plain as a pyke-staff. Haud awa' down

the burn, until ye come to the Wullcat Craig; gae round the hip o't, and ye'll see a ligget i' the gudeman's sheep-dyke—pass through, and steek it ahint ye; then tak' the moor at the braed side, and after riding a gude blink, ye'll fa' in wi' the laird's mug sheep, and a score or sae o' hill wedders among them. Keep the mugs on your right hand, and Widow Gowdie's gaits on the left—dinna forget, now, because the moor path's no verra plain thereabouts. Ride bauldly on, and ye'll see Knockwinlaw, a bonnie green knowe, wi' a queer auld pilgrim-looking bush on the tap o't. The Whigs say it was SAWNEY PEDEN's staff, and that he stuck it i' the grund when the spirit called on him to lift up his voice against the Gallawa' heathen. As the auld man doffed his bonnet, the sapless stick took root, and before he had done wi' his godly exhortation, it was bearing billisters. Haud straught on through the heather, and when ye've gotten within a stane's throw o' the Knock, ye'll forgather wi' a kind o' road that leads along Craigieshealin burn, a' the gate to the toun. Ye canna gae wrang."

Doctor Halliday having noted down our sailing-orders, as he termed them, in his log-book, we took an affectionate farewell of the good old lady, and departed, on renewing our promise to accommodate her with an hour or two's gossip, in the course of a few days. I have had my own good share of journeying from place to place in this world, both on horseback and otherwise, and received much useful information from the peasantry and others, respecting cross-roads and bye-paths; but Marion Laidlaw's instructions were by far the plainest and most correct I ever had the honour of attending to. We followed the burn for a mile or so, by computation, down one of the most engaging glens that ever was dreamed of by a young poet, and descried the Wullcat Craig at some distance, in the semblance of a rude invulnerable fortress, hastily thrown up by Nature, to guard the pass, and defended by a few venerable-looking grimalkins, who cautiously eyed us from the battlements, without betraying the smallest inclination to dispute our passage, having lately been severely chas-

tised, and many of their bravest tabbies put *hors de combat*, as we afterwards understood, by a neighbouring gamekeeper, for barbarously worrying three of his best terriers, and a favourite greyhound, which may account for their circumspection, and peaceable demeanour. We rode up to the ancient garrison, whose wary sentinels fled at our approach; turned round the hip of it, agreeable to Marion's direction; and beheld a gate, or ligget, as the Galloway folk call them, through which we passed, and carefully closed behind us. Being now on the frontier of a wild barren heath, the Doctor uncased his pocket-compass, and taking the gudemans' sheep-dyke for his bare line, he steered away in a direction perpendicular thereunto, geometrically speaking, straight N.N.E., with the exception of a few unavoidable tacks, which we were under the necessity of making, to keep clear of peat-holes, crags, quagmires, and other impediments, which occasionally presented themselves. Halliday being considerably a-head, made signal for the laird's mug-sheep, and in a few minutes, we had the pleasure of beholding them to leeward, nibbling on the fell, whose heathery hide had been singed with moor-flame the preceding summer. The pasture was so invitingly green, that our steeds perfectly devoured it with their eyes, and the tender herbage might have tempted the teeth of real *Merinos*, much more a parcel of mug-sheep and hill-wedders: they would have been *sheep* indeed had they strayed elsewhere.

Being now arrived at a part of the moor where our instructions authorized us to push boldly on, we set off at a brisk trot, and soon came within sight of Knockwinlaw, the loveliest little green knoll I ever saw; but having made up our minds to visit it's summit, and pay our respects to *Pedan's staff*, when we returned homewards, Mr Halliday made a tack to the right, and bore away for Craigieshealin, followed by his two consorts. The kind of road, as Mrs Laidlaw very properly called it, leading to this village, winds along the brim of a deep and narrow glen. On entering the defile, we heard an unaccountably strange noise, like unto that of many voices,

shouting, yelling, and hollowing, all at once, which confounded us not a little, and presently a straggling pack of sheep-dogs, rough muzzled, full fed, and swift of foot, cleared the fence, and took to their heels down the road, full cry. We also beheld a young fellow on the opposite side, running with astonishing swiftness towards a commanding promontory, which was no sooner gained, than he wistfully gazed down the burn, wheeled him about, waved his bonnet, and cried with might and main, "They ha'e gotten him, they ha'e gripped him! Come awa, come awa!" But before these words had time to reach the ears of his constituents, he dived in the glen. Instantly the neighbouring hamlets were forsaken by man, woman, and child, and every soul that had legs to run on, shanked away in the direction of Craigieshealin.

Doctor Halliday seemed to be of opinion that a mutiny had broke out in the village. Mrs Linton said something about knidnappers, sheep-reavers, and sturdy-beggars, being owre rife in the land—suspected that some of these gentry had been following their avocations—and concluded by observing, that the shoutings, then become truly terrific, might have been occasioned by their capture; whilst I, God help me, very innocently remarked, that a fox-chace might account for all we had heard and seen. At the end of our conjecturings, a parcel of well-conditioned young shepherds jumped the dyke, and legged away after their shaggy forerunners with extraordinary speed; but one of them having a boiled sheep's-head in his left hand, and a naked jockteleg in his right, which he contrived to handle with singular dexterity, was unable to keep pace with the main body, and Halliday being a-head of us, rode after the rustic, and questioned him as to the cause of such uproarious clamour and commotion. "My good fellow," quoth the Doctor, "what is the meaning of this dreadful hubbub?" but he answered him not, took another slice of the singed cranium, and jogged on, being very intent on satisfying both appetite and curiosity at one and the same time. In like manner, an assemblage of elder-

ly men, women, and children, made their appearance at the brack-head, many of whom scrambled over the parapet as well as they could, and ran down the glen; but not a morsel of information could we procure from a living creature; every individual being so eager to see what was forthcoming, that neither man nor mother's son would halt for one single moment to answer a question. At length came a smart, lady-looking wife, with an infant in her arms, and a sweet little boy clinging to her gown-tail. She threw her left leg over the dyke with an agility that very few women are mistress of, and the other, of course, would have followed with the like celerity, had her chubby son been otherways engaged than hanging on his mother's rear, kicking and skirling like a distracted creature. "Oh, mither, mither! tak' me wi' ye, tak' me wi' ye!" But the good woman was not destined to be hindmost in witnessing a scene that will hereafter be delineated.

She hauled over the other limb by main force, shook the poor child from her garments like a dish-clout, and made off with all possible speed, notwithstanding the supplications of her first-born, as he rolled down the bank!—"Mither—mither—mither! tak' me wi' ye." "Oh, the dear bairn!" exclaimed Mrs Linton, "he'll be brain'd!" Halliday and I dismounted in a moment, and providentially caught him by the breech, just as he was tumbling over the narrow slip of road-way; another cant would have tossed him into eternity. We examined his person from top to toe, without falling in with either fracture or contusion; but never did I see terror so very strongly depicted in the human countenance. A luckless wretch, on the eve of being tottled in a New Zealander's kail-pot, could not possibly betray stronger symptoms of alarm than did our little moorlander, when he found himself in the hands of utter strangers; but Mrs Linton having also alighted from her nag, and tied him to a bush, comforted the child, as she approached, with some such words as these,—“There's a bit wild moor-bred laddie, and frightened enough, I see warrant, for gaberlunzies and sinkler wives; but

we're dounce, weel-living folk, my bonny wee man,” patting his curly head, “and wadna harm a hair o't for untell'd goud.” On delivering this assurance, Mrs Linton presented him with a Caplegair apple, ripe and fair to look upon, which instantly brightened the whole starboard side of his face; and on perceiving the beneficial effects of her liberality, Mr Halliday produced another *Lang Meg*, whose charms dispelled every symptom of dismay from the larboard. But notwithstanding outward appearances, the child's nerves, owing to recent disappointment, dread of being kidnapped, and other causes, were all of a twitter, and his little heart panting at the rate of nineteen dunts to the dozen, so that when Mrs Linton interrogated him as to the frightful yellachings and hideous din, then become extremely alarming, and expressed her astonishment at the unaccountable conduct of his mother, he wiped his wet-shod eyes with a tremulous hand, and sobbed as well as he could, “They're ride—ride—riding the st—st—stang o' Charlie Borthwick, and she'll nin—nin—no tak' me wi' her to see the fun.” On receipt of this unexpected piece of news, we lost not a moment in placing our informant on the hill side of the dyke, beseeched him to refrain from entering the dangerous glen, which he faithfully promised to do, and having put Mrs Linton in possession of her side-saddle, we mounted our steeds, and rode away at a smart trot to see Charlie Borthwick on his wooden palfrey—riding the stang being a mode of punishment that none of us had ever witnessed. The Glen-gate, as it is called, being, in many places, none of the best, our cattle were not altogether clear about advancing too rashly, and it was some time before we arrived at Otter Gill, where Craighieshealin burn leaves the glen, to ramble elsewhere. We cast our eyes on the valley, and beheld a great multitude advancing in slow procession, accompanied by a chosen band of rough music, whose anti-harmonic din was the most discordant I ever listened to. An elderly gentleman led the van, clanking a couple of portable oven-lids, which he handled very creditably indeed

followed by sixteen elderly ladies in pairs, playing upon girdles, frying-pans, pewter-plates, and every other household utensil capable of making a noise. Then came Charlie Borthwick, a gruesome, coarse-featured carle, riding on his ashen gelding, supported by twelve sturdy moorlanders, his arms pinioned behind his back with straw ropes, and his feet secured by the like means. He wore a woman's toy-mutch on his crown, by way of head-dress, and a collar of twisted straw about his neck, from whence depended a few dish-clouts, scrubbies, potatoe-whittles, and other minor ornaments, together with four hair-tethers, in the capacity of guys, or braces. These being held tight by the like number of trust-worthy matrons, effectually prevented Charles from swagging to and fro; and in order to suppress every symptom of rescue that haply might have appeared, the culprit was guarded by a powerful detachment of stout young women, well armed with tongs, pot-sticks, rolling-pins, and all manner of domestic weapons; but this precaution, so far as we were enabled to judge, was altogether unnecessary, every individual soul being heartily engaged in riding the stang o' Charlie Borthwick. The rear-guard was also most respectable, consisting entirely of men and women, lads and lasses, boys and girls, of good appearance and fair deportment, laughing, whooping, and hallooing, with all their might; whilst the unceasing peal of twenty nowt horns contributed not a little to the general uproar. In this style the procession continued to advance, until it entered Craighieshealin glen, where the road is bounded right and left, as aforesaid, and there Charlie Borthwick's guards, supporters, and attendants, began to complain of being squeezed. Presently a naked sabre was brandished on high amongst the people, and a voice of no ordinary compass bawled out, "Avast, avast! Put your helms a-weather, my hearties. About ship, and give the lubber a yaw: by the heart o' Davie, we'll be foul o' the burn." This order, though imperfectly understood by many, was nevertheless pretty generally attended to, being issued by no less a man than Tom

Logan, who had taken upon himself the marshalling of Charlie Borthwick's Rade; and in a few minutes the whole host of pedestrians was in a state of retrogression. We followed at our leisure, and very luckily fell in with a couple of shrewd communicative old women, Nanse M'Kittrick and Leezie Blair, who furnished us with a fair copy of the prisoner's indictment. "O, Mem," quoth Nanse, addressing herself to Mrs Linton, "he's a sad, sad fellow. Wha but himsel' waud ever ha'e thocht o' mocking the Scripture saying, 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.' O, the uncircumcised world's worm,—he serves the waeifu' beggars at his door wi' *awmous grist**, and lends the Lord nievefous o' raw meal, and pickles o' kiln-burnt groats." Mrs Blair being also a dealer in local gossip, stood like a woman afflicted with the fidgets, whilst her rival was supplying us with a list of Charlie's backslidings; and most willingly would she have thrown in her mite of information, being only frying with impatience to oblige us; but Nanse M'Kittrick marched her words in such close order, that the devil a bit o' Leezie could break their ranks for the soul of her. At length Charlie Borthwick's kiln-burnt groats caused our informant to stumble in her speech, and Mrs Blair being on the watch, made a successful dash, in this manner: "Not to interrupt you, Nanse M'Kittrick, he's also deserving o' being held up to public shame, on Tibbie's account. She's a most prudent, through-gaun, sensible wife, or else she never cou'd ha'e wars'd wi' the crabbed wull-cat o' a body sae lang, nor made buckle and belt meet thegither in the manner she has done. I ha'e seen him mysel', when the poor woman opened her mouth to commune wi' a neighbour wife, sitting on his tail just like a sheep-dog watching a gap, snarling at every sentence, and snapping at every syllable; and i' the forenigh, when she sits down, weary and forfoughen.

* *Awmous Grist*, i. e. alms provision; an inferior kind of provender that certain house-wives make a point of keeping in their gurnal, to relieve itinerant mendicancy.

to tak' a blaw o' the pipe, and puff awa' sorrow, he gies her a crumb o' tobacco out o' his spleuchan, no the length o' that," holding out the first lith of her little finger for our inspection, "and ca's the poor thing wasterfu' slut, prodigal, spendthrift, and a' the vile names he can lay his tongue about."

Leezie having fairly run herself out of breath, the dissection of Charlie Borthwick's character was instantly resumed by Mrs M'Kittrick, who declared that he might ha'e found better employment at hame, than paramouring wi' the like o' Widow M'Cauchie. "The like o' Widow M'Cauchie!" vociferated a stark, sour-looking carline, whose outstretched claws, as she came belly-flaught from her own door, betokened no good to Nanse's mutch; "I'll have ye to know, Mem, that Widow M'Cauchie slighted better fallows in her day, than ever stood in Rab M'Kittrick's shoon; and I'll let ye ken, Mem, that Widow M'Cauchie's gudeman, rest his soul! ne'er haunted the hallan o' sic a weasel blaun concern as thee." Mrs Blair being a stout, able woman, who delighted not in seeing the weaker vessel overthrown, put herself in motion to protect Nanse M'Kittrick, whose frail, diminutive corporation had not the smallest chance o' standing before an exasperated ronion of the widow's dimensions; and as the enemy advanced, poor old Nanse took a position in the rear of her guardian.

The scandalized widow, on perceiving Mrs M'Kittrick's rigging beyond the reach of her vengeance, flew at Leezie like an enraged hyena, and certainly would have demolished her attic, had not auld Nanse, with the fierceness and celerity of a tiger-cat, fastened on the assailant, and mauled her most confoundedly. To the credit of human nature be it spoke, *Twa versus Ane* is deemed unfair, by saint and sinner, all the world over. No sooner did Nanse M'Kittrick commence hostilities, than every sturdy dame who felt indignant at foul play, bided her away to the scene of action with becoming promptitude, and thence delivered Widow M'Cauchie from the hands of her enemies; but, strange as it may seem, notwithstanding they all

met for a specific purpose, and accomplished it to their heart's content, yet did the spirit of discord, some how or other, contrive to set them by the ears, and in less than ten minutes we witnessed the most alarming collieshangie that ever broke out in a Galloway village. Never did I behold the like! It was truly grievous to hear the cutting epithets and bitter taunts that whizzed in every direction; and distressing to see the infuriated hempies, rugging and riving each other's garments to tatters. The havock amongst frills, caps, bonnets, tuckers, and tresses, both natural and unnatural, was frightful in the extreme; and I have reason to believe, that it would be many days before their handboxes were replenished.

Mrs Linton being inly grieved at the ungentle deméanour of her sex, expressed a wish to be gone, and we accordingly pricked our steeds; but not before some nine or ten of the belligerents took to their heels, in a most deplorable condition, and amongst them, our late acquaintances, Leezie Blair and Nanse M'Kittrick.

We entered Craigieshealin at the heels of Mr Borthwick's retinuc, and were not a little delighted with its truly moorland appearance, the houses being all thatched with heather, and built without any regard to regularity, some presenting their fronts obliquely to the road, others their gables; and a vast majority clustered together in the most agreeable confusion we ever witnessed; whilst the well-cultivated kail-yards, hedged about with bountree and hawthorn, ruralized every biggin, and pleased the eye beyond measure. When contemplating the unassuming loveliness of this romantic little village, a comely, middle-aged woman, in decent apparel, presented herself before Doctor Halliday; and immediately after curtsying three times, twice to the horse, and once to his rider, she lifted up her hands in the attitude of supplication, and thus addressed him: "*You, man, riding on the varytng beast, what's gude for the king-cough?*" Halliday not having the slightest suspicion, that either freet, spell, or charm, was lurking about this apparently whimsical query, looked stedfastly in the

good woman's face, and conceiving her to be a rustic *droll*, who had some knowledge of his person, answered, and said with much simplicity, "Butter and bear strae, gude-wife." The poor woman shook her head, and retired without uttering a word. But scarcely had she departed, when another motherly dame, from the opposite side of the way, appeared before our young friend, made her obeisance, and accosted him precisely as aforesaid, word for word, and curtsey for curtsey. To her, Mr Halliday recommended "a decoction o' hen keckles," as an infallible remedy; and she also departed, gnawing her nails. In this manner was the doctor waited upon by no less than five ladies, one after the other, who toddled away the moment he made out his prescriptions, wagging their heads, and biting their nether lips; but the sixth told him a tale that he'll never forget. She was a goodly, wife-looking woman, with fine expressive features. Her eyes were a little swollen, and her cheek appeared to have been recently wiped, which satisfied my heart, without farther inquiry, that she was acquainted with sorrow; but Mr Halliday thought otherwise, and suspected her countenance was shamming Abraham. When the applicant had duly humbled herself, and made an end of speaking the formal address—"You, man, riding on the varying beast," &c. Doctor Halliday answered and said, "I would advise ye, Mein, to clap a plaster o' wild-mare's eggs, poach'd in moudiewart milk, to the bairn's doup, night and morning." "That's light, light speaking, Sir," quoth the poor woman. "'Deed no," said the Doctor; "I do not recollect of ever having spoken the words of truth and soberness with more gravity," and he told the truth too. With matron dignity the supplicant wiped her face, and thus addressed him: "Ye're a young man, Sir, and may live to ha'e a family o' bonnier bairns than mine—better they canna be. When affliction comes amang them, and every family has its ain troubles to contend wi', sooner or later—when the king o' coughs, like a destroying angel, sends awa' ae sweet wee lamb to the kirk-yard after anither, ye'll maybe

remember Jannet M'Murdo." "Dinna ware gude words on him," said a bye-stander, with some warmth; "he's ane o' thae heartless, high-fed fallows, wha ha'e owre muckle meal among their water, and forget themselves, like Robin Wightman's ass." "I ha'e done a waur turn," cried another rustic, shaking his fist at the Doctor, "than gaur'd the tail o' ye kiss the causeway." "Bring his honour aff the beast, Jannie," vociferated a third, "and we'll synd the flaes aff him i' the mill-dam." Alarmed at the appearance of hostilities, and anxious to negotiate before daggers were drawn, I earnestly beseeched the villagers to let us depart in peace, and ventured to observe, that queer questions had been put to the gentleman, and queer answers had certainly been returned, but without the slightest intention of giving offence, being well aware that my young friend prescribed in the manner he had done merely for the joke's sake. "There's nae joking i' the case, Sir," observed an elderly matron; "Jannet M'Murdo has lost twa sweet bairns i' the king-cough, and the third's just at death's-door. The gentleman, as ye ca' him, might ha'e tauld what was gude for't, without taunting her sae cruelly, for he needs must know, that the person wha rides on a pycted beast can cure the dreadful malady, merely by ordering the afflicted wean to sip a drap milk, or partake o' what's to be met wi' in every country-house—parritch, sowens, and the like." Before she had told her story, the tear sprang in Halliday's eye. He put his steed in motion, and earnestly inquired whereabouts Jannet M'Murdo lived? for the poor woman had taken her departure with a sorrowful heart; but before an answer was returned, Tam Logan, who had safely landed Souter Borthwick at his ain door, rushed through the crowd that compassed us about, and seized on Halliday's outstretched hand with the hearty avidity of a sailor.—"I have reason to believe, that there are certain passages in every man's life to which he looks back with peculiar delight; at least such is the case with me; and amongst the many pleasant recollections treasured up in my heart, none more frequently visit my

reveries than the two days I lived at Craighieshealin. When it became generally known that Mrs Linton was the captain's mother, every married woman pressed forward, to welcome her, and their husbands unbanned to a man; whilst the young men and maidens testified their respect by every imaginable means. Even John Logan, a man proverbially slow of speech, could not refrain from saying a few words, as he lifted her down from the side-saddle. "Little did I expect, Mem," quoth John, "to ha'e the brave man's manna in my arms that our Tam speaks sae meikle about," and gallantly handed Mrs Linton to his ain house, followed by Halliday and self, where we certainly found "naething owre gude for us." Mr Halliday left us, to visit Jannet McMurdo's family, and in less than an hour became every body's body. He dispatched a messenger to Dumfries, for whooping-cough medicine, who returned a little after midnight with an ample supply; and such was the efficacy of his prescription, that a few days relieved the little sufferers beyond all expectation, and a few more put them so far on the way of well-doing, that when the hour of our departure was come, upwards of fifty children assembled about John Logan's lowpin'-on-stane, and were not hindmost in bidding us all an affectionate adieu.

MRS MARKHAM'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND *.

THERE is no small difficulty in lighting upon a right method of instructing young persons in history. Are they to remain ignorant of the leading events and principal characters in the history of their own country, for instance, or in those of ancient Greece and Rome, till they come to a time of life when they can relish the complete narratives of our great historians; or, as is but too common, are they to have their me-

mories loaded with a dry skeleton of events, and all the tremendous accompaniment of dates, and names of places, to which they attach no interest whatever, and which are sufficient to make them detest the name of history ever after, at a period of their lives, too, when their moral sensibilities are most genuine and lively, and might be awakened to the relish of all that is noble in character, and pathetic in incident? There must be some way of resolving this puzzle, although we profess never to have exactly found the clue. A history for a young person requires, perhaps, to be more minute, in many of its details, than a more-advanced student would care for; so that a mere abridgment, or chronicle, is not the thing for them: on the contrary, the incidents that have a deep moral interest, or that are naturally amusing to their imaginations, can scarcely be represented to them on too wide a canvass. They like to dwell on such passages, and to read them over and over again; and have more delight in them, than even in a fairy tale, because the attraction of truth is, if possible, still greater to a child than to a grown-up person. Yet there is a danger again, by picking the plumbs out of history, lest you ever afterwards render their knowledge of it immethodical and imperfect. The plan, then, we suppose, ought to be, to split the difference, as they say,—to connect full details of particular passages, with an accurate outline of the rest; and to do this well, a new book is scarcely necessary; a selection, as they proceed, from one book after another, (those historians commonly who are the fullest in detail ought to be preferred,) connected by a clear and sensible thread of narration for the less interesting passages, seems to be what is best suited for the young; and if parents cannot accomplish this for themselves, we know no work that will help them out better, than the very able and ingenious book now before us. The authoress of this work has been led on to it, in the education of her own children, and has found that children are much better taught in easy conversation, than by any other kind of more methodical instruction.

* A History of England, from the First Invasion by the Romans, to the end of the Reign of George the Third: with Conversations at the end of each Chapter: Adapted for Young Persons. Two Vols. 12mo. Constable & Co.

The plan of the book is to give, first, a short view of a period in English History, commonly the complete reign of a King, and then to introduce, as a conversation between the authoress and her children, explanations of what has gone before, or a great many curious and entertaining pieces of information, which could not be embodied in the narrative. The plan, we think, is excellent, and the execution very judicious and instructive, as far as it goes; but we are in doubts, whether, from this book alone, a young person could derive a deep interest in English History, and we would humbly propose, that while it is excellent as a textbook, and as containing a distinct narrative of the general tissue of the History, the parent, or preceptor, should connect with it much fuller details of particular events, and dwell more biographically on eminent characters, which he will be enabled to do, even if he should scarcely look farther than Hume. That Great Historian, with all his philosophical and political reflection, which is, indeed, beyond the reach of very young persons, is most admirably graphic in his pictures, and gives a very lively impression of any striking character.

This work, then, is excellent in itself, and it is no less so as a model. It is not necessary that a parent should confine himself entirely to the conversations here given, but it would be much better to permit his children to become interlocutors in the dialogue, and to accompany their little friends, George, Richard, and Mary, in their questions and difficulties. He will find a great many curious pieces of instruction in this book, ready prepared for him; but he may find many more, if he will look into Henry, and other historians of customs and manners, which may be more captivating, perhaps, for the fancies of his particular children; and in instructing them, he will instruct himself—the most perfect kind of instruction, we believe, that grown-up persons are capable of receiving.

The History extends from the earliest period to the death of the late King; it is, throughout, written in a distinct, equable, sensible style, and, if we are not much mistaken, will soon be in great favour with the pub-

lic. It is sufficient for us to bring it into the view of our readers. We cannot afford room for a specimen of the narrative, but we shall give them some passages from the conversations, and we may premise, that there are a few good etchings at the end of each volume, of the more remarkable dresses and objects alluded to or described.

George. Were these Anglo-Normans any of them poor people, or were they all noblemen?

Mrs. M. There were many different degrees among them. The highest in rank, after the king, were the barons, who were made rich and powerful by the spoils of the Anglo-Saxon nobles. Another class was composed of Norman and foreign soldiers, who had helped to achieve the conquest of the island, and who settled on the lands that had been given to their leaders, and became their vassals and tenants. With this class became blended gradually the Anglo-Saxon thanes, or nobles, who were all degraded from their former rank, and stripped of the greater part of their possessions; and also the Anglo-Saxon eorls, or farmers, who, if they had never taken up arms against the Conqueror, were allowed, on putting themselves under the protection of some Norman baron, to live without molestation. We may suppose, in general, that from this extensive class are chiefly derived the English gentry and yeomanry. Saxon and Norman are now melted together; and the question, whether we are in the greater degree of the one or of the other origin, is no longer of any moment. But it was not till long after William and his followers were all dead and gone, that the descendants of the two nations could endure each other; the Normans holding in contempt the stupid ignorant Saxons; and the Saxons detesting their tyrannical oppressors.—Besides the classes I have been telling you of, the clergy also formed a distinct, numerous body. The lowest rank of the people had few, if any, rights of their own. These were usually, like the Russian peasants of our own times, considered as annexed to the estate on which they lived, and were bought and sold together with it. Domestic slaves also were very numerous; and these were the most miserable and degraded of any. The children of these poor people were slaves equally with their parents; and thus the number of persons in the condition of slavery was very great, though there were many ways by which emancipation might be

obtained, in later reigns especially; and many free labourers, who worked for hire, as the labourers of our own times do now. In towns there was another class of people, called *Burghers*. These were tradesmen, or merchants, who joined together in little societies: but in this reign they had not become a numerous, or at least not a powerful body.

George. Pray, mamma, could William and his Normans speak English?

Mrs. M. I believe they never tried to learn. William used every means in his power to introduce the Norman or French into England, and to eradicate the Anglo-Saxon language. He altered many of the old Saxon laws, and established Norman instead; which were all written in Norman-French; and he ordered that law-business should be carried on in that language. He also required that French, instead of Saxon, should be taught to the children in the schools: but it is easier to conquer a kingdom than to change a language; and after an ineffectual struggle, which lasted three centuries, the Saxon got the better at last; and, with some intermixture of the Norman, forms the basis of the language we now speak. And even the Norman words we retain are often so altered, by our way of pronouncing them, that a Frenchman would not easily recognise them. Did you not hear, while we were changing horses at Doncaster, the town-crier call out, "*O yes*, this is to give notice," &c.? which you and George laughed at as nonsense, for you did not know that the crier's "*O yes*" is a corruption of the old Norman word "*Oyez*,"—"hear ye."

Richard. What did you mean by saying that the knights, in that battle in which only three were killed, were in complete armour? I thought those old knights always wore armour.

Mrs. M. At the time when the Romans landed in England, the Britons had no kind of armour, except a rude sort of shield: nor does it appear that the Saxons or Danes had any other defence except the shield and helmet, till a little before the time of the Conquest, when the nobles and leaders of their armies adopted armour, something like that of the Normans. I have seen the complete armour of a Norman knight, which was exhibited in London in a collection of ancient armour. The whole dress was made of little rings of iron, much smaller and slighter than the chain of a horse's bridle; and these were all linked together so ingeniously, like net-work, that it fitted close to the limbs and body, and was, at the same time, as flexible as a stocking. Under this they wore a dress called a

gambeson, which I imagine to have been like a shirt without sleeves or collar, and quilted or stuffed with wool: sometimes this was worn over the *hawberk*, which was the name of the coat of mail, or chain armour. But I suppose this kind of armour was not found a sufficient defence against the point of a spear or arrow: for in the fourteenth century, plate armour was introduced, so called from being made of plates of iron, which were often so heavy, that when a knight in this armour was overthrown, he lay on the ground immoveable till he was helped up: and there were many instances, in hot weather, and in the press of an engagement, of persons being suffocated with the heat and weight of their armour. In a battle between the French and Italians, in 1495, some Italian knights, who were overthrown, lay like huge lobsters, and could not be killed till their armour was broken by the French soldiers with wood-cutters' axes. There was also an intermediate kind of armour, called *scale* armour, formed of little pieces of iron laid one over another, in the manner of the scales of a fish; but this kind does not appear to have been long in use. But I am here anticipating a little too much, and must go back to the reign of Henry I. At that time, the upper part of the hawberk, though it covered the head like a hood, left the face quite exposed, except that it was sometimes guarded by a *nasal*, a part of the cap which projected over the nose. But by degrees they covered the face more and more, till at length close visors were adopted.

Richard. Pray, mamma, what sort of weapons did they fight with?

Mrs. M. The knights fought with lances, spears, and swords; and the common soldiers with slings and bows, in the use of which the English excelled almost all other nations. The French were more active, but the English possessed more bodily strength. Besides these arms, which they carried about them, they used various kinds of machines for throwing darts and stones to a great distance. Gunpowder was not invented till long after the time we are speaking of.

Richard. To judge from the number of ruins we see, there must have been a great many castles in England.

Mrs. M. The country, to use the actual words of an old historian, "was overrun with them." The conqueror and his two sons built a great many. The barons lived like so many little kings, each in his own castle, with his train of followers: and they even affected the ceremonial of kings; for their servants and attendants, instead of being called

stewards, grooms, and footmen, were called *treasurers*, *privy-counsellors*, *heralds*, *pages*, and so on.

George. I wonder how the Saxon English liked having all those Normans, whom they hated, shut up in those strong castles.

Mrs. M. They did not like it at all, and it was amongst their many grievances. Such haughty seclusion was entirely contrary to their own habits, which were remarkably convivial and social. They did not care for the shabbiness of their own dwellings, which were only built of wood, and thatched, if they could but eat and drink, and have merry-makings; while the Normans, on the contrary, were frugal in their manner of living, but very costly in their buildings.

Richard. Are there any Norman buildings left, and have I ever seen any of them?

Mrs. M. Many of their buildings are still standing; but, except the cathedral at Rochester, which, if I mistake not, is the oldest Norman building we have, I do not at this moment recollect that you ever saw any of the date I am now speaking of.

Rich. Norman, mamma! I thought, when we were there, you told me the arches were all Saxon!

Mrs. M. So I did, my dear. The style of architecture, which we improperly call Saxon, is, in fact, early Norman, and is distinguished by its massy and short pillars, and its circular arch, from the pointed arch, and tall slender pillars, of that style which we call the Gothic.

George. You showed us some implements of the Saxons. Can you show us any of those of the Normans? I should like to see what difference there is between them.

Mrs. M. We shall find some drawings of the very things you wish to see in those books by Mrs. Strutt, which you are so fond of.

We must give one other conversation entire. We have no reason for preference, except that it relates to the period of Charles II., with which, we believe, in a very short time, the heads of all our readers, old and young, will be full, and the little sketch here given may serve as a kind of pioneer, to prepare the way, and to put their imaginations into right training.

Richard. Ah! mamma, how disappointed I am in that Charles II.! I was in hopes he would have made a very good king.

Mrs. M. And the worst of it was, that his bad conduct had a pernicious influence, not only on the times in which he lived, but also on those that followed: for though few could pretend to equal him in wit, yet persons of the meanest capacity could easily imitate his vices, and the coarse and vulgar jokes in which he often indulged himself. This infection spread from the court through the country; and the people, flying from one extreme to the other, gave up the affectation of gravity and saintliness, to assume the opposite character of licentiousness. Even the public taste was corrupted. Many of the books written at that time were polluted with the same vicious spirit that so generally prevailed in society.

Mary. Were there then no good books in Charles II.'s reign?

Mrs. M. I did not intend to make so sweeping a charge. I meant particularly to speak of plays and poems: and even amongst these there were great exceptions. *Paradise Lost*, a poem, which, for sublimity and purity, has never been excelled, or, indeed, equalled, was published in this reign.

Mary. Well: I am glad there was one good book to make up for the rest.

Mrs. M. We have not to thank any of Charles's wits for it. Milton, the admirable author, was a poor blind Puritan. He was a man of great learning, and had been Latin secretary to Oliver Cromwell. He wrote many prose works, which are almost all political, and in favour of independent and republican principles. His poetical works are, as far as I know, free from any political bias, and I hope you will ere long acquire good taste and sense enough to enjoy their excellencies. He had many admirers: and persons of rank and distinction would often come to enjoy the conversation of the blind and venerable bard, as he sat, according to his custom, at the door of his house in Bunhill Row, in the city, to enjoy the refreshing breeze in a summer evening. And I dare say he looked more truly dignified, with his white hair, and plain grey coat, than his gay visitors did in all their frippery.

Richard. I think, mamma, that I once heard you speak of some very old man who lived in the reign of Charles II.

Mrs. M. Old Jenkins, who died in this reign, is the oldest man on record in this country, or, I believe, in any other, since the ages immediately after the flood. He remembered the battle of Flodden field, which was fought in the early part of Henry VIII.'s reign, and died a few years after the fire of London, aged 169, having lived in eight different reigns.

Mary. O, mamma, how I hope London will never be burnt down again !

Mrs. M. I trust it never will ; for I can imagine few calamities more dreadful. Mr Evelyn, a truly excellent country gentleman, who lived at the time, and who kept a daily journal, which has lately been published, has given us a very animated description of the terrible scene. The fire began near London Bridge, and burnt every thing westward as far as Temple Bar, extending northward to Smithfield and Holborn. It destroyed eighty-four churches, leaving only thirteen standing within the boundary of the city.

Richard. Why, it must have burnt half London !

Mrs. M. The flames first broke out at ten o'clock at night on the 2d of September. The following evening, Mr Evelyn went to the Bankside at Southwark, which is on the south side of the Thames, and from thence he beheld the flames on the opposite side of the river spreading in one sheet all along the river banks. He went again early the next morning to the same place, and saw the fire still raging furiously. It was then catching St. Paul's Church. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven. The light was seen at forty miles distance, and not by night only, but also by day ; and the smoke, which rose in thick black clouds, was supposed to spread through the atmosphere for fifty miles around. The air in and about London was so hot and inflamed, that it was quite stifling and oppressive.

The next day, Sept. 4, St. Paul's was burnt, and the melted lead from that and the other churches ran in a stream. The pavement of the streets glowed with so intense a heat, that neither man nor horse was able to tread on it. The people at first seemed to lose their senses, in the greatness of the calamity. The king was the first to regain his recollection. He himself attended, late and early, to encourage and reward the workmen, and showed great presence of mind and activity.

On Sept. 6th, the fire began to abate, and on the 7th Mr Evelyn walked from Whitehall to London Bridge ; a scene of desolation in which he often did not know whereabouts he was. The ground was so hot that the soles of his shoes were burnt ; all timbers that were not reduced to ashes, were as black as charcoal ; the stones were burnt and calcined, and quite white ; and the smell of so many burnt and burning substances was very oppressive. The prison doors were all burnt away. Still, however, the poor wretches within could not escape, but perished in the flames.

George. Were many gentlemen's houses burnt ?

Mrs. M. I believe but few. That part of the town consisted principally of shops and warehouses, and the habitations of merchants and tradesmen, and their dependents. The nobility and gentry lived chiefly in the neighbourhood of the Strand and Whitehall. Somerset-house was a royal palace, and was inhabited by the queen. London and Westminster were at that time, as now, connected by streets. St. Giles's and St. Martin's were become part of London ; but to the north of Piccadilly all was still open, and Bond Street and Hanover Square are built on ground which was then fields for cattle.

Richard. I have just been thinking about that picture you showed us one day in the history of London, of a high column called the Monument, which was built in order to show something about a great fire. Was it this fire ?

Mrs. M. Yes. That Monument is erected on the spot where the fire first broke out : and it also marks another spot, perhaps known to antiquaries alone, and at least interesting to them only. It stands directly opposite to the place where once stood the London house of Edward the Black Prince.

Richard. I wonder how those who had lost their houses could contrive, when the rubbish was all cleared away, to know their own bits of ground again.

Mrs. M. It must have been a business of great difficulty to give back his exact right to every person. Sir Matthew Hale, who happily lived at that time, and who was a most wise and excellent man, and also a most upright judge, framed, with the assistance of the other judges, a set of rules for adjusting the different claims ; and all parties were, on the whole, very well satisfied.

George. Were all the houses built up exactly as they were before ?

Mrs. M. No ; they were rebuilt on a general, and a much improved plan ; and though the fire of London was a dreadful calamity to those who suffered by it, it has been an incalculable benefit to their posterity. The habitations of those who live in that part of the city are far more agreeable and more healthy than they were before. The plague, which used formerly to be such a terrible scourge, has never been known in London since the fire.

George. Was the infection then burnt out ?

Mrs. M. The dirt was burnt out that used to harbour the infection. The old wooden houses, with windows not made

to open, could never be purified by fresh air; the want of which, and the want of cleanliness, were enough to harbour and encourage infectious disorders.

George. I think, mamma, that the fire of London was a happy event for the king, as it made him exert himself, for once in his life, to do some good.

Mrs M. The beneficial effect on the king's mind was very transient. Charles II. was one of those persons whose carelessness makes them incorrigible. Both warning and example were thrown away upon him. He possessed talents, but made no good use of them. There was a lively epigram made on him by one of the wits of his court:—

Here lies our Sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

This was shown to Charles, and he said, in his pleasant way, that it was very true; for his words were his own, but his actions were his ministers'.

Richard. But, however, his ministers were not all bad: Lord Clarendon, for instance.

Mrs M. And there was also a Duke of Ormond, who was a very noble character. He had been a faithful adherent of Charles I., and on the Restoration was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Cabal hated him for his honesty: and one day in parliament Lord Shaftesbury attacked the Duke's administration of government in that island, but was so keenly, and yet so politely, answered by lord Ossory, the duke's son, that, though the most hardened man that ever lived, he retired quite abashed.

Richard. I should like to know what Lord Ossory said.

Mrs M. After vindicating his father's conduct in several particulars, he went on to say:—"Having spoken of what the lord lieutenant *has* done, I presume, with the same truth, to tell your lordships what he has *not* done. He never advised the shutting up of the exchequer; he never advised the falling out with the Dutch, and joining with France; and that Holland, a Protestant country, should, contrary to the true interests of England, be totally destroyed."

Richard. No wonder that old lord was ashamed, for, if I do not forget, those were the very things which the Cabal people had done.

Mrs M. And the attack came the more unexpectedly, as lord Ossory was a plain soldier, more used to fighting than to oratory. He was his father's only son, and the most popular man in the king-

dom: he kept aloof from the corruptions of the court, and would never join in any of the restless factions of the time. He died early, to the great grief of his father, and indeed of the whole nation. The poor old Duke used to say, "He would not change his dead son for any living son in Christendom."

George. I wonder if any thing could have made Charles II. a good man.

Mrs M. Had he been a private gentleman, and not rich enough to have afforded to live in idleness, he might, perhaps, have left a better name behind him. He had great good-nature, and was admirably qualified to be an agreeable companion; but he wanted all the virtues that are required to make a great man. Still there was a kind of dignity about him that prevented those he conversed with from taking too great liberties in return for the freedom with which he often treated them. It is said that he could be, when he pleased, a perfect model of good-breeding.

Richard. Then I think his being so agreeable was only so much the worse; for people must have liked him so much that they would forget his faults.

Mrs M. He was certainly a much greater favourite with his subjects than he deserved to be. This might, in part, be owing to his entire freedom from suspicion and pride, and his never showing the least fear of his people. He was very fond of the park at St James's; and that part of it called the Bird-cage Walk, he caused to be planted with trees, on which birds in cages were hung. He would sit for hours on the benches in the walk, amusing himself with some tame ducks and his dogs, amidst a crowd of people, with whom he would talk and joke.

Mary. I am glad you have said something about his dogs, because I wanted to know why people always say that our dog, Pompey, is a king Charles's dog.

Mrs M. It is because people fancy he is the same kind of dog which Charles II. was accustomed to keep; but I rather believe that no dogs are left of the true breed, except some very beautiful black and tan spaniels, which belonged to the late Duke of Norfolk, and which used to riot over Arundel Castle, much in the same way in which I suppose their ancestors formerly racketed about the palace at Whitehall. Charles was quite troublesomely fond of dogs. He had always so many in his bed-room, and his other apartments, that Mr Evelyn says the whole court was made offensive and disagreeable by them.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A Dictionary of Universal History, the first that has been attempted in our language, and one of the most useful for reference, will constitute the first volume of the "Methodical Cyclopædia," and will appear on the 1st of January.

John Bayley, Esq. one of his Majesty's Sub-Commissioners on the Public Records, and author of "the History of the Tower," is engaged in making collections for a Complete History of London, Westminster, and Southwark, which is to be enriched with a great variety of engravings of general views, public buildings, antiquities, and portraits. The work is to form three folio volumes, published in quarterly parts, and the first will appear in the ensuing season.

The History of Roman Literature, from the earliest periods to the Augustan Age, by John Dunlop, Esq. is in the press, in two volumes, octavo.

A new edition of the Progresses of Queen Elizabeth is in considerable forwardness. Two volumes are finished, and the third is so far advanced, that the whole may be expected early in 1823. The volumes are entirely new arranged, and will be accompanied by proper indexes.

A separate volume of the Progresses of King James is also preparing for the press, by Mr Nichols.

Dr Robinson's long-promised Abridgement of Hume and Smollet, with his own continuation to the death of George the Third, is in the press.

Early in 1823 will be published, Part I. of the Encyclopædia of Music, or General Dictionary of the Science.

Mr Salt, in a letter from Cairo, in August, states, that a roll of Papyrus, measuring about eleven inches in length, and five in circumference, has been discovered in the island of Elephantina, containing a portion of the latter part of the *Iliad*, very fairly written in large capitals, such as were in use during the time of the Ptolemys, and under the earlier Roman emperors. The lines are numbered, and there are Scolia in the margin.

A Letter to Mr Canning is in the press, on the commercial and political resources of Peru, setting forth the claims of that country to be recognized as an independent state.

Mr Watson, of Hull, is preparing for publication, a work upon the trees and

shrubs that will live in the open air of Great Britain throughout the year, to consist of coloured figures and descriptions, under the title of *Dendrologia Britannica*, of which the first part will appear in January.

A collection of Poems on various subjects, from the pen of Helen Maria Williams, is in the press. The volume will also contain some remarks on the present state of literature in France.

The first number of Mr Fosbrooke's Encyclopædia of Antiquities and Elements of Archæology, dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty, and the first work of the kind ever edited in England, will speedily be published.

Shortly will be published, Dr Collyer's Lectures on Scripture Comparisons, forming the seventh volume of the "Series on the Evidences of Christianity." The six volumes already published, contain Lectures on Scripture Facts, Prophecy, Miracles, Parables, Doctrines, and Duties.

The Lecture of Mr Jennings, lately delivered by him at the Surrey Institution, on the History and Utility of Literary Institutions, is in the press, and will be shortly ready for publication, with a preface, containing observations on some unwarranted misrepresentations, to which the delivery of this Lecture has given rise.

A Hindoo tale, in verse, entitled Zappna, or the Amulet, will very shortly be published, by Miss Isabel Hill, author of "the Poet's Child," a tragedy, and "Constance," a tale.

Dr T. Forster is about to publish a second edition of his *ΑΠΑΤΟΥ ΔΙΟΣΕΜΕΙΑ, notis et collatione scriptorum*, with additions. The first edition of this work was cancelled just after its publication, and before fifty copies had been sold, in consequence of some typographical errors, and the omission of a large portion of the *Excursus*. The notes contain an immense collections of parallel passages and illustrations of the poet.—Also, in a short time, Researches about Atmospheric Phenomena, with plates, illustrative of the clouds, by T. Forster, M.B. F.R.S. &c. third edition, with additions.

Specimens are announced of the Lyric Poetry of the Minnesingers, or German Troubadours, of the Middle Ages, and also of the Provencal Troubadours, with a dissertation and engravings.

Mr Benson's Hulsean Lectures for 1822 are in the press.

Miss Colston is preparing Fifty Lithographic Drawings, made during a late Tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy.

A work, called *Flora Domestica*, or *House Gardening*, containing an account of every plant that may be raised in a pot or tub, is in preparation.

Sermons of the late Rev. Hugh Worthington, will soon appear.

Mr Dale, of Corpus, Cambridge, announces new translations of the Tragedies of Sophocles, which are to appear early next year, in two volumes, octavo.

Dr Johnson is preparing Sketches of the Field Sports of the Natives of India, with observations on the animals, and anecdotes of great hunters.

Thoughts on the Anglican and American Anglo Churches, by John Bristed, author of "the Resources of the United States of America," are in the press.

A series of Original Views of the most interesting collegiate and parochial Churches in England, is preparing for speedy publication by Mr J. P. Neale. They will be accompanied by descriptive and historical notices, and will, in all respects, class with the "Views of Seats," by the same gentleman.

In December will be published, on one sheet of fine wove paper, hot-pressed, the Victorious Kalendar, which will show at one view a victory gained by the British arms on every day in the year, the date of the year, the place where the battle was fought, and the name of the officer commanding.

Shortly will be published, a volume of Sermons, by the Rev. S. Clift, of Tewkesbury.

Full details of the Land Expedition for Discoveries in the North American Seas, are preparing by Capt. Franklin, and will appear in quarto after Christmas.

The Rev. John Fawcett, A.M. will shortly publish a third edition of his Sermons for the Use of Families.

The Confederates, a story, in three volumes, will be ready in a few days.

Miss Benger is about to publish Memoirs of Mary Queen of Scots, with anecdotes of the Court of Henry the Second, during his residence in France, with a genuine portrait, never before engraved.

The third volume of the History of England, by Sharon Turner, F.S.A. embracing the middle ages, is in the press.

On the 1st of January, 1823, will be published, the Biosesticon, or Journal of Public Health.

A new edition is in the press of the Saxon Chronicles, with an English translation, and notes, critical and explanatory,

by the Rev. J. Ingram, fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and late Saxon Professor in the University of Oxford. A new and copious Chronological, Topographical, and Glossarial Index, with a short Grammar of the Saxon Language, and an accurate and enlarged Map of England during the Heptarchy, will be added.

A Treatise on Navigation and Nautical Astronomy is preparing for publication, adapted to practice, and to the purposes of elementary instruction, by E. Riddle, master of the Upper School, Royal Naval Asylum, Greenwich.

A Quarto Douglott Bible will shortly be published, comprising the Holy Scriptures in the English and Welsh language, every column of each version corresponding with the other, by J. Harris, editor of the *Seren Gomer*, Swansea.

Views of Ireland, moral, political, and religious, comprising the following subjects:—Education, religion, national character, church establishment, tithe, church of Rome in Ireland, Presbyterian, the Union, Rebellion, &c. will soon be published, by John O'Driscoll, Esq.

The first number of a new monthly work, called the *Knight-Errant*, will be published on the 1st of January.

Transactions of the Literary Transactions of Bombay, Vol. III. are printing in London.

Portraits of the British Poets, Part: XVI. and XVII. containing Sidney, Spencer, Quarles, Parnell, Fenton, Booth, Herbert, Godolphin, Shadwell, Cibber, Dr Joseph Warton, and Bishop, will be speedily published.

The second edition, in folio, of the Holy Catholic Bible, enriched with many beautiful engravings, is nearly ready for publication, under the sanction of the Right Rev. Dr. Gibson.

Indian Essay, on the Manners, Customs, and Habits, of Bengal, are printing in one volume, octavo.

J. Wesley Clarke, Esq. has a second edition in the press of his Geographical Dictionary, which he has been enabled considerably to improve.

The fourth volume of the *Preacher*, or *Sketches of Original Sermons*, chiefly selected from the manuscripts of two eminent divines of the last century, for the use of lay preachers and young ministers; to which is prefixed a Familiar Essay on the Composition of a Sermon, and a Letter to a Young Minister on Preaching the Gospel; are in the press.

Mr. L. Holmes, of Liverpool, announces, for the 1st of January, his *Impartial Account of the United States*, drawn from actual observation during a residence there of four years.

The third part of Green's Universal Herbal, arranged on the Linnean System, and adapted to scientific, as well as the most useful practical purposes, elucidated by numerous plates, accurately coloured after nature, will shortly be presented to the public.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year 1823. Vol. VII. containing memoirs of celebrated men who have died in 1821-22, will appear in January.

A seventh edition is printing of the Rev. James Wood's Dictionary of the Bible, newly revised by the author.

Dr Whitaker's General History of the County of York, complete in two volumes, folio, is nearly ready, with plates engraved from beautiful drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R. A. architectural subjects by Mr Buckler, in the very best style of the art, and wood-cut vignettes by Mr Branstom.

EDINBURGH.

A Voyage to Greenland, with an account of the Discoveries on the East Coast of

West Greenland, during the Summer of 1822. By Wm. Scoresby, jun. F. R. S. E. Author of "An Account of the Arctic Regions, with a History and Description of the Northern Whale Fishery." In one volume, 8vo. With Maps and Plates.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of John Gordon, M. D. F. R. S. E. late Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology in Edinburgh. By Daniel Ellis, F. R. S. E. &c. In one volume, 12mo.

A New Edition of Mr Hume's Treatise on the Excise Laws, Revised and Corrected, to the termination of the last Session of Parliament, will be published in a few days.

Letters, Literary and Political, on Poland, comprising all other Slavonian Nations and Tribes. In one volume, 8vo.

Life of Alexander Reid, a Scotch Covenantant, written by himself, and edited by Richard Prentice, his great-grandson.

The Edinburgh Annual Register for the years 1819 and 1820, in 2 volumes octavo, will be ready in a few days.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ANTIQUITIES.

Ancient Unedited Monuments, principally of Grecian Art. By James Millingen, Esq. F. R. S. £. 1. 10s.

ASTRONOMY.

The Astro-Chronometer; or Planisphere of the most Important Northern Constellations, with illustrations. 10s. 6d.

A New Theory of the Heavenly Motions, in three dialogues. 8vo. 3s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A Catalogue of Books for 1823, now on sale by James Risher, Reading.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, &c. &c. including much Historical Anecdote, Memoirs, and many unpublished Documents, illustrative of the Condition of the Irish Catholics during the Eighteenth Century. By the Rev. T. R. England. 8vo. with portrait. 12s. boards.

The fifth edition of Napoleon in Exile. 2 vols. 8vo. £. 1. 8s.

Memoirs of the Late of Charles Alfred Stothard, F. S. A. author of the Monumental Effigies of Great Britain.

Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini. Written

by himself. Edited, with notes, by T. Roscoe, Esq. 2 vol. 8vo. £. 1. 1s.

CLASSICS.

Cicero de Republica, e codice Vaticanano descriptus Angelus Manus, Bibliothecæ Vaticanæ Custos. 1 vol. 8vo.

Remarks on the Usefulness of Classical Learning. By James Beattie, L.L.D. a new edition; to which is prefixed, a Biographical Sketch of the Author, royal 1 6mo. 2s. 6d. boards.

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Gonsalvo; a Tragedy in five Acts. 2s. 6d.

Werner, a Tragedy. By Lord Byron. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Julia; or the Fatal Return. A pathetic drama. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

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EDUCATION.

The History of Henry Milner, a little Boy who was not brought up according to the Fashions of this World. By Mrs Sherwood. 12mo. 3s. 6d. boards.

A Concise System of Numeration adapted to the Use of Schools. By Alexander Ingram, Mathematician, Leith. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bound.

Exercises for writing Greek Verses. By the Rev. E. Squire, M.A. 7s.

The British Pupil's explanatory French Pronouncing Dictionary, being a copious abridgment of the first part of, Levisac's; and conveying, in a simple and perspicuous manner, as nearly as English sounds will convey, the true Pronunciation of that Universal Language. By Pierre Dacier. 5s. 6d.

Chronological, Biographical, Historical, and Miscellaneous Exercises. By the late William Butler. Seventh edition, enlarged by John Olding Butler. 7s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

No. I. of Views on the Rhone; containing, The Tower of Manconscil Vienne; Valence and Dauphiné Mountains; Legate's Palace, Avignon, and Chateau Grignan,—as illustrations to an Itinerary of the Rhone. By John Hughes, A.M. of Oriel College, Oxford. Royal 4to. 8s. 6d.

Part I. of Portraits of the Sovereigns of all France, from William the Conqueror to his present Majesty. Engraved by W. H. Worthington. Royal 8vo. 12s.

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A History of England, from the first Invasion by the Romans, to the End of the Reign of George the Third: with Conversations at the end of each chapter. By Mrs Markham. 2 vol. 12mo. 16s.

The History of Scotland, from the Invasion of the Romans till the Union with England. With six hundred Questions as Exercises. By Daniel Macintosh. 12mo. Second edition. Revised and enlarged. 6s. sheep.

Military Memoirs of the great Civil War. 4to. £.1.16s.

LAW.

The British Constitution, or an Epitome of Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England, for the Use of Schools. By Vincent Wanoostrocht, L.L.D. Alfred House Academy, Camberwell. 12mo. 12s. boards.

MEDICINE.

A Lecture, in which the Nature and Properties of Oxalic Acid are contrasted with Epsom Salts, and a safe and effective

tual method of Preventing the Fatal Consequences resulting from Oxalic Acid when introduced into the Stomach, and the mode of treatment to be adopted. By Robert Vcnables, M.B. 2s. 6d.

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The Whole Works of the Rev. Thomas Adam, late rector of Winttingham, first collected in 3 vols. By the Rev. W. Smith. 8vo. £1.17s. boards.

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A Concordance to the Holy Bible; to which is added, a Geographical Index, with the Calendar and Table of Lessons. By James W. Bellamy, M.A. 4to. 4s. Royal 8vo. 8s. boards.

The Golden Centenary, or Sequel to Sketch of all Religions. By the Rev. Dr Evans. 18mo. 5s.

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Graphic Illustrations of Warwickshire: consisting of a Series of Engravings of the most celebrated Architectural Remains, and the most interesting Natural Scenery of the County, with Historical and Descriptive Notices.

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EDINBURGH.

The Edinburgh Review, or Critical Journal. (No. LXXIV.) Nov. 1822. 6s.

Encyclopædia Britannica; or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature. Sixth Edition. Revised, Corrected, and Improved. Illustrated by nearly Six Hundred Engravings. Vol. XVII. Part II. December 1822. 16s.

The Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal: exhibiting a Concise View of the latest and most important Discoveries in Medicine, Surgery, and Pharmacy. No. LXXIV. January 1st, 1822. 4s.

The Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, exhibiting a View of the Progress of Discovery in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural History, Practical Mechanics, Geography, Navigation, Statistics, and the Fine and Useful Arts. No. XV. January 1st, 1823. 7s. 6d.

Botanical Illustrations, being a Series of Figures designed to illustrate the Terms employed in a Course of Lectures on Botany, with Descriptions. By W. J. Hooker, LL.D. Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow, &c. Parts II. and III.—each 6s. plain, or 10s. 6d. coloured.

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* To the above is added the late Dr Gordon's (of Aberdeen) Essay on the same subject.

A Letter to His Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, &c. &c. on the Subjects of the Present Situation of Agriculture in Great Britain, and the Means of ameliorating it—restoring our Finances, &c. &c. By an Inhabitant of Edinburgh.

The Rudiments and Grammar of the Latin Language, abridged by Robert Mundell, A.M. Rector of the Academy at Wallace-hall, and Author of "The Abridgment of Roman Antiquities," &c. 12mo. 2s. bound.

The Church Connection between Believers and their Infant Offspring; and the consequent right of the latter to Baptism. A Sermon, preached in the Meeting-house of the Congregational Church, Blackfriar's-street, Aberdeen, Aug. 18th, 1822. By James Spence, A.M. 1s.

Sketch of the Mosquito Shore, including the Territory of Poyais, descriptive of the Country; with some information as to its Productions, the best mode of Culture, &c. chiefly intended for the use of Settlers. By Thomas Strangeways, K.G.C. Captain 1st Native Poyais Regiment, and Aide-de-Camp to His Highness Gregor, Cacique of Poyais. 8vo. with Map, Portrait, &c. 12s.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

THE CONGRESS.—The peace of the continent of Europe is again likely to be disturbed, by a war undertaken by France, for the purpose of putting down the new constitution of Spain, and restoring to that country all the blessings enjoyed under the rule of a weak and despotic king, and a bigotted and intolerant priesthood. The Congress of Verona has concluded its deliberations, by a decision that “the *Continental Powers* leave to France “the end and termination of the affairs “of Spain, with the intention of con- “curring, with all their force, in such

“plans as France shall be in a situation “to adopt.” This decision is announced in the *Moniteur*, which also states, that the French Government had sent a courier to Madrid, with certain proposals, as the price of peace. These terms, according to a private letter from Paris, are of such a humiliating character, that it is impossible to anticipate ought but their instant and contemptuous rejection by the Spaniards. They are said to be as follow :

“1. The restoration of the King to his personal freedom, without delay; for it is now distinctly understood, that he

is in a state of confinement in his palace of the Retiro.

"2. The restoration of the King to his sovereign rights.

"3. Such a change in the Constitution of Spain, as shall give to the nobles a great share of the power they possessed under the old regime.

"4. The exclusion of the present Ministers from office, or, at least, most of the heads of the different departments.

"5. An amnesty for all persons, of whatever rank, engaged in the cause of the Regency.

"6. A more strict regulation of the laws relating to the press.

"7. The possession of certain strong places on the frontiers of France, as a guarantee for the performance of any undertaking into which the Spanish Government may enter."

FRANCE.—Viscount Montmorency, the French deputy to the Congress of Verona, returned to Paris on the 30th November, and, in reward for his services, was next day created a Duke. Exertions are making to strengthen and complete the Army of Observation on the frontiers of Spain; and a Royal Ordinance of the 28th November orders the calling out of 40,000 men of the class of 1822.

The recent elections in France have added much to the strength of the Royalist party. The fifth of the Chamber, which was to be renewed, consisted of 86 Members; and the number going out was pretty equally divided between the opposite parties, comprising 46 Royalists and 40 Liberals. Of those now elected, only seven are Liberals, and the remaining seventy-nine are Royalists.

The *Moniteur* of the 23d November contains a Royal ordinance suppressing the Faculty of Medicine at Paris. The alleged motive for the measure (as we learn from the private letters, for the journals are almost wholly silent on the subject) is the disturbance that took place on the preceding Monday, when the Rector wished to address the students. Five-and-twenty of the first physicians and surgeons of Paris, who were professors of the different branches of medicine, have thus been deprived of their places, and 4000 students of the means of instruction. The courses of lectures which had commenced were stopped on Friday, the doors of the School of Medicine were closed, and the young men were apprised by a handbill, that they could no longer pursue their studies at Paris. There were three faculties of medicine in France—those of Strasburg, Montpellier, and Paris. The young men assembled here from all parts of France, and even of

Europe, by the eminence of the professors and the convenience of hospitals, &c. amounted this year to about 4000. The following is an account of the disturbance which took place at the School of Medicine the 18th inst. and which gave rise to the decree for its suppression:—"The Abbe Nicole, who is Rector of the Academy, had no sooner appeared to address the young men, than the cry of '*A bas les Jesuites!*' and other offensive expressions, were uttered. The Abbe could not be heard, and M. Desgenettes, who tried for an hour to gain a hearing, could not succeed. After this tumultuous conduct had continued for some time, an end was put to the sitting: and the Rector, on going out, was saluted with still stronger testimonies of disapprobation. The prevalence of liberal opinions among the different Colleges and Lyceums of Paris is said to be very striking."

SPAIN.—By the last accounts from Spain, it appears that the cause of the *sui-disant* Regency of Urgel is nearly ruined. The insurgents under their orders, who styled themselves the Army of the Faith, have, in the course of a few weeks, been completely scattered by the troops of the victorious Mina, who has taken possession of Urgel, the seat of the Regency, and compelled them to seek refuge within the French frontier. According to intelligence from Madrid, the Spanish Constitutional Government seems to be in no temper to listen to the insulting propositions of France, above-mentioned. Indeed, the whole country is described as engaged in the most active preparations for war. The Cortes had given orders for the formation of new corps, which were to be rendered moveable, and placed on the war footing; to form garrisons, and to be ready to take the field as quickly as possible. The public functionaries are everywhere responsible for the strict and immediate execution of the orders for the new levies. The garrisons and divisions of reserve are to be formed of these recruits, incorporated with the troops now employed in operations on the frontier.—Mina is to be appointed General in Chief of the three armies in Catalonia, Navarre, and Arragon. Volunteer companies are forming in all the towns, fortresses repairing, and the manufactures of arms and stores are in the greatest activity. "The Spanish provinces," say the Madrid accounts, "will soon present the spectacle of a vast arsenal, as France did when she was attacked by foreign powers."

GREECE AND TURKEY.—The *Allgemeine Zeitung* contains very long reports from Hydra, of the 15th (27th) and 16th

(28th) of September, relative to the operations of the Turkish fleet, which was entirely disappointed in its intentions of relieving Napoli di Romania, and conquering the island of Spezia. The courage of the Greeks defeated both objects; and in the naval action that took place, a Greek fire-ship caused such confusion among the Turks, that they fled in all directions. The Turks had approached the fire-ship to take it, when it blew up. These losses, say, that Napoli must now fall, and give a most favourable account of the success of the Greeks on the Continent also. All Attica, Lividia, Etolia, Arcania, as well as the whole Peloponnesus, are in their power. Odysseus defends the Thermopylæ, where he defeated, for the second time, Chourschid Pacha, who again endeavoured to force the pass with eight thousand men; Nicolas defends the Isthmus of Corinth; Maurocordate is in Acarnania, and Ypsilanti in Athens. News had been received that a body of Turks was collecting at Scala Nuova, to attempt a landing on Samos. They had summoned the Samiots to submit, promising them exemption from taxes for seven years. The Samiots rejected the proposal with disdain, and were resolved to defy all hostile attacks.

AMERICA.

UNITED STATES.—By Intelligence from New York, it appears that the fever which lately prevailed in that city had so far abated, that the Board of Health adjourned its sittings on the 26th October, when the President put forth an address to the inhabitants, recapitulating the numbers that had fallen sick in different districts, the deaths, &c. It appears from this statement, that 401 persons were attacked with the fever, and that 250, considerably more than one-half, died of it. The President recommends that great vigilance should still be employed, however, in those quarters

where the disease was most prevalent, and that the usual precautionary measures for preventing the extension of contagious disorders should continue to be adopted.

At New Orleans the yellow-fever continued its ravages with unabated malignity. In four days, according to the last accounts, the deaths amounted to 117.

THE BRAZILS.—Accounts from the Brazils state, that the Prince Royal has decidedly taken the title of Constitutional Emperor, and the proclamation was to be issued on the 12th October, the anniversary of the day of his birth. The municipal council of Rio Janeiro has issued an edict, in which it is enjoined, that all those, either Brazilians or Portuguese, who embrace the existing system, are to signify the same, by wearing, on the left arm, a green flower in a triangle of gold, with the motto, "Independence or Death." All persons who do not conform to this, are to apply for passports, and quit the country.

WEST INDIES.—The following very interesting letter from Martinique is dated 14th October:—"Early yesterday morning, we were alarmed by the accounts of a party of negroes, and among them a few mulattoes, having butchered, during the night, several white families in the heights of Carbet! The horror of such an account, although aggravated, naturally awakened the feelings and activity of every soul in town. Prudent and active measures were taken in such confidence, that it became unnecessary to beat an alarm; and the result to this moment (four P.M.) has been so happy, that nothing further is to be apprehended: four or five persons, mostly defenceless, and all esteemed for their humane and inoffensive characters, have been shot, and hacked to pieces! Several have escaped with shot wounds, and with sabre cuts. A lady was also shot and sabred in a manner so horrid, as, it is said, to be beyond all hope of recovery. To this moment four or five have been taken, as certainly will all the rest.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

OCTOBER.

7.—*Leith*.—The pipes for conducting gas are laying in Bernard-Street, Leith, preparatory to the general adoption in that town of this superior mode of lighting the streets, &c.

16.—*Wapiti*.—Mr Bullock has imported some of the Wapiti, or gigantic dog of the Missouri. These creatures are

of the size of horses, and can be broken for harness, in which their speed must be prodigious. The pair formerly exhibited in the King's Mews have propagated their species, in the possession of Lord Glenlyon.

New Umbrella.—Mr Russel of Downing-Street, London, has exhibited an improved umbrella and parasol, which are

put together without wires, that always, when used in the common way, render them liable to be out of repair. The very simple construction of the parts includes three distinct principles, viz. hook and eye, beam and groove, ball and socket, or cup and ball, and give a convincing proof of its durability, and the certainty of its never being overturned in the greatest storm; each rib and stretcher acting by itself, and independent of each other; so that in case of any accident occurring to one or more of the parts, the others remain firm, and the umbrella is not thereby rendered useless, as is the case in those joined by wires.

19.—*Northern Land Expedition.*—Captain Franklin, Dr Richardson, and Lieut. Beck, who went by land three years ago, on the discovery of the north-west passage, arrived at Stromness on the 11th instant, in one of the Hudson's Bay Company's ships, and passed through Edinburgh yesterday for London.

British Navy.—According to the Official returns made up at the Admiralty Office to the 25th Sept. and issued on the 1st inst. there were 609 vessels in his Majesty's service, and constituting the navy of England, namely—

Ships of 120 guns, (the	Ships of 58 guns,.....5
Butanna, Caledonia,	— 56 guns,.....1
Huberna, Howe, Nelson,	— 50 guns,.....8
St. Vincent),.....6	— 48 guns,.....2
— 112 guns (Ville de	— 46 guns,.....41
Paris),.....1	— 44 guns,.....1
— 110 guns,.....1	— 42 guns,.....51
— 108 guns,.....1	— 38 guns,.....2
— 106 guns,.....1	— 36 guns,.....3
— 104 gun,.....1	— 34 guns,.....2
— 98 guns,.....4	— 32 guns,.....8
— 81 guns,.....3	Other vessels of 50, 28,
— 82 guns,.....1	20, 18 guns, &c.,.....203
— 80 guns,.....7	Yachts, schooners,
— 78 guns,.....8	bombs, &c.,.....67
— 76 guns,.....5	Ships building,.....84
— 71 guns,.....5	
— 64 guns,.....10	Total,.....609
— 60 guns,.....7	

Ships and Vessels Building

Ships of 120 guns, the	Ships of 74 guns,.....1
Neptune, Prince Regent,	— 60 guns,.....1
Royal George, and St. George),.....4	— 46 guns,.....26
— 110 guns, the London and Princess Charlotte),.....2	— 28 guns,.....11
— 86 guns, the Formidable),.....1	— 18 guns,.....4
— 84 guns,.....1	— 16 guns,.....1
— 80 guns,.....	— 10 guns,.....15
	Yachts, bombs, &c.,.....7
	Total ships, &c. now building,.....34

Of these ships there are four building at Bombay, and those are ships that are on a grand scale—namely, the *Asia*, 84 guns; the *Bombay*, 84 guns; the *Mudagascar*, 64 guns; and the *Manilla*, 46 guns. The other ships and vessels are building in English dock-yards, viz. — Plymouth, Woolwich, Portsmouth, Chatham, Pembroke, Deptford, &c.

26.—*Seditious and Blasphemous Publications.*—In the court of King's Bench,

London, on the 21st instant, before Lord Chief Justice Abbott and a special jury, Dolby, the bookseller, was tried on the prosecution of the Constitutional Association, for a libel, contained in a work called the *Political Dictionary*. An objection was taken by Mr Scarlett to the mode of summoning the jury, which was overruled by the court. Mr Gurney stated, that the object of the book was to vilify parliament, government, the administration of justice, and all that is respectable in society, and render those entrusted with the administration of the country hateful in the eyes of the community. It says, that "the English constitution" means, "law without reason, representation without constituents, an aristocracy without talents, a king without authority, and a people without subsistence." "A meeting of parliament" means—"a sign of most ominous import; foretelling plunder, famine, cruel and unwise laws, &c." "St Stephen's Chapel"—said to be "a house of ill fame in Westminster, frequented, chiefly, by night-prowlers, quacks, and other suspicious and disreputable characters, &c." The jury found the defendant guilty. The same day, on the prosecution of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, Clarke, a bookseller, was found guilty of publishing Shelley's *Queen Mab*, a blasphemous poem. He was recommended by the jury, to the merciful consideration of the court, in consequence of the extreme distress of his circumstances.

On the 23d, little Waddington was found guilty of publishing, at his shop in the Strand, a blasphemous and seditious libel, entitled Palmer's *Principles of Nature*. Within the shop were posted up the names of several books, with their prices, and opposite each book was a hook, to which a small rope was attached, extending up to the first floor, which was occupied by the defendant. There was also a ring which the purchaser put on the hook opposite the book he wanted, and thus signified to the person above stairs what book it was he desired to have. The rope was then pulled up, and a bag was let down through a spout, into which the purchaser put the price. The bag was then pulled up, and the book immediately let down! Waddington, who had left the Court a few minutes before, was in the act of returning, when he was informed by a friend of the verdict: he immediately took to his heels, and ran up King-street, leaving his bag and papers upon the shoulders of a friend. From the strange and incoherent manner of the defendant, and his extraordinary gestures, the Lord Chief Justice expressed doubts as to his sanity; but Mr. Gurney, who

ied for the prosecution, assured his Lordship that they had no reason to suspect that he was not perfectly sound in mind. He seemed to place great reliance, in the defence he made, upon Whitson's Memoirs of Dr Clarke, part of which he attempted to read.

Edinburgh.—We observe the workmen are begun to clear the ground for the new building which is about to be erected on the north side of the Register Office. The accommodation this additional building will afford has long been required; and we understand it is the same as was intended by the original plan, according to which the building is now to be completed. A public entrance is to be opened in front of the building, which will considerably enliven its appearance, and contribute what it has hitherto wanted—the semblance of a public office.

Having finished the erection of gas lamps in Prince's Street, Charlotte Square, and York Place, the Commissioners of Police have erected lamps in the cross streets of the New Town, on the south side of George Street, and also in St Andrew's Square. The cross streets on the north of George Street will next be done, and then Queen Street, which has been left to the last, as the least of a thoroughfare. The lanes will then be attended to. We believe the whole will be accomplished this season.

28.—So brisk has the tartan trade been for the last 12 months, that several new manufactories have been erected in the neighbourhood of Stirling, in order to supply the increased demand. Almost all the persons formerly engaged in the weaving of muslins in this quarter have commenced the weaving of tartan, in consequence of its affording a better return for their labour.

Caledonian Canal.—This great national undertaking, after a labour of nearly twenty years, and an expenditure of about £. 900,000, was completed on Wednesday the 23d instant, when it was opened from sea to sea, and the Lochness steam-yacht, accompanied by two smacks, departed from the Locks of Muirtown, on the first voyage through the Canal.

Among the gentlemen on board the Steam-boat were—the Right Honourable Charles Grant, M. P.; the Hon. Wm. Fraser; Mr Grant of Watnish; Mr Fraser of Incheoulter; Mr Mackenzie of Kilcoy; Mr McKenzie, yr. of Gairloch; Provost Robertson of Aultnaskiach; Mr Fraser of Pingask; Mr Fraser of Culduethel; Mr Fraser of Lovat; Mr Inglis of Kingsmills; Mr Fraser of Torbieck; Bailies Simpson, Cumming, and Smith; Mr Edwards, solicitor; Mr Johnstone;

Mr Cameron, yr. of Letterfinlay; Captain Edward Fraser; Mr Davidson, and Mr Hughes of the canal. On the way they were joined by Redcastle, Foyers, Bannian, Glenmoriston, Glengarry, and many other proprietors.

Small vessels may now pass the canal from the Moray Firth to Fort William, to the Isles, to Glasgow, Liverpool, or Ireland. It will yet be some time before vessels of burthen can be received into it, on account of the want of sufficient depth, and retention in certain parts of the puddle, with which its sides were originally worked up, and which has rendered a new process, that of lining the banks with clay, necessary. That operation has yet reached but ten feet in height, consequently no greater quantity of water can be admitted; but this depth will answer many essential purposes of convenience and advantage. It is sufficient for the conveyance of all sorts of stores for inland purposes, and for the conveyance of passengers, with economy, ease, and expedition, to the great towns.

The following is an account of the length of the canal, and the depth of the cut at the different parts: From the Sea Lock at Clachnaharry to Muirtown, the length is one mile ten chains; depth from the sea to Dochgarroch, twelve feet; from Muirtown through Loch Dochfour, to Loch Ness, six miles 55 chains; depth from Dochgarroch to Loch Ness, from ten to twelve feet. Length of Loch Ness, 23 miles 56 chains; from the S. W. end of Loch Ness to Loch Oich, five miles 35 chains; depth in this distance, from twelve to eighteen feet. Length of Loch Oich three miles fifty-six chains—the shallowest part in this loch is nine feet. From the S. W. end of Loch Oich, to Loch Lochy, the distance is one mile 65 chains, and the depth from ten to twenty feet. Length of Loch Lochy ten miles; and from the S. W. end of Loch Lochy to Carpath Sea Lock, eight miles three chains—the total length being sixty miles forty chains, of which thirty-seven miles thirty-two chains pass through lochs or lakes, and twenty-three miles eight chains of canal cutting. From Loch Lochy to the regulating lock near it, there is a depth of from twelve to eighteen feet; from the regulating lock to Neptune's Staircase at Banavie, the depth is fifteen feet; and from the chain of eight locks at Banavie to the sea at Corpach, there is full depth of water in the canal of twenty feet.

The summit level of the Canal is ninety-four feet, and as fifty-three feet have been overcome in rising to Loch Ness, the remaining height of forty-one

feet is attained by the construction of five locks at Fort Augustus, one at Kytra, and a regulating lock at Aberchalder, within half a mile of Loch Oich. At the south-west end of Loch Lochy is situated the last regulating lock on the line, and, after passing through a great deal of deep cutting at Moy, Stone, and Muirshearlich, we reach the famous suite of eight locks at Banavie, aptly termed "Neptune's Staircase." This majestic chain of locks sit altogether about sixty feet perpendicular, and cost about £50,000. They present the greatest mass of masonry to be found in the world, as applicable to the purposes of a canal.

The following is an abstract of the expenditure to the 1st of May 1821:—

1. Management & travelling expenses.....	£. 26,974	2	2½
2. Timber, & carriage thereof.....	67,518	16	3
3. Machinery.....	111,782	13	11½
4. Quarries, & Masonry.....	185,510	19	2½
5. Shipping.....	10,583	16	11¼
6. Horses.....	4,283	18	3½
7. Labour & workmanship, day work.....	29,589	15	6½
8. Labour, measure-work.....	561,170	15	4½
9. Purchase of land, & damages.....	47,084	9	6½
10. Purchase and hire of horses.....	2,868	1	10
11. Incidental expenses.....	1,790	7	5
12. Road-making.....	5,351	11	9½
	£.84,749	8	5½
Balance at the disposal of the Commissioners, May 1, 1821.....	29,117	17	9½
Discharge.....	£.885,867	6	3

IRELAND.—The work of destruction goes on as actively in Ireland as at any period during the last winter or spring. Every journal from that country brings with it, as a matter of ordinary routine, a list of those atrocities by which the south of Ireland has been distinguished from the rest of the civilized world. As punctually as the sun sets, as surely in some place or other does the work of de-

struction begin. We shall not detail the innumerable outrages committed. The property of the clergy continues to be particularly obnoxious to the incendiaries. The Rev. Richard Standish, of Abormane, county of Limerick, had 26 stacks of wheat, and four of reeds, set on fire, and consumed in one night. The Rev. Mr Bennet, of Clamore, county of Cork, had all his corn, value £.500, totally destroyed in the same manner. It seems that a kind of collusion has been in some cases detected, between the farmers and incendiaries, for the purpose of fraud. A haggard was examined between Malloy and Doneraile, to ascertain whether there was any design of this nature, when it was found that the heads of all the corn of the ricks had been cut off, with the intention of setting fire to the remainder, and claiming compensation from the county. In the county of Westmeath, an outrage is recorded of rather a curious description. On the 4th instant, between seven and eight o'clock at night, a large and well-armed party of fellows, without disguise, entered the House of Mr John Belton, of Demenses, barony of Moycashel, near Kiltbeggan, forced Mr Belton on his knees, and, while in that situation, presented a cocked pistol to his breast, and made him swear upon a prayer-book, which they took off the dresser, **THAT HE WOULD NOT MARRY AGAIN**, or put any one in the place of his late deceased wife. They then swore the servant, and a horse-rider named Kelly, who happened to be in the house, not to divulge what he had seen, and departed, saying, on leaving the house, "You had better not bring us again, but comply with the directions given you, and then you may leave your door open night and day, for you will be safe."

Revenue.—Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain (exclusive of the Arrears of War Duty on Malt and Property,) in the Years and Quarters ended 10th October 1821, and 10th October 1822, showing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof:—

	Years end. 1821.	10th Oct. 1822.	Increase.	Decrease.	Quars. end. 1821.	10th Oct. 1822.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.
Customs.....	8,765,865	9,470,769	704,904		2,844,231	2,941,887	97,656	
Excise.....	26,471,363	25,846,322		625,041	8,140,226	7,324,997		819,229
Stamps.....	6,146,986	6,234,693	107,707		1,029,220	1,074,503	49,283	
Post Office.....	1,331,000	1,345,000	12,000		542,000	560,000	18,000	
Assessed Taxes.....	6,297,777	5,971,129		326,648	705,572	635,228		140,501
Land Taxes.....	1,217,856	1,265,939	46,103		207,481	163,211		41,270
Miscellaneous.....	297,951	370,098	72,144		61,222	94,488	33,266	
Total.....	50,528,801	50,519,970	942,858	951,689	4,022,912	3,127,314	198,205	1,003,805
Deduct Increase.....			942,858					108,205
Decrease on the Year.....				8,831				805,598
Decrease on the Quarter.....								

NOVEMBER.

1.—*Museum of Art.*—It is well known that England, with all its vaunting about art, and its love for it, is the only state in Europe which does not possess a national collection of pictures. His Majesty, with a view to remove this national disgrace, is said to have expressed a wish that a Museum should be erected, to contain works of art, and to which the public shall have free and reasonable access. The Sovereign has been an ardent collector of pictures for many years, and the chambers of Carlton Palace exhibit some splendid specimens of all the French and Dutch masters, and the most fine and admirable pictures painted during the bright era of the Italian school. These, numerous as they are, the King will freely contribute, together with the matchless Cartoons, by Raphael, now at Hampton Court, the Two Misers, in Windsor Castle, and a good selection from the Palace at Kensington, Hampton Court, and Windsor, in addition to his own. The plan is to be carried into effect under the direction of a Committee of Taste, and power given to that Committee by Parliament, with a grant of certain funds, in order that no opportunity of enriching the collection by purchases, either abroad or at home, may be lost.

16.—*IRELAND.*—From Munster and Connaught there is no news. Every thing appears tranquil in Cork, Kerry, Limerick, and Tipperary, as well as in the counties west of the Shannon. The judicious and constant manner in which the insurrection act has been worked, as well as the confidence which the presence and conduct of the King's Counsel bestowed, appears to have given to the resident gentry and to the Magistracy that portion of energy which will be sufficient, we hope, to repress any farther disposition to outrage on the part of the peasantry.—The machinery of the new act is now in progress. If, as it is asserted, the peace of the south be mainly attributable to this circumstance, what may we not expect from its complete organization? Be this as it may, we cannot help congratulating the country and the government on the state of Munster at this moment.—*Dublin Evening Post.*

21.—*Deistical Society.*—On Sunday afternoon last, in consequence of previous information, the Sheriff of Edinburgh, along with the Procurator-Fiscal, and a small body of Police under Captain Robinson, proceeded to the Cordiner's Hall, in the Potter-row, where they surprised a full meeting of "The Edinburgh Free Thinkers' Zetetic Society." The president,

a turner, residing in the Canongate, named Wilson, and two leading members, named Affleck, were apprehended; the rest of the audience, consisting chiefly of youths and journeymen tradesmen, were allowed to depart, on giving their names and places of residence. Among the group were several children of both sexes. The three individuals apprehended were yesterday admitted to bail.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.—Nov. 18.—James Burtney was placed at the Bar, charged with a brutal assault upon Janet Anderson, a girl of only eight years of age, accompanied by circumstances of shocking barbarity, at Prestwick, in the county of Ayr, on the 14th of September 1821. The case came on at the last Ayr Circuit, but, owing to a neglect in the proceedings, was remitted to this Court. The prisoner pleaded Not Guilty.—The evidence was, as usual in such cases, taken with shut doors, but, from the speeches of Counsel, and the learned Judge's charge to the Jury, we gathered the following outline of this barbarous case: The first witness examined was Janet Anderson, who, although of such tender years, detailed the circumstances of her brutal violation with such surprising clearness, as left no doubt of the truth of her statement, from which it appeared, that her young brother and herself accompanied the prisoner to a field for potatoes, from whence the prisoner sent the boy home with the spade and grape, or fork, they had been using, and then succeeded in effecting the crimes libelled. The little girl's mother and others proved the condition she arrived at home in; that she lost her reason for some time, and that she was still in a weakly state. Dr Whiteside and Mr McDermont, medical gentlemen, were unhesitatingly of opinion that there could be no doubt of the prisoner's guilt to the full extent of the charges. The Jury found a verdict of guilty, and Burtney was sentenced to be hanged at Ayr on the 20th of December.

Allan Campbell, accused of two acts of house-breaking and theft, was afterwards found guilty on both charges, and sentenced to 14 years transportation.

25.—John Forrest this day pleaded guilty of stealing a bay horse from Powburn-park, Parish of Libberton, in the month of July last; and the Lord Advocate having humanely restricted the libel to infer an arbitrary punishment, Forrest was sentenced to transportation beyond seas for life.

Jacob Wagner, a lad of only 15 years of age, was afterwards convicted of robbing a gentleman of his watch, and was also sentenced to be transported for life.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Nov. 7.—**Sir Walter Scott, Bart.** to be Deputy Lieutenant for the County of Roxburgh.

—**Joshua Henry Mackenzie, Esq.** Advocate, to be one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland, in room of Lord Kinnedder, deceased.

16.—**Sir James Mackintosh** elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

26.—**John Balingall, M. D.** to be professor of Military Surgery in the University of Edinburgh.

—**Dr William Knight** to be Professor of Philosophy in the Marischal College of Aberdeen.

—**Charles Skene, M. D.** to be Professor of Medicine in the Marischal College of Aberdeen.

29.—**John Hope, Esq.** Advocate, to be his Majesty's Solicitor-General for Scotland, in the room of James Wedderburn, Esq. deceased.

Members returned to serve in Parliament.

July 2.—Borough of Camelford—**Sheldon Craddock.**

6.—Borough of King's Lynn—Honourable **John Walpole.**

August 3.—Borough of Stockbridge—**Edward Geoffrey Smith Stanley.**

5.—Shire of Wigton—**Sir William Maxwell of Monteith, Bart.**

50.—Borough of Clitheroe—**Henry Pocker.**

Oct. 5.—Borough of Orford—**Charles Ross.**

Chief Magistrates of Scottish Burghs.

Aberdeen.—**Alexander Brown.**
Aberdeen Old.—**Professor Paul.**
Aman.—**Robert Dickson.**
Anstruther Easter.—**George Forbes.**
Anstruther Wester.—**Andrew Meldrum.**
Airth.—**James Goodall.**
Auchtermuchty.—**John Gilmor.**
Ayr.—**William Cowan.**
Banff.—**George Robinson.**
Brechin.—**John Gilmor.**
Bruntland.—**Robert Ferguson of Rath.**
Campbeltown.—**Duncan Stewart of Kilbuckie.**
Culross.—**James Gibson of Inglisdon.**
Cupar-Fife.—**Andrew Christie.**
Dingwall.—**James A. S. Mackenzie of SeafORTH.**
Dumbarton.—**Jacob Dixon.**
Dumfries.—**John Kerr.**
Dundee.—**Patrick Anderson of Laws.**
Dunfermline.—**John Scotland of Easter Larder.**
Earlsferry.—**William Anderson.**
Edinburgh.—**Sir William Arbuthnot, Bart.**
Forfar.—**Charles Webster.**
Gathcrouse.—**Nelson Rae.**
Girvan.—**James Dunn.**
Glasgow.—**Hon. William Smith.**
Greenock.—**Archibald Bam.**
Haddington.—**Alexander Hislop.**
Hamilton.—**William Hamilton.**
Helenburgh.—**Jacob Dickson of Rosebank.**
Inverary.—**Colin Campbell.**
Inverness.—**James Robertson of Aulnashieach.**
Inverury.—**William Robertson of Pitmedden.**
Irvine.—**Lieut. Gen. James Montgomerie.**
Jedburgh.—**John Jackson.**
Kilmarnock.—**Thomas Greenshields.**
Kilmaurs.—**Robert Smith.**
Kilrenny.—**James Reekie.**
Kirkcaldy.—**Walter Ferguson of Strathore.**
Kirkintulloch.—**James Wallace.**
Kirkwall.—**Samuel Laing of Pebdale.**
Lanark.—**William Tod of Birkwood.**
Lauder.—**Alexander Dawson.**
Leith.—**William Anderson.**
Linhithgow.—**John Boyd of Woodside.**
Maxwelltown.—**James Shortridge.**
Maybole.—**Gilbert Wilson.**
Montrose.—**William Jamieson.**
Musselburgh.—**John Leitch.**
North Berwick.—**John Dalrymple.**
Newton-upon-Ayr.—**John Moore.**
Paisley.—**James Carlsle.**
Peebles.—**James Ker.**
Perth.—**Patrick Gilbert Stewart.**
Pittenweem.—**John Tod.**
Pollockshaw.—**Thomas Baird.**

Port-Glasgow.—**James McLean.**

Prestwick.—**John Boyd.**

Queensferry.—**Campbell Innes.**

Renfrew.—**Robert King.**

Rutherglen.—**Andrew Hardie of Newhouse.**

Sanguhar.—**Thomas Crichton.**

Seikirk.—**Andrew Lang.**

St. Andrews.—**William Haig of Leggie.**

Stirling.—**John Thomson of Allan Park.**

Stranraer.—**William Kerr.**

Tain.—**Right Hon. William Dundas.**

Wigton.—**The Hon. M. Stewart.**

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Sept. 26.—**The Rev. Alex. Macfarlane** admitted Minister of the united parishes of Craibie and Braemar.

—**30.**—**John Lang, preacher,** ordered to be Minister of a Scottish church in Sydney, New South Wales.

Oct. 26.—**The Rev. Thomas Young,** presented by the king to the church and parish of Glasgow, vacant by the translation of the Rev. J. R. Robertson to Forth.

Nov. 1.—**Mr Henry Henderson, preacher,** presented by Mr Richardson of Pitfour, to the church and parish of Kneilaven.

11.—**Mr John Newlands, preacher,** to be pastor of the second United Associate Congregation of Falkirk.

—**Mr William Johnstone,** to be pastor of the United Associate Congregation of Luncarty.

26.—**The Rev. John Wallace** to be Minister of the Church and Parish of Abbey Saint Bathons, presbytery of Dunee.

III. MILITARY.—FOR NOVEMBER.

Drevet. Capt. F. Bad, 15 F. to be Major in the Army. 15 Aug. 1822.
Lieut. Mitchell, A.P. specially employed in making surveys of the coasts of Batta in the Peninsula of Spain and Portugal, to have the Rank of Capt. in the Army. 5 Oct.
2 Dr. Gds. C. Cantuar, Colonel by purch. vice F. Craibie, ret. 10 do.
9 Dr. Lieut. Ferguson, Capt. by purch. vice Mitchell, ret. 26 Sept.
Comet Beresford, Lieut. do.
P. B. Williams, Comet do.
15 Asst. Surg. Gibson, from 69 F. Asst. Surg. vice Edin, to F. 19 do.
8 F. Lieut. Lord Howards de Wadden, from Gren Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Tucker, ret. 5 Oct.
9 Ens. Hilton, from h. p. Ens. vice Rodham, dead. 26 Sept.
11 Lieut. McTearmen, Capt. by purch. vice Danger, ret. 10 Oct.
Ens. Tuckett, Lieut. do.
Ens. Walker, Ens. do.
15 Lieut. Drought, Capt. by purch. vice Barker, ret. do.
Ens. Hammett, Lieut. do.
J. Lawson, Ens. do.
17 Ens. Tyld, Adj. vice Hawker, 12. Adj. only. 26 Sept.
26 Hosp. Asst. Shnell, Asst. Surg. vice McDowell, dead. do.
Enr. Howard, from 79 F. 1. Asst. vice Locke, h. p. 1 Ceylon Reg. rec. dis. 5 Oct.
32 W. S. Dalton, Ens. by purch. vice Campbell, prom. 12 Sept.
Lieut. Olivier, Capt. by purch. vice Arden, 84 F. 10 Oct.
Ens. Palk, Lieut. do.
E. G. Eliot, Ens. do.
56 Ens. Butt, Lieut. vice Drummond, dead do.
A. D. Cuddy, Ens. do.
59 2d Lieut. Johnson, from h. p. 1 Ceylon Reg. Ens. (paying diff.) vice Howard, 25 F. 9 do.
61 Lieut. Jull, Adj. vice Walford, res. Adj. only. 10 do.
67 Hosp. Asst. Coghlan, Asst. Surg. vice Gibson, 43 Dr. 19 Sept.
76 H. May, Vilett, Maj. by purch. vice McDonald, ret. do.

Capt. Hon. R. C. Arden, from 32 F.
Maj. by purch. vice Bt. Lieut. Col.
Potter, ret. 26 Sept. 1822.
1 Vet. Bn. Lieut. Piggott, from late 7 Vet. Bn.
Lieut. vice Dregghorn, ret. list 10 Oct.
Edw. Lowrie, Adj. vice Hogan, ret. list
26 Sept.

Hospital Staff.

Dr. Neale, from h. p. Physician 25 Sept. 1822.
Bt. Dep. Insp. Baillie, from h. p. Surg. vice Walter,
h. p. do.
Hosp. Assist. G. Dempster, from h. p. Hosp. Assist.
vice Hall, prom. do.
Assist. Surg. Farnan, from h. p. 25 F. Assist. Surg.
vice Laidlaw, cancelled 10 Oct.
Hosp. Assist. Bruce, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice
Coghlan, prom. do.
Hosp. Assist. Nevison, from h. p. Hosp. Assist.
vice Sibbald, prom. do.

Staff.

Bt. Maj. Hon. Charles Gore, 85 F. Dep. Qua. Mast.
Gen. in Jamaica, with Rank of Lieut. Col. in
the Army, vice Couper, res. 19 Sept. 1822.

Exchanges.

Bt. Major Bowen, from 67 F. with Capt. Hay, h.
p. 81 F.
Capt. Schultz, from 12 F. with Bt. Major Jones,
h. p. Port. Serv.
— Hon. G. Anson, from 5 F. Gds. with Capt.
Northey, 52 F.
— Lockwood, from 80 F. with Capt. Bunbury,
h. p. Port. Serv.
Lieut. Maguin, from 1 Dr. Gds. with Lieut. Law-
renson, 15 Dr.
— Archibald, from 11 Dr. with Lieut. Mulkern,
17 F.
— Clay, from 5 F. with Lieut. Carruthers, h. p.
45 F.
— A. Maclean, from 20 F. with Lieut. Barker,
h. p. 58 F.
— Wemyss, from 21 F. with Lieut. Hill, h. p.
68 F.
— Iewen, from 12 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Campbell, h. p.
— Richmond, from 49 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Atkinson, h. p. 48 F.
— Mahon, from 51 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.
Miller, h. p.
— Gammell, from 61 F. with Lieut. W. Mac-
kenzie, h. p. 72 F.
Ensign Gilbert, from 25 F. with Ensign Smart, 11
F.
Quart. Mast. Bagshaw, from Rifle Brig. with Lieut.
Daunt, h. p. 84 F.
Surg. Mole, from 60 F. with Surg. Glaseo, h. p.
59 F.
Surg. Bulkeley, from 52 F. with Surg. Walker, h.
p. 4 W. I. R.
Staff Assist. Surg. Bigsby, with Assist. Surg. Ros-
ster, h. p. 97 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Potter, 84 F.
Major McDonald, 76 F.
Capt. Tucker, 8 F.
— Danger, 11 F.
— Harter, 15 F.
Cole, Adj. South Devon Mil.
Cornet Robert Crawford, 2 Dr. Gds.

*Removed from the Service, but allowed to
sell his Commission.*

Capt. Jebb, Royal Horse Gds.

Appointment Cancelled.

Staff Assist. Surg. Laidlaw, from h. p. 66 F.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. W. P. Clay, late of 40 F. Southwell,
Notts 27 Sept. 1822.
Lieut. Gen. Winter, late of R. Mar. London 10 Oct.
Major Gen. Ramsford, 89 F. Madras May.
Colonel Mackintosh, late of R. Mar. 15 Sept.
Major Coultman, 55 F. Poonamallee, Ceylon
22 May.
— Turner, late 8 Vet. Bn. Canterbury 21 Sept.
Capt. Mayne, 50 F. on board the *Ganges* at Sea
7 July.

O'Doherty, h. p. 25 F. London 4 Sept. 1822.
— Orner, h. p. 100 F. Wex. rd 7 Oct.
— Christie, Dunlop, Corps, Dorraitor, 27 Aug.
— Stirling, h. p. 2 F. 11 do.
— Hall, h. p. 2 F.
— Jackson, Adj. to 2d Lee's Local Militia 14 Sept.

Lieut. Daniel, 17 Dr. on board the ship *Partrur*
on passage from Bombay 17 March.

— Prior, 46 F. Bellary, Madras 6 do.
— Leroux, 48 F. Newport, Isle of Wight 18 Oct.

— Drummond, 56 F. Mahebourg, Mauritius 30 April.
— 28 July.

— Abraham, Invalids, Bradford 18 Aug.
— Groves, late 11 Vet. Bn. 31 July.

— Black, 26 F. h. p. Peebles 20 Sept.
— Usher, h. p. 62 F. Marquise, near Calais 19 March.

— Bath, h. p. 78 F. Aberdeen 8 July.
— Balthour, h. p. 79 F. Chatham 31 July.

— Nembhard, h. p. 98 F. 20 Sept.
— Hall, h. p. 99 F. at William Henry, Lower
Canada 19 March.

— Symons, h. p. York R. ing. Bourton, Gloucester 8 July.
— 21 Sept.

Cornet Page, h. p. 19 Dr. (late of 4 Dr. Gds.)
Chulton, Somersetshire 15 Oct.

Ensign McDonald, Invalids, Berwick 8 Aug.
— McLean, late 2 Vet. Bn. Windsor 26 do.

— Bowen, late 5 Vet. Bn. 20 do.
— Britts, h. p. 60 F.
— Sadler, h. p. Unattached, Birmingham 10 Sept.

Quart. Mast. Blackie, 55 F. St. Thome, Bangalore, 25 March.
— Wilkie, late Cape Ritz, Camberwell 22 July.

Medical Department.

Staff Surg. Fisher, h. p. Edinburgh 8 Sept.
— McDowell, M. D. 19 F. Dublin 16 April.

Staff Assist. Surg. Laidlaw, previously h. p. 66 F.
Hosp. Assist. Von Ester, h. p. Canada 21 Oct. 1821.

Provost Marshal to the Life and F. Gds. and Prison
for Debtors, Thomas Bas, London 12 Oct. 1822.

FOR DECEMBER.

Brevet Capt. Storey, 3 Dr. Gds. to be Major in
the Army 15 Aug. 1822.

Lieut. Jacob, of E. I. C. Depot, Chat-
ham, temporary Rank of Lieut. in
the Army while so employed 24 Oct.

R. Ho. G. Ens. Hunt, from h. p. 5 W. I. R. (R.
M.) Cor. 25 do.

6 Dr. Gds. W. S. Phillips, (R. M.) do.
1 Dr. Lieut. McCleary, from h. p. 58 F. (R.
M. at Cavalry Depot) do.

7 Ens. Airo, from h. p. 99 F. (R. M.) do.
9 Ens. Rand, from h. p. York Class. (R.
M.) do.

10 Col. Sir J. Trollope, Bt. Lieut. by purch.
vice Lord Cecil, 76 F. 24 do.

Lord James Fitz Roy, Cor. by purch.
do.

14 Troop, Quart. Mast. Griffin, (R. M.)
Col. 25 do.

15 Lieut. McAlpine, Capt. by purch. vice
Dixon, ret. 51 do.

Cor. Temple, Lieut. by purch. do.
Cor. Garnier, Cor. by purch. do.

16 Seg. May Blood, (R. M.) Cor. 25 do.
Gren. Gds. Ens. Knox, from 88 F. Gds. and Lieut.
by purch. vice Lord H. de Walsden, 8
F. 21 do.

17 F. Lieut. Crawley, Capt. by purch. vice
Bt. Nixon, ret. 7 Nov.

29 Ens. Champain, from 41 F. Ens. vice
Wild, h. p. 72 F. 31 Oct.

31 Lieut. Bolton, Capt. by purch. vice
Glover, ret. 24 do.

Ens. Goodwin, Lieut. by purch. 31 do.
G. Ruxton, Ens. by purch. 7 Nov.

41 Ens. Deere, from h. p. 72 F. Ens. vice
Champain, 29 F. 51 Oct.

53 Lieut. Stewart, Quar. Mast. vice Blackie,
dead 7 Nov.

59 Lieut. Clutterbuck, Capt. vice Mayne,
dead do.

59 F.	Ens. Murray, Lieut.	7 Nov. 1822.
64	Hon. A. F. Cathcart, Ens.	do.
	Bt. Maj. Dickson, Maj. by purch.	vice
	Lieut. Col. Bailey, do.	do.
	Lieut. Montagu, Capt. by purch.	do.
	Ens. Carthew, Lieut. by purch.	do.
	C. D. Bailey, Ens. by purch.	do.
67	Gent. Cadet Deverell, from R. Mil.	do.
	Coll. Ens.	do.
69	Ens. Mooroom, from h. p. 31 F. (Gent.	do.
	Cadet) Ens.	do.
71	Lieut. Long, Capt. by purch.	vice
	Barnard, ret.	31 Oct.
	Ens. Montagu, Lieut. by purch.	do.
	Ens. Denny, from h. p. 15 F. Ens. by	do.
	purch.	do.
76	Lieut. Lord T. Cecil, Capt. by purch.	do.
	vice Villet, prom.	24 do.
87	Ens. Thomas, from h. p. 101 F. (Gent.	do.
	Cadet) Ens.	7 Nov.
88	G. S. Digby, Ens. by purch.	vice Knox,
	Glen. Gds.	24 Oct.
89	Gent. Cadet J. Robinson, from R. Mil.	do.
	Coll. Ens.	7 Nov.
91	Ens. Cahill, Lieut. vice Egan , dead	do.
	J. Robeson, Ens.	do.
2 W. I. R.	Lieut. McCarthy, from h. p. 2 Gar. Br.	do.
	Lieut. vice Alf , 5 Vet. Bn.	31 Oct.
	J. Spence, Ens. vice Hewan , dead	do.
		7 Nov.
	V. D. Ens. Dutton, from h. p. 1 Gar. Bn. Ens.	do.
	vice Buchanan, Quart. Mast.	25 Oct.
	Cor. Buckerton, from h. p. Wag. Train,	do.
	Ens. vice Durnford , ret. list.	do.
	Cor. Coward, from h. p. Wag. Train,	do.
	Ens. vice Durnford , ret. list.	do.
	Ens. Alexander, from h. p. 27 F. Ens.	do.
		do.
	Ens. Osley, from h. p. 3 W. I. R. Ens.	do.
		do.
	Ens. Graham, from h. p. 5 W. I. R.	do.
	Ens.	do.
	Capt. Kirkman, from h. p. 2 Gar. Bn.	do.
	Capt.	do.
	Capt. Dillon, from h. p. 101 F. Capt.	do.
		do.
	Capt. Burgess, from h. p. 6 F. Capt.	do.
	vice Galbraith, ret. list.	do.
	Ens. Mayne, from h. p. 32 F. Ens. vice	do.
	Norton, ret. list.	do.
	Ens. Last, from h. p. 90 F. Ens.	do.
	Ens. Hudson, from h. p. York Rang.	do.
	Ens.	do.
	Col. Sir G. H. B. Way, from h. p. 22 F.	do.
	Col.	7 Nov.
	Lieut. Col. Coghlan, from late 5 Vet.	do.
	Bn. Lieut. Col. vice Hooper , dead	do.
		25 Oct.
	Capt. Drew, from h. p. 3 Gar. Bn. Capt.	do.
	vice Alexander, ret. list.	do.
	Capt. Hackett, from h. p. 27 F. Capt.	do.
		do.
	Lieut. Alf, from 2 W. I. R. Lieut. vice	do.
	Collingwood, ret. list.	do.
	Lieut. Ricards, from h. p. 95 F. Lieut.	do.
	vice Wainwright, ret. list.	do.
	Lieut. Atkin, from h. p. Foreign Vet.	do.
	Bn. Capt. vice Guest , ret. list.	do.
	Ens. Cusson, from h. p. 95 F. Ens. vice	do.
	Byrne, ret. list.	do.

Exchanges.

	Bt. Lieut. Col. Ogilvie, from 4 Dr. Gds. with	Major
	d'Este, 11 F.	
	Capt. Houghton, from 45 F. with Bt. Major Smith,	73 F.
	Lieut. and Capt. Greville, from Gren. Gds. with	
	Capt. Peel, h. p. 2 W. I. R.	
	Lieut. Luckman, from 11 Dr. with Lieut. Wandus,	2 F.
	Lieut. Sherburne, from 1 F. with Lieut. Kooch,	h. p. 58 F.
	— B. Meredith, from 15 F. rec. diff. with	
	Lieut. R. Meredith, h. p. 16 F.	
	— Armstrong, from 55 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.	
	Richardson, h. p. Coldst. Gds.	
	— Byrne, from 77 F. with Lieut. Clarke,	
	Rifle Breg.	
	Ensign Webb, from 45 F. with Ensign Codrington,	
	h. p. 88 F.	

Resignations and Retirements.

	Lieut. Col. Bailey, 64 F.	
	Major Nixon, 17 F.	
	Capt. Dixon, 15 Dr.	
	— Glover, 31 F.	
	— Barnard, 71 F.	

Dismissed.

Purveyors G. Dickson and Joseph Gunson, having been guilty of fraudulent practices and gross misconduct, as connected with the Department under their charge in the Peninsula, have been dismissed His Majesty's Service.

Deaths.

Major Gen. Procter, Bath	51 Oct. 1822.
— Sur H. White, K. C. B. Bath	Nov.
Col. Lord Grantley, 1 Surrey Mil. London	13 Nov.
Major Beck, 17 F.	23 April.
— Loftie, 55 F.	
— Parry, late of Royal Marines	8 May.
— Hartley, h. p. 61 F.	21 Aug.
Capt. Hensworth, 45 F. on board the Hindostan	5 June.
— on passage to England	
— Roycraft, h. p. 50 F. Adjutant to Chelsea	Nov.
Hospital, Chelsea	
— Mitchell, ret. 12 Gar. Bn.	
— Plack, ret. 4 Vet. Bn.	
— Hare, ret. 5 Vet. Bn.	
— Alex. Mackenzie, h. p. 42 F.	5 June.
— Du Sable, h. p. 60 F. Stepney	21 Sept.
— Cockell, h. p. Royal Marines.	31 Jan.
— Alexander, h. p. do.	4 do.
— Hole, do.	June.
— Lambert, h. p. 21 F.	Nov.
Lieut. Lindsay, 4 Dr. Bombay	1 June.
— Brisco, 11 Dr. on passage to England	Feb.
— Egan, 91 F. Jamaica	10 Aug.
— Meicer, ret. 4 Vet. Bn.	26 do.
— Brewer, (h. p. Adj. of recruit. Dist.) Havre	23 Sept.
— Warner, h. p. 4 F.	Oct. 1821.
— Elwin, h. p. 51 F.	14 April 1822.
— Cooper, h. p. 52 F.	31 March.
— Dixon, h. p. 59 F.	19 do.
— Thistleton, h. p. 57 F.	26 June.
— Grant, h. p. 90 F.	22 Jan.
— Ford, h. p. 101 F.	21 March.
— Llewellyn, h. p. Rifle Bn.	22 July.
— Webber, h. p. Rifle Bn. Chichester,	30 Oct.
— Kellett, h. p. 5 Ceyl. R. Waterford	27 Aug.
— Chibborne, h. p. 3 Gar. Bn. 15 F.	
— Toole, Royal Marines.	
— Warmg, h. p. do.	1 Sept.
— Berison, do.	
— G. Clark, (2) do	28 Oct. 1821.
— Forwood, do.	2 Oct. 1822.
— Murphy, do.	
— Angus Campbell, do.	10 Aug. 1821.
2d Lieut. Dowling, h. p. Royal Mar. 5 March 1822.	
— Sergeant, do.	1 Oct.
— Collie, do.	7 Aug.
— Hole, do.	
— Colline, do.	
— Jones, do.	Jan.
— Arnold, do.	3 June.
Cornet Trollope, h. p. 5 Dr.	
Ensign Hewan, 2 W. I. R. Bahamas	11 Aug.
— Stephens, h. p. 84 F.	24 Feb. 1821.
— Shaw, h. p. Corsican Rang.	8 April 1822.
— Pollock, h. p. 60 F. Edinburgh	13 Sept.
Paym Fairfowl, 91 F. on passage to England 1 Aug.	
Quart. Mast. Harshaw, 1 rifle Gds.	10 Sept.
— Lees, late of 5 F. Gds. Camberwell	20 Nov.
— Walker, h. p. 82 F. Leeds, Yorkshire	10 Aug.
— Burke, h. p. 135 F.	2 Nov.
Chaplain Gunlett, h. p. 94 F.	27 March.

Medical Department.

Dr. Philan, Physician to the Forces	23 March
Surgeon Patterson, h. p. 25 Dr.	2 Nov.
— Nicoll, h. p. 7 Gar. Bn.	23 Aug.
Assist Surg. Hamland, Royal Artillery, Woolwich	15 Nov.
— Murray, h. p. 60 F.	26 Dec. 1821.
— Bridgman, Royal Marines	29 Aug. 1822.
Purveyor Fielder, Greenwich	2 Nov.
Dep. Purveyor Ogilvie	15 June.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Nov. 1	M. 15	29.26	M. 51	Fair, but	Nov. 16	M. 55	28.85	M. 45		Fair, but
	A. 50	100	A. 52	dull.		A. 45	.938	A. 41	SW.	dull.
2	M. 49	28.950	M. 56	Fair, rather		M. 55	.999	M. 11		Frost. morn.
	A. 52	29.168	A. 54	dull.	17	A. 58	.129	A. 12	SW.	fair day.
	M. 42	.550	M. 57	Fair, with	18	M. 55	29.101	M. 14		dull, but
	A. 50	.128	A. 54	sunshine		A. 11	.176	A. 11	SW.	air.
	M. 46	.556	M. 50	Fair, but ra-	19	M. 55	28.946	M. 45		heavy rain
	A. 50	.559	A. 51	ther dull.		A. 15	29.118	A. 45	Cble.	most of day.
	M. 18	.565	M. 54		20	M. 51	.250	M. 42	W.	Fair & mild,
	A. 51	.520	A. 54	Dull.		A. 41	.118	A. 42		but dull
	M. 41	.520	M. 53		21	M. 54	28.996	M. 45		Day fair.
	A. 51	.522	A. 55	Ditto.		A. 15	.999	A. 45	Cble.	night & rain
	M. 12	.462	M. 50	Fair, dull	22	M. 54	29.182	M. 42		heavy rain,
	A. 54	.518	A. 51	and cold.		A. 42	28.894	A. 41	SW.	snow on hills.
8	M. 38	.629	M. 49	Frost. morn.	23	M. 55	.795	M. 41		Rain & sleet.
	A. 44	.672	A. 16	sunsh. day.		A. 44	.989	A. 41	SW.	
9	M. 56	.594	M. 44	Rather dull	24	M. 54	29.525	M. 11		Dull fair day
	A. 45	.590	A. 41	but fair.		A. 45		A. 45	SW.	rain night.
10	M. 52	.576	M. 41	Fair morn.	25	M. 55		M. 44		Fair, with
	A. 45	.856	A. 46	rainy day.		A. 42		A. 44	SW.	sunsh.
11	M. 40	.680	M. 46	Dull, with	26	M. 54		M. 44		Dull toren. h
	A. 47	.690	A. 17	some rain.		A. 45		A. 48	Cble.	rain aftern.
12	M. 15	.659	M. 51	Fair, but	27	M. 58	.791	M. 45		Foren. suns.
	A. 52	.634	A. 49	dull.		A. 11	.999	A. 11	SW.	aft. very cold
15	M. 38	.438	M. 46	Dull, heavy	28	M. 54	.976	M. 40		Fair foren.
	A. 11	28.999	A. 46	in aftern.		A. 37	.976	A. 39	SW.	sun after.
14	M. 57	.856	M. 45	Dull, but	29	M. 51	.858	M. 38		Frost. morn.
	A. 42	.651	A. 11	fair.		A. 37	.826	A. 37	Cble.	rain, at. after.
15	M. 55	.151	M. 15	Heavy rain	30	M. 29	.718	M. 36		sleet & rain
	A. 40	.626	A. 15	most of day.		A. 45	.718	A. 36	Cble.	snow on hills

Average of Rain, 1.890 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE rain that has fallen since the date of our last amounts to 3 inches 49 decimal parts. On the 5th of the present month, the mountains were covered with snow, which sent the sheep to the low pastures. The storm was of short continuance. By the 9th the snow was mostly dissolved, and since the 10th there has been a slight frost; but the thermometer has never stood below 30°. The mean temperature for the two last weeks in November was 40° 93 decimal parts; and for the two first weeks in the present month, 37° 47. Farm labours being far advanced before the rains in November, little has been performed since our last. The ground has been rather wet for carting out dung, and winter ploughing is for the most part over; little seed-furrow has as yet been turned over, it being considered rather early for that operation.

Cattle have been for the most part out at pasture previous to the 5th, which has proved a considerable saving to the fodder. In some of the winter markets, cattle have experienced a brisk sale. Horses brought very low prices. In the corn market there has been little alteration; wheat of the best quality brings only about 20s., and barley sells at the same rate; oats from 14s. to 15s.; beans and pease from 11s. to 12s. per boll. The golden days of agricultural prosperity have come to a termination:—habits of luxury or of splendour, on the part of the farmer, must now be dispensed with. It will afford little matter of regret though the piano-forte should henceforth form no part of the farmer's household furniture, or though the over-fed brace of pointers should disappear from the kitchen yard. These are articles which, strictly speaking, belong to the upper classes of society, and when adopted by the mere farmer into his establishment, they have been uniformly looked on, by his more frugal brethren, as the certain prognostics of sequestration, pointing, and disgrace. While extravagance may be justly reprobated in any class, we suppose few would wish to see the British farmer exchange the modern broad-cloth vestments, the stuffed saddle, and the polished boots, and gilded spurs, for the hoddie gray, the cods of sackcloth, and the boot-hose of the last century: an approximation to all this, however, is fast taking place, and the shock, which will be first felt by the farmer, will, through him, reach the utmost corner of the land.

Perthshire, December 14th 1892.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1822.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p. peck	1822.	Oatmeal.		B. & P. Meal	
	Bls.	Prices.	Av. pr.							Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.		s. d.		d.	
Nov. 20	705	15 6 26 0	20 2	18 0 25 0	15 0 17 0	13 6 16 0	7	6	Nov. 19	400	1 1	78	10
27	1043	15 0 25 0	19 9	17 0 24 0	12 6 15 6	12 0 15 0	7	6	26	392	1 1	45	10
Dec. 4	805	16 0 25 6	20 0	17 0 24 6	15 0 17 0	12 6 15 0	7	6	5	392	1 0	76	10
11	858	15 0 26 6	20 8	18 6 25 0	12 0 16 0	11 0 15 0	7	6	10	392	1 1	56	10

Glasgow.

1822.	Wheat, 240 lbs.			Oats, 264 lbs.		Barley, 320 lbs.		Bns. & Psc.	Oatmeal	Flour, 280 lbs.	
	Dantzic.	For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.	Strl. Meas.	140 lbs.		
	s.	s.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s.	
Nov. 21	—	—	—	17 24 0	12 15 0	14 0 19 0	27 0 29 0	22 0 26 0	16 6 17 6	11 0 16 0	36 40
28	—	—	—	17 24 0	12 15 0	14 0 19 0	27 0 29 0	22 0 26 0	16 6 17 6	11 0 16 0	36 40
Dec. 5	—	—	—	18 24 0	15 15 0	14 0 19 6	28 0 28 6	18 0 25 6	15 0 17 6	14 0 17 0	37 39
2	—	—	—	18 24 6	15 16 0	14 0 19 6	28 0 28 0	18 0 25 6	15 0 17 6	14 0 17 0	37 39

Haddington.

1822.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.	1822.	Oatmeal.		
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.						Per Doll.	Pr. Peck	
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. s. d.		s. d.	s. d.	
Nov. 22	988	11 0 25 3	19 9	17 21 6	13 16 0	12 14 6	12 14 6	Nov. 18	15 6	14 6	1 0
29	907	17 0 25 6	20 5	15 19 0	11 15 6	11 14 0	11 14 6	25	15 3	14 5	1 0
Dec. 6	1042	16 0 24 6	20 4	17 21 6	11 15 6	11 14 6	10 14 6	Dec. 2	15 3	14 0	0 11
13	995	17 0 26 0	20 8	17 22 0	12 15 3	10 14 3	11 14 6	9	15 0	14 0	0 11

Dalkreith.

London.

1822.	Wheat, per qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Polt.	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grav.	Fine.	2d.	
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
Nov. 18	22 47	18 24	18 54	16 22	20 24	26 31	21 27	32 34	25 27	56 40	30 55	— 8
25	22 47	18 24	18 55	16 22	20 24	26 31	21 27	32 34	27 30	56 40	30 55	— 8
Dec. 2	22 46	18 24	18 55	16 22	20 21	26 31	21 27	32 34	27 30	56 40	30 55	— 8
9	22 46	18 24	18 55	16 22	20 21	26 31	21 27	34 36	27 31	56 40	30 55	— 8

Liverpool.

1822.	Wheat. 70 lb.	Oats. 45 lb.		Barley. 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.			Oatmeal, 240 lbs.	
		s. d.	s. d.					Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Eng.	Scots.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Nov. 19	3 6 6 6	2 3 3 0	2 9 4 6	20 22	21 50	22 56	27 30	26 39	28 52	20 25	20 22	20 22
26	3 6 6 4	2 3 3 0	2 9 4 9	20 22	21 50	22 56	27 30	26 39	28 52	20 24	20 22	20 22
Dec. 3	3 6 6 4	2 3 3 0	2 9 4 9	20 22	21 50	22 56	27 30	26 39	28 52	20 21	20 22	20 22
10	3 6 6 6	2 4 3 0	2 10 11 0	18 20	24 50	25 56	27 30	26 39	28 52	20 24	20 22	20 22

England & Wales.

1822.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Nov. 9	58 10	72 7	27 4	19 7	26 5	28 10	—
16	59 2	18 16	28 4	19 8	26 7	28 5	—
23	59 0	19 7	28 9	19 4	26 2	28 11	—
30	28 9	20 9	28 7	19 7	26 2	28 5	—

Quarterly average, which governs Importation.

Wheat, 39s.—Rye, 20s. 5d.—Barley, 26s. 8d.—Oats, 19s. 1d.—Beans, 25s. 9d.
Pease, 29s. 1d.

Course of Exchange, London, Dec. 10.—Amsterdam, 12 : 6. Ditto at sight, 12 : 3. Rotterdam, 12 : 7. Antwerp, 12 : 6. *Hamburgh*, 37 : 9. *Altona*, 37 : 10. *Paris*, 3 days sight, 25 : 35. *Bordeaux*, 25 : 85. *Frankfort-on-the-Maine*, 157. *Madrid*, 37½. *Cadiz*, 36. *Gibraltar*, 30½. *Genoa*, 43½. *Leghorn*, 47. *Lisbon*, 52½. *Oporto*, 52½. *Rio Janeiro*, 46. *Dublin*, 9½ ½ cent. *Cork*, 9½ ½ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ½ oz.—Foreign gold in bars, £3 s 17 d. New Doubloons, £3 s 5s. New Dollars, 4s. 9d. Silver in bars, standard, 4s. 11½d.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 20s. a 25s.—Cork or Dublin, 20s. a 25s.—Belfast. 20s. a 25s.—Hambro', 15s. a 20s.—Madeira. 20s. a 30s.—Jamaica. 40s. a 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 5 gs. to 8 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from 20th Nov. to 11th Dec. 1822.

| Nov. 20. | Nov. 27. | Dec. 7. | Dec. 11.

Bank Stock.....	247½	243½	245
3 ½ cent. reduced.....	80½	80½	78½
3 ½ cent. consols.....	81½	80½	—
3½ ½ cent. do.	92½	92½	90½
4 ½ cent. do.	98½	98½	96½
Ditto New	102½	101½	—
India Stock.....	256½	256½	—
— Bonds.....	44 pr.	43 pr.	28 pr.
Exchequer bills, (£.1000).....	7 5 pr.	6 5 pr.	2 1 pr.
Consols for account.....	81½	81½	79½
French 5 ½ cents.....	89 fr. 50c.	89 fr. —	86 fr.
			88 fr. 45 c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th October and the 20th November 1822; extracted from the London Gazette.

Adey, J. Cray's-hill, Essex, cattle-dealer.
 Armstrong, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant.
 Ashwell, J. Nottingham, iron-founder.
 Hambridge, J. Whitelaw, plumber.
 Bagnell, W. and J. Wael, platers.
 Baker, C. Ramsey, Hampshire, fell-monger.
 Haley, T. W. Basing-lane, wine-merchant.
 Barratt, W. Eyre-street hill, bucklayer.
 Beattie, J. Portsea, victualler.
 Bellamy, R. Spaxton, Somersetshire, shopkeeper.
 Bellis, B. Liverpool, grocer.
 Birckelt, R. Liverpool, dealer.
 Blackburn, G. Cnos-sall, Staffordshire, grocer.
 Bowman, H. St John's-street, Clerkenwell, haberdasher.
 Bremner, A. Bond-court, Wallbrook, merchant.
 Brooke, J. Liverpool, digger.
 Brooke, R. Walcot, Somersetshire, brewer.
 Brown, J. Fleet-market, grocer.
 Buckmaster, J. and W. Old Bond-street, army-clothiers.
 Childe, R. Church Stretton, Shropshire, blacksmith.
 Cooper, J. J. Worcester, draper.
 Cooper, J. Tutbury, Stafford, miller.
 Collins, W. Crawford-street, Mary-le-bone, linen-draper.
 Cook, W. Wouldham, Kent, corn-dealer.
 Cookworthy, F. C. Bristol, bookseller.
 Cranage, T. Watling-st. near W. Clington, grocer.
 Crockett, H. sen. Haddenham, Bucks.
 Cuning, A. Claines, Worcesterhire, draper.
 Davies, W. Sudbury, haberdasher.
 Dawson, J. Bury, Lancashire, linen and woollen-draper.
 Dixon, T. Manchester, joiner.
 Dodd, W. Orton, Westmoreland, drover.
 Douglas, J. and D. Russell, Fleet-street, drapers.
 Drury, J. Snaith, Yorkshire, coal-merchant.
 Eastwood, J. Meltham, Yorkshire, clothier.
 Edwards, D. Gloucester, tea-dealer.
 Evis, L. Walcot, Somersetshire, bill-broker.
 Fairhead, J. Cressing, Essex, jobber.
 Fitze, G. Totnes, grocer.
 Foster, J. Liverpool, brewer.
 Fox, J. Bath, grocer.
 Gill, W. C. Melksham, Wilts, linen-draper.
 Guter, H. Billings-gate, fish-salesman.
 Graham, R. Shorter's-court, Throgmorton-street, stock-broker.
 Graham, J. Dorset-street, Salisbury-square, cotton-manufacturer.
 Greathed, H. Stepney Causeway, master-mariner.
 Greathed, J. Snow hill, auctioneer.
 Greyson, W. Hull, linen-draper.
 Green, J. King's Norton, Worcesterhire, maltster.
 Hales, E. Newark, corn-factor.
 Hall, R. jun. Bury, cotton-manufacturer.
 Harris, F. Lisle-street, dealer.
 Henesey, R. Whitecross-street, timber-merchant.
 Hesse, G. A. Church-row, Fenchurch-st. broker.
 Hewlett, J. Gloucester, cabinet-maker.
 Healey, M. Manchester, draper.
 Hays, C. and W. F. Blunden, Oxford-street, linen-draper.
 Hiren, J. Banbury, Oxfordshire, tallow-chandler.
 Hopp, T. jun. Yorkshire, corn-factor.
 Howe, P. Park-street, Hanover-square, horse-dealer.
 Hudson, W. Camberwell, bricklayer.
 Huxley, C. R. Newgate-street, glover.
 James, R. Stamford Barron, Northampton, veterinary-surgeon.
 Johnson, B. J. Houndsditch, cabinet-maker.
 Johnson, J. Pontefract, maltster.
 Jones, J. C. Bridgworth, linen-draper.
 Kewer, J. Little Windmill-street, carpenter.
 Kemington, C. Glamford Brigg, Lincolnshire, draper.
 Kitchen, R. and J. Amery, Liverpool, tailors.
 Lea, T. Liverpool, grocer.
 J. Horseleydown, lighterman.
 and, R. Liverpool, soap-builder.
 W. J. W. Bath, silk-mercer.
 J. Clement's Inn, money-broker.
 Moore, G. jun. Deptford, timber and coal-mer-
 chant.
 Newman, J. Upper East Smithfield, clop-seller.
 Noakes, W. Old City Chambers, wine-merchant.
 Parker, T. jun. Wood-street, hosier.

Hatford, B. High Holborn, draper.
 Rivers, G. Judd-street, Brunswick-square, cabinet-maker.
 Robinson, P. Kendal, draper.
 Robinson, W. Great St. Helen's, insurance-broker.
 Rowed, J. Queen-st. Finsbury, timber-merchant.
 Sanders, W. Bristol, fish-monger.
 Sell, J. High-street, Shadwell, cheesemonger.
 Smith, J. Liverpool, leather-cutter.
 Smith, T. Hampton Wick, timber-merchant.
 Stevens, R. Southbury, Buckinghamshire, farmer.
 Stoworthly, E. Whitechapel, cheesemonger.

Stubbs, P. Crawford-street, grocer.
 Thompson, M. C. Kingston-upon-Hall, grocer.
 Thorley, J. Chorlton-row, Manchester, merchant.
 Tuckle, E. Nuneaton, mercer.
 Underwood, H. Cheltenham, builder.
 Watts, J. Totnes, linen-draper.
 Wainwright, B. Hereford, maltster.
 Whittle, W. B. Beaumster, Dorsetshire, tanner.
 Whyte, D. Leeds, linen-draper.
 Wilson, E. and P. Methley, Yorkshire, maltsters.
 Williams, W. S. Brompton, coach-master.
 Woodward, E. Derby, dunkeeper.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES AND DIVIDENDS, announced November 1822, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Arbuckle, Robert, farmer and cattle-dealer, westmans of Baldon, parish of Kirkcinner.
 Borthwick & Gowdie, Belhaven; George Gowdie & Co. Belhaven; Borthwicks & Co. Dunbar, and Bruce, Borthwick, & Co. Kongsberg, Prussia, co-partners.
 Brown, William, maltster & grain-dealer, Broonage moun, near Falkirk.
 Davidson, James, haberdasher in Edinburgh.
 Hughes & Williams, canal contractors, Lanthgow.
 Hutton, Robert, cattle-dealer, Wester Babbis, parish of Muckhart.
 Jameson, Thomas & William, merchants, Kilmilloch.
 King, George Haly, merchant in Glasgow.
 McAlum, Duncan, vintner & stabler in Glasgow.
 Mackenzie, Alexander, glazier, Glasgow.
 McKissock, Hew & Co. merchants in Ayr.
 McLauchlan, Alexander & Co. merchants in Glasgow.
 Malcolm, John, grocer & builder, Glasgow.
 Mathison & Co. merchants in Edinburgh.
 Muir, James, shoe-manufacturer, &c. Kilmours.

Muller, A. & Co. merchants in Leith.
 Newall, Walter, merchant in Dundee.
 Nicol, Andrew, merchant in Aberdeen.
 Renne, John Hill, distiller near Alloa.
 Rhind, William, merchant, Drumthie, Kincardine-shire.
 Waters, James, merchant, Tharss.
 Wingate, John & James, merchants and manufacturers, Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Carswell, Duncan, shoemaker & leather merchant in Paisley; by Thomas Bishop, leather-merchant there.
 Eide, Jas. merchant, Cupar-Fife; by W. Drummond, writer there.
 Foreman, George & Co. merchants in Stirling; by George Simlie, merchant in Glasgow.
 Gillespie, Colin, merchant in Glasgow; by W. Brock, merchant there.
 McNair, James, merchant & sugar-refiner, Glasgow; by Alexander Menz, accountant there.
 Smith, the late George, manufacturer in Perth; in the Town-clerk's Office there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1822. March 11. At Mangalore, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Robert McDowall, a son.
 21. At Asseerghur, the Lady of Captain C. J. C. Davidson, garrison engineer, a son.
 April 1. At Hamee, the Lady of Lieut. Ramsay, 5th N. I. a son.
 17. At Bengal, Mrs A. G. Balfour, a daughter.
 20. At Masulipatam, the Lady of Captain J. Ogilvie, of the 1st battalion 17th regiment, a son.
 May 25. At Madras, the Lady of Capt. Osborn, 2d native regiment, a son.
 29. At Madras, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Limond, of the native artillery, a daughter.
 Aug. 51. At Fort Augusta, Jamaica, the Lady of Major Stewart, 91st regiment, a daughter.
 Sept. 15. At Limerick, Ireland, the Lady of Dr Macpherson, 42d regiment, a son.
 Oct. 5. At Ardgowan, Mrs Houston Stewart, a daughter.
 8. At Quebec, the Lady of Captain D. Mackay, 70th regiment, a son.
 15. At Paris, the Lady of Thomson Bonar, Esq. of Camden Place, Kent, a daughter.
 17. At Madeira, the Lady of Thomas Wallas, Esq. a daughter.
 21. In St James's Place, London, Viscountess Cranbourn, a daughter.
 — At Viewfield, the Lady of J. A. Grant, Esq. a daughter.
 28. At Cromarty, the Lady of George Macdonald, Esq. M.D. a daughter.
 — At 10, York Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of John Blackwell, Esq. advocate, of twin sons, who survived but a short time.
 31. Lady Dunbar, of Beath, a son.
 — At Edinburgh, Mrs W. Buchanan, 21, Drummond Place, a son.
 Nov. 1. In Cadogan Place, London, the Countess of Bective, a son and heir.
 4. At St Andrew's, Miss Thomson, of Priotieham, a son.

Nov. 8. Mrs Leslie, of Warthill, a daughter.
 9. At Edinburgh, Mrs Macdonald, of Ballyheath, a son.
 10. At Cheltenham, the Lady of the Rev. C. Capel, a son.
 — At Auchinard, the Lady of Major Alston, a daughter.
 11. At Nova House, Ross-shire, the Lady of Hugh Rose, Esq. of Glasluch, a daughter.
 12. At Stewartfield, Mrs Elliot, of Wollie, a son.
 — At Senton Manor, Mrs B. Graham, a son.
 — At Parkhill, the Lady of Robert Warden, Esq. of Parkhill, a son.
 14. At Altyre, Lady G. G. Cumming, a son.
 — In Somerset Street, Portman Square, London, the Lady of Thos. Mackenzie, Esq. a daughter.
 15. At Swethope, Mrs D. Hunter, a daughter.
 — The Lady of Warren Hastings Sands, Esq. W. S. a daughter.
 16. In London, the Lady of Captain Patterson, of the Hon. Company's ship Canning, a son.
 — At Douglas, Isle of Man, the Lady of Capt. Muter, of the Royal Fusiliers, a son.
 18. The Countess Brownlow, a daughter.
 20. Mrs Robinson, Contes Crescent, Edinburgh, a son.
 22. At Wauchope, Roxburghshire, Mrs Scott, of Wauchope, a son.
 25. Mrs Gillsapie, York Place, Edinburgh, a daughter.
 21. Mrs Ballingall, Howe-Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.
 28. At Bemersyde, the Hon. Mrs George Fairholme, a son.
 31. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Major James Harvey, of Castle Semple, a daughter.
 30. The Lady of John Bowie, Esq. W. S. a daughter.
 27. At Dublin-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Richardson, a daughter.
 — Mrs Turnbull, Dundas-Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

1822. May 30. At Bombay, John Shepherd, Esq. Commander of the Hon. East India Company's ship Berwickshire, to Anne, daughter of James Stevens, Esq. senior Judge of the Courts of Appeal and Circuit for the provinces of Malabar.

Aug. 5. At Naples, A. W. Heyman, Esq. of the Scots Greys, to Miss Cockburn, daughter of Gen. Cockburn.

Sept. 22. At Naples, Baron Lord Walkcourt to Miss Lock, only daughter of William Lock, Esq.

Oct. 21. At Carragehill, Parsley, Wm. Macartney Ross, Esq. surgeon, Leith, to Elizabeth, third daughter of John Fisher, Esq. of Carragehill.

— At Ardornish, Argyllshire, Donald Campbell, Esq. Brachdacha, islan for Coll, to Jane, daughter of the deceased Angus Gregorson, Esq. of Ardornish.

26. At Nairn, Lieutenant Lewis D. Mitchell, R. N. to Amelia, eldest daughter of the late Robert Falconer, Esq. Sheen-substitute of Nairnshire.

28. At London, the Hon. Edward Gore (brother of the Earl of Arun, and of Lady Isabella Douglas of Hippingdale), to Miss Mary Anne Douglas, the Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex gave away the bride.

30. At Norton, in the county of Rathor, John Lucy Scudamore, Esq. of Kent Church Park, in that county, to Sarah Laura, eldest daughter of Sir Hatford Jones, Bart. of Bouthibrook.

— At Dura, Robert Dalgleish, Esq. younger of Scotland, to Mary, only daughter of Alexander Bayne, Esq. of Hies.

— At Kinniside, William Macleod, Esq. surgeon in Dingwall, to Mary, second daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq. of Kinniside.

31. At Kensington, Captain David Rae Newall, of the Hon. East India Company's ship Sealsby Castle, to Charlotte Janetia, only surviving daughter of the late James Falconer, Esq. of Bombay.

Nov. 1. In Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, Wm. Atkinson, Esq. younger of Drummore, to Anne, second daughter of Alex. Allan, Esq. of Hillside.

— At Sea borough, Yorkshire, George Swaby, Esq. M.D. second son of John Swaby, Esq. of Pleasant Prospect, St Elizabeth, Jamaica, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late John Robertson, Esq. of Belmont, in the same parish, Jamaica.

1. At Edinburgh, George Forbes, Esq. of Springhill, Aberdeenshire, to Wilhelmina, daughter of the late Captain James Walker, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At Brechin, William Fernier, Esq. late of Granada, to Miss Black.

— At Hawick, Thomas Grievie, Esq. of Skellhill, to Marion M. Dickson, youngest daughter of Archibald Dickson, Esq. of Housebyres.

3. At Arbroath, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Doig, to Ann, youngest daughter of the deceased John Anderson, Esq. late Provost of Arbroath.

6. At Edinburgh, John Williams, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's civil service, to Sophia, daughter of the late Dr. William Roxburgh, also of the Honourable East India Company's service.

9. At St. Andrew's, Major P. Dunbar, of the Hon. the East India Company's service, to Jessy, daughter of the Rev. William Leslie, of Balmaguthy, county of Moray.

12. At Leith, James Search, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Eliza, daughter of John Dudgeon, Esq.

16. At Glasgow, James Anderson, Esq. solicitor, Edinburgh, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr Robert Ross, of Hutchesontown.

18. At Montrose, Alexander Melville, M.D. surgeon of the 20th regiment, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Capt. George Metherland of that post.

— At Fife, John McKelgoun, Esq. W. S. to Catherine, youngest daughter of Mr Alexander McCullagh, of Pleylands.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Croley, surgeon, late in the Canadian North West Company's service, to Helen, eldest daughter of Mr John Mein, surgeon, Pitt Street.

19. At Edinburgh, Mr John Gilchrist, to Jane, only daughter of the late Alexander Muirhead, Esq. Castle Rankin, Strathgibb.

— At Aberdeen, Chas. Macdonald, Esq. Huntly, to Miss Helen Hunter, Union Street, Aberdeen.

22. At Wester Cleithes, Morayshire, Lieut. C. G. Macgregor Skennet, 21th light dragoons, half-pay, to Christina, youngest daughter of the late Robert Grant, Esq.

Nov. 25. At Arbroath, D. Lowson, Esq. of Springfield, Town Clerk of Arbroath, to Anne Forbes, youngest daughter of the Rev. George Gigg, minister of the gospel there.

— The Rev. David Barker, Newcastle-under-Lyme, to Jean, eldest daughter of the late Mr David Davidson, merchant, Glasgow.

— At Kircy-Street, Edinburgh, the Rev. James Mitchell, to Jessie, youngest daughter of the late Mr William Kinnaird, chemist, Edinburgh.

28. At Dalbeth Cottage, Mr Robert Black, merchant, to Sarah, youngest daughter of George Park, Esq. of Water Side.

Lately, At Achindarroch, in Argyllshire, Major George Germane Cochane, half-pay 57th regiment, to Susan, eldest daughter of the late, Donald McColl.

DEATHS.

1822. June 28. At Bombay, John Alvis Inglis, of the Hon. East India Company's Military Establishment, and second son of George Inglis, Esq. of Kingsmills.

July 8. At Calcutta, the Right Rev. Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, D.D. Lord Bishop of that Presidency, after a short but severe illness.

Aug. 20. At sea, off St Helena, on his return from Java to Europe, for the recovery of his health, John son of the late John Mackenzie, Esq. Kincaig, Ross-shire.

Sept. 3. At Kingston, Jamaica, the Rev. James Steele, of the Presbyterian church, aged 25.

18. In Kingston, Jamaica, James Moffat, Esq. of the house of James Moffat and Co. of Glasgow.

21. On Providence Estate, island of Jamaica, Thomas Jones, Esq. after three days illness.

22. At New Orleans, Mr Thos Bogie, merchant, formerly of Glasgow.

30. At sea, off the Cape de Verde islands, on his passage from Bahia to Hamburg, Mr John Skeen, merchant in Leith, son of Mr Laurence Skeen, ship-owner there.

Oct. 10. Mrs Agnes Beck, of Greyabby, aged 104 years. She lived in the same house in which she was married, and within fifty yards of where she was born, until she died.

13. At Killeigh, Devonshire, aged 78, the Rev. John Burges Karslake. This gentleman, when an infant, was saved by his nurse-maid jumping out of the window with him in her arms, when his father, mother, and two brothers, were destroyed by fire at South Molton, Jan. 30. 1749.

— At Venice, M. Canova, the celebrated sculptor.

14. At Culbair, Colin Shaw, Esq. an acting Deputy Lieutenant, and one of the oldest Magistrates of the county of Inverness.

19. In Great Corn Street, London, on his way from Scotland to Geneva, Dr Alexander Marcell.

— At Carlisle, aged 71, the Lady of Sir J. D. A. Gilpin, Knt. one of the Aldermen of Carlisle, and sister to Sir E. Irving, Bart. of Hobgill Tower.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Henderson, many years matron of the Charity Workhouse of this city. Among other legacies, she has left one of £. 50 to that Institution.

21. At Exeter, in the 66th year of his age, Thomas Carril, Esq. 15 years a surgeon in the Royal Navy, and a native of Montrose.

— In Dublin, aged 24, Lady Ann Jocelyn, only sister of the Earl of Roden.

22. At his house, Walthamstow, Essex, George Ballantyne, Esq.

— At Southold, Miss Stenhouse, senior, in the 80th year of her age.

24. At No. 55, Colmore Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Lyle, aged 85.

— At Hardwick, Shropshire, Sir John Kynaston Powell, Bart. who represented that county in Parliament 40 years, leaving no issue; his title and estates devolve to his only brother, the Rev. E. Kynaston, Rector of Itchy and Hornham, Suffolk.

— At Strling, Dr John Forrest, physician there.

27. At Moor Park, near Kilworth, Stephen, Earl of Mountmelick.

— At her house, Edinburgh, Lady Gordon, relict of the late Sir John Gordon, of Earlston, Bart.

28. At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Chambers, relict of the late David Darling, Esq. Assistant-Surgeon, Hon. East India Company's service, Rungpore.

— At Dunbar, Alexander Johnston, Esq. for many years surgeon in that place.

— At Kincairnie Lodge, Mrs Gordon of Kincairnie.

1822. Oct. 30. At Hallwell, near Bolton, at the advanced age of 108 years, Mrs. Ann Macdonald.
- At Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, Mrs. Anne Swinton, widow of Lieut.-Col. Robert Swinton.
- At London, Asher Goldsmidt, Esq. aged 71.
31. At Criccieth, Captain R. Macdonald, late of the 19th regiment of foot.
- At the Manse of Diggar, the Rev. William Watson, in the 73d year of his age, and 53d of his ministry.
- At his house in Grosvenor Place, Bath, after a long and painful illness, Rear-Admiral Puget, Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.
- At 10, York Place, Edinburgh, Mrs. Rachel Hay, spouse of John Blackwell, Esq. advocate. She was youngest daughter of James Hay of Belton, son of Lord David Hay, and of Dorothea Hay, sister of the late Marquis of Tweeddale.
- Nov. 1. At Kirkcaldy, aged 88, Mrs. Douglas, sen. relict of John Douglas of Pinkerton.
- At Hamilton, Robert Burns, Esq. of Westport, Bothwell, in the 65th year of his age, after a long illness, which he bore with great fortitude and resignation.—This gentleman was the fourth pupil of the celebrated Mr. Braidwood, of the Edinburgh Deaf and Dumb Institution, where, at an early period of life, he made such astonishing proficiency, that he felt but comparatively little inconvenience from the want of hearing, being naturally a genius of quick perception. So sensible was the deceased of the advantage he derived from the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Edinburgh, that he left £100 to be applied for its support.
2. At Chelsea, Patrick Paterson, Esq. late surgeon of the 25th regiment of light dragoons.
- At Edinburgh, James McKinnon Campbell, Esq. of Ormaiz.
3. At Mary Place, Stockbridge, Edinburgh, Alexander Mitchell, senior, Esq.
- At Clifton, Bristol, in the 55th year of his age, John Ormsby Vandeleur, of the county of Lincolshire, late Colonel in the army, and Lieut.-Colonel of the 5th dragoon guards. He was nephew of the late Earl of Longford, and of the present Admiral the Hon. Sir Thos. Pakenham, Bart.
- At Sandford Hall, Shropshire, Thomas Hugh Sandford, Esq. of Sandford.
4. At Tain, Miss Isabella D. F. Balfour, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Geo. Balfour, minister of Tarbat, Ross-shire.
- At St. Andrew's, Mr. Tullidoph, relict of John Tullidoph, Esq. of Kilnux.
- At Daugh, Mrs. Anne Gordon, relict of the late George Davidson, Esq. Huntly, aged 69 years.
5. At Inverness, Wm. Macintosh, Esq. of Gieldes.
6. At Cork, William Augustus Kelleet, Esq.
- At Paris, M. Bertholet, the celebrated chemist.
7. At Ruthven Manse, the Rev. Patrick McLaren, minister of that parish.
- At St. Mary's Isle, after an inflammatory illness of nearly three weeks duration, James Wedderburn, Esq. his Majesty's Solicitor-General for Scotland.
- At Ardmore, Dumbartonshire, Colin McLachlan, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.
8. At Glasgow, Margaret McKuslay, relict of the deceased Mr. Davin Beggs, aged 99 years and some months.
- In Charles Street, Edinburgh, Mrs. Anne Trall, relict of James Trall, Esq. of Westove.
- At Kersewell, Mrs. Jean Lockart, widow of William Bertram, Esq. of Nisbet.
9. At Pittfou House, Fifehire, Mrs. Lucy Hay, widow of Patrick Moncreiff, of Reidsie, Esq.
- In Albany Street, Edinburgh, Mrs. Warrand.
10. At Aberdeen, in the 74th year of his age, Patrick Copland, LL.D. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Marischal College and University, in which he has taught, with great reputation and success, for upwards of fifty years.
- At Leith, George Gillon, aged 26, second son of the late John Gillon, shipmaster, Leith.
- At Bankfoot, Miss Hay, only surviving daughter of the deceased James Hay, Esq. of Pitcair.
11. In Portland Street, near Port Eglington, the Rev. John Leach, (formerly of ~~large~~ teacher of Hebrew and Lecturer on Sacred Criticism, in Glasgow, in the 58th year of his age.
- Nov. 11. At Lebanon, near Cupar, Fife, Mr. Alex. Brown, land-surveyor, at the advanced age of 80.
12. At Aberdeen, after twelve months illness, John Brice, M.D. of Teignmouth, Devon, and late of Cuvendish Square, London.
- At Kirkcaldy, Mrs. Reid, relict of the Rev. James Reid, some time minister of the parish of Kinglassie, Fifehire.
- At his house in Sloane Street, London, in his 82d year, the Right Hon. William, Lord Grantley, Baron Markinchfield, in the county of York, Lord High Steward of Guildford, Colonel of the 1st Royal Survey militia, F.S.A. &c. His Lordship succeeded in his titles and estates by Fletcher Norton, Esq. the eldest son of the late Hon. Fletcher Norton, senior Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer in Scotland, who was second brother to the late Lord.
13. At Leicester, Mrs. Bis-et, relict of Commissary-General Robert Bis et.
- J. S. Hauner, Esq. Rear-Admiral of the Blue.
- At Barabury, William Hamilton, Esq. Mr. Hamilton was the last representative of the ancient House of Monkland.
14. Dr. James Casels, physician in Lancaster, eldest son of the late Andrew Casels, Esq. Leith.
15. At Paris, Madame the Marchioness de Villette, the adopted daughter of Voltaire, who was called by him the "beautiful and good."
- At Paris, Madame the Comtesse de Perreiaux, of the family of Macdonald. The Marshal Duke of Tarentum never quitted her during the three weeks which her illness lasted.
- At Paisley, Captain Alexander McDougall, of the Renfrew militia, late Major in the 72d regiment.
- At Glasgow, Mrs. Stirling, relict of the late John Stirling, Esq.
- At London, Mr. John Debrett, formerly an eminent bookseller in Piccadilly, and editor of the works entitled "Debrett's Peerage and Baronetage."
18. In Edinburgh, at the great age of 105 years, Mrs. Agnes Anderson, relict of the late Mr. George Mackenzie of Stockbridge. Few persons have enjoyed such a length of happy days in this world, and few have been so well prepared for receiving an ever-during inheritance in Heaven, than this amiable and excellent woman. She died in the most calm and collected manner, retaining the enjoyment of her mental faculties almost to the very last. It is believed she was the oldest inhabitant of Edinburgh, and was born and brought up here, as well as her ancestors for many generations. In 1715, after witnessing the reception of the Pretender at Holyrood House, she was struck with a musket ball fired from the Castle, while carrying her eldest son, who bore her head to the grave, and who is now one of our oldest, and, we may add, most intelligent and respected citizens.
20. Suddenly, at Dunbar House, Mr. John Balfour, eldest son of James Balfour, Esq. of Whittinghame.
- At Edrom Manse, Berwickshire, suddenly, the Rev. John Hastic, minister of that parish, in the 60th year of his age.
21. At Stranraer, Mr. Thomas Baird, merchant, aged 82 years.
- Late, Captain George Johnston, of Greenock. He crossed the Atlantic no less than 172 times; and that not merely without once being wrecked or captured, but also without having met with a casualty of any kind, so as to have occasioned a loss to the underwriters on the ships under his command.
- At Aonachan, Lochaber, Mr. William Macintyre, late tacksman of Drumnag, aged 101 years. He exhibited in manner and language, a striking specimen of the patriarchal dignity of the Highlanders of the preceding age; he always wore the mountain garb, and was a living history of the feuds of the last century. He was a superior deist-stalker, and killed his roe at the age of ninety. His mind retained its vigour to the last. His remains were conveyed to the grave by a number of his clan, of which there was present of his own descendants, a number more than sufficient for that purpose.
- At Bath, Sir Henry White, K.C.B. Major General in the Bengal army.

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Shire of Aberdeen.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCHIAL PLACE.		HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
		Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding columns.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.	
ABERDEEN District.												
Aberdeen Burgh and Parish: (1)												
Crooked	Quarter	703	2025	5	15	17	1199	807	5916	5012	8958	
Even	Quarter	586	2084	1	10	16	1970	98	5166	4041	7207	
Foot-Dee	Quarter	577	1511	1	20	55	619	612	5216	5839	7055	
Green	Quarter	247	767	2	17	7	466	291	1522	1942	3264	
Banchory-Davenick, } part of,	(2) Parish	99	107	2	6	16	16	45	299	251	550	
Bethelvie	Parish	520	520	1	7	274	7	10	618	715	1331	
Drumoch, part of,	(5) Parish	151	151	12	1	81	17	1	268	319	587	
Dyce	Parish	110	110	1	6	39	19	57	525	280	605	
Finlay	Parish	212	220	1	1	150	68	2	500	496	996	
Kimellar	Parish	66	67	1	16	48	7	12	182	177	359	
Macbar, New	(4) Parish	207	207	1	4	118	76	15	405	484	889	
Straloch-Lands	—	15	15	1	1	55	11	1	129	117	246	
Macbar, Old, otherwise } St Machan	(5) Parish	2102	4517	21	75	587	5615	517	7915	10,367	18,512	
Newhills	(6) Parish	377	457	1	21	154	184	119	1065	1076	2141	
Peteirculter	Parish	255	254	5	9	149	80	5	539	557	1096	
Skene	Parish	521	531	2	2	229	31	68	660	780	1440	
		6559	12,974	15	208	2024	8471	2459	24,615	50,481	55,094	
ALFORD District.												
Alford	Parish	172	175	1	8	114	28	31	407	419	826	
Auchindon, with Kearn	Parish	194	194	1	5	116	68	10	450	459	889	
Cabrach, part of	(7) Parish	82	85	1	1	49	8	26	189	186	375	
Clatt	(8) Parish	101	101	1	1	87	15	1	285	268	553	
Glenbucket	Parish	104	106	1	6	67	12	27	216	233	479	
Keig	Parish	125	125	1	1	50	51	42	287	275	562	
Kildrumay	Parish	98	101	2	4	64	28	9	257	259	496	
Kinn (Mont)	Parish	201	206	2	2	132	62	5	481	497	974	
Lochell-Cushnie	(9) Parish	165	165	1	5	117	45	5	575	391	706	
Rhyne and Essie	Parish	168	174	1	4	92	50	52	368	408	776	
Strathdon	Parish	528	528	1	1	506	18	4	876	822	1698	
Tullynessle, with Forbes	Parish	122	125	1	1	67	14	49	517	326	643	
Tough	(10) Parish	160	160	1	2	65	69	28	556	362	698	
Towie	Parish	114	115	7	6	56	26	55	513	265	578	
		2158	2157	17	40	1575	419	525	5165	5146	10,311	

(1) The entire Parish of St Nicholas, Aberdeen, contains 26,481 inhabitants; and, adjoining to this Parish, northward, is the Parish of Old Machar, (containing the old City of Aberdeen,) the population of which Parish being 18,512, produces a total of 44,993 persons resident in Aberdeen. (2) Banchory Parish is mostly in the Shire of Kincardine, and entered accordingly. (3) Drumoch Parish is partly in the Shire of Kincardine. The entire Parish contains 756 inhabitants. (4) The entire parish of New-Machar contains 1155 inhabitants. Straloch-Lands are rated in the Cess-books, and pay Land-tax in the County of Banff. The increase of population in this Parish is ascribed to the subdivision of land. (5) In the Parish of Old-Machar are contained the principal additions which have, of late years, been made to the City or Burgh of Aberdeen. It contains likewise several extensive cotton and other manufactories, some of which have been increased since 1811; and also to the City of Old Aberdeen, the population of which is 1485. The present enumeration contains twenty-two males and four females now in Jail; thirty-four males and eight females in the House of Correction; and thirty-seven males and forty-seven females in two Lunatic Asylums, all situate in this Parish. (6) The increase of population in the parish of Newhills arises from the extension of stone-quarries, and of paper and other manufactories connected with those of the City of Aberdeen. (7) Cabrach Parishes mostly in the Shire of Banff. The church is situate in Aberdeenshire. (8) One male in Clatt Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (9) The prosperity of agriculture, before the late depression, is mentioned as a cause of the increased population of the Parish of Lochell-Cushnie. (10) The population of the Parish of Tough has been increased by the settlement of families on Crofts, or Pencilies of Farms.

SHIRE OF ABERDEEN—continued.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCHIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding columns.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
DEER, otherwise BUCHAN District.											
Aberdour - - - (1) Parish	509	509	2	9	158	171	—	692	805	1495	
Crimond - - - - Parish	188	188	1	—	119	45	21	116	481	900	
Deer, New - - - - Parish	772	780	2	5	460	265	57	1486	1725	3211	
Deer, Old - - - - (2) Parish	790	798	4	58	510	188	100	1545	1816	3359	
Fergus, St. - - - - (3) Parish	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Fraserburgh - - - (4) Parish	452	607	—	4	159	352	116	1557	1491	2851	
Longside - - - - Parish	562	574	5	14	271	256	67	1079	1278	2357	
Lonmay - - - - (5) Parish	552	552	—	5	204	48	80	770	819	1589	
Peterhead (+) (6) { Town & Parish	706	1376	1	159	10	1029	557	1553	2850	4783	
Pitligo - - - - (7) Parish	292	504	—	191	182	104	18	785	745	1550	
Rathen - - - - (7) Parish	282	305	6	11	107	175	65	652	715	1545	
Strichen - - - - (8) Parish	422	422	1	11	230	17	155	950	967	1926	
Tyne - - - - (9) Parish	416	487	1	1	225	198	64	929	1039	1968	
	258	261	2	22	61	85	115	516	466	782	
	190	195	1	5	159	22	52	372	450	802	
	3971	6959	26	155	2858	2875	1228	15,249	15,629	28,878	
ELLON District.											
Cruden - - - - (10) Parish	474	478	2	—	250	212	6	1129	1129	2258	
Ellon - - - - (11) Parish	549	550	—	6	489	54	7	1095	1057	2150	
Foveran - - - - (11) Parish	555	558	1	—	206	84	68	712	822	1551	
Logie-Buchan - - - Parish	126	126	2	7	89	20	17	510	519	629	
Methlick - - - - Parish	295	297	5	2	190	100	70	640	680	1320	
Slains - - - - Parish	264	270	8	9	156	26	88	510	612	1152	
Tarves - - - - (12) Parish	442	446	5	8	279	119	27	1001	1082	2065	
Udny - - - - (15) Parish	244	247	—	—	170	57	40	691	657	1528	
	2745	2772	25	52	1800	712	260	6086	6578	12,461	
GARIOCH District.											
Bourtie - - - - Parish	86	87	—	—	75	12	2	245	218	465	
Culsamond - - - - Parish	175	177	—	5	95	28	56	400	476	856	
Daviot - - - - (14) Parish	140	140	2	2	95	45	4	519	552	661	
Garioch, otherwise Logie- { Chapelry	541	545	1	5	214	123	8	822	794	1616	
Durno - - - - (15) Parish	221	223	2	9	122	66	35	528	551	1059	
Insch - - - - (15) Parish	158	203	—	8	18	105	82	353	402	755	
Inverury - - - - (16) { & Parish	65	63	—	1	48	5	1	222	172	394	
Keithall and Kinkell - - Parish	178	178	5	12	150	41	4	440	398	858	

(1) One female in Aberdour Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (2) Old-Deer Parish is partly in the Shire of Banff. The entire Parish contains 1841 inhabitants. (3) St Fergus is locally situate on the coast of Aberdeen, but belongs to the Shire of Banff, and is there entered. (4) One male in Fraserburgh Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (5) The decrease of population is ascribed to the enlargement of farms. (6) The entire Parish of Peterhead contains 6315 inhabitants. The increase of population in ten years appears to have been 1606; but, in 1811, 300 men serving in the Militia were not included. This reduces the increase to 1500, which has been occasioned partly by the harbour improvements and the numerous stone-quarries opened in the neighbourhood, but chiefly by the additional shipping employed in the Whale Fishery, and otherwise. (7) The Parish of Pitligo adjoins that of Fraserburgh, with a doubtful boundary, by which a few families are perhaps erroneously ascribed to Fraserburgh Parish. (8) Fraser of Lovat is building a large mansion-house at Strichen, which causes a temporary increase of population. (9) The entire Parish of Tyrie contains 1584 inhabitants. (10) The families of Fishermen at Cruden are included in the second column of Occupations. (11) One male in Ellon Parish, and one in Foveran Parish, upwards of 100 years of age. (12) In the Parish of Tarves, small crofts of land are now let to labourers, and others, for their accommodation. (13) A new church at Udny, now in progress, causes a temporary increase of population. (14) One male in Daviot Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (15) The slate-quarries in the Parish of Insch have caused an increase of population. (16) The entire Parish of Inverury contains 1129 inhabitants. The increase is attributable to a cattle-market and to a canal.

SHIRE OF ABERDEEN—continued.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCHIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding columns.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
GARIOCH District—continued.											
Kemnay - - - (1) Parish	155	155	—	6	71	77	7	501	356	657	
Kintore - - - (2) { Burgh	76	86	—	1	20	40	26	155	157	312	
- - - { & Parish	160	161	5	7	94	50	37	350	393	743	
Leslie - - - - - Parish	91	91	1	1	81	6	1	219	225	444	
Meldrum, Old - - - (5) Parish	462	461	2	28	106	320	34	793	979	1772	
Monymusk - - - - - Parish	186	191	12	5	113	52	29	432	435	867	
Oyne - - - - - (4) Parish	151	151	—	6	81	50	20	329	347	676	
Premney - - - - - Parish	119	119	5	12	74	57	8	287	280	567	
Rayne - - - - - Parish	500	504	4	4	200	91	15	650	721	1371	
	2985	5121	25	96	1634	1105	582	6825	7181	14,006	
KINCARDINE-O'NEIL District.											
Aboyne and Glentanar (5) Parish	221	225	2	5	171	49	5	511	540	1051	
Birse - - - - - Parish	500	501	5	10	101	40	165	716	730	1506	
Braemar - - - - - Parish	468	472	5	—	200	48	224	907	990	1897	
and Crathie - - - - - Parish	181	181	—	—	109	29	45	407	460	867	
Cluny - - - - - Parish	166	169	2	9	103	59	5	531	570	701	
Coull - - - - - Parish	222	228	12	10	151	94	5	515	517	1050	
Echt - - - - - Parish	465	470	8	8	525	48	79	1042	1181	2225	
Glenmuck, Tullich, & Glencairn, Parish	406	409	1	12	221	58	150	840	953	1793	
Kincardine-O'Neil - - - Parish	197	199	—	4	94	6	56	415	443	858	
Loggie-Coldstone - - - Parish	151	154	5	11	108	25	25	506	567	735	
Lumphanan - - - - - Parish	155	155	6	6	97	59	19	445	455	900	
Midmar - - - - - Parish	215	217	5	5	152	85	2	470	494	964	
Tarland and Migvie - - - Parish											
	3,151	3185	29	80	1792	659	752	6265	7560	14,525	
STRATHBOGIE District.											
Cairney, part of - - - (6) Parish	308	308	—	—	221	171	6	850	955	1785	
Drumblade - - - - - Parish	158	158	—	2	150	8	—	446	425	871	
Forgue - - - - - Parish	457	457	—	10	272	74	111	923	1077	2000	
Gartly, part of - - - (7) Parish	97	100	—	5	69	28	3	262	272	554	
Glast, part of - - - (8) Parish	177	178	—	10	121	22	52	443	445	888	
Huntley - - - - - Town & Parish	667	884	4	27	132	569	185	1477	1872	3349	
	1,954	2175	4	52	968	872	355	4401	5024	9425	
TURREFF District.											
Auchterless - - - (9) Parish	513	513	—	—	258	69	6	751	787	1558	
Fyvie - - - - - (9) Parish	626	631	5	6	551	273	7	1481	1521	3002	
King-Edward - - - (9) Parish	405	435	4	6	268	109	58	852	970	1822	
Monquhitter - - - - - Parish	424	471	12	8	257	254	—	887	1031	1918	
Turreff - - - - - (10) { Town & Parish	232	272	5	4	46	151	75	589	553	922	
- - - { Parish	298	298	5	9	201	62	32	721	763	1484	
	2,298	2420	19	35	1544	898	178	5081	5605	10,686	

(1) Land, heretofore uncultivated, has been improved, in the Parish of Kemnay, which has caused an increase of population. The same remark applies to Old Meldrum. (2) The entire Parish of Kintore contains 1037 inhabitants. One female in this Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (3) One female in Oyne Parish upwards of 100 years of age. A quarry has been opened in this Parish. (4) One male in Aboyne Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (5) Cairney Parish is partly in the Shire of Banff. The entire Parish contains 1854 inhabitants. (6) Gartley Parish is partly in the Shire of Banff. The entire Parish contains 979 inhabitants. (7) Glast Parish extends into the Shire of Banff, but the whole population is here entered. (8) One male in King-Edward Parish upwards of 100 years of age. The subdivision of farms is mentioned as a cause of the increase of population in this Parish; also in Auchterless and Fyvie Parishes. (9) The entire Parish of Turreff contains 2406 inhabitants. The increase is partly attributable to the peace, several persons who were in the Army and Navy being settled at Turreff.

SHIRE OF ABERDEEN—continued.

SUMMARY

OF HOUSES, FAMILIES, AND PERSONS, IN THE SHIRE OF ABERDEEN.

District of														
ABERDEEN	6539	12,934	45	208	2024	8471	2430	24,615	30,481	57,096				
ALFORD	2138	2137	17	40	1775	459	327	5165	5146	10,311				
DEER	5971	6339	26	455	2838	2873	1228	15,949	15,62	28,878				
ELLON	2745	2772	25	52	1800	712	260	6086	6579	12,465				
GARIOCH	2989	5121	23	96	1674	1105	389	6823	7181	14,004				
KINCARDINE-O'NEIL	5151	5185	29	80	1792	659	752	6965	7560	14,525				
STRATHBOGIE	1934	2175	4	52	968	872	573	4401	5224	9625				
TURREFF	2298	2420	19	55	1314	898	178	5051	5605	10,656				
TOTALS	27,579	55,701	186	996	13,775	16,029	5897	72,585	85,001	155,586				

AGES OF PERSONS.

MALES.

District of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 25	25 to 30	30 to 35	35 to 40	40 to 45	45 to 50	50 to 55	55 to 60	60 to 65	65 to 70	70 to 75	75 to 80	80 to 85	85 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards	TOTAL
ABERDEEN	5751	5132	2940	2554	3554	5096	2556	1622	1110	491	166	12	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	24,481
ALFORD	729	618	599	510	870	655	442	275	157	32	4	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5146
DEER	1355	1365	1285	1027	1589	1090	988	858	660	374	154	11	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	10,554
ELLON	800	715	775	621	919	594	527	414	530	184	53	7	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5949
GARIOCH	924	787	842	751	1122	721	572	472	587	295	58	5	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6826
KINCARDINE-O'NEIL	891	852	790	757	1048	775	620	512	454	256	76	8	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6965
STRATHBOGIE	617	566	520	407	636	459	598	527	281	165	11	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	4440
TURREFF	669	629	615	505	769	558	459	528	505	195	41	6	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5081
Total of MALES	9744	8671	8561	6875	10,117	7881	6592	4826	5812	1984	604	56	7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	69,405

FEMALES.

District of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 25	25 to 30	30 to 35	35 to 40	40 to 45	45 to 50	50 to 55	55 to 60	60 to 65	65 to 70	70 to 75	75 to 80	80 to 85	85 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards	TOTAL
ABERDEEN	5611	5125	2820	3254	5452	4077	5136	2299	1575	757	256	29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	30,564
ALFORD	628	555	475	485	921	664	462	596	574	164	25	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5146
DEER	1290	1346	1206	1168	1884	1354	1201	1082	799	512	169	29	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	12,034
ELLON	782	720	628	671	985	697	605	572	382	211	75	10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6536
GARIOCH	905	804	712	664	1190	832	686	637	464	256	81	7	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	7241
KINCARDINE-O'NEIL	957	858	790	716	1164	895	759	620	514	270	55	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	7560
STRATHBOGIE	585	575	503	477	804	579	505	400	380	185	65	8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5062
TURREFF	678	589	515	481	958	653	521	481	373	245	68	15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5605
Total of FEMALES	9412	8550	7679	7914	13,358	9749	7875	6487	4861	2580	795	87	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	29,548

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Aberdeen was 155,587; and the Number of Persons whose ages were returned was 148,841: whence it appears, that the Ages of one twenty-fourth part of the Persons therein enumerated, have not been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Aberdeen was 95, one of which did not contain any answer to the question concerning Ages, and is thus marked (-): a small proportion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in the respective Numbers of Males and Females.

Shire of Argyll.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.		HOUSES.				OCCUPATIONS.				PERSONS.		
		Parished.	By Extension of Limits Occupied.	Building.	Uninhabited.	Labourers, employed in Agriculture.	Labourers, employed in Trade.	Males of other occupations.	Aggregated in the two preceding classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
ARGYLL District.												
Ardnamurchan, part of, with Suivat	(1) Parish	572	389	—	—	551	20	34	1481	1698	5089	
Craignish	Parish	182	184	—	11	196	14	55	458	465	901	
Glenaray	Parish	176	194	—	—	201	29	70	543	553	1077	
Inishail	Parish	138	133	—	6	20	40	87	241	241	481	
Jura	Burgh and Parish	107	252	—	—	2	28	125	519	618	1177	
Kilmallie, part of	(2) Parish	415	141	—	1	399	23	50	1241	1362	2604	
Kilmartin	Parish	286	389	—	—	—	—	120	740	716	1456	
Kilmuchel-Glasry	(5) Parish	401	310	—	—	491	133	294	1332	2291	3623	
Knapdale, South	Parish	66	575	—	—	118	30	224	983	928	1911	
		2964	2057	12	31	1887	243	902	8648	9862	17,510	
COWAL District.												
Dunoon and Kilmart	Parish	558	667	12	14	88	30	224	1644	1145	2789	
Inveraray	Parish	406	445	—	1	25	72	1	718	552	1270	
Kilmartin	Parish	516	501	—	—	149	68	174	968	884	1852	
Kilmartin	Parish	110	118	—	1	110	8	—	547	779	1326	
Kilmartin	Parish	72	81	—	—	14	10	32	21	221	456	
Lochgoilhead	Parish	127	128	—	—	10	10	30	566	544	1110	
Strachur	Parish	146	142	—	2	12	89	50	74	526	702	
Strathclyde	Parish	86	90	—	—	12	36	7	249	239	502	
		1727	1602	18	22	301	74	329	5874	3836	9710	
ISLAY District.												
Bowmore	(1) Parish	673	717	5	5	665	41	8	1870	1907	3777	
Collumay	Island	118	118	—	—	91	21	70	151	151	301	
Fua	Parish	257	210	3	11	129	39	72	625	611	1236	
Kildalton	Parish	452	452	2	—	516	106	10	1219	1208	2427	
Kilcolumba	Parish	702	728	1	2	777	105	18	1995	1973	3968	
Kilmun	Parish	282	308	6	11	144	18	216	985	1018	2001	
Knapdale, North	(5) Parish	418	419	—	—	521	82	15	1551	1520	3071	
		2892	3122	18	50	2246	417	429	8176	8517	16,693	
KINTYRE District.												
Campbeltown	(6) - Burgh & Parish	409	1409	1	—	1	520	888	2790	3655	6445	
Collumay	Island	343	378	1	2	269	75	34	1257	1534	2791	
Gigha and Cata	Parish	101	108	—	5	45	20	45	287	286	573	
Kilberry	(7) Parish	202	217	1	4	88	22	147	559	528	1087	
Kilcalmonell	(7) Parish	415	461	1	—	141	85	240	1257	1254	2511	
Killean and Killeanzie	Parish	564	570	—	22	127	88	355	1639	1667	3306	
Saddle	Parish	167	175	—	—	69	19	85	453	424	879	
Skipness	Parish	215	211	—	—	22	20	172	695	650	1345	
Southend	Parish	372	461	2	17	109	18	524	977	1027	2004	
		2825	4014	9	48	869	895	2250	9854	10,814	20,668	

(1) Ardnamurchan Parish is partly in the Shire of Inverness. The entire Parish contains 5422 inhabitants. (2) Kilmallie Parish is mostly in the Shire of Inverness. The entire Parish contains 5527 inhabitants. The apparent decrease of population results from the removal of persons occupied in making the Caledonian Canal in 1811. (3) One male in Glasry Parish upwards of 100 years of age. The village of Loch-Gilp-Head has greatly increased, in consequence of the Crinan Canal. (4) One male and one female in Bowmore Parish, upwards of 100 years of age. (5) The Crinan Canal passes through the Parish of North Knapdale. (6) The entire Parish of Campbeltown contains 9616 inhabitants. (7) The subdivision of a large farm has increased the population of the Parish of Kilberry; as has the improved state of the herring-fishery in the Parish of Kilcalmonell.

SHIRE OF ARGYLL—continued.													
PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCHIAL PLACE.			HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:			PERSONS:			
			Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMS. LES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.	
LORN District. *													
Appin	-	-	Parish	491	491	12	6	556	158	20	1191	1271	2165
Archattan	-	-	Parish	298	511	1	5	178	45	95	825	840	1665
Dalavich	-	-	Parish	96	96	1	1	21	4	68	222	258	480
Glenorchy	-	-	Parish	190	218	2	5	152	55	51	558	584	1122
Kilbrandon	-	-	Parish	511	536	12	88	41	160	135	765	727	1492
Kilbride	-	-	Parish	217	425	6	1	86	117	191	957	989	1946
Kilchattan	-	-	Parish	230	261	12	2	56	95	115	605	517	1132
Kilchoman	-	-	Parish	107	107	1	1	52	6	69	281	507	591
Kilchelford	-	-	Parish	70	71	1	1	29	20	25	206	195	401
Kilmore	-	-	Parish	118	151	1	1	75	15	61	408	596	801
Kilmiver	-	-	Parish	151	111	1	11	56	25	62	510	515	685
Lismore	-	-	Parish	507	510	1	5	177	25	110	817	821	1638
Muckarn	-	-	Parish	165	165	2	1	21	125	16	425	106	851
				2827	5091	19	122	1216	826	1019	7581	7686	15,270
MULL District.													
Coll	-	-	(1) Parish	250	251	—	277	126	22	86	610	651	1261
Kilmichen and Kilvickoon	-	-	Parish	680	680	9	—	562	61	200	1917	2050	3967
Kilmunan and Kilmore	-	-	Parish	716	815	11	7	694	112	7	2101	2206	4307
Morvern	-	-	Parish	512	512	—	—	206	50	86	998	997	1995
Small Isles, part of, Parish: (2)													
Canna (+)	-	-	Isle	75	75	—	—	75	—	—	206	250	456
Muck (+)	-	-	Isle	57	57	—	—	42	5	—	145	176	321
Rum (+)	-	-	Isle	65	65	—	—	61	5	1	177	217	394
Tiry, Eastern District, (1)	} Island {			221	222	—	211	110	12	73	606	611	1217
Tiry, Western District, (1)				500	511	—	553	509	56	160	1151	1510	2964
Torosay			Parish	510	510	—	—	217	125	—	1125	1165	2288
				3221	5557	20	(1) 1020	2210	121	675	9559	9861	19,205

(1) The entire Parish of Tiry and Coll contains 5115 inhabitants. One female in the Western District of Tiry upwards of 100 years of age. The remarkably large number of Uninhabited Houses attributed to the Shire of Argyll, arises from the singular Return received from the Parish of Tiry and Coll, including barns, byres, &c. as uninhabited houses, and producing a total too large by about 1000.

(2) The Island of Eigg, part of the Parish of Small-Isles, is in the Shire of Inverness. The entire Parish contains 1620 inhabitants.

SHIRE OF ARGYLL.—continued.

SUMMARY

OF HOUSES, FAMILIES, AND PERSONS, IN THE SHIRE OF ARGYLL.

District of															
ARGYLL	2966	5745	12	31	1887	501	952	8618	8832	17,450					
CO'WALL	1527	1102	18	22	501	372	329	3871	5858	7,729					
ISLAY	2892	5122	18	50	2216	417	129	8476	8517	16,993					
KINTYRE	2825	4014	9	18	869	895	2250	9851	10,811	20,668					
LORN	2827	5091	19	122	1216	826	1019	7381	7686	15,067					
MULL	5221	5537	20	1020	2210	421	675	9559	9864	19,423					
TOTALS	16,079	18,509	96	(1) 1275	8989	5198	5852	47,775	49,511	97,516					

AGES OF PERSONS.

MALES.

District of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 25	25 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards	TOTAL
ARGYLL	1570	1208	1055	907	1256	979	739	552	119	171	62	15	1	—	8650
CO'WALL	578	552	479	419	643	421	272	954	171	71	24	4	—	—	3874
ISLAY	1218	1259	1099	1169	1164	917	191	192	430	178	50	5	1	—	8478
KINTYRE	1691	1571	1501	1002	1517	900	779	565	150	210	60	17	—	—	9870
LORN	1210	1098	991	826	955	752	671	509	366	198	52	21	—	—	7575
MULL	1512	1294	1187	978	1280	878	639	516	111	135	51	17	—	—	8752
Total of MALES	7372	6082	6110	5258	6625	4817	3591	2877	2256	961	262	80	2	—	47,179

FEMALES.

District of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 25	25 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards	TOTAL
ARGYLL	1299	1137	1017	849	1567	1077	782	607	412	146	55	8	—	—	8802
CO'WALL	620	470	597	561	629	470	538	295	197	80	23	7	—	—	5856
ISLAY	1215	1202	952	825	1191	1041	756	600	171	148	65	7	1	—	8505
KINTYRE	1578	1157	1557	1162	1602	1218	925	700	176	214	75	13	—	—	10,808
LORN	1158	1129	896	605	1055	855	678	619	421	256	59	15	—	—	7698
MULL	1378	1281	1053	975	1599	1076	789	660	405	169	45	13	1	—	9225
Total of FEMALES	7248	6675	5612	4778	7211	5745	4268	3571	2582	935	318	65	2	—	48,896

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Argyll was 97,316; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 96,075: whence it appears, that the Ages of one seventy-ninth part of the Persons therein enumerated have not been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Argyll was 56, three of which did not contain any answer to the question concerning Ages, and are thus marked (+): a small proportion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in the respective Numbers of Males and Females.

Shire of Apr.												
PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCHIAL PLACE.			HOUSES :				OCCUPATIONS :			PERSONS :		
			Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
CARRICK District.												
Ballantrae	-	Parish	215	265	13	12	115	50	102	626	654	1280
Barr	-	Parish	157	167	1	18	90	54	27	411	426	837
Colmonell	-	(1) Parish	587	421	12	10	275	98	48	992	988	1980
Dailly	-	Parish	588	448	4	19	189	159	120	1052	1129	2181
Girvan	-	(2) Parish	807	1545	9	21	207	1518	25	2227	2265	4490
Kirkmichael	-	(5) Parish	555	405	4	1	206	175	21	1110	1125	2235
Kirkoswald	-	Parish	559	555	1	1	159	97	99	911	956	1867
Maybole	-	(4) Parish	755	1022	1	16	529	525	168	2570	2654	5224
Stratton	-	Parish	226	257	5	5	122	150	5	611	648	1259
			5608	4888	25	110	1690	2586	612	10,525	10,805	21,330
CUNNINGHAME District.												
Ardrossan	-	(5) Parish	589	599	1	18	54	522	25	1442	1665	3105
Beith, part of	-	(6) Parish	516	979	1	6	241	596	159	2046	2559	4605
Dalry	-	Parish	478	670	1	1	218	475	29	1604	1709	3313
Droghda	-	Parish	112	151	1	1	18	90	15	406	450	856
Dunlop, part of	-	(7) Parish	190	197	1	2	158	49	10	516	515	1031
Fenwick	-	(8) Parish	265	517	6	1	192	107	48	905	947	1852
Irvine	-	Burgh & Parish	1025	1637	6	6	166	591	880	5029	5978	7007
Kilbride	-	Parish	292	288	1	5	68	215	7	625	708	1333
Kilbride, West	-	(9) Parish	199	275	1	6	95	151	27	681	690	1371
Kilmarlock	-	Town & Parish	1520	2696	5	5	120	2506	70	5072	6797	11,869
Kilmaurs	-	Parish	261	351	1	4	61	251	16	795	865	1660
Kilwinning	-	Parish	528	755	2	18	298	417	10	1958	1758	3716
Largs Parish: (10)												
Town and Suburbs	-	-	272	395	1	10	87	299	86	816	950	1766
Faulie, &c.	-	Village	119	128	1	11	89	51	8	555	560	1115
Loudoun Parish: (11)												
Darvel	-	Village	151	229	1	1	15	202	12	517	515	1030
Laudward-Part	-	-	190	208	1	2	151	46	11	579	589	1168
New Mills	-	Town	156	517	1	1	17	280	20	751	792	1543
Stevenston	-	(5) Parish	492	785	1	1	25	375	387	1675	1885	3560
Stewarton Parish: (12)												
Country	-	-	241	252	1	12	200	27	25	671	715	1386
Suburbs	-	-	58	101	1	7	21	68	12	209	258	467
Town	-	-	209	457	1	24	65	510	62	875	945	1820
			7119	11,775	50	145	2575	7505	1895	26,426	29,401	55,827

(1) The increase of population in the Parish of Colmonell is accounted for by the goodness of the roads, which has produced a great improvement in cultivation of the lands. (2) A considerable increase of the cotton manufactory has taken place at Girvan. (3) The practice of fencing small parcels of land has increased the population in Kirkmichael Parish. (4) One female in Maybole Parish upwards of 100 years of age. The increase of trade has been considerable in this Parish. (5) Saltcoats (Sea-port Town) is partly in the Parish of Ardrossan, partly in Stevenston. (6) Beith Parish is partly in Renfrewshire. The entire Parish contains 4472 inhabitants. (7) Dunlop Parish is partly in Renfrewshire. The entire Parish contains 1007 inhabitants. (8) There has been an increase of trade, and improvement in agriculture, in the Parish of Fenwick. (9) An influx of strangers settled in the Parish of Kilbride. (10) The entire Parish of Largs contains 2179 inhabitants. (11) The entire Parish of Loudoun contains 3741 inhabitants. (12) The entire Parish of Stewarton contains 3636 inhabitants.

SHIRE OF AYR—continued.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCHIAL PLACE.		HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
		Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.	
KYLE District.												
Auchinleck	Parish	227	296	1	15	70	106	114		795	731	1524
Ayr	Burgh & Parish	944	1,511	10	8	120	551	870		5544	4111	7455
Coylton	(1) Parish	221	250	—	5	116	85	51		692	705	1397
Craigie	Parish	127	115	—	8	91	17	54		392	411	803
Cumnock, New	Parish	275	301	4	5	111	62	128		817	839	1656
Cumnock, Old	Parish	395	496	—	7	100	224	172		1149	1194	2343
Dalmellington	Parish	176	216	—	1	67	99	50		488	488	976
Dalrymple	(2) Parish	150	169	—	8	90	64	215		419	481	900
Dumfries	(5) Parish	288	470	5	21	75	561	35		1235	1240	2475
Galloway	Parish	421	611	—	8	202	591	46		1716	1726	3442
Mauchline	Town & Parish	508	425	—	5	75	166	182		979	1078	2057
Monkton	(1) Parish	254	262	—	1	108	251	20		859	903	1741
Murkirk	(3) Parish	566	510	—	24	56	411	10		1381	1506	2887
Newton-upon-Ayr	(4) Parish	405	832	—	9	4	566	288		1038	2020	3058
Ochiltree	(4) Parish	273	519	—	4	145	101	75		742	831	1573
Quivox, St	(7) Parish	548	1088	—	7	180	635	275		2658	2737	5395
Riccarton	(8) Parish	291	589	—	6	82	99	208		1008	1100	2108
Sorn	Parish	457	783	—	5	116	445	194		1785	2140	3925
Stair	Parish	104	150	—	7	51	26	55		556	590	1146
Symington	Parish	145	165	—	5	45	29	90		545	569	1114
Torbolton	Parish	556	454	5	13	205	216	15		1055	1122	2177
		6815	9982	52	153	2142	4917	2925		24,128	26,015	50,143

(1) The Collieries in the Parish of Coylton have increased since 1811. (2) A large farm has been subdivided in the Parish of Dalrymple. (3) The formation of a Harbour at Troon, and Railways, have much increased the population in the Parish of Dumfries. (4) The influx and settlement of strangers (Irishmen) is noticed in the Schedule returned from Monkton, and in many others from the Kyle District of Ayrshire. (5) Ironworks have been abandoned in the Parish of Murkirk. (6) Extension of the Collieries, and of trade in general, has taken place at Newton-upon-Ayr. (7) The Parish of St. Quivox has been enlarged, at the expense of the Parish of Newton. (8) The Parish of Riccarton has been enlarged, by a Decree of the Court of Session.

SUMMARY

OF HOUSES, FAMILIES, AND PERSONS, IN THE SHIRE OF ARGYLL.

District of										
CARRICK	3608	4888	25	110	1690	2580	612	10,523	10,503	21,326
CUNNINGHAME	7419	11,775	30	143	2375	7503	1833	20,428	22,404	42,832
KYLE	6815	9982	32	153	2142	4917	2925	24,128	26,015	50,143
	17,842	26,645	87	306	6207	15,000	5430	54,079	58,922	113,001

SHIRE OF AYR—continued.

AGES OF PERSONS.

MALES.

District of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & up- wards.	TOTAL
CARRICK	1561	1386	1197	1040	1683	1308	804	675	446	248	66	11	—	10,515
CUNNINGHAME	4298	5651	5350	2794	3722	2801	2174	1552	1099	557	166	13	—	26,140
KYLE	5825	5510	5167	2446	3565	2477	2105	1383	1016	301	156	16	—	24,145
Total of MALES ..	9682	8530	7694	6280	8968	6586	5173	3610	2561	1306	368	40	—	60,798

FEMALES.

District of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & up- wards.	TOTAL
CARRICK	1497	1402	1186	1094	1667	1379	1009	679	500	297	81	11	1	10,803
CUNNINGHAME	4157	5779	5247	3208	5250	3245	2180	1001	1354	657	171	19	—	29,516
KYLE	5635	5241	2960	3029	4106	2937	2351	1565	1115	551	173	26	—	26,015
Total of FEMALES ..	9285	8225	7395	7331	11,523	7651	5840	4148	2909	1504	430	56	1	66,154

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Ayr was 127,299; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 126,952; whence it appears, that the Ages of nearly all the Persons therein enumerated have been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Ayr was 51, every one of which contained an answer to the question concerning Ages. A small proportion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in the respective Numbers of Males and Females.

Shire of Banff.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCHIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Aberlour ..	216	223	4	2	89	81	43		492	567	1059
Alvah ..	212	243	4	7	163	21	20		521	538	1059
Banff ..	685	945	4	2	284	489	172		1694	2161	3855
Bellie, part of ..	191	197	9	9	92	31	74		456	531	1087
Boharra, part of ..	150	154	4	4	68	19	47		330	341	671
Bottriphnie ..	117	119	2	2	65	00	0		274	298	572
Boynsie ..	289	297	18	18	125	68	103		600	688	1288
Cabrach, part of ..	119	121	5	6	63	29	58		366	396	762

- (1) Bellie Parish is mostly in the Shire of Elgin. The entire Parish contains 2235 inhabitants.
 (2) Boharra Parish is partly in the Shire of Elgin. The entire Parish contains 1206 inhabitants.
 (3) Cabrach Parish is partly in the Shire of Aberdeen (Alford District). The entire Parish contains 837 inhabitants. Moss fuel is plentiful in this Parish.

SHIRE OF BANFF—continued.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:			PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, or Handicraft.	All other Families, not comprised in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Cairney, part of - - - - - (1) Parish	11	11	—	—	—	—	—	30	52	71
Cullen - - - - - (2) Burgh & Parish	520	532	18	—	—	140	201	677	773	1452
Deer, Old, part of - - - - - (5) Parish	118	119	—	—	74	59	—	228	231	459
Diesford - - - - - (5) Parish	160	169	—	—	130	10	—	536	567	693
Feigus, St. - - - - - (4) Parish	511	531	—	12	197	24	10	600	756	1356
Fordeye - - - - - Parish	613	735	5	6	513	21	305	1490	1765	3255
Fordeye - - - - - Parish	177	129	—	2	82	15	62	579	411	750
Garmie - - - - - Parish	679	838	11	275	570	53	—	1795	1995	3716
Gartly, part of - - - - - (5) Parish	91	94	—	5	61	29	—	219	226	415
Glas - - - - - (6) Parish	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Grange - - - - - (7) Parish	520	529	—	8	172	55	195	705	776	1181
Inveaven, part of - - - - - (+) (8) Parish	188	500	2	13	200	175	63	1052	1591	2555
Inverkenethy - - - - - Parish	112	112	1	7	64	21	21	209	278	577
Keith - - - - - (9) Parish	854	1037	15	15	278	316	443	1713	2183	3926
Kirkmichael - - - - - (+) Parish	520	557	—	8	185	56	99	753	857	1570
Marnoch - - - - - (10) Parish	499	519	1	5	220	76	216	1028	1182	2210
Mortlach - - - - - (10) Parish	452	417	11	19	502	49	98	1014	1036	2011
Ordiquhill - - - - - Parish	122	121	5	6	67	25	51	228	278	506
Rathven - - - - - Parish	1118	1169	20	24	401	505	465	2510	2951	5561
Rothiemay - - - - - Parish	235	253	1	2	171	19	60	526	698	1154
Straloch-Lands - - - - - (11) —	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
TOTALS ..	8971	9885	120	210	1150	2059	2706	20,195	25,568	45,561

(1) Cairney Parish is mostly in the District of Strathbogie, Shire of Aberdeen. The entire Parish contains 1851 inhabitants. (2) The increase of population at Cullen is greatly attributable to the fishery: Fishermen's families are placed in the second column of Occupations. (3) Old-Deer Parish is mostly in the Shire of Aberdeen (Aberdeen District). The entire Parish contains 4841 inhabitants. (4) St. Feigus is locally situate on the east coast of Aberdeenshire, but the whole is entered in the Shire of Banff. (5) Gartly Parish is mostly in Aberdeenshire (Strathbogie District). The entire Parish contains 979 inhabitants. (6) Glas Parish is partly in Aberdeenshire, (Strathbogie District), where the whole is entered. (7) In the Parish of Grange, farms have increased in extent, and the population is somewhat diminished. (8) Inveraven Parish extends into the Shire of Elgin. The entire Parish contains 2451 inhabitants. (9) The village of Fife-Keith has been built since 1811. (10) In the Parish of Marnoch, the village of Aberchordy has greatly increased since 1811; and there is a new village in the Parish of Mortlach. (11) For Straloch-Lands, see New-Machar Parish, Aberdeen Shire (District of Aberdeen.)

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & up- wards.	TOTAL.
MALES	2618	2333	2280	1820	2562	1905	1751	1291	1086	562	184	15	—	18,332
FEMALES	2591	2341	1951	1384	3525	2538	2151	1874	1405	658	195	18	—	21,217

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Banff was 45,561; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 59,594; whence it appears, that the Ages of nearly one eleventh part of the Persons therein enumerated have not been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Banff was 27, two of which did not contain any answer to the question concerning Ages, and are thus marked (+); a small proportion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in the respective Numbers of Males and Females.

Shire of Warwick.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Buildings.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufacture, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Abbey, St. Eithaus	28	28	1	4	22	12	4	72	78	150	
Ayton	(5) Parish 245	510	8	6	140	110	90	672	809	1481	
Bunkle and Preston	Parish 151	119	1	12	115	5	4	376	411	787	
Channelekirk	Parish 176	150	4	11	95	47	14	570	560	1130	
Chirside	(1) Parish 210	272	9	9	106	80	86	541	618	1159	
Cockburn-path	Parish 178	205	10	10	116	15	46	495	471	966	
Coldingham	Parish 480	556	57	57	279	150	117	1295	1582	2875	
Coldstream	Parish 452	644	12	8	256	298	200	1526	1175	2801	
Cranshaw	Parish 50	50	1	1	22	5	5	69	87	156	
Dunse	(2) Parish 498	861	8	8	217	556	511	1800	1975	3775	
Earlstown	(5) Parish 511	501	5	5	111	115	72	817	888	1705	
Eccles	Parish 591	421	12	12	281	70	67	875	1025	1900	
Edrom	Parish 274	296	1	1	198	61	51	725	794	1519	
Eyemouth	Parish 197	279	1	1	50	191	115	328	657	1185	
Fogo	Parish 85	87	1	1	71	9	7	211	245	456	
Foulden	Parish 78	82	1	1	51	15	16	145	215	360	
Gordon	(1) Parish 165	171	8	8	109	48	17	327	415	742	
Greenlaw	Parish 250	297	10	10	150	100	67	657	712	1519	
Hume	Parish 78	81	4	4	50	10	41	201	200	401	
Hutton	Parish 216	230	1	1	100	46	95	542	576	1118	
Ladykirk	Parish 99	107	1	1	69	20	27	258	299	557	
Langton	Parish 81	98	6	6	58	22	18	219	258	477	
Lauder	Bugh and Parish 556	595	12	12	119	109	165	926	919	1815	
Laverock, or Leveret-Law	(5) Parish 8	8	1	1	7	1	1	21	18	39	
Leggerwood	(4) Parish 79	85	10	10	69	11	5	224	250	476	
Longformacus	Parish 76	81	12	12	54	15	12	191	211	402	
Mertoun	Parish 115	117	9	9	60	28	29	502	508	1010	
Mordington	Parish 56	59	5	5	22	4	55	151	168	302	
Nenthorn	Parish 69	69	3	3	58	15	18	292	391	595	
Oldhamstocks, part of	(6) Parish 15	15	5	5	15	4	65	51	99		
Polwarth	Parish 65	66	4	4	29	17	40	148	159	298	
Stitchell	(7) Parish										
Swinton	Parish 188	211	4	4	94	41	72	464	455	919	
Whitson	Parish 119	126			100	19	7	515	516	1031	
Whitson	Parish 119	126			100	19	7	515	516	1031	
Westruther	Parish 157	175	9	9	119	26	50	412	428	870	
	5805	7165	42	270	3351	1925	1908	15,976	17,409	53,585	

(1) Arable land has been converted into pasture in the Parish of Chirside. In the Parish of Cranshaw, and in the Parish of Longformacus. (2) One female in Dunse Parish upwards of 100 years of age. Marsh land has been drained, and brought into cultivation, which has tended to increase health and population. (3) Weaving has been introduced, and flourishes in the village of Earlstown. (4) The improvement of agriculture having thrown small farms together, has caused a diminution of population at Gordon; also in Leggerwood Parish. (5) Laverock-Law is a pendicle of the Parish of Ayton; and if so, the population of that Parish becomes 1520 persons. (6) Oldhamstocks Parish is mostly in the Shire of Haddington. The entire Parish contains 725 inhabitants. (7) Stitchell Parish is partly in the Shire of Roxburgh, where the whole is entered; it is united with the Parish of Hume in Berwickshire.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5	10	15	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	TOTAL.
		to 10	to 15	to 20	to 30	to 40	to 50	to 60	to 70	to 80	to 90	up- wards		
MALES.....	2531	2475	1955	1747	2406	1714	1574	920	789	418	100	8	15,955	
FEMALES.....	2271	2144	1705	1800	2065	2048	1526	1188	989	491	121	11	17,410	

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Berwick was 53,585; and the Number of Persons whose ages were returned was 53,565; whence it appears, that the Ages of nearly all the Persons therein ascertained, have been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Berwick was 324; every one of which contained an answer to the question concerning Ages; a small proportion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in the respective Number of Males and Females.

Shire of Bute.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.	
Cumbræ - - - - - Parish	112	143	2	5	14	75	58	297	360	657	
Kilbride - - - - - Parish	193	552	2	7	535	45	156	1261	1453	2714	
Kilmory - - - - - Parish	707	707	1	—	669	38	—	1887	1940	3827	
Kingarth - - - - - Parish	156	171	1	8	61	50	80	414	416	830	
Rothsay - - - - - Parish	242	299	1	12	155	55	91	811	791	1602	
Rothsay - - - - - Burgh	495	1001	8	—	84	491	426	1774	2533	4107	
	2205	2855	17	50	1514	730	811	6174	7325	13,797	

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & up- wards.	TOTAL.
MALES	905	882	930	678	914	611	571	435	306	199	48	5	—	6484
FEMALES	878	855	851	817	1231	781	721	544	425	189	49	5	—	7323

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Bute was 13,797: and the Ages, as returned, (being of 15,807 Persons,) are rather redundant than deficient.

The Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Bute was 6, every one of which contained an answer to the question concerning the Ages of Persons.

Shire of Caithness.

Bower - - - - - Parish	278	351	2	3	206	78	45	714	772	1486	
Canisbay - - - - - Parish	120	469	—	2	555	47	79	962	1144	2128	
Dunnet - - - - - (1) Parish	539	545	3	1	181	49	118	755	885	1640	
Halkirk - - - - - (1) Parish	428	479	2	—	419	38	22	1224	1422	2646	
Latheron - - - - - (2) Parish	1215	1260	22	6	385	870	4	3106	3469	6575	
Olrick - - - - - Parish	208	200	3	4	180	19	10	541	552	1093	
Itay, part of - - - - - (5) Parish	500	508	2	4	354	90	64	1276	1185	2461	
Thurso - - - - - (1) Town & Parish	648	779	3	—	268	428	85	1786	2254	4040	
Watton - - - - - Parish	252	232	2	10	150	62	19	551	607	1158	
Wick - - - - - (2) Burgh & Parish	1050	1339	19	9	575	506	260	3265	3450	6715	
TOTALS	5319	5914	58	39	2092	2188	704	14,196	16,049	30,258	

(1) The increase of population in the Parishes of Dunnet, Halkirk, Itay, and Thurso, is attributed partly, or wholly, to the great increase of persons from the County of Sutherland. (2) The prosperity of the herring-fishery has produced a great increase of population in the Parish of Latheron, and in the Burgh of Wick. (3) The Burgh of Wick is partly in the Shire of Sutherland. The entire Parish contains 2815 inhabitants. One female is under 5 years of age in this Parish.

SHIRE OF CAITHNESS—continued.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 25	25 to 30	30 to 35	35 to 40	40 to 45	45 to 50	50 to 55	55 to 60	60 to 65	65 to 70	70 to 75	75 to 80	80 to 85	85 to 90	90 to 100	100 & up- wards.	TOTAL
MALES	1771	1990	1843	1666	2150	1735	1204	1021	775	512	80	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	11,196
FEMALES	1737	1810	1700	1735	2874	1866	1531	1231	936	505	85	7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	16,011

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Caithness was 30,258; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 30,257; whence it appears, that the Ages of all the Persons therein enumerated have been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Caithness was 10, every one of which contained an answer to the question concerning the Ages of Persons.

Shire of Clackmannan.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Uninhabited.	Uninhabited.	Farm-houses, employed in Agriculture.	Farm-houses, employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicrafts.	All other Families not enumerated in the two preceding classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.	
Alloa (+) Parish	825	1555	—	21	70	726	550	1291	1291	2582	5000
Clackmannan - (1) Parish	600	855	—	21	10	505	170	1021	1165	2186	4000
Dollar - (2) Parish	188	218	—	4	19	51	118	67	611	1297	2000
Logie, part of - (3) Parish	167	191	—	5	90	66	54	—	479	979	1500
Stirling, part of Parish: (1) Abbey District	11	42	—	2	10	21	8	30	102	204	300
Tillicoultry - (5) Parish	209	242	1	5	79	15	175	—	596	1165	1800
TOTALS ..	2145	2881	12	62	451	1418	1029	1756	1907	3663	6000

(1) One male and one female in Clackmannan Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (2) The great increase of population at Dollar is attributable to an Academy established there. (3) Logie Parish is partly in Perthshire, partly in Stirling-shire. The entire Parish contains 2015 inhabitants. The Abbey District was included with Logie Parish in the Return of 1811. (4) Stirling Parish is mostly in Stirling-shire. The entire Parish contains 7314 inhabitants. (5) The great increase of population in the Parish of Tillicoultry, is attributed to the flourishing state of trade there.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 25	25 to 30	30 to 35	35 to 40	40 to 45	45 to 50	50 to 55	55 to 60	60 to 65	65 to 70	70 to 75	75 to 80	80 to 85	85 to 90	90 to 100	100 & up- wards.	TOTAL
MALES	307	572	543	790	477	565	537	245	136	54	18	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5353
FEMALES	571	504	492	392	144	476	550	267	155	67	19	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5911

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Clackmannan was 13,263; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 30,538; whence it appears, that the Ages of between one-second and one-third (or two-fifths) part of the Persons therein enumerated have not been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Clackmannan was 6, one of which did not contain any answer to the question concerning Ages, and are thus marked (+); a small portion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in the respective numbers of Males and Females.

Shire of Dumbarton.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES				OCCUPATIONS					PERSONS.		
	Inhabited.	Ex-house near, Families Occupied.	Building.	Uninhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not enumerated in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.		
Arrochar - (1) Parish	67	75	18	6	10	11	21	180	190	370		
Bonhill - Parish	515	615	—	—	167	109	10	1363	1654	3017		
Cadroch - Parish	562	605	18	—	78	255	292	1519	1866	3385		
Dumbarnald (+) Parish	352	490	33	—	117	218	125	1151	1115	2266		
Dumbarton (2) Burgh & Parish	547	781	1	17	64	119	500	1975	1886	3861		
Kilmarnock - Parish	167	185	—	—	91	22	12	498	510	1008		
Kilpatrick, New or East (1) Parish	262	289	—	—	6	60	155	729	735	1464		
Kilpatrick, Old or West (1) Parish	409	758	—	—	89	117	145	1659	2007	3666		
Kirkintilloch (1) Parish	665	857	—	—	91	563	59	2233	2727	4960		
Loss - (1) Parish	204	210	—	—	53	45	115	515	600	1115		
Rosemuth - Parish	125	158	—	6	56	13	85	570	581	1151		
How - Parish	229	338	1	15	66	39	179	832	927	1759		
TOTALS	5556	6511	18	78	1108	260	1571	15310	14571	27581		

(1) The families of fishermen, and of shepherds, are placed in the second column of Occupations in the Return from Arrochar. (2) A dock yard has been established at the Burgh of Dumbarton. (3) Lime-works and collieries have been discontinued at New Kilpatrick. (4) One female upwards of 100 years of age in Old Kilpatrick Parish. Cotton mills have caused an increase of population. (5) The cotton manufacturing, chiefly weaving, flourishes at Kirkintilloch, and has caused an increase of infant tuition. (6) The slate quarries at Loss are becoming more extensive since 1811.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 25	25 to 30	30 to 35	35 to 40	40 to 45	45 to 50	50 to 55	55 to 60	60 to 65	65 to 70	70 to 75	75 to 80	80 to 85	85 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards	TOTAL.
MALES	16,615	15,771	12,422	7,851	11,527	986	799	422	216	55	9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	11,573
FEMALES	16,888	15,412	11,292	13,275	2,674	1421	1152	825	582	257	71	19	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	12,538

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Dumbarton was 27,581; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 21,511; whence it appears, that the Ages of one-ninth part of the Persons therein enumerated have been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Dumbarton was 12, one of which did not contain any answer to the question concerning Ages, and is thus marked (+): a small proportion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in the respective Numbers of Males and Females.

Shire of Dumfries.

Annan - (1) Burgh & Parish	802	910	—	—	121	516	175	2161	2525	4686		
Appleby - Parish	111	116	—	—	96	51	16	171	469	915		
Canonby - Parish	695	625	—	8	256	251	155	1491	1507	3084		
Chapelcrock - Parish	245	265	1	7	89	90	66	557	649	1206		
Clothburn - Parish	278	530	—	—	85	46	189	807	875	1682		
Cumertrees - Parish	238	292	16	2	182	55	57	748	815	1561		
Dalton - Parish	150	151	—	9	67	15	24	369	524	767		
Dumock - Parish	155	162	—	9	76	10	46	559	584	1145		
Dryesdale - Parish	586	459	4	2	84	201	152	1064	1183	2251		
Dumfries (2) Burgh & Parish	1391	2481	6	56	170	1051	1280	5019	6035	11,052		

(1) A community (common land) has been divided and occupied at Annan, which is a very flourishing market town. (2) One male and one female in Dumfries Parish upwards of 100 years of age.

SHIRE OF DUMFRIES—continued.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Dunsever - - - (1) Parish	267	291	3	6	167	72	52		732	759	1491
Dunsever - - - Parish	276	322	5	5	191	52	79		770	851	1621
Eskdalemuir - - Parish	117	119	1	1	79	26	14		379	312	691
Bewes - - - - - Parish	60	60	1	1	15	5	40		155	161	316
Glencarn - - - - Parish	371	419	1	11	118	109	162		881	967	1848
Gaitney - - - - - Parish	510	575	16	16	166	169	58		911	1051	1962
Hallmorton - - - Parish	110	112	17	17	51	30	51		272	281	553
Hoddam - - - - - (2) Parish	501	509	11	11	74	121	111		767	875	1642
Holywood - - - - Parish	167	180	1	12	66	55	70		479	532	1011
Hutton and Combe - Parish	157	118	1	1	87	55	6		591	115	801
Johnstone - - - - (5) Parish	492	205	1	1	117	46	40		585	593	1179
Kear - - - - - - - Parish	159	177	1	5	79	41	67		477	510	987
Kirkcubbin - - - - Parish	198	241	1	8	71	18	119		506	569	1075
Kirkmahoe - - - - (1) Parish	505	557	7	7	157	95	87		745	865	1608
Kirkmichael - - - (1) Parish	205	228	1	6	121	49	58		571	651	1222
Kirkpatrick-Fleming - Parish	510	515	5	5	58	80	175		821	875	1696
Kirkpatrick-Juxta - - Parish	151	164	7	7	101	29	51		156	476	632
Langholm - - - - - Parish	428	521	9	9	77	202	152		1195	1279	2474
Lochnaben - - - - Burgh & Parish	586	618	5	1	125	115	380		1260	1591	2851
Middlebie - - - - - Parish	351	571	4	5	94	180	97		881	993	1874
Moffat - - - - - (6) Parish	355	425	4	8	61	130	229		1091	1127	2218
Morton - - - - - - - Parish	725	411	3	11	67	97	217		852	974	1826
Mousewald - - - - - Parish	160	166	5	5	105	29	52		586	409	995
Mungo, St. - - - - - Parish	126	128	1	1	65	59	6		341	568	909
Penpont - - - - - (7) Parish	195	215	3	6	115	67	53		516	566	1082
Ruthwell - - - - - Parish	235	254	3	10	189	56	7		616	669	1285
Sanquhar - - - - - (8) Burgh & Parish	260	551	1	7	201	115	608		749	1357	2106
Wanlockhead - - - & Parish	146	181	1	6	14	76	176		487	965	1452
Wanlockhead - - - Town	115	160	1	1	1	8	328		378	706	1084
Tinwald - - - - - Parish	228	224	1	1	126	55	43		598	650	1248
Torthorwald - - - (9) Parish	244	255	2	2	122	55	80		571	651	1222
Tundergarth - - - - Parish	96	100	1	1	60	35	7		255	283	538
Tynron - - - - - - - Parish	89	95	2	2	50	20	23		231	262	493
Warnphray - - - - - Parish	96	106	2	1	16	87	5		261	295	556
Westerkirk - - - - - Parish	115	150	1	2	66	52	52		311	561	872
TOTALS	12,248	14,458	85	285	4540	4706	5112		33,572	57,506	70,878

(1) The increase of population in the Parish of Dunsever, and in the Parishes of Johnstone, Kirkmahoe, Moffat, and Penpont, is attributed to the improvement of agriculture. (2) The cotton-manufacture has increased at Hoddam, so that the inhabitants are increased, notwithstanding emigration. (3) The cheapness of fuel in the Parish of Kirkmichael encourages settlement and increases the population. (4) The population of the Parish of Sanquhar has greatly increased since 1811, which is ascribed to the flourishing state of the mines and collieries, and to the increase of the cotton-manufacture; but a check has been experienced in building, and agricultural improvements, from the disputed leases on the Queensbury Estates. The entire Parish contains 5026 inhabitants. (5) The increase of population in the Parish of Torthorwald is attributed to granting leases of small portions of land, with plenty of moss fuel.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards.	TOTAL.
MALES	5102	4897	4387	3620	4606	5537	2885	2097	1167	745	212	17	1	53,581
FEMALES	1895	4767	4252	5825	6212	4545	3385	2430	1892	917	276	26	1	37,201

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Dumfries was 70,878; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 70,770; whence it appears, that the Ages of almost all the Persons therein enumerated have been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Dumfries was 45; every one of which contained an answer to the question concerning Ages; a small proportion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in the respective Number of Males and Females.

Shire of Edinburgh.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:			PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Borthwick - - - - - Parish	271	287	2	26	186	60	41	643	702	1345
Calder, Mid - - - - - Parish	269	503	1	4	44	96	165	722	688	1410
Calder, West - - - - - Parish	262	297	—	51	149	71	83	711	747	1458
Carrington, otherwise Primrose, Parish	102	107	—	8	49	44	14	275	273	550
Cockpen - - - - - Parish	377	416	—	44	128	242	46	886	1032	1922
Collington - - - - - (1) Parish	451	451	1	20	161	153	137	994	1025	2019
Corstorphine - - - - - Parish	263	266	5	18	117	53	94	636	665	1301
Crampod, part of - - - - - (2) Parish	266	352	—	15	141	118	93	837	878	1715
Cranston - - - - - Parish	198	209	4	29	85	24	97	474	480	954
Crichton - - - - - Parish	277	286	3	11	53	63	172	585	610	1195
Currie - - - - - (3) Parish	317	547	3	7	213	106	25	837	878	1715
Dalkeith - - - - - (1) Parish	725	1178	6	—	215	505	518	2408	2701	5109
Duddingston Parish: (5)										
County-part - - - - -	75	98	1	17	17	60	21	279	279	558
Duddingston, Easter - - - - -	45	14	—	7	9	15	20	81	101	182
Duddingston, West - - - - -	41	47	—	6	—	28	19	81	128	209
Joppa - - - - -	59	48	—	—	—	32	16	100	127	227
Portobello - - - - -	276	406	15	45	—	209	197	781	1131	1912
Fala, part of - - - - - (6) Parish	66	69	—	7	45	13	11	142	135	277
Glenosce - - - - - (7) Parish	110	116	1	1	78	19	19	348	313	661
Heriot - - - - - Parish	59	59	—	1	40	7	12	147	151	298
Inveresk - - - - - Parish	1653	1653	4	45	103	1385	163	3578	4258	7836
Kirkliston, part of - - - - - (8) Parish	86	99	—	3	47	8	44	310	268	578
Kirknewton and East Calder - - - - - Parish	240	297	1	26	49	63	185	756	757	1513
Laswade - - - - - Parish	812	900	—	56	312	456	132	2084	2102	4186
Libberton - - - - - Parish	897	954	5	84	187	613	154	2077	2109	4186
Newbattle - - - - - (9) Parish	363	579	2	28	137	57	185	822	897	1719
Newton - - - - - (2) Parish	429	429	1	13	63	305	59	1031	1119	2150
Pennycook - - - - - (3) Parish	332	441	—	7	179	200	62	943	1015	1958
Ratho - - - - - (10) Parish	219	249	2	5	162	45	42	805	639	1444
Stow - - - - - (11) Parish	225	242	1	2	89	65	88	640	673	1313
Temple - - - - - (9) Parish	222	245	1	13	75	81	89	577	579	1156
	9918	11,276	50	547	3071	5183	3022	25,660	27,619	53,279
CITY OF EDINBURGH.										
(Ancient and Extended Royalty.)										
Andrews, St. - - - - - Parish	976	2681	35	46	7	1042	1632	6565	9283	15,848
College Church - - - - - Parish	172	807	—	4	6	490	311	1906	2073	3983
George, St. Church - - - - - Parish	402	1085	20	22	3	246	854	2338	2672	4970
Greyfriars, New - - - - - (12) Parish	256	819	—	2	1	306	542	2183	2449	4632
Greyfriars, Old - - - - - Parish	216	1107	—	4	4	526	377	2264	2464	4728
Hugh Church - - - - - Parish	123	558	—	1	—	331	227	1140	1435	2575
Lady Yester's - - - - - (15) Parish	97	479	1	4	1	214	264	1069	1264	2333
New North Church - - - - - Parish	79	475	—	—	3	217	235	1034	1147	2181
Old Church - - - - - Parish	107	711	—	1	—	222	389	1362	1568	2930
Tolbooth Church - - - - - Parish	129	697	—	—	2	387	308	1458	1681	3139
Tron Church - - - - - Parish	117	754	—	—	4	363	365	1523	1833	3356

- (1) The increase of Population in the Parish of Collington is attributable to the flourishing state of the paper-manufactory; to snuff-mills and corn-mills, erected since 1811; to the bleachfield at Ingliston, Green; and the freestone quarries, which have increased, for the purpose of building at Edinburgh, Green; and the freestone quarries, which have increased, for the purpose of building at Edinburgh, Green. (2) Crampod Parish is partly in the Shire of Linlithgow. The entire Parish contains 1804 inhabitants. (3) The Union Canal, and the flourishing state of the paper-manufactory, have increased the population of the Parish of Currie. (4) One female in Dalkeith Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (5) The entire Parish of Duddingston contains 5088 inhabitants. Portobello is become a fashionable resort for sea-bathing, and a variety of manufactures flourish there. (6) Public works, for the supply of Edinburgh. (7) The entire Parish contains 405 inhabitants. (8) Kirkliston Parish is mostly in the Shire of Linlithgow. The entire Parish contains 2213 inhabitants. (9) The increase of collieries is mentioned in the Returns made from Newbattle, Newton, and Temple Parishes. (10) One female in Ratho Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (11) It is mentioned on the Return from the Parish of Ratho, that labouring men, fed and lodged in the farm-houses, have increased since 1811; in all other places, this class of farm-servants, when noticed, is said to have decreased, and agricultural population to have increased, from their becoming married cottagers. (12) The Return of New Greyfriars Parish includes 189 males, and 565 females, in a charity-workhouse. (13) The Return of Lady-Yester's Parish includes 100 males, and 123 females, in the Royal Infirmary.

SHIRE OF EDINBURGH—continued.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.	
CITY OF EDINBURGH, (continued.)											
Suburbs:											
Canongate - - - (1) Parish	427	2362	6	3	—	1829	533	4503	5367	9870	
St. Cuthbert's - - - (2) Parish	3581	10,711	50	422	1688	5064	3989	22,458	28,144	50,597	
Leith, North - - - (3) Parish	1117	1547	16	89	31	485	1031	3216	3809	7025	
Leith, South - - - (4) Parish	1280	4342	14	18	9	1693	2640	9025	9550	18,975	
	9159	29,193	150	616	1759	15,517	13,917	62,099	76,156	138,255	

(1) The Canongate Parish, being inhabited by poorer classes of society than heretofore, the population increases, in proportion as the houses and apartments are subdivided. The Return of this Parish includes thirty females in the Magdalen Asylum, and twenty-one males and three females in the Canon-gate Tolbooth. (2) The families of all labourers in St. Cuthbert's Parish are placed in the Agricultural column of occupations. (3) The population of North Leith has increased from the vicinity of the new Docks. (4) It appears that upwards of 400 sailors, employed in navigating vessels belonging to Leith, are included in the Return of South Leith.

SUMMARY

OF HOUSES, FAMILIES, AND PERSONS, IN THE SHIRE OF EDINBURGH.

Shire of EDINBURGH.....	9918	11,276	59	547	3071	5183	3022	25,060	27,612	53,279
City of EDINBURGH.....	9159	29,193	150	616	1759	15,517	13,917	62,099	76,156	138,255
TOTALS.....	19,077	40,469	209	1163	4830	18,700	16,939	87,759	103,755	191,514

AGES OF PERSONS.

MALES.

	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards.	TOTAL.
Shire of EDINBURGH..	5879	3553	3328	2496	4043	2885	2240	1538	1079	535	114	8	—	25,696
City of EDINBURGH..	9275	8432	6966	5922	10,313	8589	6138	3545	1876	680	157	17	2	61,910
Total of Males...	13,151	11,985	10,294	8418	14,356	11,474	8378	5083	2955	1215	271	25	2	87,606

FEMALES.

	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards.	TOTAL.
Shire of EDINBURGH..	3806	3377	2969	2681	4935	3273	2600	1837	1360	612	174	11	2	27,639
City of EDINBURGH..	8756	8085	7825	8431	16,742	10,874	7262	4198	2412	1005	255	18	4	75,771
Total of Females...	12,562	11,460	10,792	11,112	21,677	14,099	9862	6035	3772	1615	400	29	6	103,410

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Edinburgh was 191,514; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 191,016; whence it appears, that the Ages of nearly all the Persons therein enumerated have been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Edinburgh was 46; every one of which contained an answer to the question concerning Ages; a small proportion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in the respective Number of Males and Females.

Shire of Elgin, or Moray.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLAC.		HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
		Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Abernethy, part of,	(1) Parish	259	266	1	8	99	57	110	552	677	1229	
Alves	Parish	195	210	7	4	114	65	31	456	491	947	
Andrews, St. Lanbride	Parish	202	202	1	2	120	50	52	457	497	954	
Bellic, part of	(2) Parish	277	280	1	4	44	132	84	500	648	1148	
Birnie	Parish	82	86	—	—	42	9	35	182	202	384	
Boharm, part of	(5) Parish	137	137	2	1	62	28	17	248	297	545	
Cromdale, part of	(1) Parish	124	124	2	4	91	12	18	311	319	630	
Dallas	(5) Parish	211	216	7	18	102	27	87	479	536	1015	
Dranny	(6) Parish	231	248	9	7	91	157	20	495	567	1060	
Duffus	(7) Parish	406	415	20	22	94	82	269	945	1007	1950	
Duthel, part of	(8) Parish	249	255	1	—	144	57	74	530	624	1154	
Dyke and Moye	Parish	318	325	4	2	155	161	29	647	813	1460	
Edinkillie	(9) Parish	235	205	3	5	217	82	4	577	656	1233	
Elgin	(10) Burgh & Parish	1085	1304	13	24	294	409	601	2387	2921	5308	
Forres	(11) Burgh & Parish	750	949	28	17	171	594	181	1555	1985	3540	
Grantown	(12)	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Inveraven, part of	(+)(13) Parish	27	27	—	3	11	14	2	69	59	128	
Knoss	Parish	207	230	1	5	42	52	156	503	568	1071	
Knockando	Parish	327	327	—	—	298	23	6	618	796	1414	
Raffard	Parish	198	202	2	1	94	58	70	476	495	970	
Rothes	(14) Parish	353	403	6	17	153	118	132	750	892	1642	
Speymouth	Parish	225	325	5	15	114	159	72	638	743	1401	
Spynie, New	(15) Parish	241	242	1	1	57	50	153	445	553	996	
Urquhart	Parish	219	221	2	6	104	34	83	479	524	1003	
TOTALS.....		6668	7327	115	162	2676	2550	2321	14,222	16,870	31,162	

(1) Abernethy Parish is partly in Inverness-shire. The entire Parish contains 1968 Inhabitants. The increase is attributable to the fir timber, which is cut and sold in greater quantity than heretofore. (2) Bellic Parish is partly in Banffshire. The entire Parish contains 2235 inhabitants. (3) Boharm Parish is mostly in Banffshire. The entire Parish contains 1206 inhabitants. (4) Cromdale Parish is mostly in Inverness-shire. The entire Parish contains 2897 inhabitants. (5) A new village of thirty families has arisen in the Parish of Dallas. (6) Lossiemouth, in the Parish of Dranny, is a fashionable bathing-place; and the fishery is improved since 1806. (7) Three new villages have been established in the Parish of Duffus, and Burgh-head has been almost wholly rebuilt. (8) Duthel Parish is partly in Inverness-shire. The entire Parish contains 1739 inhabitants. (9) At Edinkillie, forty old unmarried women are said to subsist each on one shilling per week, and out of this to pay a fourth-part for the stache (or ground rent) of their huts. (10) An increasing academy has been established in the Town of Elgin; and road-making and drainage furnish employment in the country part of the Parish. (11) The almost universal influx of inhabitants from the country into towns, is mentioned on the Return of Forres, as a cause of the increase of population at that place. (12) Grantown is included in the Return of Cromdale Parish (Inverness). (13) Inveraven Parish is mostly in Banffshire. The entire Parish contains 2481 inhabitants. (14) Of the population of Rothes, 776 persons inhabit the village. (15) One male in Spynie Parish upwards of 100 years of age.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards.	TOTAL.
MALES	2017	1835	1778	1505	2121	1436	1253	891	790	432	113	11	1	14,203
FEMALES	1921	1703	1540	1725	2698	2028	1697	1419	1139	547	144	17	—	16,581

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Elgin was 31,162; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 30,784; whence it appears, that the Ages of one eighty-second part of the Persons therein enumerated have not been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect. The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Elgin was 23, one of which did not contain any answer to the question concerning Ages, and is thus marked (+); a small proportion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in the respective Numbers of Males and Females.

Shire of Fife.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.		HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:			PERSONS:		
		Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
ANDREWS, St. District.											
Anstruther, Eastern,	Burgh & Parish	186	262	2	3	11	162	89	498	592	1090
Anstruther, Western,	Burgh & Parish	60	106	1	4	24	55	27	187	212	429
Cameron	Parish	221	251	1	10	85	108	57	501	561	1068
Carnbee	Parish	232	238	1	8	88	26	124	515	535	1048
Craig	Burgh & Parish	551	460	3	10	141	91	228	856	928	1854
Denino	Parish	69	70	1	5	42	13	15	151	192	343
Elie	Parish	157	224	4	4	30	56	129	396	570	966
Ferry-Port-on-Craig	Parish	262	557	1	14	46	135	176	672	789	1461
Forgan	Parish	187	205	1	12	66	85	54	425	514	937
Kemback	Parish	129	134	1	6	70	55	9	289	343	634
Kilconquhar	(1) Parish	455	561	2	15	116	307	138	1035	1212	2317
Kilrenny	(2) Burgh & Parish	242	353	4	1	60	4	228	711	785	1494
Kingsbarns	Parish	185	223	2	2	114	75	55	468	530	998
Largo	(3) Parish	416	502	7	4	106	584	62	1057	1241	2501
Leuchars	Parish	352	391	3	9	131	115	145	815	916	1731
Newburn	Parish	81	81	1	1	47	18	16	186	212	398
Pittenweem	Burgh & Parish	209	553	2	7	58	213	82	551	669	1200
St. Andrews	(4) Burgh & Parish	880	1141	8	20	282	420	459	2174	2725	4899
St. Leonards	(5) Parish	75	103	1	1	19	48	56	214	259	515
St. Monance	Parish	151	229	4	8	56	187	6	799	513	912
		4775	6255	41	140	1542	2598	2005	12,079	14,514	26,593
CUPAR District.											
Abdie	Parish	163	169	1	7	70	51	68	475	401	851
Abermethy, part of	(6) Parish	27	27	1	3	17	7	3	87	65	150
Arngask, part of	(7) Parish	42	47	1	5	15	26	6	104	118	222
Auchtermuchty	Parish	505	832	2	4	118	357	177	1516	1588	2754
Balmenano	Parish	196	206	3	11	79	70	57	432	533	965
Ceres	Parish	505	564	4	20	87	222	255	1331	1309	2840
Collieston	Parish	213	218	1	3	84	7	71	500	530	1030
Creich	Parish	69	80	1	4	25	41	6	188	206	394
Culter	Parish	146	184	2	14	24	101	49	401	452	853
Cupar	Burgh & Parish	882	1546	2	15	99	1110	137	2707	3185	5892
Dairie	Parish	118	133	1	5	54	41	38	262	327	589
Dunbog	Parish	36	53	1	2	27	9	6	84	92	176
Falkland	Parish	481	584	2	2	127	358	119	1162	1297	2459
Flisk	Parish	58	58	2	2	30	17	11	146	155	301
Kettle	Parish	397	420	1	5	89	235	96	990	1066	2046
Kilmany	Parish	156	156	1	6	43	25	88	345	466	751
Logie	(8) Parish	94	100	1	3	36	42	22	209	251	440
Montmail	Parish	265	281	1	3	147	84	50	618	606	1227
Moonzie	Parish	35	37	1	2	21	11	5	105	104	209
Newburgh	Parish	290	574	2	3	12	373	167	1024	1166	2190
Strathmiglo	Parish	235	421	1	10	151	189	81	851	991	1842
		5050	6247	24	124	1353	3392	1512	13,285	14,879	28,164

(1) A weekly market has been established at Kilconquhar since 1811. (2) The increase of population in the Burgh of Kilrenny is chiefly attributable to the fishing station established in Nether-Kilrenny, or Celdaryda. (3) A flax spinning-mill has been established, and is in full employment in the Parish of Largo. (4) New schools have been established at St. Andrews, and the University is improved and increasing; the manufacture of cotton cloth has been introduced since 1811. (5) A large boarding-school for young ladies has been established at St. Leonards. (6) Abermethy Parish is mostly in Perthshire. The entire Parish contains 1701 inhabitants. (7) Arngask Parish is partly in Perthshire, partly in Perthshire. The entire Parish contains 680 inhabitants. (8) The apparent increase of population in the Parish of Logie arises from an extension of boundary, at the expense of the Parish of Leuchars.

SHIRE OF FIFE—continued.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES.				OCCUPATIONS.			PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
DUNFERMLINE District.										
Aberdoun - - - Parish	255	750	—	—	96	84	170	707	782	1489
Beath - - - (1) Parish	179	119	—	—	57	53	74	553	576	1129
Carnock - - - (2) Parish	22	215	1	11	99	127	23	68	568	1176
Dalgety - - - Parish	179	191	5	6	47	114	27	411	498	912
Dunfermline - (2) Burgh & Parish	2057	2883	5	46	196	223	100	6677	7004	13,681
Inverkeithing - Burgh & Parish	568	791	12	14	51	165	547	1181	1531	2712
Saline - - - Parish	259	278	—	5	155	34	—	837	986	1823
Forryburn - - - Parish	278	552	—	11	65	281	—	659	801	1460
	7701	9991	17	101	1018	5140	856	11,076	11,919	22,995
KIRKCALDY District.										
Abbotshall - - - Parish	150	774	1	19	55	478	311	1582	1685	3267
Auchterderm - - (5) Parish	301	530	1	189	110	156	51	723	765	1488
Auchtertool - - - Parish	103	119	—	—	—	17	17	249	287	536
Ballingry - - - Parish	59	60	—	5	15	3	19	158	119	287
Burntisland - - - Burgh & Parish	215	197	—	19	18	157	292	937	1179	2136
Dysart Burgh and Parish: (4)										
Dysart - - -	51	51	—	—	—	48	—	107	120	227
Country part - - -	22	56	—	—	17	—	5	176	117	317
Dysart Town - - -	277	428	—	8	52	260	156	755	925	1680
Gallatoun - - -	158	219	—	9	51	151	34	115	496	929
Hackley Moor - - -	15	59	—	—	6	14	3	61	158	269
Pathhead - - -	241	170	—	6	9	521	157	896	1022	1918
St. Clair Town - - -	169	269	—	4	11	228	30	588	625	1213
Kennothy										
Kennothy - - - Parish	566	589	1	15	57	150	182	761	888	1649
Kinghorn - - - (7) Burgh & Parish	557	562	1	2	158	217	207	1156	1507	2663
Kinglassie - - - (6) Parish	189	205	—	—	63	50	90	495	554	1049
Kirkcaldy - - - (7) Burgh & Parish	415	892	4	4	50	471	594	2064	2588	4652
Leslie - - - Parish	510	481	—	8	79	389	16	1012	1188	2200
Markinch - - - (8) Parish	791	1016	—	51	321	514	378	2488	2473	4961
Seone - - - (9) Parish	528	460	5	1	67	514	19	939	1085	2024
Wemyss Parish: (10)										
Buckhaven - - -	152	238	—	—	15	259	—	543	596	1139
Coulltown, East - - -	26	52	—	2	9	25	—	90	71	127
Coulltown, West - - -	51	51	—	—	5	50	1	151	112	273
Country parts - - -	55	60	—	—	31	25	6	155	155	310
Kirkland - - -	28	81	—	1	11	76	—	193	280	473
Methil - - -	61	117	—	1	19	101	9	215	278	493
Wemyss, East - - -	165	178	—	2	15	150	9	220	278	498
Wemyss, West - - -	95	181	—	—	15	117	19	255	359	614
	4119	8279	20	159	1517	1628	2500	17,100	19,674	36,774

(1) The new coal-work at Thistleford has conduced to increase the population of the Parish of Beath. (2) The population of Carnock has increased from the vicinity of Dunfermline. (3) One male in Auchterderm Parish upwards of 100 years of age. The increase of coal and iron, and the improvement of the moral habits of the colliers, is mentioned; as also a thriving bank for savings. (4) The entire Parish of Dysart contains 6529 inhabitants. About 60 seamen, serving in registered vessels, are included by Dysart. (5) A large spinning mill has been established in the West Burgh of Kinghorn. (6) A spinning-mill, and a lime-quarry at Kinglassie accounts for the increase of population. (7) A colliery and four spinning-mills at Kirkcaldy have caused an increase of population. (8) A fluctuation of trade is remarked at Markinch, but, on the whole, the increase of population is considerable. (9) An non-towndry and a pottery have been established at Seone since 1811. (10) The entire Parish of Wemyss contains 4157 inhabitants. The increase is accounted for by the prosperity of fishing, and of the weaving trade.

SHIRE OF FIFE—continued.

SUMMARY

OF HOUSES, FAMILIES, AND PERSONS, IN THE SHIRE OF FIFE.

DISTRICTS, &c.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-inhabited.	Female, chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Females, chiefly employed in Trades, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.	
District of											
ANDREWS, SAINT	1773	6355	44	119	1519	2596	2097	12,070	11,511	26,585	
CUPAR	5030	6217	21	121	1535	5782	1512	15,285	14,879	28,164	
DUNFERMLINE	3701	3991	17	101	1013	5110	856	11,076	11,949	23,025	
KIRKALDY	5113	8273	20	139	1517	1628	2300	17,100	19,674	36,774	
TOTALS	18,911	25,719	105	327	5290	15,748	6711	55,519	61,016	114,535	

AGES OF PERSONS.

MALES.

District of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards.	TOTAL.
ANDREWS, ST.	1615	1615	1585	1218	1599	1515	1205	892	627	311	56	6	—	12,075
CUPAR	1866	1729	1646	1526	1970	1470	1285	917	698	514	71	5	—	15,285
DUNFERMLINE	1886	1645	1516	1051	1551	1150	984	612	578	221	54	5	—	11,076
KIRKALDY	2542	2316	2192	1792	2126	1851	1570	1212	858	125	110	5	1	17,260
Total of Males...	7907	7305	6769	5537	7526	5766	5012	3667	2711	1507	291	21	1	55,694

FEMALES.

District of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards.	TOTAL.
ANDREWS, ST.	1679	1584	1467	1385	2345	1810	1566	1179	905	452	124	15	—	14,514
CUPAR	1865	1756	1605	1514	2345	1818	1532	1102	827	561	95	5	—	14,777
DUNFERMLINE	1841	1492	1248	1124	2039	1556	1047	817	640	267	75	5	—	11,949
KIRKALDY	2527	2295	2081	1955	3450	2542	1881	1475	1075	506	115	9	—	19,674
Total of Females...	7848	7121	6102	5956	10,365	7526	5849	4575	3147	1586	409	52	—	60,914

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Fife was 114,556; and the Ages, as returned, (being of 114,608 Persons,) are rather redundant than deficient.

The Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Fife was 76, every one of which contained an answer to the question concerning the Ages of Persons.

Shire of Forfar.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.		HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
		Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicrafts.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Aberlemno	-	190	199	1	2	87	57	73		528	512	1040
Arly	-	186	182	1	5	61	115	15		488	495	983
Arbuthot	-	206	206	1	4	108	77	25		519	515	1034
Arbroath, or Aberbrothock	(1) Burgh & Parish	726	1494	5	5	51	143	508		2502	3515	5817
Alyth, part of	(2) Parish	58	58	1	2	25	2	11		87	95	182
Auchterhouse	-	116	116	1	6	58	26	15		562	550	1112
Banch	-	278	291	5	9	65	162	66		691	695	1386
Brechin	(7) Burgh & Parish	828	1550	4	26	172	1048	270		2651	3255	5906
Brechin	-	56	56	1	1	31	16	6		110	170	280
Crooklye	-	227	227	2	12	80	115	2		496	577	1073
Concealy and Clova (+)	-	201	205	1	25	131	58	14		472	618	1090
Cupar	(4) Parish	215	539	1	4	90	163	101		705	810	1515
Cupar-Angus, part of	(5) Parish	55	80	1	1	5	38	39		143	149	292
Dun	(6) Parish	136	114	1	9	36	51	17		280	323	603
Dundee (+)	Burgh & Parish	2651	7701	17	105	307	4225	5174		13,568	17,007	30,575
Dunnichen	(7) Parish	291	322	2	5	101	216	5		681	719	1400
Edzell and Neway	-	145	117	1	6	45	36	66		323	511	834
Edzell, part of	(8) Parish	200	204	1	8	105	87	12		448	502	950
Edzell	-	111	117	1	4	55	16	6		285	316	601
Ferry	-	73	80	1	5	61	11	8		137	214	351
Forfar	Burgh & Parish	805	1553	6	18	80	1295	165		2784	5115	7899
Glamis (+)	-	562	451	1	2	102	264	58		957	1052	2009
Glenisla	-	255	235	5	6	159	66	8		562	582	1144
Guthrie	-	108	110	1	28	41	46	25		274	278	552
Inverarity	(9) Parish	182	181	1	28	90	80	4		461	502	963
Inverkeith	-	564	589	3	9	190	181	15		806	979	1785
Kobus	-	217	265	2	5	71	64	125		562	655	1217
Kingoldham	-	104	107	2	12	54	35	20		256	261	517
Kinnell	-	157	159	3	9	90	26	25		354	378	732
Kinnethides (+)	-	108	112	1	8	52	49	11		257	309	566
Kirkcubbin	-	149	161	1	4	46	55	60		387	426	813
Kirkcubbin, or Kilmarie (+)	Town & Parish	895	1188	4	35	274	801	113		2400	2656	5056
Lethnot	-	254	256	4	14	57	59	140		452	489	941
Lethnot and Navar	(10) Parish	99	99	1	15	58	13	28		285	255	540
Liff and Benzie	-	521	574	3	57	117	367	90		1251	1534	2785
Loch-Lee	-	104	109	1	3	65	10	36		278	294	572
Logie-Pert	-	195	202	1	6	121	68	13		461	551	1012
Lunan	-	66	67	5	4	32	17	18		145	163	308
Lundie	(11) Parish	79	79	1	2	45	34	1		195	208	403
Mains, otherwise Strath Dighty	Parish	201	201	1	4	75	110	18		514	570	1084
Marytown	-	95	100	1	7	64	15	25		220	256	476
Monimur	-	189	192	1	5	115	29	50		424	465	889
Monifieth	(12) Parish	444	467	5	36	115	325	29		947	1160	2107
Moniech	-	276	276	1	4	175	154	9		620	705	1325
Montrose	Burgh & Parish	1137	2611	5	10	224	1852	335		4576	5762	10,338
Murros	-	117	117	2	4	81	27	9		301	328	629
Newtyle	-	176	178	1	4	51	61	60		375	425	796

(1) The increase of the sail-cloth and linen-manufactures, accounts for the increase of population at Arbroath. Including the town part of the Parish of St. Vigeans, Arbroath contains 8972 inhabitants. (2) Alyth Parish is mostly in Perthshire. The entire Parish contains 2569 inhabitants. (3) One female in Brechin Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (4) In the Parish of Craig, the fishery at Ferryden has much increased. (5) Cupar-Angus Parish is mostly in Perthshire. The entire Parish contains 2022 inhabitants. (6) In the Parish of Dun many cottages (houses) have been demolished, whence a decrease of population. (7) In the Parish of Dunnichen, the village of Lotham has greatly increased. (8) Edzell Parish is partly in Kincardineshire. The entire Parish contains 1045 inhabitants. (9) More land is now under lease at Inverarity than was so in 1811. (10) One male in Lethnot and Navar Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (11) The Parish of Lundie is united to that of Easter-Fowls in the Shire of Perth. (12) In the Parish of Moniech the village of Broughty Ferry has much increased from ferrying, and the prosperous condition of the spinning trade. Other villages in this Parish are Drumstarry Muir, and East-Ferry.

SHIRE OF FORFAR—continued.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCHIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Oathlaw - - - - - Parish	70	78	1	3	56	11	11		201	204	405
Panbride - - - - - (1) Parish	295	296	—	6	61	220	15		575	702	1277
Riescobie - - - - - Parish	178	181	10	11	69	73	40		425	419	844
Ruthven - - - - - (2) Parish	49	49	—	2	12	19	18		158	175	333
Strathmartin - - - - - Parish	115	121	—	2	49	62	10		327	368	695
Strickathrow - - - - - Parish	118	123	1	8	76	26	21		261	316	577
Tannadice - - - - - (7) Parish	265	280	7	16	106	75	101		655	757	1412
Tealing - - - - - (1) Parish	149	148	1	6	60	40	18		316	379	695
Vigeans, St. - - - - - (7) Parish	976	1517	7	22	271	1033	45		2650	2935	5585
TOTALS.....	16,812	26,718	112	576	5114	15,548	6256		52,071	61,339	113,410

(1) The population of the Parish of Panbride, and in the Parish of Tealing, has decreased from the enlargement of farms. (2) A large spinning-mill has been established at Ruthven. (3) An increase of population is alleged and accounted for on the Tannadice Return, so that the boundary of the Parish may have been altered, unless there be a mistake of 1510 instead of 1510 persons in 1851. (4) The Parish of St. Vigeans is adjacent to the Town of Arbroath, and partakes in the prosperity of the sail-cloth and linen manufactures.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & up- wards.	TOTAL.
MALES.....	4605	4566	3911	3623	4035	5767	5172	2651	1970	915	257	22	1	55,965
FEMALES.....	4501	4186	4224	4102	7120	5891	4031	5230	2531	950	252	22	1	59,881

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Forfar was 113,410; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 75,847: whence it appears, that the Ages of above one-third part of the Persons therein enumerated have not been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Forfar was 56, five of which did not contain any answer to the question concerning Ages, and are thus marked (+): a small proportion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in the respective Numbers of Males and Females.

Shire of Haddington.

Aberlady - - - - - Parish	214	212	1	6	111	54	77	470	563	1033
Athelstanford - - - - - Parish	205	228	—	22	111	45	79	422	480	902
Berwick, North - - - - - Burgh & Parish	220	386	1	16	111	119	130	776	918	1694
Bolton - - - - - Parish	59	61	—	9	58	5	18	168	147	315
Durham - - - - - Parish	262	284	—	17	180	52	52	644	671	1315
Dunbar - - - - - (1) Burgh & Parish	728	1207	—	22	283	871	55	2190	2782	5272
Fala, part of (+) - - - - - (2) Parish	20	20	—	4	16	2	2	60	68	128
Garvald - - - - - Parish	167	172	—	12	105	34	35	372	425	797
Gladsmuir - - - - - Parish	565	565	—	24	117	57	101	707	826	1533
Haddington - - - - - Burgh & Parish	806	1206	5	25	203	410	595	2551	2721	5272
Humbleton - - - - - Parish	185	195	—	24	113	24	50	415	421	836
Innerwick - - - - - Parish	125	196	—	18	122	52	22	151	405	556

(1) A cotton factory has been established at Dunbar, and caused an influx of inhabitants. (2) Fala Parish is mostly in Edinburghshire. The entire Parish contains 405 inhabitants.

SHIRE OF HADDINGTON—continued.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCHIAL PLACE.		HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS.		
		Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Buildings.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufacture, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Moreham	(1) Parish	52	52	—	6	46	24	—	121	120	241	
Oldhamstocks	(2) Parish	153	155	—	10	81	52	19	550	296	846	
Ormsiston	Parish	169	186	—	17	80	45	63	567	412	979	
Poncaitland	Parish	243	251	—	15	102	68	51	551	504	1055	
Prestonkirk	Parish	350	392	—	3	227	117	18	825	929	1754	
Prestonpans	Parish	271	489	—	25	61	200	228	959	1116	2075	
Salton	(3) Parish	170	181	—	17	57	38	109	131	403	834	
Spott	Parish	125	150	—	8	102	65	10	271	311	582	
Stenton	Parish	140	151	—	18	115	29	9	555	334	889	
Traiment	Parish	611	786	—	16	480	277	153	1679	1737	3416	
Whitekirk & Tynningham	Parish	229	232	—	17	110	55	59	487	661	1048	
Whittingham	Parish	151	135	—	24	106	12	17	267	265	532	
Vester, otherwise Gifford	Parish	197	249	—	8	129	167	15	555	545	1100	
TOTALS		6250	7951	14	579	3000	2917	1978	16,828	18,299	35,127	

(1) The Return of Moreham Parish includes Beech-hill, Marshall and Crossgatehall, Morehammans, Moreham-bank, Moreham and Loanhead, West-Moreham, Northing and Coldale, Rentonhall and Haggis, and Sandingstone. (2) Oldhamstocks Parish is partly in Berwickshire. The entire Parish contains 725 inhabitants. (3) Lime-works have been established at Salton.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards.	TOTAL
MALES	2471	2390	2149	1662	2441	1740	1485	1014	845	559	95	10	—	16,758
FEMALES	2530	2248	1864	1889	3019	2148	1681	1367	875	496	153	21	—	18,251

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Haddington was 35,127; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 51,989: whence it appears, that the Ages of nearly all the Persons therein enumerated have been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Haddington was 25, one of which did not contain any answer to the question concerning Ages, and is thus marked (+): a remarkably small proportion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in the respective Numbers of Males and Females.

Shire of Inverness.

Abernethy, part of	(1) Parish	144	146	—	5	90	15	43	245	394	739	
Alvie	Parish	230	231	—	—	99	29	105	443	518	961	
Ardesier	(2) Parish	286	327	1	9	70	69	195	622	755	1377	
Ardnamurchan	(3) Parish	420	421	—	8	375	21	25	1095	1238	2333	
Barra	(4) Parish	414	414	—	—	371	9	54	1084	1219	2303	
Boleskine and Abertarf	(5) Parish	388	425	2	10	91	64	265	1045	1051	2096	
Bracadale	(6) Parish	578	578	—	—	346	18	12	1001	1102	2103	
Calder, part of	(7) Parish	37	37	—	3	19	5	15	88	79	167	

(1) Abernethy Parish is mostly in the Shire of Elgin. The entire Parish contains 1968 inhabitants. (2) One male in Ardesier Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (3) Ardnamurchan Parish is mostly in Argyllshire. The entire Parish contains 6222 inhabitants. (4) The population of the Parish of Barra has increased considerably (378), notwithstanding the emigration of 350 persons to Nova Scotia. (5) The increase of population in the Parish of Boleskine is partly attributable to the Caledonian Canal. (6) In the Parish of Bracadale are no uninhabited houses, the proprietors destroying their cottages, and disposing of the timber at cutting them. (7) Calder Parish is mostly in the Shire of Nairn. The entire Parish contains 1120 inhabitants.

SHIRE OF INVERNESS—continued.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA PAROCHIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS.		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Crondale, part of - (1) Parish	494	525	5	5	341	88	65	1026	1241	2267	
Croy, part of - (2) Parish	218	225	6	6	79	19	157	465	491	957	
Daviot & Dunlichity (+) (5) Parish	590	390	10	10	166	47	185	825	927	1752	
Dorres - (1) Parish	546	363	20	20	157	163	758	855	1713		
Dumish - (1) Parish	669	707	1	1	684	55	20	1967	2180	4147	
Duthel Parish: (5) - Township	118	122	1	1	55	40	19	285	297	582	
Rothymurchus - (6) Parish	471	471	18	18	341	22	108	1574	1455	2969	
Glencelg - (6) Parish	800	757	1	1	605	64	30	1887	2022	3909	
Harris (+) - Burgh & Parish	2149	2963	68	68	566	1611	5265	7091	12264		
Inverness (+) - (7) Parish	497	714	5	5	207	551	1445	1600	3045		
Kilmallie, part of - (8) Parish	498	511	1	1	575	9	129	1454	1588	2942	
Kilmarnavaig - (8) Parish	551	564	1	1	457	80	27	1512	1550	2962	
Kilmorack (+) - (9) Parish	621	638	1	1	425	40	172	1594	1793	3387	
Kilmuir - (9) Parish	551	477	5	5	229	94	51	1102	1527	2629	
Kiltarity - (10) Parish	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Kingardine - (10) Parish	416	471	11	11	212	56	205	926	1078	2004	
Kingsessie (+) - (11) Parish	556	567	2	2	205	75	92	687	885	1572	
Kirkhill - (11) Parish	229	241	4	4	120	19	102	595	639	1234	
Luggan (+) - (11) United Parishes	179	179	22	22	69	57	64	541	586	777	
Moy and Dalrossie - (11) United Parishes	111	120	17	17	62	17	41	321	276	497	
Portree - (12) Parish	561	585	1	1	82	91	207	850	928	1778	
Portree - (12) Parish	550	550	2	2	80	91	454	1531	1615	3146	
Seat - (15) Parish	479	476	1	1	420	57	19	1276	1532	2808	
Small Isles, part of, Parish: (15)	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Edg - (+) - Island	87	87	—	—	79	5	5	221	245	466	
Sulzort - (15) Parish	525	531	7	7	450	52	65	1504	1485	2989	
Strath - (15) Parish	462	472	1	1	453	21	16	1249	1560	2809	
Ull, North - (15) Parish	919	955	1	1	776	67	110	2101	2570	4971	
Ull, North - (15) Parish	919	955	1	1	776	67	110	2101	2570	4971	
Ull, South - (16) Parish	1115	1113	—	—	971	77	65	2982	3056	6038	
Urquhart - (17) Parish	430	457	5	5	12	65	272	595	1185	2180	
Urrumstone - Township	112	117	1	1	5	8	75	265	511	606	
Urray, part of - (18) Parish	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
TOTALS.....	17,055	18,321	83	115	10,213	2117	5662	42,504	47,855	90,359	

(1) Crondale Parish is partly in Elginshire. The entire Parish contains 2897 inhabitants. (2) Croy Parish is partly in the Shire of Nairn. The entire Parish contains 1538 inhabitants. (3) Emigration is said to have prevailed in the Parish of Daviot and Dunlichity. (4) The subdivision of farms, and the public works in progress, are assigned as causes of increased population in the Parish of Dumish. One male and three females upwards of 100 years of age in this Parish. (5) Duthel Parish is mostly in Elginshire. The entire Parish contains 1739 inhabitants. (6) Glencelg Parish is composed of the Districts of Glencelg, Knowdart, and Morar, otherwise Morror. One female in this Parish upwards of 100 years of age. The population has increased, although 1539 persons are known to have emigrated. (7) Kilmallie Parish is partly in Argyllshire. The entire Parish contains 5527 inhabitants. Port-William and Maryburgh are in Kilmallie Parish. (8) One male in Kilmarnavaig Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (9) Two females upwards of 100 years of age in Kiltarity Parish. (10) Kingardine Parish is mostly in Ross-shire, where the whole is entered. (11) The united Parishes of Moy and Dalrossie are partly in the Shire of Nairn. The entire Parish contains 1352 inhabitants. (12) Two males and four females upwards of 100 years of age in Portree Parish. (13) One female in Seat Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (14) The Parish of Small-Isles is mostly in Argyllshire. The entire Parish contains 1620 inhabitants. (15) Three females in Strath Parish upwards of 100 years of age. The subdivision of farms into small lots appear to prevail in this Parish, and generally in the Isle of Skye. (16) One male and two females in South-Ull Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (17) The entire Parish of Urquhart contains 2796 inhabitants. (18) Urray Parish is mostly in Ross-shire, where the whole is entered.

SHIRE OF INVERNESS—continued.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & up- wards.	TOTAL
MALES	4690	1570	1052	5365	4455	5318	4147	2145	1476	620	259	46	6	51,535
FEMALES	4551	1741	5740	5669	5468	4101	2980	2643	1631	676	298	61	16	54,232

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Inverness was 90,157; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 65,586; whence it appears, that the Ages of above one-fourth part of the Persons therein enumerated have not been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Inverness was 37, seven of which did not contain any answer to the question concerning Ages, and are thus marked (-); a small proportion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in the respective Numbers of Males and Females.

Shire of Wincardine.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES.				OCCUPATIONS.				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Arbuthnot - Parish	177	181	1	15	101	31	46		452	176	928
Banchory-Davenick, part of (1) Parish	341	341	2	15	121	55	190		815	869	1682
Banchory-Torran - Parish	579	381	1	7	284	41	51		798	931	1729
Bonholme - (2) Parish	317	389	1	4	91	269	29		619	787	1406
Bervie, otherwise Inverbervie } (3) Burgh & Parish	207	277	1	5	19	167	61		486	606	1092
Cyrus, St. - (1) Parish	368	392	1	8	225	49	120		750	885	1641
Drumcraik, part of - (5) Parish	40	40	1	1	27	15	1		79	90	169
Dunnotlar - (6) Parish	505	454	5	21	137	189	105		844	955	1797
Dunris - Parish	200	205	1	5	137	53	15		430	519	945
Edzell, part of - (7) Parish	18	19	1	1	12	6	1		41	52	93
Fettercairn (+) - Parish	361	379	5	27	191	127	61		685	889	1572
Fetteresso - (8) Parish	861	1108	8	59	355	620	155		2071	2412	4483
Fordoun - (9) Parish	495	551	5	10	338	124	92		1115	1202	2317
Garvock - (4) Parish	81	82	1	6	62	11	9		226	217	445
Glenbervie - (10) Parish	265	287	4	10	141	120	26		608	669	1277
Kinnell, with Caterline - Parish	188	206	9	5	120	59	27		504	552	1056
Laurencekirk - (11) Parish	305	559	1	11	95	196	70		684	851	1535
Maryculter - (12) Parish	167	172	1	1	152	29	11		425	455	880
Marykirk, otherwise Aberluthnott } (12) Parish	352	584	5	5	211	166	67		831	1008	1839
Nigg - (13) Parish	258	277	1	8	61	25	188		605	676	1281
Strachan - Parish	205	209	5	22	125	27	59		472	485	955
TOTALS	5894	6685	50	217	3025	2501	1359		15,540	15,578	29,118

(1) Banchory-Davenick Parish is partly in Aberdeenshire. The entire Parish contains 2232 inhabitants. (2) Containing Johnshaven and County-part, separately returned in 1811. (3) The Burgh of Bervie contains 706 inhabitants, the village of Gourden 225 inhabitants, besides 161 country inhabitants. (4) The enlargement of farms is noticed in the Parish of St. Cyrus, and in the Parish of Garvock. (5) Drumcraik Parish is mostly in Aberdeenshire. The entire Parish contains 756 inhabitants. (6) Dunnotlar Parish includes the old town of Stonehaven, in which are 847 inhabitants. (7) Edzell Parish is mostly in the Shire of Forfar. The entire Parish contains 1045 inhabitants. (8) One female in Fetteresso Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (9) Auchmblae, in the Parish of Fordoun, contains 404 inhabitants. (10) An influx of manufacturers is noticed at Drumlithie, in the Parish of Glenbervie. (11) The actual village of Laurencekirk contains 921 inhabitants. (12) In the Parishes of Maryculter, Marykirk, and Strachan, the cultivation and improvement of heretofore barren land has increased the number of inhabitants now settled on their lots or tenes. The Parish of Marykirk includes 409 inhabitants of Laurencekirk. (13) The Return of Nigg Parish includes Allens, Dalnagask, North and South Kirkhill, North and South Linstown, Middleton, Tullos, and reserved lands in the Town of Aberdeen.

SHIRE OF KINCARDINE—continued.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & up- wards.	TOTAL
MALES.....	1751	1627	1746	1299	1803	1242	1185	999	755	401	106	9	—	1585
FEMALES.....	1685	1542	1495	1356	2507	1803	1445	1265	974	459	141	15	1	1589

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Kincardine was 29,118; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 27,511; whence it appears, that the Ages of one nineteenth part of the Persons therein enumerated have not been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Kincardine was 21, one of which did not contain any answer to the question concerning Ages, and is thus marked (+).

Shire of Kinross.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Arngask, part of (1) Parish	47	48	—	—	23	25	—		107	110	217
Cleish (1) Parish	130	142	—	1	53	15	46		265	299	564
Forgandenny, part of (2) Parish	2	2	—	3	1	1	1		6	5	11
Fossoway, with Tullie-bole, part of (5) Parish	118	120	1	3	34	25	61		240	284	524
Kinross (1) Parish	405	611	4	9	69	286	256		1219	1541	2760
Orwell (1) Parish	235	502	—	—	180	232	171		1170	1539	2709
Portmunk (1) Parish	284	512	6	11	78	129	112		635	701	1336
TOTALS.....	1419	1827	11	31	735	646	646		5680	4102	7762

(1) Arngask Parish is partly in Fifeshire, Cupar District, partly in Perthshire. The entire Parish contains 680 inhabitants. (2) Forgandenny Parish is mostly in Perthshire. The entire Parish contains 915 inhabitants. (3) Fossoway Parish is mostly in Perthshire. The entire Parish contains 1541 inhabitants.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & up- wards.	TOTAL
MALES.....	476	457	422	597	553	380	332	286	206	123	26	1	—	3659
FEMALES.....	491	465	419	400	721	460	415	355	245	119	26	2	—	4102

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Kinross was 7762; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 7761; whence it appears, that the Ages of all the Persons therein enumerated have been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Kinross was 7, every one of which contained answers to the question concerning the Ages of Persons.

Stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCHIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:			PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families occupied.	Building.	Uninhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families, not comprised in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Anyboth	123	153	1	5	57	51	82	425	420	845
Balmaclellan	189	186	1	2	159	26	21	457	453	910
Balmaghie	205	212	1	1	167	35	39	681	680	1361
Bogton	132	131	1	2	108	36	17	463	489	952
Bottle	179	194	1	1	105	83	41	486	537	1023
Canabann	96	92	1	1	18	13	43	258	256	514
Colvend and Southwick	209	278	1	1	158	50	70	611	711	1322
Crosnachel	251	257	1	1	116	12	99	621	678	1299
Dalry	224	238	1	1	52	55	135	557	594	1151
Dotting	277	291	1	1	115	189	87	948	947	1895
Doyle	179	208	1	9	112	39	57	536	548	1084
Exelton	453	521	1	4	194	160	167	1151	1265	2416
Kirkbeem	115	175	1	1	85	17	13	361	429	790
Kirkcudbright	571	608	9	5	278	313	313	1139	1456	2595
(& Parish of)	118	112	4	1	107	11	1	376	412	788
Kirkmichael	131	157	1	8	55	29	5	371	405	776
Kirkmichael	271	359	1	9	126	121	89	722	797	1519
Kirkpatrick, Durham	269	287	1	1	104	65	120	725	718	1443
Kirkpatrick, Iron-Gray	140	138	1	1	99	20	39	424	455	880
Lochnell	105	117	1	5	74	19	24	259	335	594
Munnigaff	302	361	1	4	189	82	90	905	1020	1925
Newabbey	191	220	1	1	129	58	33	506	606	1112
Parson	130	144	1	1	120	15	9	419	426	845
Ritwick	253	293	1	12	92	57	111	671	707	1378
Perregie	114	116	1	1	60	22	29	351	350	701
Pongland	155	167	1	6	91	41	52	416	471	887
Quequar	586	917	1	9	115	449	383	1996	2305	4301
Twyndale	123	147	2	2	16	50	71	357	426	783
Warr	554	639	9	25	180	167	292	1531	1511	3042
TOTALS	6141	7312	57	190	5017	2258	2627	18,506	20,397	38,903

(1) Woodcutters, with their families, resident in huts, form part of the population of Munnigaff Parish. The increase of population in several Parishes of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright is attributed to the influx of Irish settlers.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards.	TOTAL
MALES	2893	2716	2480	1785	2559	1978	1613	1187	799	376	113	20	—	18,523
FEMALES	2777	2543	2172	2120	3677	2398	1707	1364	962	445	144	17	—	20,328

The Total Number of Persons in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright was 38,903; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 38,851: whence it appears, that the Ages of nearly all the Persons therein enumerated have been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright was 28, every one of which contained an answer to the question concerning Ages; a small proportion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect—in the respective Numbers of Males and Females.

Shire of Lanark.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handcraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
MIDDLE Ward.											
Avenale - - - - - (1) Parish	674	1020	12	7	548	512	160	2452	2578		5030
Blantyre - - - - - (2) Parish	215	473	2	2	65	330	78	1103	1527		2630
Bothwell - - - - - Parish	876	980	10	10	57	900	23	2590	2451		1844
Cambuslang - - - - - (5) Parish	352	457	10	10	98	276	85	1122	1179		2301
Cambusnethan - - - - - Parish	605	658	11	11	102	332	221	1451	1632		3086
Dalzell - - - - - Parish	176	190	1	1	33	85	50	486	469		955
Dalserf - - - - - Parish	346	404	1	9	91	245	68	1015	1011		2026
Glasford - - - - - Parish	252	288	3	4	96	158	51	730	751		1481
Haughton - - - - - Town & Parish	955	1635	9	19	300	995	358	3658	5555		7013
Kilbride - - - - - Town & Parish	505	681	1	9	193	480	8	1751	1754		3505
Monkland, New - - - - - (1) Parish	989	1542	5	35	353	1115	61	3535	5809		7344
Monkland, Old - - - - - Parish	1216	1327	1	114	97	1217	13	5476	5507		6983
Shotts - - - - - Parish	608	628	4	6	206	376	46	1602	1695		3297
Stonehouse - - - - - Town & Parish	559	588	2	8	88	250	50	987	1031		2018
	8086	10,669	40	251	2129	7301	1259	25,797	27,385		53,182
UNDER Ward.											
Cadder - - - - - Parish	501	506	1	20	192	242	72	1396	1402		2798
Carmunnock - - - - - (5) Parish	91	120	1	2	50	58	12	508	529		637
Govan - - - - - (6) Parish	412	754	4	32	128	455	195	1812	1955		3767
Rutherglen - - - - - (Burgh & Parish)	515	855	5	1	165	756	29	2052	2059		4011
	71	95	1	1				265	286		549
	1654	2508	11	55	533	1169	306	5841	6009		11,850
UPPER Ward.											
Biggar - - - - - Parish	509	578	12	2	59	190	149	840	887		1727
Carlisle - - - - - Parish	519	552	5	5	208	200	51	1140	1185		2225
Carluke - - - - - Parish	194	194	6	6	81	76	32	473	488		965
Carnwath - - - - - (7) Parish	615	651	122	262	251	435	1305	1495	1588		2983
Corstorphine - - - - - Parish	181	193	6	6	102	61	27	482	475		957
Cathcart, part of - - - - - (5) Parish	28	28	1	2	26	9	1	86	85		171
Covington - - - - - Parish	100	100	1	2	40	66	1	285	261		546
Crawford - - - - - (5) Parish	592	414	1	2	20	40	551	961	955		1911
Crawfordjohn - - - - - Parish	176	191	1	4	56	28	107	474	499		971
Culter - - - - - Parish	89	92	2	1	47	16	29	235	251		487
Dolphinton - - - - - Parish	15	47	1	2	16	12	19	111	125		236
Douglas - - - - - Parish	571	475	2	2	74	263	156	1078	1117		2195
Dunsyre - - - - - (9) Parish	57	57	1	1	25	27	9	156	151		300
Lamington - - - - - Parish	78	78	1	1	9	11	55	167	192		359
Lanark - - - - - (10) Burgh & Parish	799	1536	3	5	152	1089	117	3274	3811		7085
Lesmahagow - - - - - Parish	989	1110	5	3	292	389	424	2775	2819		5592
Liberton - - - - - Parish	166	166	1	1	75	28	65	358	427		785
Pettinain - - - - - Parish	96	100	1	6	32	29	39	255	275		530
Symington - - - - - Parish	96	100	1	2	56	60	4	228	241		472
Watson - - - - - Parish	85	88	15	3	11	20	35	185	204		392
Wiston and Robtson - - - - - Parish	186	196	6	6	71	43	42	463	491		957
	5652	6561	28	190	1825	2902	1857	15,628	16,681		32,312

(1) The Return of Avenale Parish includes the Town of Strathaven. (2) New cotton works are mentioned at Blantyre, and many other places in this Shire. (3) Emigration from Cambuslang has made room for other inhabitants. (4) The Town of Airdrie (a Burgh of Barony in the Parish of New Monkland) contains 4860 persons; the rest of the Parish 2502. (5) Cathcart Parish is mostly in Renfrewshire. The entire Parish contains 2056 inhabitants. Part of this Parish was erroneously included in the Return of Carmunnock Parish in 1811. (6) Govan Parish is partly in Renfrewshire. The entire Parish contains 19,170 inhabitants, if taken according to its ancient boundary; but the greatest part of it is now added to Gorbals Parish, forming a suburb of Glasgow. Including the Renfrew part of the Parish, the inhabitants are now 4256. - One female in this Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (7) The Return of Carnwath Parish includes the Town of Wilsontown. The population is much decreased; the extensive public works at Wilsontown and Climpney having been discontinued. (8) The miners of Lead-Hills, in the Parish of Crawford, have increased since 1811. (9) The population of the Parish of Dunsyre has decreased since 1811, many small farms having been thrown together since that time. (10) The increase of population in the Parish of Lanark arises partly from persons employed on a new bridge at Cartland Craig, and on new roads; besides which, it is remarked, that 400 children, belonging to a public work, were omitted by mistake in 1811.

SHIRE OF LANARK—continued.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES.				OCCUPATIONS:			PERSONS.		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Horticulture.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
GLASGOW CITY. (*)										
East	1736	1735	10	91	—	1071	679	3282	3916	7198
Enoch, St.	1318	1367	12	67	—	1058	529	3156	3882	7038
James, St.	1627	1614	12	112	—	1081	560	3118	3815	7233
John, St.	1812	1822	6	97	—	1021	751	3752	4215	7967
Middle, or St. Andrew's	1516	1515	15	153	—	671	671	2685	3170	5755
North, or St. Mungoe's	1853	1841	15	85	12	961	878	4010	4815	8825
South-West, or Rannoch	1217	1250	5	84	—	508	522	2667	3316	6015
South, or Blackfriars	1656	1671	5	58	—	889	785	2870	3590	6260
South-West, or St. Mary's	1397	1611	10	125	—	811	800	3095	3770	6865
West, or St. George's	1867	1905	17	171	—	827	1071	4250	5535	9005
Suburbs:										
Barony	10,781	10,585	110	153	511	5,660	5001	21,628	27,291	51,919
Gorbals	4651	4679	27	100	66	5387	1226	10,100	11,939	22,339
	51,614	51,956	244	1917	596	18,104	15,456	68,119	78,924	147,043

(*) The following Certificate was attached to the Abstract of the Enumeration of the City of Glasgow, and its Suburbs:

"I Certify, that the Parochial Officers have made oath, that the above is a faithful Return of the number of inhabitants in their respective Parishes: (two additional Churches having been built since 1811, the population is now divided into twelve, instead of ten Parishes). The classification and calculation have been made by me, from which I have drawn the following results:—since 1811, the increase of the inhabitants has been 46,294; this number is to be accounted for from the great increase of trade and manufactures during the war, and for some time after its termination. Of late years, there has been a falling off of the population, arising chiefly from emigration and the want of employment. From the year 1812 to 1817, the houses were nearly all occupied, whereas, at present, there are 1917 unoccupied houses (not tenements), calculated to accommodate 8818 persons. The average number of persons in each family is four, and 601-1000ths; Children under ten years of age are equal to one-fourth, and 15-1000ths, of the whole population; persons under twenty years of age are equal to four-ninths, and 11-1000ths, of the whole population; persons under thirty years of age are equal to five-eighths, and 11-1000ths, of the whole population. For every apartment there are two persons to occupy it."

(Signed)

"JAMES CLELAND,

"Superintendent of Public Works for the City."

It would be unjust not to mention in this place, that Mr Cleland has transmitted printed documents, containing very numerous and very useful statistical details concerning the City and Suburbs of Glasgow; and that the example has produced imitation in some other of the principal towns of Scotland, though not to the same extent of minute investigation, by which Mr Cleland's labours are distinguished.

(1) Two females in St. Enoch Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (2) One female in St. John's Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (3) One female in Barony Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (4) One male and one female in Gorbals Parish upwards of 100 years of age.

SUMMARY

OF HOUSES, FAMILIES, AND PERSONS, IN THE SHIRE OF LANARK.

WARDS, &c.												
MIDDLE WARD	8086	10,669	40	251	2129	7301	1239	25,797	24,385	53,182		
UNDER WARD	1851	2306	11	55	1469	506	5841	6039	6039	11,830		
UPPER WARD	5632	6361	28	190	1825	2902	1857	13,628	16,684	32,512		
City of GLASGOW	51,614	51,956	244	1917	596	18,104	15,456	68,119	78,924	147,043		
TOTALS	47,016	51,497	325	2413	1883	29,776	16,858	113,383	129,002	241,387		

SHIRE OF LANARK—continued.

AGES OF PERSONS.

MALES.

	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & up- wards.	TOTAL.
Middle Ward . . .	4278	5700	5268	2614	1072	2786	2179	1500	806	406	91	12	—	25,795
Under Ward . . .	964	734	713	622	929	610	514	365	206	100	29	2	—	5811
Upper Ward . . .	2382	2161	2017	1696	2558	1726	1298	900	623	357	96	8	—	15,629
City & Burgh of Glasgow	10,905	8901	8545	6762	10,509	8082	6025	1147	2198	912	219	15	1	68,119
Total of Males . .	18,529	15,519	14,605	11,681	17,968	15,201	10,916	912	5925	1755	352	38	1	115581

FEMALES.

	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & up- wards.	TOTAL.
Middle Ward . . .	1167	3567	5200	5020	4702	5016	2378	1578	1096	495	152	6	—	27,581
Under Ward . . .	808	792	671	696	1051	678	528	513	237	99	29	—	1	6002
Upper Ward . . .	2500	2619	1911	1816	2918	1876	1418	1099	762	519	106	9	—	16,685
City & Burgh of Glasgow	10,515	8615	8181	9121	15,105	10,151	7719	4945	2898	1196	525	56	5	78,911
Total of Females .	17,710	15,051	15,966	14,532	21,084	15,701	12,015	7971	4095	2157	612	51	6	129000

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Lanark was 244,587; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 214,581, whence it appears, that the Ages of almost all the Persons therein enumerated have been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Lanark was 51, every one of which contained an answer to the question concerning Ages: a remarkably small proportion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in the respective Numbers of Males and Females.

Shire of Dúnlithgow.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCHIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Abercorn . . .	173	207	1	4	55	28	126	506	538	1044	
Bathgate . . .	468	765	1	3	201	332	232	1534	1749	3283	
Burrows-towness . . .	341	744	1	3	38	230	416	1545	1675	3018	
Carriden . . .	185	323	1	1	96	116	121	658	796	1454	
Cramond, part of . . .	11	11	1	1	1	1	5	58	31	89	
Dalmenny . . .	202	236	2	6	112	62	122	762	733	1495	
Ecclestown . . .	58	59	1	5	28	10	27	157	146	305	

(1) In the Parish of Abercorn the increase of population is attributed to the Union Canal, and to improvements making by the Earl of Hopetoun and other heritors. (2) The trade of Borrowstowness, especially the whale-fishery, is increased since 1811. (3) Cramond Parish is mostly in the Shire of Edinburgh. The entire Parish contains 1804 inhabitants.

SHIRE OF LINLITHGOW—continued.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Build ing.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade.	Manufactories Handicrafts.	Unemployed Persons not comprehended in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Kirkstoun, part of - - - - - (1) Parish	215	512	5	12	172	51	80		816	779	1605
Linlithgow Burgh & Parish: (-)											
County part - - - - -	216	513	1	176	51	42			750	824	1580
Town part - - - - -	513	710	3	9	59	43	229		1110	1702	3112
Livingstone - - - - - (5) Parish	291	201	1	10	166	81	14		522	522	944
Quenceserry - - - - - (1) Burgh & Parish	79	175	1	1		101	530		580	580	690
Lochinchess - - - - - Parish	254	275	1	10	48	25	111		578	619	1197
Collieston - - - - - (5) Parish	280	210	1	1	12	108	310		497	497	1014
Whitburn - - - - - Parish	518	419	1	10	51	155	192		887	1015	1900
TOTALS... ..	5562	1965	15	96	1224	1817	1921		16,705	11,982	22,685

(1) Kirkstoun Parish is partly in Edinburgh-shire. The entire Parish contains 215 inhabitants. The Parish church stands in the county of Linlithgow. The increase of population in this and other adjoining Parishes is partly attributed to the Union Canal, now in progress. (2) The entire Parish of Linlithgow contains 1692 inhabitants. (3) An increase of marriages is observed at Livingstone, in consequence of the loss of provisions, the rate of wages remaining stationary. (4) The Burgh and Parish of Quenceserry coincide, and although the herring fishery has failed, and the soap manufacture declined, and the works at the latter place have been completed, yet an increase of population is observable in Quenceserry. (5) The Union Canal and the Houston colliery have caused an increase of population in the Parish of Uphall.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards.	TOTAL
MALES	1705	1515	1129	1028	1678	1187	986	580	150	255	41	6	—	10,861
FEMALES	1718	1175	1236	1115	2110	1561	1069	826	605	295	85	9	—	11,982

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Linlithgow was 22,685; and the Ages, as returned, (being 22,815 persons), appear to be rather redundant, but in reality are not so; 138 registered seamen, whose ages are returned, having been purposely omitted in the Enumeration Abstract.

The Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Linlithgow was 15, every one of which contained an answer to the question concerning the Ages of Persons.

Shire of Nairn.

Ardeach - - - - - Parish	511	517	1	7	120	39	152	565	792	1257
Auldearn - - - - - Parish	512	325	5	9	158	88	79	723	800	1523
Calder, part of - - - - - (1) Parish	252	250	1	16	95	50	91	426	527	953
Croy, part of - - - - - (2) Parish	151	151	—	1	59	19	56	277	304	581
Moy & Dalrassie - - - - - (5) United Parishes	25	43	—	—	22	1	—	55	55	108
Nairn - - - - - (1) Burgh & Parish	679	765	8	12	97	196	472	1491	1737	3228
Urquhart, part of - - - - - (5) Parish	521	533	2	9	241	56	53	347	779	1326
TOTALS... ..	2012	2151	15	51	790	429	905	4082	4924	9006

(1) Calder Parish is partly in Inverness-shire. The entire Parish contains 1190 inhabitants. (2) Croy Parish is mostly in Inverness-shire. The entire Parish contains 1558 inhabitants. An improvement of moor land, by pensioners and others, is mentioned as a cause of increased population. (3) Moy and Dalrassie are partly in Inverness-shire. The entire Parish contains 1552 inhabitants. A few small farms have been thrown together, the population is therefore diminished. (4) The fishermen at Nairn are one third more numerous than in 1811, and the depression of agriculture has driven many persons into the Burgh. (5) Urquhart Parish is mostly in Ross-shire. The entire Parish contains 2822 inhabitants. The population of the Nairnshire part of the Parish has declined from the distress of the times, which is particularly felt here.

SHIRE OF NAIRN—continued.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & up- wards.	TOTAL
MALES	551	512	514	413	547	451	775	285	248	112	21	1	—	4929
FEMALES	572	481	470	496	714	587	522	427	196	172	25	5	—	4860

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Nairn was 9006; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 8898; whence it appears, that the Ages of one eighty-third part of the Persons therein enumerated have not been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Nairn was 7, one of which did not contain any answer to the question concerning Ages, and is thus marked (—).

Shire of Orkney and Shetland.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS.		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
ORKNEY ISLES.											
Mainland: (1)											
Andrews, St. (2) Parish	150	155	—	—	110	26	19	582	477	857	
Birsay Parish	561	564	—	—	157	115	98	687	879	1566	
Dearness Parish	134	154	—	—	30	12	32	315	378	693	
Evie Parish	171	171	—	—	90	56	45	519	462	981	
Forth Parish	127	127	—	—	89	35	1	375	512	887	
Harray Parish	158	164	1	3	102	55	5	528	591	1119	
Holm and Paplay Parishes	145	115	—	—	110	20	15	511	452	963	
Kirkwall Burgh	509	542	1	2	7	532	185	958	1271	2229	
Ola Saunt Parish	154	272	—	—	90	99	15	491	545	1036	
Orphir, with Cava Island Parish	180	182	2	—	171	8	—	407	499	906	
Rendall Parish	96	96	—	—	79	4	15	240	278	518	
Sandwich Parish	155	191	—	—	152	9	50	453	497	950	
Stenness Parish	125	125	—	—	84	18	18	280	516	796	
Stronness Burgh of Barony	585	556	—	3	2	100	594	940	1296	2236	
Stronness Parish	125	164	—	—	121	—	40	508	400	908	
	2759	5515	5	6	1142	917	956	6670	8592	15,062	
North Isles:											
Eday and Pharay Islands	125	156	—	5	116	16	21	524	549	1073	
Farishay (—) Island	40	45	1	—	30	5	8	110	116	226	
Ennallow (—) Island	5	5	—	—	2	—	—	4	7	11	
Gairsay (—) Island	12	12	—	—	7	3	2	55	41	96	
Ronaldsday, North Island	75	75	—	—	69	6	—	215	207	422	
Rousay (—) Island	171	179	1	—	108	27	48	590	414	1004	
Shapinsay Island	151	167	—	—	102	60	5	562	417	979	
Sanda Island:											
Burness Parish	88	90	—	—	79	7	4	199	216	415	
Cross Parish	116	118	—	—	94	15	11	269	296	565	
Lady Parish	169	172	—	2	142	16	14	405	477	882	
Stronsay Island:											
Lady-Kirk Parish	53	66	—	—	35	15	18	144	171	315	
St. Peter's Parish	44	61	—	—	45	6	10	148	162	310	
including Papa-Stronsay Island											
St. Nicholas Parish	68	76	—	1	63	8	5	190	198	388	

What is called the Mainland, is the largest of the Orkney Isles, sometimes called Pomona. The present of the Shire of Orkney, in the Abstract of 1811, was not suitable to a County consisting of Islands; the present arrangement was furnished by the Sheriff-Substitute of Orkney. (2) One in St. Andrew's Parish upwards of 100 years of age.

SHIRE OF ORKNEY AND SHETLAND—continued.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES.				OCCUPATIONS.				PERSONS.		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Booths.	Un-inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Manufactures and Trades.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Westray Island -											
North, or Lady-Kirk Parish	115	165	—	—	115	18	2		402	422	824
East - - - - - Parish	80	95	—	—	76	12	—		248	257	505
West - - - - - Parish	50	56	—	—	47	4	9		150	161	311
Papa-Westray - - - Island	19	30	—	—	15	5	—		158	159	317
Wier (+) - - - - - Island	16	16	—	—	15	1	—		56	41	97
	1155	1798	2	0	1186	46	11		3745	4177	7922
South Isles:											
Burray - - - - - Island	50	53	—	—	21	15	16		116	129	245
Cornishay - - - - - Island	1	1	—	—	1	—	—		6	4	10
Hollett and South-Farra Islands	52	61	—	—	50	2	—		144	153	297
Grimsey - - - - - Island	51	47	—	—	51	1	—		104	116	220
Hoy - - - - - Parish	15	67	—	1	15	1	—		127	161	288
Walls Island:											
North-Walls - - - Parish	61	69	—	4	63	—	—		158	196	354
South-Walls - - - Parish	91	102	—	7	99	5	—		271	518	589
Ronaldshay, South, Island:											
St. Peter's, or North Kirk Parish	275	286	7	5	125	71	89		671	742	1396
Lady, or South-Kirk Parish	117	117	1	1	69	16	32		246	507	553
Swanay & Pentland-Skerries Islands	8	8	—	—	8	1	—		22	15	37
	757	801	1	15	525	111	168		1851	2111	3962
SHETLAND-ISLES.											
Aithsting & Sandsting (+) (1) Parish	508	517	2	1	6	16	501		562	1022	1584
Brassay, Barra, and } (1) Parish	279	291	—	—	260	19	15		779	846	1555
Quail, (+) - - - - - Parish	517	521	2	6	502	15	1		797	1021	1818
Delting - - - - - Parish	692	760	5	15	645	10	116		1645	2165	3798
Dunrossness, Sandwick, } (+) Parish	692	760	5	15	645	10	116		1645	2165	3798
Cuminsburgh, & Farra-Isle - - - - - Town	255	520	6	2	9	165	346		981	1240	2221
Leewick - - - - - Parish	57	97	—	—	48	—	9		172	187	351
and Gulberwick - - - Parish	57	97	—	—	48	—	9		172	187	351
Ministry of Nesting:											
Lunastang, Nesting, } United Parishes	325	511	—	5	555	2	4		892	1115	2005
Skerries, & Whel-Isle, (+) - - - - - Parish	572	576	—	—	561	6	6		1039	1225	2264
Northmavine (+) - - - Parish	551	402	1	5	296	11	95		1015	1266	2309
Tingwall, Whitecass, & Westdale, (+) (2) - - - Parish	412	455	4	15	560	—	97		1176	1422	2598
Unst (+) - - - - - Parish	557	557	—	—	526	4	7		917	1074	1991
Walls, Sandnes, Papa, and } Parish	251	269	—	9	277	1	51		717	869	1586
Foula (+) - - - - - Parish	277	280	9	9	265	7	8		768	961	1729
Yell, North, and Fetlar (+) Parish	277	280	9	9	265	7	8		768	961	1729
Yell, South and Mid (+) - - - Parish	277	280	9	9	265	7	8		768	961	1729
	1215	1756	27	61	5451	270	1035		11,801	14,314	26,115

(1) The mixed occupation of the inhabitants of Aithsting and Sandsting, and of Brassay and Barra, has caused almost all the families to be ascribed to agriculture in the latter, to the fishery in the former. In the rest of Shetland, they are generally ascribed to agriculture. In some of the Orkney Islands, the same doubt has evidently had a like effect. (2) The discovery of a coal-bank is mentioned in the Tingwall Return. The Returns of the Shetland Isles very generally ascribe part of the increase of population to persons returned from the navy and army at the peace, and to the subdivision of land; besides which, the fishery is an inducement to early marriages.

SHIRE OF ORKNEY AND SHETLAND—continued.

SUMMARY

OF HOUSES, FAMILIES, AND PERSONS, IN THE SHIRE OF ORKNEY & SHETLAND.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By h ^y nary Families Occupied.	Dwelling.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS	
ORKNEY-ISLES:											
MAINLAND	2739	7515	5	6	1442	917	956	6670	8792	15,062	
NORTH-ISLES	1155	1598	12	9	1186	216	196	5717	4177	7922	
SOUTH-ISLES	757	801	3	15	525	111	168	1800	2111	3993	
SHETLAND-ISLES	1215	1750	27	61	5151	250	1055	11,801	11,511	26,113	
TOTALS	9176	10,187	58	91	6301	1521	2555	21,070	20,051	65,121	

AGES OF PERSONS.

MALES.

	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 25	25 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards.	TOTAL.
ORKNEY-ISLES:															
MAINLAND	900	876	767	651	976	664	626	579	477	201	48	2	—	—	6696
NORTH-ISLES	406	519	586	557	509	505	277	228	122	105	50	1	—	—	5169
SOUTH-ISLES	251	221	258	226	267	186	110	117	100	60	21	1	—	—	1851
SHETLAND-ISLES	721	226	197	190	291	225	206	157	103	41	9	2	—	—	1953
Total of MALES	1867	1721	1588	1407	2006	1586	1219	1061	874	405	108	6	—	—	15,672

FEMALES.

	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 25	25 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards.	TOTAL.
ORKNEY ISLES:															
MAINLAND	907	866	670	737	1305	1054	943	758	650	264	68	5	1	—	8421
NORTH-ISLES	415	597	528	297	600	596	358	517	249	152	52	1	1	—	5527
SOUTH-ISLES	221	221	189	204	405	277	212	165	157	75	25	2	—	—	2151
SHETLAND-ISLES	516	196	261	227	416	325	291	205	112	68	26	2	—	—	2145
Total of FEMALES	1855	1680	1531	1483	2360	2056	1787	1445	1178	558	145	8	2	—	16,545

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Orkney and Shetland was 55,121; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 50,217; whence it appears, that the Ages of between one second and one-third part of the Persons therein enumerated have not been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Orkney and Shetland was 56; sixteen of which did not contain any answer to the question concerning the Ages of Persons, and are thus marked (—); among which are all (except two) of the Shetland Isles. A small proportion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in the respective Number of Males and Females.

Shire of Peebles.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCHIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Broughton - - - Parish	47	47	—	—	20	15	12		111	116	226
Drumelzier - - - Parish	51	55	—	—	29	12	12		155	158	313
Eddlestone - - - Parish	119	149	—	10	128	17	4		418	592	810
Glenholm - - - Parish	41	11	—	5	51	8	5		118	121	239
Innerleithen, part of (1) Parish	118	151	—	—	67	57	7		319	313	632
Kilbucko - - - Parish	59	59	—	—	42	12	5		117	181	328
Kirkurd - - - Parish	57	58	—	—	25	11	22		170	182	352
Linton - - - Parish	241	267	—	12	100	101	65		584	610	1194
Lyne and Theggate - - - Parish	26	26	—	—	21	1	1		99	77	176
Manor - - - Parish	41	18	—	5	41	4	5		164	160	324
Newlands - - - Parish	195	195	—	—	117	42	36		505	556	1061
Peebles, part of (2) Burgh & Parish	418	595	—	5	115	515	165		1550	1571	2701
Skirling - - - Parish	60	61	—	—	26	16	19		179	166	345
Stobo - - - Parish	62	75	—	6	8	10	57		193	218	413
Traquair - - - Parish	108	108	—	—	59	21	48		325	318	643
Tweedsmuir - - - Parish	44	46	—	—	25	6	15		111	124	265
TOTALS.....	1750	1962	2	51	837	651	474		4973	5073	10,016

(1) Innerleithen Parish is partly in the Shire of Selkirk. The entire Parish contains 705 inhabitants.
 (2) Part of the Parish of Peebles is in the Shire of Selkirk. The entire Parish contains 2705 inhabitants.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & up- wards.	TOTAL
MALES	701	714	698	721	809	485	455	275	182	122	22	2	—	4965
FEMALES	695	616	585	568	966	520	132	320	216	95	15	5	—	5061

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Peebles was 10,016; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 10,024: whence it appears, that the Ages of nearly all the Persons therein enumerated have been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Peebles was 16, every one of which contained an answer to the question concerning Ages: a small proportion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in the respective Numbers of Males and Females.

Shire of Perth.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.			HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
			Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Buildings.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Aberdalgie	-	Parish	88	91	—	—	51	16	21		246	211	490
Aberfeld	-	(1) Parish	115	118	—	—	23	14	111		319	381	730
Abernethy, part of	-	(2) Parish	285	368	1	11	69	219	80		751	800	1551
Abernyte	-	Parish	16	19	1	—	26	11	12		154	135	269
Alyth, part of	-	(3) Parish	450	573	4	12	92	170	511		1116	1271	2587
Angask, part of	-	(4) Parish	41	41	—	—	22	20	2		111	150	241
Auchterader	-	(5) Parish	445	670	2	5	156	411	90		1121	1119	2870
Auchtergavenn	-	Parish	140	527	4	11	166	217	111		1161	1314	2178
Balquhadder	-	Parish	217	250	—	6	89	59	102		581	640	1221
Blackdochy	-	Parish	150	155	—	10	65	45	27		375	591	766
Blackford	-	Parish	515	570	—	15	105	109	156		915	977	1892
Blair, Atholl, & Strowan	-	Parish	555	545	—	—	195	78	270		1219	1214	2495
Blargowrie	-	(6) Parish	411	526	4	6	126	255	167		1070	1185	2255
Callendar	-	Parish	551	489	—	19	82	161	216		927	1101	2051
Capatin	-	Parish	462	510	—	20	152	121	271		1110	1238	2548
Cargill	-	Parish	501	552	—	7	119	228	5		785	853	1617
Clunie	-	(7) Parish	181	201	—	12	59	58	101		462	470	912
Collace	-	Parish	158	110	—	5	56	17	57		555	558	691
Comrie	-	Parish	457	575	—	6	252	166	173		1225	1562	2611
Crieff	-	Parish	655	1018	—	—	187	938	165		1955	2261	4216
Culross	-	(8) Bugh & Parish	255	325	—	11	50	98	177		632	782	1454
Cupar-Angus, part of	-	(9) Parish	579	610	—	6	42	502	266		1080	1256	2550
Dowdally	-	Parish	126	122	—	7	50	57	62		235	298	531
Dron	-	Parish	102	106	—	6	50	27	29		261	279	529
Dull	-	(10) Parish	861	928	—	11	561	179	588		2178	2550	4508
Dunbarney	-	Parish	225	225	—	5	52	165	8		556	608	1161
Dunblane	-	(11) Parish	552	658	—	6	97	599	112		1601	1651	3153
Dunkeld	-	Town & Parish	119	519	—	2	—	119	171		657	727	1564
Dunkeld, Little	-	Parish	601	622	—	11	207	168	245		1159	1388	2975
Dunning	-	Parish	232	456	—	8	115	185	166		901	971	1876
Erol	-	Parish	557	662	—	65	165	456	41		1110	1161	2887
Findogask	-	Parish	109	109	—	2	50	29	1		251	271	522
Forgandenny, part of	-	(12) Parish	176	185	—	11	86	59	47		451	467	902
Forreston	-	Parish	110	111	—	9	81	45	15		599	592	797
Fortingall	-	(13) Parish	661	669	—	5	321	82	269		1516	1655	3180
Fossway, part of	-	(14) Parish	159	172	—	1	52	50	69		402	418	828
Fowls-Easter	-	Parish	72	80	—	9	50	16	51		195	215	438
Fowls-Wester	-	(15) Parish	516	561	—	19	198	75	180		905	911	1816
Glendovan	-	Parish	20	29	—	1	11	9	6		77	62	139
Inchture	-	Parish	200	216	—	1	61	55	100		471	518	983
Invergownie	-	(16) Parish	9	9	—	—	—	2	7		18	38	56
Kennore	-	(17) Parish	675	691	—	5	279	115	505		1616	1751	3311
Killin	-	Parish	555	107	—	5	101	80	226		980	1115	2107
Kilmadock, with Donne	-	Parish	420	630	—	7	141	256	275		1101	1716	2410
Kilspindie	-	Parish	112	117	—	3	80	39	28		525	539	722
Kincaidmar, in Montath, with Thimall	-	Parish	476	501	—	5	257	114	100		1151	1257	2788

(1) In the Parish of Aberfeld, a parochial school and a parochial house has been established, and a slate quarry opened. (2) Abernethy Parish is partly in Perthshire. The entire Parish contains 1701 inhabitants. (3) Alyth Parish is partly in the Shire of Forfar. The entire Parish contains 2569 inhabitants. (4) Angask Parish is partly in the Shire of Fife, partly in Kinross. The entire Parish contains 680 inhabitants. (5) The cotton trade, mauling, and distilling, have increased at Auchterader since 1811. (6) A spinning-mill has been erected at Blargowrie. (7) Emigration, and the enlargement of farms, are mentioned in the returns from Clunie and Weem. (8) The coal works, formerly carried on in the Parish of Culross, have ceased, and the **Dungh** is in a state of decay. It is locally situated in Fifehire. (9) Cupar-Angus Parish is partly in the Shire of Forfar. The entire Parish contains 2622 inhabitants. (10) The population of the Parish of Dull would have appeared more numerous by 500, if taken in February before the departure of those who seek summer service in the Lowlands; such persons are noticed in the Kinross and Perth Returns, and elsewhere. (11) A mineral spring has been discovered at Dunblane. (12) Forgandenny is partly in the Shire of Kinross. The entire Parish contains 915 inhabitants. (13) The conversion of land to sheep pasture prevails in the Parish of Fortingall. (14) Fossway Parish is partly in the Shire of Kinross. The entire Parish contains 1511 inhabitants. (15) An enlargement of farms is mentioned as having caused a decrease of population at Fowls-Wester, at St. Martin's, Meigie, Montath, and Muthill, and in many other Parishes. (16) Invergownie is partly in the Shire of Forfar, but the whole is here entered. (17) One hundred in Kennore Parish was out of 100 years of age. But

SHIRE OF PERTH—continued.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES.				OCCUPATIONS.					PERSONS.		
	Inhabited.	By how many Inhabited Occupies.	Buildings.	Un-inhabited.	Farmers, &c., employed in Agriculture.	Farmers, &c., employed in Trade.	Masons, &c., or in handicraft.	All other Families, not comprised in the two foregoing Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Kinclaven - - - (18) Parish	191	191	1	8	78	99	12	12		480	506	986
Kinlains - - - Parish	112	113	1	2	65	75	11	11		281	421	802
Kinloch - - - Parish	77	79	2	1	52	55	11	209		206	415	
Kinnaird - - - Parish	92	96	1	5	58	57	21	225		212	462	
Kinnoul - - - Parish	525	603	5	10	57	58	290	1290		1394	2674	
Kippen, part of - - - (19) Parish	129	129	1	7	40	50	57	57		225	337	661
Kirkmichael - - - (20) Parish	528	55	1	2	171	66	98	781		770	1551	
Leacroft, part of - - - (20) Parish	56	45	1	1	35	55	5	155		128	261	
Leckinchy - - - Parish	78	80	1	2	26	51	23	201		207	408	
Lochee, part of - - - (21) Parish	62	75	1	5	57	22	11	175		201	376	
Lochee - - - Parish	657	670	1	11	256	285	151	1778		1617	5005	
Longforgan - - - (22) Town & Parish	350	356	3	37	127	69	160	1722		822	1514	
Maderty - - - Parish	158	158	—	3	60	73	5	552		562	714	
Madros, St. - - - (25) Parish	61	61	5	4	32	26	5	171		160	331	
Maitlands, St. - - - (15) Parish	195	201	1	8	98	100	9	487		517	1004	
Methrie - - - (15) Parish	180	190	1	2	40	155	9	420		457	817	
Methven - - - (24) Parish	477	656	5	5	141	550	167	1115		1469	2994	
Moncydie - - - Parish	212	221	1	5	111	59	71	561		617	1178	
Monivand - - - (15) Parish	95	102	—	4	56	22	17	267		272	559	
Monzie - - - (24) Parish	271	271	—	16	105	56	110	477		600	1167	
Mouth - - - Parish	116	157	4	28	128	297	12	879		1079	1915	
Muckart - - - (25) Parish	152	150	1	4	40	51	79	574		530	701	
Muthill - - - (19) Parish	481	677	—	5	159	192	516	1516		1516	2862	
Port - - - Parish	510	526	5	13	189	71	57	811		893	1614	
Rattray - - - Parish	225	269	5	6	96	111	52	489		568	1057	
Redgorton - - - Parish	298	571	1	11	108	149	114	746		815	1589	
Rhind - - - Parish	77	75	1	1	19	15	41	205		221	426	
Seone - - - (26) Parish	556	472	—	6	72	571	29	1040		1115	2155	
Strowan - - - Parish	55	59	—	2	58	15	6	168		169	337	
Tillicoultry - - - Parish	286	327	1	12	81	217	26	795		811	1634	
Trinity-Gask - - - Parish	109	125	—	1	57	11	24	541		558	679	
Tulliallan - - - (27) Parish	509	791	—	12	52	512	250	1515		2015	3538	
Weston - - - (7) Parish	255	265	—	5	155	47	65	709		709	1554	
	21,759	25,986	102	651	7722	10,149	815	57,258		62,724	119,982	
Burgh of PERTH.												
Church, East - - - - -	1758	1758	2	177	51	875	811	5237		5718	6955	
Church, West - - - - -	1059	1059	—	52	—	501	555	1861		2065	3926	
Middle Church - - - - - (28)	1561	1564	8	42	—	675	689	2237		2719	4956	
St. Paul's Church - - - - -	845	845	1	58	1	522	520	1440		1791	5231	
	4984	4981	11	509	52	2371	2558	8775		10,293	19,068	

(18) An enlargement of farms has taken place at Kinclaven. (19) Kippen Parish is mostly in Stirling-shire. The entire Parish contains 2029 inhabitants. (20) Leacroft Parish is partly in Stirlingshire. The entire Parish contains 515 inhabitants. (21) Leoge Parish is partly in the Shire of Clackmannan, partly in that of Stirling. The entire Parish contains 2015 inhabitants. (22) A Quarry has discontinued working at Ringrody, in the Parish of Longforgan. (25) One female in St. Malos' Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (21) The boundary of Methven Parish, as assumed in 1811, was not the same as in 1821, so in Monzie Parish it includes the Lands of Abernethy, Auchmadree, Callander, Cultoquhey, Gleninmond, and Monzie; each of which, in the year 1811, made a distinct return. (25) New Turnpike Roads have caused an increase of population in the Parish of Muckart. (26) A bleachfield has been established at Seone, and the population of the Village has increased. (27) Tulliallan is locally situated in the Shire of Fife. The Shipping has been prosperous, and employs many of the inhabitants. (28) Many Tenants, ejected from Highland Parishes, have fixed their abode at Perth.

SHIRE OF PERTH—continued.															
SUMMARY															
OF HOUSES, FAMILIES, AND PERSONS, IN THE SHIRE OF PERTH.															
DISTRICTS, &c. 	HOUSES:					OCCUPATIONS:							PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.		Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.				
Shire of PERTH.....	21,751	25,986	102	651		7722	10,149	8115	57,258	62,724	119,982				
Town of PERTH.....	4984	4984	11	509		52	2374	2538	8775	10,295	19,068				
TOTALS.....	26,718	50,970	115	960		7774	12,523	10,675	66,033	73,017	139,050				
AGES OF PERSONS.															
MALES.															
	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards.	TOTAL.	
Shire of PERTH.....	7287	7064	7175	6110	9056	5948	4979	4377	3202	1451	435	41	—	57,125	
Town of PERTH.....	1241	1036	986	957	1204	1041	945	710	438	167	45	7	—	8775	
Total of MALES....	8528	8100	8161	7067	10,260	6989	5922	5087	3640	1618	480	48	—	65,900	
FEMALES.															
	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards.	TOTAL.	
Shire of PERTH.....	7149	7073	6076	6514	11,233	7437	6134	5061	3432	1481	594	56	2	62,622	
Town of PERTH.....	1119	1048	973	1045	1879	1336	1128	891	556	245	68	6	—	10,294	
Total of FEMALES..	8268	8121	7049	7559	13,112	8773	7262	5952	3988	1726	462	42	2	72,916	
<p>The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Perth was 139,050; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 139,816: whence it appears, that the Ages of nearly all the Persons therein enumerated have been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.</p> <p>The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Perth was 83, every one of which contained an answer to the question concerning Ages. Several of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in the respective Numbers of Males and Females.</p>															

Shire of Renfrew.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS.					PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, Handicrafts.	All other Families not comprehended in the two preceding Heads.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.		
Abbey - - - - - (1) Parish	1479	4210	8	1	546	3688	169	9609	10,968	20,575		
Berth, part of - - - (2) Parish	10	11	1	1	0	0	0	29	38	67		
Cathcart, part of - - (3) Parish	217	565	1	1	81	259	42	950	955	1885		
Dunlop, part of - - - (4) Parish	12	12	1	1	10	2	1	34	51	85		
Eaglesham - - - - - (5) Parish	219	581	1	1	81	291	6	932	995	1927		
Eastwood - - - - - (6) Parish	597	1151	1	4	111	931	56	2650	276	5676		
Erskine - - - - - (6) Parish	145	167	1	4	95	48	26	493	478	973		
Govan, part of - - - (7) Parish	80	109	1	1	20	71	48	257	203	550		
Greenock (8) { East - Parish	796	796	3	63	57	106	555	1640	1895	3605		
	564	1866	2	51	1	505	1556	5013	2449	7260		
	525	2698	9	178	75	1275	1550	4760	6465	11,225		
Houston and Killellan - (9) Parish	208	455	1	1	100	520	15	1080	1257	2517		
Inchinnan - - - - - Parish	76	105	1	2	59	8	38	288	294	582		
Inverkip - - - - - Parish	478	478	1	6	106	179	255	1102	1242	2344		
Kilbarchan - - - - - Parish	102	627	4	4	115	636	48	1386	2227	4213		
Kilmalechn - - - - - Parish	217	510	1	8	206	9	778	822	1600			
Lochwinnoch - - - - - Parish	507	811	1	4	251	525	67	1975	2153	4130		
Meams - - - - - (10) Parish	282	405	1	4	201	167	27	2947	3592	6549		
Newton - - - - - Parish	679	1269	5	50	557	1511	852	12,135	11,295	26,428		
Paisley - - - - - (11) Burgh	1616	5750	8	87	1	671	571	2271	2991	5262		
Port Glasgow - - - - (12) Town	128	1283	8	89	1	58	45	1261	1582	2646		
Renfrew - - - - - Burgh & Parish	536	512	5	3	111	58						
TOTALS.	10,490	25,977	53	516	2725	13,780	5472	51,178	60,997	112,175		

(1) The Return of the Abbey Parish includes that part of it which is situate East of the River Cart, and from which a separate Return was received and entered in 1811. Rather more than half the population of the Parish may be ascribed to the Town of Paisley, which is surrounded by the Abbey Parish.

(2) Berth Parish is mostly in Ayrshire (Cunningham District). The entire Parish contains 1472 inhabitants.

(3) Cathcart Parish is partly in Lanarkshire. The entire Parish contains 2056 inhabitants.

(4) Dunlop Parish is mostly in Ayrshire. The increase of population arises from its contiguity to Glasgow.

(5) Eaglesham Parish contains 1097 inhabitants.

(6) Eastwood Parish has been established at Eaglesham since 1811.

(7) One male in Eastwood Parish upwards of 100 years of age.

(8) Govan Parish is mostly in Lanarkshire. The entire Parish contains 4575 inhabitants.

(9) It appears, that in the Return of the West Parish of Greenock, nearly 500 seamen belonging to registered vessels, were included; these have been deducted. The three Parishes together appear to contain 22,088 inhabitants.

(10) One male in Houston and Killellan Parish upwards of 100 years of age.

(11) The Burgh of Paisley consists of three Parishes; of which the High Church Parish contains 12,442 inhabitants, the Middle Parish 8421 inhabitants, the Low Parish 5565 inhabitants; add to which the Suburb comprised in the Return of Abbey Parish, containing 11,620 inhabitants, so that the total number of inhabitants in Paisley may be estimated at 28,000. One male and one female in the Burgh of Paisley are upwards of 100 years of age.

(12) One male in Port Glasgow upwards of 100 years of age.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards.	TOTAL.
MALES	9127	7594	6501	5765	8880	5634	4615	3200	2132	921	274	26	4	54,315
FEMALES	9653	7822	6601	6307	10,586	6295	4896	3431	2240	1029	279	51	1	58,262

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Renfrew was 112,175; and the Ages, as returned, being of 112,577 Persons, are rather redundant than deficient.

The Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Renfrew was 22, every one of which contained an answer to the question concerning the Ages of Persons.

Shires of Ross and Cromarty.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:			PERSONS.		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Alness - - - - - Parish	260	267	15	11	152	60	55	610	650	1270
Applecross (-) - - - (1) Parish	508	525	2	30	341	45	141	1391	1402	2795
Avoch - - - - - (2) Parish	371	397	4	15	114	271	12	824	997	1821
Barvas - - - - - (5) Parish	529	529	—	—	489	—	40	1186	1382	2568
Contin - - - - - (4) Parish	405	414	5	16	169	15	202	921	1009	1930
Cromarty - - - - - Town	516	501	4	8	15	512	177	855	1158	1995
— and Parish	161	165	—	5	146	15	12	278	578	656
Dunvegan (-) - - - Burgh & Parish	549	463	5	8	198	106	159	950	1101	2051
Edderton - - - - - Parish	201	211	3	7	87	15	100	425	490	915
Fearn - - - - - (1) Parish	556	561	7	15	119	197	45	707	857	1654
Fodderty (-) - - - Parish	425	441	1	1	311	61	66	916	1056	1952
Glensiel (-) - - - Parish	527	527	1	—	485	45	—	2110	2108	4218
Glensiel - - - - - (5) Parish	131	159	—	10	115	15	9	572	396	768
Killiernan - - - - - Parish	222	224	5	2	91	71	56	612	729	1341
Kilmuir, Easter - - - Parish	516	526	5	8	256	75	17	621	757	1381
Kiltearn - - - - - Parish	298	327	5	7	107	87	155	648	806	1454
Kincardine - - - - - Parish	444	445	4	7	515	58	91	821	987	1811
Kintail - - - - - Parish	201	210	—	—	86	122	2	475	532	1027
Knockbain - - - - - Parish	450	459	5	18	165	125	171	845	1150	1975
Lochalsh - - - - - (6) Parish	450	457	—	1	250	15	182	1221	1268	2492
Lochbroom - - - - - (7) Parish	871	896	11	35	722	62	112	2195	2515	4540
Locharron - - - - - (8) Parish	345	369	1	12	255	51	80	956	976	1932
Lochs - - - - - (9) Parish	589	589	—	—	589	—	—	1515	1556	3069
Logie, Easter - - - - - Parish	221	221	—	12	56	80	105	362	451	815
Nigg - - - - - (1) Parish	531	556	6	—	81	246	9	660	776	1136
Resolis - - - - - (10) Parish	265	278	6	15	115	50	115	522	679	1201
Rosemarkie (-) - - - (11) Parish	500	559	7	18	141	117	68	751	810	1571
Rosskeen - - - - - Parish	572	615	21	48	126	172	517	1178	1405	2581
Stornoway - - - - - (12) Town & Parish	788	831	6	8	400	405	18	1811	2503	4119
Tain - - - - - Burgh & Parish	575	665	2	6	221	205	259	1556	1505	2861
Tarbat - - - - - (1) Parish	561	581	16	10	242	70	69	756	869	1625
Uig - - - - - (15) Parish	566	592	2	1	475	—	119	1511	1551	2875
Urquhart (part of) - - - (14) Parish	500	514	4	10	181	68	65	671	825	1496
Urray (part of) - - - (15) Parish	616	620	2	2	586	74	160	1211	1190	2751
TOTALS.....	15,638	14,506	116	345	7917	3356	3205	52,524	56,504	68,828

(1) The increase of Population in the Parish of Applecross, is attributed to the herring fishery; so in the Parishes of Fearn, Lochalsh, Lochbroom, Nigg, and Tarbat. (2) A new harbour, and other improvements, are remarked at Avoch. (3) One male and two females in Barvas Parish, upwards of 100 years of age. (4) One male in Contin Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (5) Emigration is prevalent in the Parish of Glensiel, yet the Population is on the increase. (6) One male in Lochalsh Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (7) Two males and two females upwards of 100 years of age in Lochbroom Parish. (8) Four females upwards of 100 years of age in Locharron Parish. (9) Four males and three females upwards of 100 years of age in Lochs Parish. (10) Resolis, or, strictly speaking, Kilmacmillan and Culleuddien, united. (11) The Return of Rosemarkie Parish includes the Burgh of Fortrose. (12) One male and four females in Stornoway upwards of 100 years of age. (13) One male in Uig Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (14) Urquhart Parish is partly in the Shire of Naun. The entire Parish contains 2,822 inhabitants. (15) Urray Parish is partly in the Shire of Inverness, but the whole is here entered.

SHIRES OF ROSS AND CROMARTY—continued

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & up- wards.	TOTAL.
MALES	5884	5696	5417	5647	5779	5854	5211	4818	4235	651	298	47	13	25,936
FEMALES	5686	5552	5292	5885	5111	3829	2917	2127	1767	671	271	49	15	50,118

The Total Number of Persons in the Shires of Ross and Cromarty was 85,828; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned was 56,051; whence it appears, that the Ages of but one-fifth and one sixth part of the Persons therein enumerated have not been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shires of Ross and Cromarty was 33; five of which contained no answer to the question concerning Ages, and the thus marked Returns a small proportion of the Returns of Ages were somewhat deficient, or in some instances in excess of the Numbers of Males and Females.

Shire of Roxburgh.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES.				OCCUPATIONS.				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Buildings.	Un-inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicrafts.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
CASTLETOWN-MELROSE District.											
Boswells, &c.	127	153	—	5	62	32	11	298	338	636	
Bowden	195	205	1	8	115	54	56	455	501	956	
Castleton	341	421	—	6	184	129	117	911	1085	2039	
Landean, with Galashells part of	51	54	—	—	27	5	4	90	97	187	
Lulworth	137	174	1	16	80	52	42	511	428	779	
Maxton	93	95	—	5	68	12	15	299	214	463	
Melrose	595	728	4	15	298	286	150	1697	1770	3467	
	1520	1788	6	55	652	555	427	4055	4471	8524	
HAWICK District.											
Ashkirk, part of	66	71	1	5	31	11	6	177	185	360	
Cavers	241	291	—	10	137	80	54	741	763	1504	
Hawick	489	917	2	5	189	536	192	2153	2274	4387	
Kirkcaldy	56	65	—	2	45	8	11	150	165	315	
Robertson, part of	66	69	—	1	62	6	1	181	203	384	
Selkirk, part of	6	6	—	1	5	—	1	17	15	32	
Willon	245	589	1	10	144	149	96	780	881	1661	
	1172	1808	4	52	654	790	564	4199	4444	8643	
JEDBURGH District.											
Anerum	238	290	—	15	180	75	35	662	724	1386	
Bedrule	50	51	—	5	42	6	5	152	192	344	
Craigh	135	156	5	6	65	51	40	355	305	748	
Hobkirk	120	120	—	11	45	26	51	325	327	652	
Jedburgh	794	1158	4	28	285	459	416	2199	2752	5251	
Minto	85	91	—	1	62	16	15	255	259	472	
Oxnam	127	153	—	9	71	21	41	355	558	693	
Southdean	147	151	—	6	86	16	49	406	451	857	
	1714	2130	9	79	832	650	618	4967	5416	10,383	

SHIRE OF ROXBURGH—continued.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	District.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
		Inhabitants.	By how many Families Occupied.	Buildings.	Un-inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Bokford	Parish	214	219	12	8	177	32	10		525	608	1133
Bonnamy	Parish	120	120	1	6	69	25	26		270	551	821
Bowden	Parish	51	59	1	15	14	11	28		167	165	332
Bowden	(8) Parish	555	1227	4	5	158	305	466		2275	2587	4862
Bowden	Parish	78	79	1	4	75	2	4		215	213	428
Bowden	Parish	58	59	1	2	41	6	9		109	176	285
Bowden	Parish	181	207	1	6	156	41	7		525	543	1068
Bowden	(9) Parish	109	202	1	12	100	21	21		450	496	946
Bowden	Parish	111	125	1	5	72	26	27		210	280	490
Bowden	(10) Parish	105	106	1	2	11	11	20		191	257	448
Bowden	(2) Parish	291	296	1	8	175	17	61		605	766	1371
Bowden	Parish	251	517	1	7	122	108	87		561	699	1260
		2181	2915	8	78	1299	819	769		6189	7155	15,342

(1) Pasturage has been converted to tillage in the Parish of Bowden. (2) Galashiel's Parish is mostly in the Shire of Selkirk. (3) The decrease of Population in the Parish of Liddel is very recent, and perhaps temporary. (4) Ashkirk Parish is partly in the Shire of Selkirk. The entire Parish contains 514 inhabitants. (5) Robertown Parish is partly in the Shire of Selkirk. The entire Parish contains 674 inhabitants. (6) Selkirk Parish is mostly in the Shire of Selkirk. The entire Parish contains 2,728 inhabitants. (7) Several breeding-mills have been erected in the Parish of Wilton since 1811. (8) One female in Kelso Parish upwards of 100 years of age. (9) Female labour in agriculture is still prevalent in the Parish of Roxburgh, though not to such a degree as heretofore. The first part of this observation is applicable to the Parish of Sprouston. (10) Stutchell is partly in the Shire of Berwick, but the whole is here entered.

SUMMARY

OF HOUSES, FAMILIES, AND PERSONS, IN THE SHIRE OF ROXBURGH.

Districts of	1520	1788	6	55	832	555	427	4055	4471	8524
CASTLETON-MELROSE.	1172	1808	4	52	661	790	561	4199	4144	8343
HAWICK.	1711	2150	9	79	835	650	618	4967	5416	10,383
JEDBURGH.	2181	2915	8	78	1295	819	769	6189	7155	13,342
KELSO.										
TOTALS.	6587	8659	27	212	5615	2822	2201	19,408	21,481	40,889

AGES OF PERSONS.

MALES.

District of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards.	TOTAL.
CASTLETOWN-MELROSE	603	578	491	424	606	412	564	225	171	84	23	2	—	4053
HAWICK	675	519	509	598	594	514	591	503	165	90	22	3	—	4211
JEDBURGH	776	707	641	464	688	555	461	517	211	103	56	3	—	4967
KELSO	911	898	784	659	856	626	564	419	507	165	39	5	—	6189
Total of MALES	2965	2752	2425	1925	2724	2109	1780	1534	855	410	120	11	—	19,420

SHIRE OF ROXBURGH—continued.

AGES OF PERSONS.

FEMALES.

District of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	TOTAL
CASTLETOWN—)													
MELROSE)	652	635	419	465	716	419	455	525	223	110	25	45	
HAWICK	659	517	505	555	758	494	441	545	259	102	20	20	
JEDBURGH	692	736	591	545	915	600	488	539	275	114	25	25	
KELSO	882	822	771	761	1276	842	629	471	395	254	114	114	
Total of MALES	2815	2751	2289	2125	5665	2488	1996	1499	1152	560	114	114	

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Roxburgh was 10,692; and the Ages of 40,905 Persons, are rather redundant than deficient.

The Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Roxburgh was 1, which contained an answer to the question concerning the Ages of Persons.

Shire of Selkirk.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA-PAROCIAL PLACE.	HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				PERSONS:		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Ashkirk, part of - (1) Parish	57	58	—	5	55	4	1	83	101	184	
Etterick - - - - - Parish	87	91	—	7	64	10	17	250	235	485	
Galashiels, part of - (2) Parish	174	255	—	5	25	155	95	696	662	1358	
Innerleithen, part of - (3) Parish	7	7	—	—	6	—	—	27	20	45	
Peebles, part of Parish: - (4)	1	1	—	—	1	—	—	1	3	4	
Glenax - - - - - Parish	55	55	—	1	44	9	2	150	160	290	
Robertown, part of - (5) Parish	432	621	1	11	68	189	364	1255	1441	2696	
Selkirk, part of (6) Burgh & Parish	61	64	—	2	53	13	18	155	173	328	
Stow - - - - - Parish	227	240	—	6	147	49	44	612	657	1249	
Yarrow - - - - - Parish											
TOTALS	1081	1372	1	35	421	409	542	3205	3432	6637	

* (1) Ashkirk Parish is mostly in Roxburghshire. The entire Parish contains 541 inhabitants. (2) Galashiels forms part of the Parish of Luncheon with Galashiels (Roxburghshire). The entire Parish contains 1545 inhabitants. (3) Innerleithen Parish is mostly in the Shire of Peebles. The entire Parish contains 705 inhabitants. (4) Peebles Parish is mostly in the Shire of Peebles. (5) Robertown Parish is mostly in the Shire of Roxburgh. The entire Parish contains 674 inhabitants. (6) Selkirk is partly in the Shire of Roxburgh. The entire Parish contains 728 inhabitants.

SHIRE OF SELKIRK—continued.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & up- wards	TOTAL
MALES.....	489	503	563	547	167	535	290	207	110	55	18	1	—	3202
FEMALES.....	483	477	585	539	581	100	307	218	111	72	20	6	—	3173

The Number of Persons in the Shire of Selkirk was 6657; and the Number of Persons whose Age was also 6657: whence it appears, that the Ages of all the Persons enumerated, are in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Selkirk was 9, every one of which answers to the question concerning the Ages of Persons.

Shire of Stirling.

		HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS.				PERSONS		
		Inhabited.	By how many Families Occupied.	Building.	Un-Inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade.	Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.	MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Airth	Parish	241	406	5	15	84	90	252	915	955	1900	
Alva	(1) Parish	200	251	—	6	14	116	121	552	598	1150	
Baldernock	Parish	166	171	1	10	78	70	55	418	441	859	
Halfiron	Parish	201	389	22	4	58	516	15	967	1074	2041	
Bothkennar	(2) Parish	165	173	—	7	59	53	99	449	416	865	
Buchanan	Parish	141	155	1	3	15	13	129	375	390	765	
Campsie	(5) Parish	458	960	4	52	108	806	46	2525	2101	4626	
Denny	Parish	111	691	5	4	105	199	587	1611	1775	3386	
Drymen (+)	Parish	286	318	—	20	172	56	90	856	825	1681	
Dunipace Parish:	(4) District	49	57	—	7	25	17	15	150	168	318	
Denovan, Little	District	76	127	—	12	25	76	28	306	326	632	
Denovan, Meikle	District	7	7	—	1	5	1	1	29	51	80	
Dunipace	District	26	51	—	1	15	9	2	84	85	169	
Forwood	(5) Parish	1108	2825	10	19	194	1025	1606	5451	6085	11536	
Falkirk	Parish	112	108	1	5	20	98	80	512	590	1102	
Gargunnoch	Parish	151	182	5	4	111	71	—	455	429	884	
Killearn	Parish	181	205	1	9	55	122	29	565	565	1130	
Kilpatrick, New or Easter	Parish	125	184	—	23	59	81	11	196	489	685	
Kilryth	(6) Parish	852	960	4	42	362	451	111	2105	2157	4262	
Kippen, part of	(7) Parish	512	513	1	13	60	91	162	639	709	1348	
Larbert	(8) Parish	569	661	1	8	221	305	157	1715	1778	3493	
Leecroft, part of	(9) Parish	56	47	1	—	14	30	5	129	125	254	
Logie, part of	(10) Parish	109	159	—	—	57	6	20	511	557	1068	
Muiravonside (+)	(5) Parish	281	296	3	18	82	105	109	906	772	1678	
Nithian, St. (+)	Parish	1209	1511	10	20	404	1012	65	3972	4502	8474	
Polmont (+)	Parish	422	412	2	21	42	61	359	1081	1087	2168	
Stamman	Parish	161	185	4	6	120	47	18	499	482	981	
Stirling	(11) Burgh & Parish	711	1688	8	8	15	1138	555	3275	3838	7113	
Strathblane	Parish	119	160	5	13	45	109	6	376	372	748	
TOTALS.....		8984	15,733	66	338	2500	6641	4492	51,718	55,658	107,376	

(1) The extension of blanket and plaid manufacture is mentioned in the Return from Alva. (2) The collieries are increased in the Parish of Bothkennar. (3) The linen printfields have continued in a flourishing state at Campsie; also coal-works and lime-works; hence the great increase of Population. (4) The entire Parish of Dunipace contains 1168 inhabitants. Milton is included in the Return of Meikle-Denovan. (5) The works on the Union Canal have caused an increase of Population at Falkirk, in the Parish of Muiravonside, and in some other Parishes. (6) The coal-works at Banton have caused an increase of Population in the Parish of Kilryth. (7) Kippen Parish is partly in the Shire of Perth. (8) The entire Parish contains 2029 inhabitants. (9) The apparent decrease of Population in the Parish of Larbert is supposed to arise from a defective Return in 1811, the Carron foundry and iron-works being situate in this Parish, and continuing in a flourishing state. (10) Leecroft Parish is mostly in the Shire of Perth. The entire Parish contains 513 inhabitants. (11) Logie Parish is partly in the Shire of Clackmannan, partly in Perthshire. The entire Parish contains 2015 inhabitants. (11) Stirling Parish is partly in the Shire of Clackmannan. The entire Parish contains 7314 inhabitants.

SHIRE OF STIRLING.—Continued

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 25	25 to 30	30 to 35	35 to 40	40 to 45	45 to 50	50 to 55	55 to 60	60 to 65	65 to 70	70 to 75	75 to 80	80 to 85	85 to 90	90 to 100 & upwards.	TOTAL.
MALES	3766	3786	5163	2718	3741	2573	2257	1512	1132	1092	88	173								24,032
FEMALES	3651	3531	5777	2929	3579	3000	2168	1812	1581	185										24,032

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Stirling was 65,764; and the Number of Ages were returned, was 51,521; whence it appears, that the Ages of nearly one fifth part of the population have not been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Total Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Stirling was 23,840; and did not contain any answer to the question concerning Ages, and are thus marked (+) in the portion of the Returns of Ages were some had deficient, or redundant—or incorrect in Numbers of Males and Females.

Shire of Sutherland.

PARISH, TOWNSHIP, OR EXTRA PAROCHIAL PLACE.			HOUSES:				OCCUPATIONS:				MALES.	FEMALE.	TOTAL.
Inhabited.	By a few Families occupied.	Buildings.	Un-inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicrafts.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.							
Assint - - - - - Parish	547	547	18	1	460	16	71	1515	1488	2903			
Clyne - - - - - Parish	599	172	15	1	182	200	60	878	906	1874			
Creech - - - - - (1) Parish	389	580	2	1	89	17	83	1120	1274	2394			
Donnoch - - - - - Burgh	132	140	2	1	68	58	11	295	535	830			
Donnoch - - - - - and Parish	520	520	6	1	410	26	54	1148	1522	2670			
Durness - - - - - (2) Parish	178	178	1	1	100	1	74	456	548	1004			
Edinburgh - - - - - (2) Parish	559	559	1	1	192	2	35	531	678	1209			
Farr - - - - - (2) Parish	374	576	1	1	266	56	54	931	1063	1994			
Golspie - - - - - (2) Parish	250	292	12	4	86	69	137	481	553	1034			
Kildonan - - - - - (2) Parish	97	97	1	1	73	6	16	280	285	565			
Lang - - - - - (2) Parish	219	227	1	1	136	15	26	473	620	1094			
Loth - - - - - (5) Parish	400	417	6	5	314	11	29	937	1071	2008			
Reay, part of - - - - - (4) Parish	199	198	1	1	112	69	17	505	351	1057			
Rogart - - - - - (2) Parish	120	420	1	1	507	14	91	927	1059	1986			
Tongue - - - - - (2) Parish	518	550	1	1	225	11	51	792	944	1736			
TOTALS	1654	4822	60	21	3562	612	818	11,098	12,752	23,840			

(1) The entire Parish of Donnoch contains 5100 inhabitants. Many families have lately settled on improvable Moors; the same observation is applicable to the Parish of Creech. (2) Small tenants are said to have been removed, and sheep-farms established in the Parishes of Durness, Farr, Golspie, Kildonan, Lang, and (in some degree) Rogart; but such transfer of inhabitants has not prevented an increase of Population in the Shire of Sutherland generally. (3) The Parish of Loth includes the fishing station of Lochmaddy, where the Population is greatly increased. (4) Reay Parish is mostly in the Shire of Caithness. The entire Parish contains 5815 inhabitants.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total of	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 25	25 to 30	30 to 35	35 to 40	40 to 45	45 to 50	50 to 55	55 to 60	60 to 65	65 to 70	70 to 75	75 to 80	80 to 85	85 to 90	90 to 100 & upwards.	TOTAL.
MALES	1518	1470	1401	1328	1658	1166	928	752	610	216	49	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	11,098
FEMALES	1556	1470	1579	1380	2151	1549	1208	1057	725	240	78	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	12,752

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Sutherland was 23,840; and the Number of Persons whose Ages were returned, was also 23,840; whence it appears, that the Ages of all the Persons therein enumerated, have been obtained in compliance with the question to that effect.

The Number of Enumeration Returns received from the Shire of Sutherland was 15; every one of which contained an answer to the question concerning the Ages of Persons.

Shire of Wigton.

PARISH OR TOWNSHIP.	HOUSES :				OCCUPATIONS :				PERSONS :		
	Inhabited.	By how many Families occupied.	Building.	Un-inhabited.	Families chiefly employed in Agriculture.	Families chiefly employed in Trade, Manufactures, or Handicraft.	All other Families not comprised in the two preceding Classes.		MALES.	FEMALES.	TOTAL OF PERSONS.
Parish	182	189	3	13	155	18	48		544	515	1059
(1) Parish	478	494	11	18	556	97	41		1155	1253	2388
(2) Parish	340	571	5	1	262	99	40		885	956	1821
Parish	249	273	1	6	80	52	161		608	675	1283
Parish	266	290	1	4	196	54	40		738	750	1488
(3) Parish	407	442	1	12	219	95	128		1090	1120	2210
(4) Parish	401	465	1	6	268	90	105		1158	119	255
Parish	110	117	1	9	72	20	25		296	313	609
Parish	316	582	12	12	216	81	85		981	976	1957
Parish	553	369	1	4	256	65	68		887	984	1871
(4) Parish	438	565	4	2	241	217	107		1460	1650	3090
Town of	267	580	1	1	152	217	51		845	975	1818
(5) Parish	206	261	1	4	102	148	11		619	700	1319
(6) Parish	629	640	14	56	496	150	14		1512	1621	3155
Burgh & Parish	101	565	9	7	91	391	81		1098	1565	2463
Burgh & Parish	408	555	2	11	193	147	195		1081	1280	2361
Burgh & Parish	538	410	5	4	212	188	40		922	1120	2012
TOTALS	5819	6774	69	150	5325	2089	1160		15,837	17,403	35,240

(1) The increase of Population at Inch, at Leswalt, and in most of the other Parishes in the Shire of Wigton, is ascribed to the influx of Irish Settlers. (2) In the Parish of Kirkcubbin, feus have been granted, and lands sublet to small tenants. (3) At Port-Nesock in the Parish of Kirkmaiden, the construction of a harbour pier has caused a temporary increase of population; but the decay of careful Scottish manners, which checked early marriages, is another cause much more efficient: the influx of Irish Settlers, who require nothing but the cheapest and coarsest food, producing an increase of population without restraint. One male upwards of 100 years of age, in Kirkmaiden Parish. (4) A great increase of population is noticed at Newton-Stewart, in the Parish of Penningham. (5) The improvement of the harbour of Portpatrick has created employment, and attracted new Settlers. (6) One male upwards of 100 years of age in Sorby Parish.

AGES OF PERSONS.

Total	Under 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 80	80 to 90	90 to 100	100 & upwards.	TOTAL
MALES	2466	2352	1932	1532	2244	1630	1380	1056	764	406	115	16	2	15,89
FEMALES	2347	2231	1800	1731	2941	1853	1582	1193	958	413	126	16	—	17,41

The Total Number of Persons in the Shire of Wigton was 35,240; and the Ages as returned (being 35,308 Persons) are rather more than deficient.
The Number of Inhabitants returned from the Shire of Wigton was 17; every one of which returned an answer to the questions concerning the Ages of Persons.

In page 14, (Shire of Wickhampton,) seventh line from the bottom for 39,808 read 7677.

